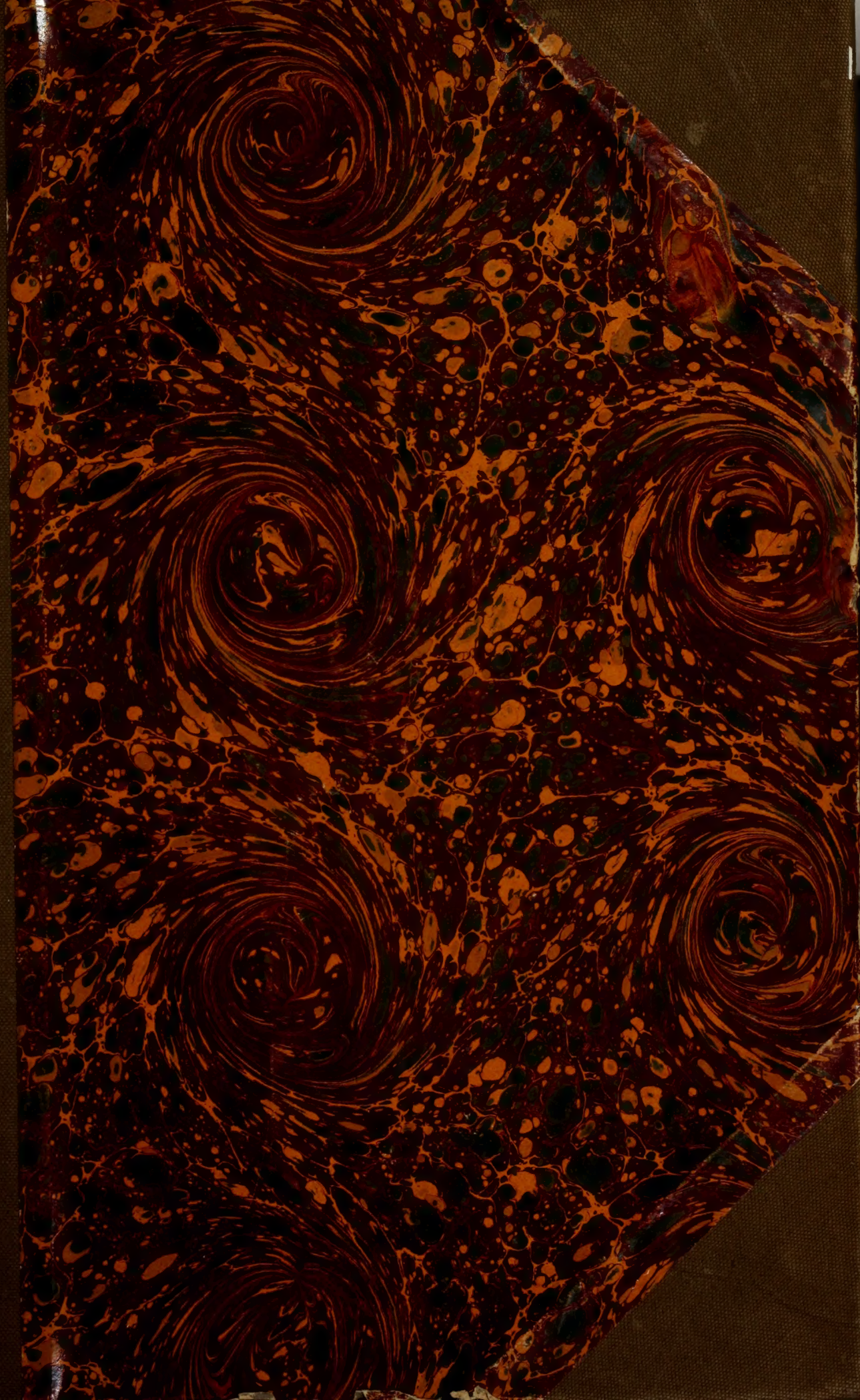

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Vol. XIII. Saturday, July 1, 1905 No. 670.

A DRIVEWAY IN PIEDMONT

No. 2 ***Harry Holbrook***

The second of our amiable caricatures depicts a distinguished young Captain of Industry and leader of the ton, in one of his strenuous moments. There is an inquisitive expression in his countenance, and from the pose one might infer that he had been caught in the act of manufacturing his own hardware and resented the intrusion. But on closer inspection it appears that he was performing a labor of love. Mr. Holbrook does not sell gold bands. But not very long ago he presented one to a very charming young woman. Since then he has spent more time in his automobile than at the forge.

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Municipal Ownership

Mr. Joseph Choate said, at a Union League dinner in his honor, that the thing that most impressed him in England was the absolute purity of the public service. It is because of this absolute purity that municipal ownership is a success in certain cities of Great Britain, and certain opponents of municipal ownership in this country argue that its failure here is enevitable because of the looseness of morals in the public service. The conditions here are unquestionably unfavorable to municipal ownership, but the private owners of public utilities are largely responsible for the mismanagement of our municipalities, and until the corruptionists are rendered innocuous by the transfer of their franchise rights to the Government, the irregularities of our public service will continue. We can better afford to have our public utilities mismanaged for awhile than to have our public servants corrupted forever. The campaign for municipal ownership is a campaign for clean government. Consequently the objection urged by capitalists that it is in restraint of private, beneficent enterprise, is puerile, and as for the character of the service we are likely to get under political management it can be no worse than private monopolies have made it.

The Moroccan Dispute

The world's history is being made with tremendous rapidity these days. Maps are being changed every few years, and epochal events are of monthly occurrence. Inside of one decade the United States has made alterations in the maps of two hemispheres, Great Britain has changed the aspect of a continent and Japan has extended its boundaries. The greatest naval battle and the greatest land battle in history have been fought, a new Republic has sprung into existence in the New World, a new dynasty has been set up in the Old World, rulers have been slain, and not a corner of the globe has enjoyed absolute tranquility. Now the War Lord of Germany is threatening to bathe Europe in blood just to prove to his subjects that they have not been supporting in vain the mightiest and most expensive war machine that the earth has ever beheld. It was thought at first that William was only bluffing over the Moroccan affair, but the complications that have arisen are such that at this time the prospect justifies thoughts of war. It looks very much as though William thought the time propitious for the picking of a quarrel with his old enemy. The virtual effacement of Russia from the list of great European powers puts France in a very awkward dilemma. France's ally being no longer in a position to aid the Republic, William felt that the situation was so advantageous to Germany that he had nothing to fear in poking his finger into the Morocco pie. It remains to be seen whether he will have the courage to go to war in the face of a universal public opinion which would regard his act as wanton. That he is not indifferent to that opinion was obvious when he called for a world's conference through the Sultan. Great Britain refused to join in the conference except at the solicitation of France, and the American Government's view of the differences are identical with those of the British Government. The whole trouble is over the Anglo-French agreement entered into in 1894 by which the French are given free hand in Morocco. William represents that the French claim privileges which are injurious to German interests, but the United States is as much of a sufferer as Germany and makes no protest. It is significant that William never thought of entering a protest until he found France's ally prostrate before her Asiatic conqueror.

A Fatal Omission

Occasionally we are reminded that law does not always spell justice. For the latest reminder we are indebted to the Supreme Court of this state by reason of a decision settling a novel point of law in a case involving a unique set of circumstances. It was a contest over the estate of John P. Harrington, who made no provision in his will for his widow. On his death she petitioned to have set aside to her, a homestead, and also for a widow's allowance pending distribution. The heirs under the will contested the application on the ground that the woman was not the widow of deceased. The facts were that she had married Harrington in Michigan, and that after a separation of many years she married a second time, believing her husband to be dead. Later she heard that he was alive and thereupon agreed with her second husband to a separation. Her attorneys contended that as her second marriage was void *ab initio* under the laws of Michigan, her status as the wife of Harrington has never been changed. Unfortunately, her attorneys neglected to put the laws of Michigan in evidence, and the court was bound to assume that the Michigan statute bearing on the point involved was like the statute of California. It happens that our statute declares that a second marriage under the circumstances of the Harrington case is "not void, but voidable merely." Therefore Mrs. Harrington's application was denied, and later when she petitioned for distribution of half the estate, and offered in evidence the Michigan statute, which declares that a second marriage is absolutely void, together with a decree of a Michigan court annulling her second marriage, it was held that she was too late, the question of her widowhood having been adjudicated against her in the homestead proceeding. And this decision has been affirmed by the Supreme Court, the law being according to that tribunal, that the judgment in the first case was an estoppel against her presentation of her claim for half the estate, the records showing that she had been adjudged to be not the widow of the deceased. In other words, the neglect of her attorneys to present her claim properly in the first instance deprived her of the right to litigate it in the second. If the rule were otherwise, says the learned judge, by whom the opinion was rendered, there could be no end to litigation. And yet it is an aphorism of the law that every wrong has its remedy. Here is a woman who appears to have been grievously wronged, and to the lay mind it is difficult to apprehend the necessity of offering the proof that was omitted in the first instance. According to the facts, as recited, she was not even a bigamist, for there was an absence of intent to contract an unlawful marriage. The court, however, was bound by the absurd Cali-

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fornia statute, which makes such a marriage merely voidable, thereby changing the status of the wife, for it implies that she is the wife of the second husband until the unlawful marriage is pronounced void, and therefore she could not be the wife of the first, since the law does not acknowledge two husband to one woman.

Untidiness of Speech

Mr. Henry James has been lecturing us on the importance of reverencing the punctilios of speech. Since his return to his native country he has noticed many things that are distasteful to him, including the manners of our President. People that "call themselves educated" shock his sensitive ear when they speak of "vanillar ice cream," "Portor Ricor and Cubar." He says that the use of the final "r" in words to which it does not belong is quite common. The New York *Sun* takes exception to this statement, and says that the "untidiness" of speech of which Mr. James complains is not common in Gotham. The *Sun* adds that the imperfections of pronunciation noticeable in this country are not more numerous than those that pain the ear of the American visitor to London, where the habit of eliminating the final "g" has become almost a hallmark of superiority. The *Sun* tells us that Oxford men and officers of the army and navy are the worst offenders, and that their "untidiness" is not due, as in America, either to carelessness or ignorance, but to affectation. We all know that the Britisher who loves to scoff at our inelegancies of speech is not always distinguished for his own precision and correctness of pronunciation. He not only affects an indifference to the correct pronunciation of many words, but he is afflicted with mannerisms of speech that betray his nationality as clearly as do our little eccentricities of utterance. The test of correct pronunciation, says the *Sun,* is the speech of really educated and cultivated people, and it is not to be found in the dictionaries, but in actually spoken language. This is quite true, and by reason of that test pronunciation is ever changing. It is as variable as spelling, and as there is no court of last resort to determine the correctness of either, we must depend for guidance on usage in the Holy of Holies of the intellectually elect.

England's Latest Lament

The latest wail from London is in lamentation of the baleful influence of the American heiress in the British aristocracy. A statistician of the skirted sex has discovered that the American heiress is not a good breeder of flanneled fools. Since 1840 thirty British peers or eldest sons of peers have taken American girls to wife, and thirteen of these Yankee peeresses have no children, five have no sons and five have only one son. Only thirty-nine of the children of peers have American mothers, and of the number twenty-one are girls. This is an awful showing and has shocked the lady statistician. To her it probably seems that the international alliance is an insidious menace to the Empire. By way of eloquent contrast with the showing made by the American heiress she cites the breeding record of the twenty-three women from Britain's colonies who have married British peers or their eldest sons since 1840. All but four have borne children. Seven have only one son apiece, eight have two sons apiece and two are the mothers of triplets. Attention is also directed to the significant fact that the colonial peeresses, though fewer by seven than those from America, have almost twice as many children in the aggregate. The case against the American heiress is conclusive. She may not be a follower of Malthus but her influence is "feminine, frivolous and fleeting," while that of the more fertile female from the colonies is "masculine, vigorous and wholesome." Let the Yankee peeress go hide her diminished head or seek the seclusion of the closet, there to ponder the preachments of President Roosevelt on the evils of race-suicide.

Overcrowding the Professions

There are, in round numbers, some twenty thousand young men studying engineering in the various colleges in America. There are, approximately, only forty-five thousand positions, all of them, of course, occupied, and the question which is beginning to be agitated is, what are these college graduates to do while waiting for vacancies? It is an old problem with a new application. What becomes of the hordes of teachers, preachers, doctors, lawyers, stenographers and bookkeepers that are turned out every summer, warranted to be capable of giving expert service in their various specialties? The majority accept positions far beneath those which they at first expected to find. Most of them begin at the bottom, on small wages, and work their way up in much the same style as they would have been obliged to do had they entered on an apprenticeship in the shops at sixteen. Some few who have taken up the course more with a view of understanding the details of a business they will some day inherit than with the expectation of earning a living in overalls and jumper, need not be troubled about "getting a job," and a goodly proportion of the others will drift into other occupations. If all the young medical graduates became practitioners and all the lawyers secured a paying practice there would be enough to give each and every individual of us a private doctor and counselor. There are hundreds of college graduates who have qualified, as far as books and professors can qualify them, for professional careers, who are glad to find work as gripmen and conductors. Of course they expect, some day, to have enough ahead to justify them in letting go of the punch or lever and furnishing suitable offices, but in most cases the time never comes. Prudence dictates the wisdom of holding on to the bird in the hand and after years of hard work it is apt to turn out that both capacity and inclination have flown. The bookkeeper is often thankful that he can serve as a porter and the clerk who can manage a team of horses will often find that bit of farm-learned skill of more use to him than all his book knowledge. The newspaper world furnishes a house of refuge for many of the embryotic professionals, and some tide

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over their first period of waiting by becoming agents for books or small patented articles. The commercial schools and business colleges publish from time to time encouraging lists of their pupils who have found speedy employment as an inducement for others to take courses with them. The instruction may be all that it is represented to be and the graduates may be fully competent to fill any position, but the fact remains that positions do not turn up with anything like the ratio at which the graduates are turned out, and of those who are provided for, a large number are taken in by fathers, uncles or brothers, who create either a new place or a vacancy. There must be at least fifteen hundred more teachers in the state of California than there are schools. Twenty-five years ago it used to be a common remark that there were applicants enough for every vacancy to have furnished every child with a private tutor, and the factories have continued to turn them out in larger numbers every year since. Stenographers and bookkeepers can be had by the score for five or six dollars a week, and their work is worth just that, if not less, and apparently every one of them, doctors and lawyers, teachers and preachers, clerks and bookkeepers, has a pen in hand and one eye turned toward the publishing world. There is, today, a better chance to earn a comfortable living at blacksmithing, carpentering, painting or tailoring than there is at any of the so-called genteel employments. There is "always room on top," but it is impossible for many to reach the top or to stay there even if they were boosted to the position. There is almost as much of a chance for the average man to rise to a front rank in his profession as there is for the average boy to become president. Meanwhile the American handicraftsman has been all but eliminated. The American boy goes to college to fit himself for a profession already so overcrowded that even if he gains a toe-hold he will be obliged to do some sort of hack work in another direction in order to keep himself in bread and cheese, while the better paid, if humbler position he might have occupied is filled by a foreign immigrant.

The Higher Education

In the circumstances, would it not be well for our educational institutions to take the serious affairs of life with less seriousness, and to abandon material success as the shibboleth of the academic world? Instead of laying stress on the importance of being crammed with knowledge of the kind that qualifies for the strenuous commercial strife, why not seek to instil an abhorrence of the grosser aims of life, or at least to counteract the tendency to magnify the value of strength and to undervalue the nobler attributes of mind and heart? The importance of the idealities is now being preached by Commencement Day orators with great fervor, and there is vigorous denunciation of the communism of pelf by those learned and distinguished men who are honored by invitation to address the graduates, but young men who have been studying for a career through several terms, and whose thoughts have been steadily directed for years to the material affairs of life, are not to have their sentiments and views changed in an hour. Our college students should learn in the years when their minds are in the plastic and receptive state, that material success is the parent of vulgarity, and that there is no wealth on earth other than indifference to wealth. It would perhaps be pretty hard to convince the sons of the sordid that it is a great waste of time to make money, but our educators may do much toward propagating nobler sentiments than those that now obtain. We know that a great deal of the education directed to the advancement of young men in the commercial world is going to waste; then why not seek to achieve greater gain for the world at large by aiming at the moral and spiritual uplifting of the student body? There is surely need of revolt against the sentiment which is blinding men of culture and lessening the number of those who appreciate the significance of the flag and the importance of safeguarding their country's weal.

The Sensitive Rebel

"Sensitive Child Deserts Her Home. Drops Out of Sight. Resents Criticism Made by Her Mother," is the three-story heading for a half-column of yellow sensationalism. The "sensitive child" turns out to be a thirteen-year-old girl who considers herself old enough to stay out in the evening until it pleases her to return home, and who thinks her mother is exceeding her authority in objecting to an amorous correspondence with a boy of her own age, all of which is to be construed as such cruelty as is not to be endured. The natural result of this exploitation will be to encourage the girl in her unruliness and it will be nothing short of a miracle if we do not have an epidemic of home-desertion by "sensitive" children. Now, the plain fact in the bringing up of children is that error is far more likely to be in the direction of leniency than in that of severity; the natural inclination of parents is to be indulgent to their offspring, and it is safe to conclude that when they regard a measure of discipline as advisable it is not to be longer deferred. Add to this the system of terrorizing that has grown up in consequence of the establishment of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, which are too often, in practice, associations for the encouragement of insubordination, it requires courage to object to whatever course of action the young generation chooses to follow. Juvenile courts and detention homes multiply and reform schools and jails are crowded. Societies make periodical reports in which they tabulate the number of instances in which they have put their fingers into the pie, and the arrests, warnings and other punishments they have meted out to those parents who have attempted to enforce discipline, and every year sees more unruly children, less respect for authority and a greater weakening of home ties.

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Virtue and Vagabondry

BY HARRY COWELL.

"Why is it that some of the most vicious characters in literary history are so popular?" Thus editorially the *Bulletin* of Friday evening, June 16th. Who shall say? Among "the vagabond geniuses who have cast the spell of their unholy personalities over the readers of today," the write names Villon, Baudelaire, de Maupassant, Verlaine, Wilde, whom he also calls, varying his "vagabond, "blackguard geniuses," "geniuses gone wrong."

For the *Bulletin* querist, who is presumably not a vagabond, and indubitably not a genius, Death, it seems, has not yet washed away the mire from the feet of Francois Villon, who, we are informed, not without due horror, is now a literary idol, with women worshipers galore, innocents with a weakness for "indulging in a little refined literary slumming." That the "Father of French poetry" at present enjoys great popularity in this country is news to me, news which I take with a goodly grain of salt. Indeed, I am still of the opinion that in spite of Stevenson's "familiar essay," and his "Lodging for the Night," Gautier's "Grotesque," Swinburne's ballad, Lang's sonnet, McCarthy's play, and the rest, Villon is comparatively unread. That scores of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's so-called poems are better known here than the "Ballade of Dead Ladies," I am fully persuaded. How many of the *Bulletin's* readers—general or special—know by heart a single stanza of the "Lament," as translated by Swinburne or Payne, to say nothing of the original? "The fewer the better," says our moralist. But does any one in his senses hold that a thorough comprehension of that pathetic masterpiece would have the least tendency to send virtuous maidenhood post-haste to the brothel? Is the spectacle of the poet himself, bald, toothless, without eyebrows, while yet young in years, one to incite understanding youth to vice? Villon, the artist, "first of us all and sweetest singer born," I have cultivated not without profit to my soul. In my scales, if I must judge, the virtue of his work outweighs the viciousness of his character. As Leigh Hunt says, 'A writer's infirmities are sometimes a reader's gain." The world could well spare a saint out of the calendar for the inimitable ballads. After all, was it so unholy, the personality of him who has cast, not over inocent girls given to literary slumming, but over sophisticated men of letters, the spell of the abiding beauty of his songs? Would I shun the man Villon on the street? Not if I know myself. Must we needs become as those with whom we walk? Then God give me to go alone for evermore.

"How many readers have read and re-read in all its squalid details George Moore's description of his visit to Paul Verlaine?" Mr. Editor, I hold up my hand. "It is safe to say that not one in a hundred of those who have perused that wonderful passage would allow himself or herself to be found in such a quarter of Paris or any other city as is there described." I am one in a hundred. "Not one in a thousand would be seen in public with Verlaine or any of his macaberesque kind." I am one in a thousand. By the way, did not Moore make that memorable visit in the company of an editor who wanted of Verlaine a poem on Parsifal? and did not the sick blackguard genius bring forth, even to order, a thing of quaint essence and curious workmanship, of which Moore—not in the "Impressions and Opinions, but in the "Confessions of a Young Man"—says: "I know of no more perfect thing than this sonnet. . . . Not in Baudelaire, nor even in Poe is there more beautiful poetry to be found." What, pray, has the great American blackguard genius done or left undone, that he should be forgotten of the *Bulletin?* And why slight Heine? Such sins of omission are unpardonable. Well, Edgar Allen, France forgets you not. Moore, writing in Paris, concludes the passage just quoted: "Poe, unread and ill-understood in America and England, here thou art an integral part of our artistic life."

Now note the fact that when George Moore, the critic, is put to it to express his admiration for what to him is surpassingly lovely, he thinks of Baudelaire; but the *Bulletin*: "Swinburne's beautiful tribute to Baudelaire attracts readers who would be ashamed to express anything but detestation of the 'Flowers of Evil.'" If "Fleurs du Mal" were deserving of nothing but detestation, would it have inspired the greatest living poet to write the "Ave Atque Vale," a monody great as "Lycidas," great as "Adonais," great as "Thyrsis," great as "In Memoriam"? O, that Death had left the vagabond, Baudelaire, and taken a better person whom I have in mind!

"How many would have the courage to salute Oscar Wilde if he were alive today?" If Wilde were alive today, and I knew him, there is one at least who would bow to him as a matter of course, without ever a thought of bravery, caring not how many "birds of a feather" might fly shuddering from foolish mouths agape. It were well, I take it, to remember the genius and forget his going wrong. Who gave us the "Intentions"? "Salome"? Is vengeance more noble than gratitude? Bah! there are those who would wink were Christ seen walking with the Magdalene. Of the many strange beliefs that have found credence with the "mostly fools," what in a Christian land is stranger than this: that a man's virtue is in proportion to the violence of his denunciation of vice? Gentle judgment is as apt to be just as is harsh. One may be an advocate of kindness without being an advocate of evil. I confess that I find it hard to show mercy to the unmerciful, to be tolerant of the intolerant, to put myself in the place of the prejudiced. Think ye that he upon whom London, like a tower in Siloam, fell, was a sinner above all the men that dwell in England? Nay. Equals innumerable in vagabondage had he, but in verse, easily numbered. Many were his peers in profligacy, few in prose. Bad men are more common

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than good artists. When sins that are an open secret find a man out and become public, it looks well to make a loud outcry. I have in a remote, seldom-used pigeon-hole of my memory some painful statistics painstakingly collected by a very conservative and moral gentleman, which, if published, would show the name Wilde to be no more a synonym of shameful folly than Smith, Brown, or Robinson. The scapegoat has still its uses. Not long since one went out into the wilderness loaded down with sins other than his own. Whether we bury with his bones what was ugly in his life matters little now to Oscar Wilde, much to us. Certain it is that the beauty he made has lived after him, and shall live.

Of de Maupassant, whose verse Flaubert defended with the undying "What is beautiful is moral," I have written at length a few weeks ago. Three of the four rhyming adjectives with which Swinburne qualifies his brother Villon's name, are also de Maupassant's by right—bad, sad, mad. Glad he seldom was; often too sane; not infrequently good beyond the dreams of the *Bulletin,* as is evidenced by "Boule de Suif," "Petit Soldat," "Clair de Lune." The fact that he wrote the greatest short-stories ever written accounts for his popularity in France. Is he in vogue here because of viciousness?

What little I have read of the writings of Ernest Dowson would not lead me to give him "a position of prominence in this throng of geniuses gone wrong." The chief requisite for a leading part on the same stage with Villon, Baudelaire, Verlaine, de Maupassant, Wilde, is not vice in an unusual degree, but art.

To what extent the flesh may sin and yet leave the soul unsullied, I do not know; neither do I know to what extent the soul may sin in a body that is above reproach. To say that deeds are in themselves neither as good nor as bad as they seem, but rather partake of the nature of the doer, or even his particular mood, is doctrine dangerous as it is true. Who will define evil for me? who, good? My neighbor's heart is hidden in his breast. What do I know of him? His deeds and words, maybe; liars both. What does he know of himself? The unwise readily solve the problem of conduct by cutting it in two. To the thoughtless, morality is no mystery, but a simple thing. To me it is hauntingly unfathomable. All I can say for sure is that Art, by reason of her greater beauty, is easily distinguishable from Morality. My judgments of men and things; your judgments of men and things; the judgments of the world in general—how many of them, I wonder, will be approved; how many modified, how many reversed, in the Valley of Infallible Decision? May my errors be on the side of mercy. Were the editorial writer of the *Bulletin* only drawn and quartered, I think I could manage to forgive him.

Squelching a Critic

A Brief But Amply Sufficient Answer to One Who Preaches the Queer Doctrine That We Must Shun the Good Works of Bad Men, and That What a Man Is, That He Makes.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

I am now thoroughly convinced that the doctor of letters who writes literary essays for the readers of the *Bulletin* takes himself seriously. I was somewhat in doubt of his extreme sanity in this regard when I reviewed his thesis on "The Extraordinary Vogue of Literary Vagabonds"; but on reading his retort courteous, entitled "Modern Literary Decadents Who Worship Viciousness," I perceive that he is humor blind. He is joke proof; but he is an admirable source of laughter; he may not be witty in himself, but he is the cause that wit is in other men—somewhat like Poins, hang him, baboon! whose wit was as thick as Tewksbury mustard.

Pardon me if I jest a little at the expense of this solemn pedant; this wise man of the parish; this masculine prude who argues in all seriousness that because a writer of books or poems is not "respectable" in accordance with the laws he and his kind have prescribed, the world of reading men shall not like even the good things that these "decadents," as he calls them, have written. Let me bait this puritan of the press to the end that the scoffers may scoff while he is praying. He will not sing bawdy songs to make us merry; therefore let him entune in his nose full seemely his hymns of admonition to provoke our mirth.

Recently a lot of solemn asses sitting in conclave at Burlington House in London to pass on the kind of art that shall be exhibited at the Royal Academy, rejected a statue of "Lycidas" by Howard Thomas, pronounced by every connoisseur and expert in England, outside of the Academy, to be one of the most original designs in plastic art by any modern sculptor. The only excuse thus far offered by the solemn asses in answer to the storm of protest that followed the rejection is that the statue "did not conform to the canons of art prescribed by the Academy." In other words, "Lycidas" was rejected because it was an original conception, a verdict based, as one critic expresses it, "on methods of judgment in plastic and pictorial art resembling those of the hide-bound and pedantic musical critics satirized by Wagner in 'Die Meistersinger.'" This very modern instance is an almost complete parallel with the reasoning of the literary person on the *Bulletin,* who has condemned Villon, Baudelaire, De Maupassant, Verlaine and Wilde. The Academy rejected a great work of art because it was too original. The pedant of the *Bulletin* rejects the "decadents" because they were "vicious" in their mode of living. If the *Bulletin* writer had been one of the Academy jury he would unquestionably have voted to reject "Lycidas"; and no doubt if the solemn asses had been called upon to judge the work of Villon, Baudelaire, De Maupassant, Verlaine, and Wilde, they would have voted with the *Bulletin* critic upon his theory that no good can come out of Nazareth, and that because the deeds of genius are wicked their best work must necessarily be wicked and therefore unfit for publication. I am surprised that my pedantic friend didn't quote Aristophanes on Phrynichus, a Greek playwright contemporary with Aeschylus, in support of his contention that a writer's books are as bad as the writer: "A fine person was he, and fine was ever his

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dress, and fine, to correspond, were his dramas; for what a man makes must be like what he is."

As I jot down my desultory thoughts in this rambling, inconsequential fashion, I begin to feel that if I had undertaken the task of the learned doctor who has come to the base use of an editorial writer, I would have turned out a better job than he has produced. There's that quotation from Aristophanes, for example: I feel like cackling over that citation as a hen of Leghorn cackles when she has hatched a duck of Pekin—it isn't of my making but it is the result of my brooding. "What a man makes must be like what he is." How apt; how convincing; how true—for was it not uttered by one of the "classics"? and was there ever a pedant who went back on the classics or denied them? It doesn't matter that the dictum is reversible and may read: "A man is like what he makes." It is not the habit of the bigot or the pedant to look on both sides of a question. Phrynichus was a fine person; therefore were his dress and his dramas fine. The old comedy was invented by fine persons; therefore was its product fine. Upon this stock was grafted the genius of Aristophanes, a fine person; therefore were The Clouds, The Wasps, The Birds, The Frogs, fine. The Pantagruelism of Aristophanes was fine; therefore was the Pantagruelism of Rabelais, Cervantes, Swift, and Voltaire fine. Blessed be the man who invented logic!

Keep in mind that the critic of the *Bulletin* condemned the writings of bad men because the men were bad. Don't forget that the editorial doctor of morals has forbidden the reading of good books by bad men. He may dodge and squirm and kick, but he must return to his vomit. He wanted to know why readers who would have shunned the "decadents" on the street cultivate them posthumously—meaning, of course, Why do living readers who would have shunned these dead writers when living cultivate them after the writers are dead—which is not what the pedantic person, whom Aristophanes would have classed among "the fine," really did say.

Now that we have pinned the critic to his own criticism, let us dissect him under his own microscope. He cites the "De Profundis" of Oscar Wilde as "a beautiful sermon which Wilde preached himself in prison," embodying his "resolve to go out from his sombre cell into a life that should be different in every way from the perverted career that began at Oxford and culminated in Reading Jail." This sermon, the solemn gentleman of the *Bulletin* editorial staff avers, may be taken as Wilde's "repudiation of those grotesque principles that are dear to the heart of decadents." What does the critic mean? Are we now permitted to read this "moral pervert's" poems, plays and essays? Do repentance and "beautiful sermons" purify the work of immoral genius? Or is the best product of this genius still large in the index expurgatorius of the literary puritans? Has Oscar Wilde, so recently damned with Villon, Baudelaire, De Maupassant, and Verlaine, been redeemed? washed clean? made fit for companionship with the elect?

Then are the others snatched as brands from the burning, for they have also cried from the depths. Let me hasten to drag Villon from the pit of torment where the worms never die. Villon also wrote his "De Profundis" in the epitaph he made for himself and his companions, "expecting no better than to be hanged in their company." Surely one deathbed repentance is as sincere as another. And let me plead for Villon on the testimony of his ballad made at the request of his mother, "wherewithal to do her homage to our lady." Is a poet who loves his mother utterly unworthy? May we not read those of his poems that preach "beautiful sermons"?

As it is with Wilde and Villon, so it is with Baudelaire, De Maupassant, and Verlaine. They all repented at some time in their perverted lives—they were sometime ashamed of their "decadence." May they not be forgiven by the stern Torquemada of the Puritan Inquisition? Shall fish be made of one and flesh of another? Is Wilde a sheep and the others heaven smelling goats?

This is the scoffers' cue for loud and continuous laughter to drown the whining of Praise-God Barebones snuffling in the conventicle.

In Camp

Far from the fields, the sea, the mart;
Deep in the forest's silent heart,
And mid the lofty hills that lift
Their heads above the vapor drift;
Soothed by the stream's eternal chant;
The mountain breeze, our visitant;
We camp today, tonight and hence,
Free tenants of our gipsy tents.

Wilbur G. Zeigler.

The Truthful Angler

"Just throw me a half dozen of your biggest trout," said the man with the swell angler's outfit.

"Throw them!" exclaimed the fish dealer..

"That's what I said. I want to tell my wife I caught them, and I don't like to lie." —*The Josher.*

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON 126 Post Street San Francisco

In Mission Dolores Churchyard

By MABEL PORTER PITTS

What do they dream of down in their beds
  Lowly and still,
  With the echoless sound of the languorous rill
Tinkling in cadences liquid and soft
Through the night at their feet and the night at their heads?
Deep in the dusk of this silent spot
What is remembered and what forgot?

What do they hold of hope and regret,
  Laughter and pain—
  Is there naught to disturb but the drip of the rain
Stealing to cheeks that lie pallid and chill?
What of memory clings where the soul would forget?
Silent the lips where a song was heard,
Silence where once spoke a deathless word.

This one who lies here, think you he knows
  Day is above?
  From the cypress near by come the notes of a dove
Telling his passion full-plaintive and sweet;
Kind were the song if the poor clay glows
Thrilling again to a love once known
Ere the dark moss o'er the heart had grown.

Linger awhile and fellowship keep
  Him who is lone;
  Here no trace of a flower nor the mark of a stone
Ventures dispute with the tangle of briars
That speak hoarse in the wind of the one that lies deep,
Wrapt in the dusk of this tranquil spot
Haply forgetting, and long forgot.

June, 1905.

MISSION DOLORES

To Artemis Hunting

Whether at eve thine arrows sing,
Or down the dusk of morn,
Hold me, I beg, too light a thing
To move thee save to scorn.

On Paphos tho' the exulting dove
Acclaim a service fair,
A virgin's heavy-hearted love
Unwilling would I bear.

But if, with mad and careless heart,
A nymph renounce thy reign—
Too glad to care what loves depart,
What loves perchance remain—

Accord to me that pearl of price,
And augur from our joy
How well to mortals can suffice
A love without annoy.

—*The Rake.*

The Saunterer

The Controversy Over the Decadents

The readers of Town Talk are indebted to the *Bulletin* editorial writer who incited the indignation of my collaborator, "Democritus," by calling attention to what he regarded as an anomaly—the vogue of the works of the decadents of literature among people to whom their vices are repugnant. Last Saturday, the *Bulletin* man, undaunted by the withering fire from Democritus' batteries, attempted to justify the position he had taken, thus evoking the retort mordant in this week's issue. That Mr. Harry Cowell, whose reverence of the decadents and all their works is profound, may not be thought to have butted into the controversy, it should be explained that his "Virtue and Vagabondry," printed on another page, was written ere he had known that "Democritus" purposed discussing the somewhat remarkable views of the *Bulletin* writer. His article was received too late for publication last week.

Wilde's Porthumous Influence

Apropos this controversy it is interesting to note that Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis" is the most famous book of the season in England, in France and in Germany, that "Salome" and other plays by Wilde are now interesting playgoers of all those countries, and that in the opinion of learned critics, nothing in continental letters is at present so pronounced as the quality of the admiration of the genius of the unfortunate Irishman. And now nothing that concerns him fails of sympathy, and appreciations of his artistic accomplishments are coming thick and fast even from Puritania, where his name so long spelt anathema. Only a few weeks ago a new book appeared that throws a new light on the tragedy of Wilde's life after his release from prison, and it is having a big sale. It is entitled "In Memoriam, Oscar Wilde," and is from the pens of two Frenchmen, Andre Gide and Ernest Le Jeunesse, and a German, Franz Blei. It contains many personal portraits of Wilde at the height of his fame, and touches on his latter days. It appears from this book that the great poet was not firm in his repentance, that after all his good resolutions expressed in "De Profundis" he reverted to his baser self.

The Reformers Rendered Innocuous

The civic reformers who started out a few months ago to get control of the Republican machine with a view to entering into a combination with Gavin McNab for the purpose of uniting behind a single candidate for Mayor, have permitted themselves to be absorbed by the practical politicians of the regular organization. The trick was neatly done by the men who do politics in season and out of season, and whose knowledge of the game is empirical. They operated in the camp of the reformers through John Daly, Senator Welch and a few others, and when the machinery for the primaries was perfected it was found to be safely beyond the control of Mr. Fairfax Wheelan and the other civic patriots. However, the purpose of the reformers is to be achieved; a combination will be made with McNab to defeat Schmitz and certain Democrats in the Board of Supervisors will be renominated. McNab will be given the District Attorney and Recorder, and perhaps the Sheriff. The Republicans will renominate McDougald for Treasurer and Baehr for Auditor, and they will select a new man for Tax Collector. So far the ideal candidate for Mayor has not been found.

The Hope of a Revolt

There is, of course, a possibility of a hitch in this delightfully harmonious program. Some wild-eyed Democrats are already off the reservation and dancing. They are indignant at the prospect of being forced to go without a Democratic standard-bearer, especially since it has been suggested that John Lackmann be made the candidate for both parties, for they have not forgotten that he was once before the choice of Phelan and McNab for public office, shutting out a Democrat for Supervisor, and that two years later he was elected Sheriff through the connivance and treachery, it was alleged, of the Democratic bosses. Schmitz and Ruef are not going to overlook an opportunity to start a revolt of the Democratic disgruntled, for it would be to their interest to have a three-cornered fight. There has been some talk of an anti-McNab movement in the Democratic party, and if it were started it would probably receive the support of the *Examiner,* but the Hearst paper is not likely to take any active part in the organizing of such a movement. It is interesting to note, in this connection, that the exuberant young champion of the masses, Mr. Livernash, whose star is now in the descendant, is out shouting against suffering a combination with the Republicans.

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Ralston's Latest Political Move

Senator "Billy" Ralston has contributed to the gayety of state politics by getting into training for Senator from Alameda county, over in the peaceful and somnolent village of Fruitvale. When he announced his intention the news was received as a joke, but he was never more serious in his life. I doubt, however, whether he pondered all the consequences when he changed his residence, for by doing so he perhaps forfeited his seat in the Senate as the representative of Calaveras county, and it is not beyond the range of probability that an extra session of the Legislature will be held within the next eighteen months. Stranger things have happened. It would give Governor Pardee great pleasure to declare Senator Ralston's seat vacant, for there is probably no man in the state whom he regards with greater antipathy. The feeling is mutual. Ralston has never taken any pains to disguise his feelings so far as the Governor is concerned. He thinks that Pardee is the most disingenuous and shifty politician in the state, and he knows that Pardee knows that he thinks so.

His Defiant Attitude

Ralston's political status has undergone a great change in the last few years. He was formerly in sympathy with the machine leaders, and though quite independent in his conduct as a member of the Legislature he was not averse to taking program in mild doses. At the last session something in the nature of a rupture occurred as a result of the Senatorial contest. Long before the preliminaries were settled Ralston asserted his independence by starting a boom for Knight, and by the time the Legislature convened he was hopelessly committed to the San Francisco attorney, and went down to defeat. Since then he has not felt very friendly toward the machine, and in announcing himself as a candidate for the Senate from Fruitvale he is assuming an attitude of defiance. It remains to be seen whether he is to be punished for insubordination.

Metson Becomes a Millionaire

News comes from Nome that William Metson, the attorney, of the firm of Campbell & Metson, need no longer worry over his law practice, great wealth having come to him through several mining claims in the Far North. I am told that he is now in the millionaire class. He secured his interest in the mining claims shortly after the first gold excitement in Nome. He went up there on legal business, and spent a long time in the North as one of the attorneys in the case out of which grew the disbarment proceedings against Judge Noyes which occupied the attention of Judge Morrow in this city for months. The news of his good fortune is rather meagre, but it is authentic and not exaggerated.

Romance of the War

I see that Edwin Emerson, the war correspondent, is in town earning a fat livelihood by filling the eager ears of the community with personal exploits in the Japanese-Russian war. According to his own account Mr. Emerson was in jail a great part of the time he was abroad. He was also a long time dead; although the authenticity of this condition is doubted upon the testimony of envious rival correspondents, who say that Emerson was the author of his own obituary. There is no question, however, that the young man was an active participant in the war and gave a great deal of trouble to the provost marshals on both sides of the combat. He is one of the few correspondents who saw a battle—the others who snuffed afar were Jack London and Photographer Dunn. Emerson confesses to one battle with a hint that he knows all about several others; but he refuses to testify directly, probably on the statutory plea that he might incriminate himself. This correspondent does not differ materially from any of the others who have returned from the verge of the war in the Far East—they all leave a vast mass of interesting incident, adventure and information to the imagination of their readers and auditors. This is the safest way of making money out of the experiences of a war correspondent in the Orient. If he undertook to tell what he actually experienced and what he knows upon hearsay he would risk arrest for obtaining money by false pretense.

When she ceases to interest men, a woman knows she is passee; if she is wise, she will acquire a past before she is thirty and she will then never be passee.

Our Change of Front

Now that we are better acquainted with the anarchists of Europe who are rapidly swelling the population of this country, promoting industrial disturbances and yellow journalism, we find it somewhat difficult to protest, with any degree of enthusiasm, against making it easy for the Chinese to get through the bars. In other days our main objection to the Chinese was that we could not assimilate them. We scorned them because they would not become citizens of the country. For the same reason they are now less repugnant than the paupers of Europe, who stay here and promote unwholesome sentiment.

The Poet and the Hen

Is it not worth somebody's while to start an investigation with a view to ascertaining the nature of the connection between the Californian hen and the bloomin' lyre? George Sterling has quit his desk in the counting house to start a hennery at Carmel, there to woo his muse to the tune of the cock's crow; Joaquin Miller has long been versifying in the shadow of the hen-roost, and now Elwyn Hoffman is getting ready to make rhymed goods and egg fruit the staple products of a ranch somewhere in Sonoma county. Mr. Hoffman has been getting brain-fag in the advertising department of the Southern Pacific Company, and he longs for green fields, meadow brooks and the gay song of the hen. Poet Sterling, by the way, is at work on a dramatic poem, one that he hopes to see produced. It is bound to attract the attention of lovers of good literature, if not of theatrical managers.

The Piedmont colony are delighted that the Isaac Uphams are to join them. Mrs. Upham's dearest friend is Mrs. Dennis Searles, who is quite a leader in the Piedmont circle of jolly and clever people. The Uphams will remain in town until their Piedmont house is built.

RUGS

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Candy-loaded cannon and firecrackers for the boys; shield and flag boxes filled with sweets for the girls—these are some of the delightful novelties for the Fourth at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Money to Burn

The Union League Club has started a series of club dinners which give promise of becoming very popular, for the club has now fourteen hundred members, twelve hundred and sixty-five of whom are post-prandial spellbinders. The Union League is the most prosperous club in the West. Since entering the new quarters, once the home of the Pacific-Union, its membership has increased from six hundred to fourteen hundred, and though twenty-seven thousand dollars was spent in fitting up the rooms, there is still fourteen thousand on the right side of the ledger. So great has been the expansion of the club that the gubernatorial staff colonels are no longer an important factor in its affairs. They are now in the minority, and their prestige is on the wane.

The True Bohemian Spirit

The least prosperous of our clubs is the Press Club, which holds its membership better than its coin. The Press Club is thoroughly bohemian without affectation, and therefore it is consistently and continually in financial distress. The history of this club is a sprightly narrative of contests with the wolf, such as the Bohemian Club had in the glorious period of its infancy, and which give color to the traditions of that institution. The Press Club points not with pride to any record of brilliant administrative ability. Its grand epochs are marked by financial crises brought about by extravagance and indifference to the principles of economy. Since its inception, back in the early eighties, it has been trying to solve that great problem of how to make both ends meet, and to placate creditors it has resorted periodically to revenue schemes which many members discountenanced. And at all times, whether in storm and stress, or basking in the ephemeral sunshine of sporadic prosperity the club has been true to its motto:

Let the world slide,
Let the world go;
A fig for care,
And a fig for woe.

Indeed, with the philosophic nature of a Tapley, the club is never so jolly as when confronted with a gloomy prospect.

Their Creditors Are Restless

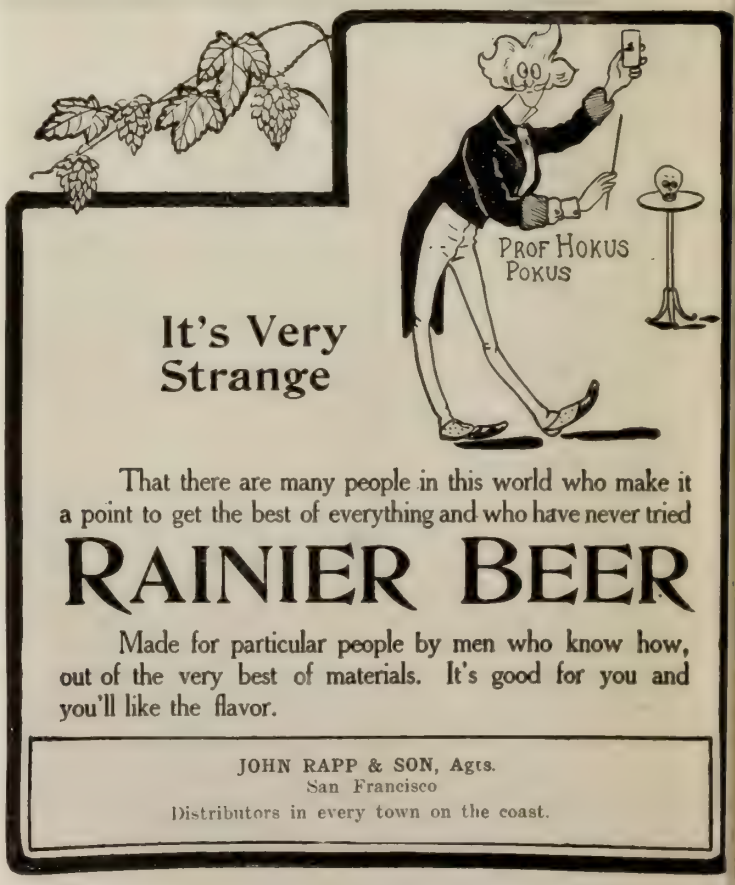
At this particular moment the club is in characteristic dilemma. Its creditors are becoming impatient, and its treasurer is care-free, having no surplus to guard. His books show a paltry indebtedness of a few thousand dollars. If it were not for the Philistines of commerce, the sordid mercantile crew whose ancestors in old Babylon were confined to the outskirts of the city, the directors would not bother the members with facts and figures, but it has been determined to wipe out the indebtedness by voluntary subscription, and notice to that effect has been sent out with a request that each member give whatever it pleases him to contribute. The directors would not dare to levy an assessment, for such arbitrary assault on private capital would be indignantly resented. So the more polite course has been adopted and will no doubt bring satisfactory results. The club was never in better spirit. It is jollier than ever, and though the associate members, who are not of the newspaper profession, are eager to take hold and apply sound, safe and sane business methods to the management, the rollicking scribblers, artists and musicians decline to accept their kind offices, despite the impatience of creditors.

Her Terrible Suspicion

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Garceau are among those who expect to spend next month at Del Monte. Dr. Garceau has become something of a fad in society, so great is the confidence of women in his ability to improve the complexion. If he wished he could point to his wife as a fine example of the efficiency of his treatment, as well to her relatives, Mrs. Hyde Smith and the cunning Hyde-Smith girls. I have heard the story told in society that, shortly after the marriage of Dr. Garceau and Miss Hyde, they went to Chicago to live, and that one day the physician sent his young wife a half dozen American beauty roses, much to her amazement. Being from California where flowers are plentiful and cheap, and having no idea of their scarcety and dearness in Chicago, especially in winter, she feared that she had married a cheap man, for she looked upon six roses as a very stingy bouquet. She soon learned, however, that the doctor's gift was a generous one and she felt better.

The Hospitable Old Families

Atherton Macondray returned from the Philippines recently and is being entertained by the old families that were young when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street, and that have since been crowded into the background by the sons and daughters of the small shopkeepers and heterogeneous polloi of that wild and woolly era. Mr. Macondray had been growing up with the American colony in Manila, and likes it so well from a commercial standpoint that he will go back again. Mrs. Macondray was Margaret Collier.



It's Very Strange

That there are many people in this world who make it a point to get the best of everything and who have never tried

RAINIER BEER

Made for particular people by men who know how, out of the very best of materials. It's good for you and you'll like the flavor.

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A Bud's Engagement

Maylita Pease, whose engagement to Arthur Watson has been announced, is a very young girl, not yet in the twenties. She never made a formal debut, for her parents do not care for society, and were not ambitious of a social triumph for their daughter. In spite of the fact that she was not among the exploited debutantes, Miss Pease was very popular and was always in the thick of society's doings. One of her bosom friends is Mrs. "Joe" Howell, and the latter, with Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, will doubtless give some elaborate entertainments for Mr. Watson's fiancee.

Mrs. Carolan's Rival

When society gives another entertainment for charity it is to be hoped that Mrs. Eleanor Martin will be urged to give a recitation. I hear that her favorite diversion in the memorizing of verse and that she has a wonderful repertory. She has committed to memory whole pages of Milton and Shakespeare, and she has the whole Declaration of Independence on the tip of her tongue. She has great fondness for humorous poetry, and can rattle off yards of limerics and Wallace Irwin sonnets galore. A few years ago Lieutenant Howland took Wallace Irwin to visit her and she surprised them by reciting long passages from Omar Khayyam, Jr. Howland had literary aspirations in those days and he was urged by Mrs. Martin to give them rein. For awhile he was thinking of writing a comic opera but the attack was not of long duration.

That Coast Road Project

Railroad men who are versed in all the intricacies of the transportation game are making dismal predictions regarding the fate of the new coast road enterprise which has for its object quick service between this city and Santa Cruz, and the development of pleasure resorts along the route. They say that the engineering problems to be encountered will bring the cost of construction up to fifty thousand dollars per mile, and that the promoters will have to go deep into their pockets for the necessary funds, with very little in sight to justify confidence in the ultimate success of the project. In the opinion of the sceptics, men of experience in the railroad business would be fearful of undertaking such a hazardous financial venture. The only railroad man interested in the proposed road had a little experience in the construction of an electric system in an interior county over a level stretch of territory, involving no costly engineering feats. His associates are Mr. Pillsbury, the attorney, Senator Felton, the statesman, and J. Downey Harvey, who has had some experience with dry oil wells and who is an authority on quail shooting. As Mr. Harvey is a very conservative operator it is believed that he has received encouragement from Mr. James D. Phelan.

Provincial Oakland Society

An Oakland matron has been complaining to me of the "provincialism of society" in her city, and by way of illustration she tells of a married woman who was recently invited to a reception and who telephoned to her hostess to say that her husband had a business engagement but that if there would be no objection she would attend in the company of a certain gentleman who had been invited to the function. "Did you ever hear of anything so funny?" asked the matron, and I confessed that it was not altogether devoid of an element of humor. "Why should there be any objection?" asks the Oakland matron, and for the life of me I cannot answer.

The Gotham Way

But of course in a small city such as Oakland, where everybody knows or thinks he knows the business of everybody else, it behooves everybody to be discreet. It is different in New York, where the wife in society enjoys great freedom. No woman in New York's smart set thinks of consulting anybody about the propriety of accepting escort service from a gentleman who enjoys the confidence of her husband. Before his marriage Harry Lehr was the favorite escort of half a dozen rich women, and no scandal ever grew out of his relations with the wives of busy men. Occasionally there are scandals in the New York 400 but they are not more numerous than in other sets of equal numerical strength. At this very moment Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart of New York is establishing a residence for herself in Sioux Falls for the purpose of suing her husband for a divorce. Mr. Rhinelander Stewart is one of the busy husbands, and a correspondent informs me that when the decree is signed Mrs. Stewart will marry Mr. "Silent Jim" Smith, the multi-millionaire bachelor, who was recently a passenger on the same trans-Atlantic liner that had Mrs. Gus Spreckels and her daughter, Lurline, as passengers, a circumstance that gave rise to the report that he had hopes of winning the Californian heiress. Now the story goes that he went to Europe for another purpose. Mr. Smith has been doing cavalier duty for several New York matrons. At one time Mrs. Stewart took charge of his Newport cottage while he was entertaining a young American Duchess.

They're After Him

Society has a brand new object of interest in the person of Mr. Edward Dan, who hails from somewhere in the populous East and is said to be worth so much money that he is more than worth while. Even though he had not a cent he couldn't very well be overlooked, for he is

NELSON'S AMYCOSE

Infallible Remedy for Catarrh
Sore Throat and Inflammations of the Skin

tall, dark and handsome with a moustache worn *a la* Emperor William. He has been taken up by the Mrs. Astor of the West, our own dear Eleanor, and the consequence is that he has social engagements to burn. There are at least six unattached society women spreading their coils for him but he is provokingly wary though as gallant as a Don and as suave as a French diplomat. Indeed his manner gives the impression that he is easy, so bland and ingenuous is he, and a certain grass widow seemed for awhile assured of a conquest, but it is said that he is as passion proof as the invulnerable Dr. Harry Tevis.

Mrs Martin's Great Coup

Score another triumph for our only Eleanor! Her bagging of the Taft party is the biggest social coup ever achieved by that interesting leader of our provincial *ton*. It is an achievement worthy of the attention of President Roosevelt for it bespeaks the quality of tact that makes diplomats famous. What a great help to her country Mrs. Martin would be were she the wife of a foreign Minister! Only last week she went down to Burlingame to spend a short season with her son's mother-in-law, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, of the family that won national celebrity by entertaining President McKinley and winning much glory at the expense of the citizens of San Francisco. Not a word did Mrs. Martin say to Mrs. Scott about her strategic move to secure Secretary Taft, as the lion of a big reception. Yet she was then eagerly awaiting news from Washington, for the Mrs. Astor of California, be it known, has a social pull at the capital. She is in touch with the War Department. She has not been entertaining army officers out here for years to no purpose. She has long been partial to the army. Indeed it was thought at one time that she had succumbed to the lure of brass buttons, and that she was destined to be the blushing bride of General Young, who afterwards became chief of the military bureau of the Government. So when Mrs. Martin resolved to vindicate her title of Leader of San Francisco's Smart Set by becoming the hostess of the Taft party she did not miscalculate the strength of her pull. It was tremendous.

Her Metamorphosis

When Mrs. Martin's son, Peter, married into the Newport smart set, she was lifted into great prominence. Her light was no longer to be hidden under a bushel, but when she entertains, as her guest, the ex-Governor of the Philippines, the three-hundred-pounds Secretary of War and prospective President of the United States, the candlepower of the light will be sufficient to defy the densest fog that ever swept through the Golden Gate. The social progress of Mrs. Martin has been great since the days when she was a modest widow in Los Angeles. During the life of her sister, Mrs. Donahue, she was a most inconspicuous person, having no taste for social diversion. She rather courted the shadows of the background, but now she is positively melancholy when the lights go out and the revelers have departed. In point of vivacity she makes Mrs. Astor of New York look like thirty cents.

A New Lion on the Way Here

When "Ed" Belknap comes from New York, next week, he will be accompanied by his most intimate friend, Harvey Worthington Loomis. Mr. Loomis is the composer and musician who recently enthused jaded New York by an Indian concert, the motifs of which were worked out in such original and convincing manner as to excite general interest. Farwell, the well-known exponent of this type of music, has set the seal of his approval upon the works of the younger man. Mr. Loomis studied under Dvorak, and shares his teacher's enthusiasm for "American" themes. He believes that only by individualizing and developing the folk-songs of our country—the negro, ragtime and Indian themes—can we achieve a national type worthy of the recognition of European musical authorities.

He Coached Edna

"Ed"—or Edwin S., proper—Belknap is Mr. Loomis's chum, and they have an esthetic apartment together in New York, where, like "Jack" Harrold, they occasionally entertain European celebrities. The two men are in demand as entertainers, for Belknap is the best pantomimist in this country, and has written monomimes and pantomimes which his friend has set to music. The San Francisco man, although he is a confirmed New Yorker, has periodical yearnings for his old California home and Anteus-like recuperates by revisiting his native city. It was when a lad here that he first felt the yearnings that later drew him stageward. He belonged to an amateur dramatic club which gave quite ambitious productions. In the first Authors' Carnival, with his cousin, Bessie Bunner, he organized the Bulwer booth, in which Marie Withrow had charge of the music. It was in this booth that Theodora Roberts, then a tall, awkward, stuttering college lad, made his debut as Richelieu and astonished everybody by his remarkable rendition of the aged Cardinal's lines. It was under Mr. Belknap's supervision and instruction that Edna Wallace Hopper, then just arrived to long dresses, made her first New York appearance

The Heart of a Geisha

Colgate Baker, the author of "The Heart of a Geisha," which is to be produced at the Alcazar on July seventeenth, and who is here supervising the preparations for the production, is a man who knows his Japan thoroughly. He was born in Yokohama and speaks Japanese like a native. He has contributed many articles on Japan to the magazines, and his views on the morality of the people have provoked a deal of discussion, though his assertions have never been seriously questioned. His play will no doubt attract a great deal of attention, especially if it jolts some preconceived notion of morality. It tells of the love of a geisha girl and of her tragic end, and gives an intimate

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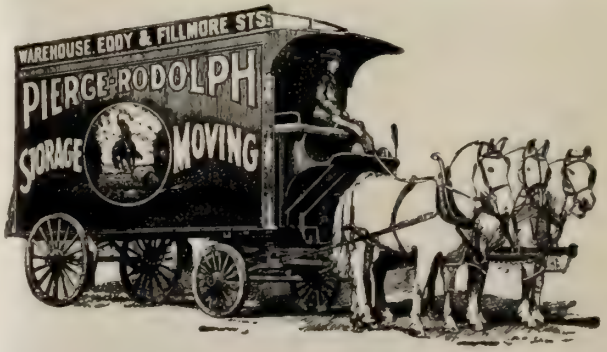

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view of the night life of Japan. The character of these girls is not thoroughly understood in this country. They are professional entertainers, and the average Japanese gentleman spends much time in their company. Their intrigues in love and politics, and their general influence, are unwholesome. They are skilled in conversation and in music and they are versed in the literature of the country. According to Mr. Baker, the geisha girl is educated for her career and drilled in the art of beguiling men. She is carefully taught to study men, to appeal to them and to differentiate between the man of fine mental calibre and artistic taste, and the coarse-grained man who loves the flesh-pots and the sake cups. Tact is her watchword; to amuse her patron, whatever his mood be, is her aim. Usually at twenty-five the geisha is haggard and worn; her beauty gone and no longer able to charm, she becomes a drudge, a tea-house servant amid the gay surroundings in which, perhaps, she once reigned as queen. Juliet Crosby, who played Madame Butterfly, is to be seen in the role of Kohamma San, the heroine of Mr. Baker's play.

Inherited Celebrity

Commenting on the circumstance that there are seventy-two women duly registered under the state law as owners of motor-cars, forty-four of whom are licensed to drive these machines, a writer in one of the dailies flashes this gem of thought in the admiring gaze of the public: "Perhaps the most notable name on the list is that of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, widow of that author whom many consider the world's greatest master of ringing English prose." This fulsome estimate of Author Stevenson's achievement, by one who may have had the privilege of rejecting "A Lodging for the Night," is certainly open to controversy upon the basis of specific comparison all along the literary line from Chaucer to Henry James, including explanatory footnotes and allusions to such master writers of "ringing English prose" as Shakespeare, Marlowe and Jonson rioting amid the universal genius of the Elizabethan period; to Dryden, who made of that prose a sinewy, strong-fibred, supple instrument of thought; and to Matthew Arnold, Ruskin and Tennyson of the moderns, upon whose form and style Stevenson modeled his own method of expression. But such comparison would be profitless in that it would merely crush a cheerful cricket under the ponderous hammer of a pile-driver. It is more to the purpose to say that the writer of the paragraph in the daily newspaper does not confer a compliment on Mrs. Stevenson by inferring that she is chiefly "notable" because she is the "widow" of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is like saying that Mrs. Stevenson is "a celebrity by marriage"; which is, of course, ridiculous rather than anything else, notwithstanding the reflected glory that halos the brow of the widow. Perhaps the newspaper panegyrist means to tell us that Mrs. Stevenson has inherited her "widow's portion" of the literary fame of her husband, as Isobel Strong and Lloyd Osbourne, his step-children, have inherited their share of the "great master's" literary estate, upon which they have been living ever since his death.

With the Artists and Writers

Lorenzo P. Latimer, who has been sketching in his favorite Russian river haunt, near Guerneville, and has been away a month, will return today to his town studio. He has added materially to his redwood studies. Latimer does not exhibit many canvases, but for a good reason. I presume many artists would be willing to exhibit less, for as good a reason. Latimer sells his before they leave his studio.

Matteo Sandona did not go away this summer but is busy at his studio in Larkin street upon a new portrait.

Cadenasso intends to go to the country, a little later, and is looking for a tenant for his picturesque home on Russian Hill.

Miss Geraldine Bonner has changed her mind about going to Italy and will summer in California. She is working upon her fourth novel.

Mrs. Covington Johnson (Carrie Rixford), who recently returned from Paris, brought quite a number of canvases with her, which were done during her two years of travel and study abroad. This was her second trip to Europe. During her first visit she studied under Whistler. Mrs. Johnson's work is particularly commendable for its coloring, which is always skilfully handled. She has been more successful with flower studies than with portraits. However she did an admirable portrait of her husband, who is not an artist but a mining man. The Johnsons intend to build on Presidio Heights, I understand.

Mrs. James Thompson (Emilia Kalisher) gathered quite a number of interesting sketches during the trip to the Orient from which she lately returned.

Mrs. Fremont Older has returned from the East, where she was visiting her family. While in New York she received word from the Appletons that they had accepted her latest novel and that it would make its appearance in September.

Miriam Michelson's latest is "The Milpitas Maiden," a serial story running in a New York weekly. Miss Michelson and Mrs. Older, by the way, are members of the Round Table dinner club which includes Alice Prescott Smith, Ednah Robinson and Harriet Levy.

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His Heart Not Engaged Here, After All

The announcement that Lieutenant Rockwell is to marry a Spokane girl was a great surprise to his friends here, as it was generally supposed that he had engaged himself to the daughter of one of our wealthy bankers. This girl's sister only recently announced her engagement and it was expected that the next announcement would be of the younger sister's betrothal with the army officer. But you never can tell, it seems. Lieutenant Rockwell hails from the Middle West and is said to have rich parents, probably because he was such a generous spender during the time he was stationed at the Presidio. He gave numerous theatre-parties and his chafing-dish suppers were of weekly occurrence. His farewell breakfast at the St. Francis was one of the most elaborate functions ever given here.

Just the Regulation Match

Now comes the report that there isn't any romance in the marriage of Marie Louise Parrott and Frank McComas; that it is not a union of wealth and struggling genius, the artist being the son of very wealthy people. So, after all, there need be no misgivings about the art of McComas. It is not to be corrupted by wealth. He will continue to paint pictures for art's sake and the money there is in it, just as he has always done. I hear that the whole Parrott clan is pleased with the match. That it met with the approval of Mrs. Abbie Parrott was evident from the fact that her granddaughter, Marie Christine de Guigne, served as bridesmaid. Miss de Guigne, her sister Josephine, and their father make their home with Mrs. Parrott in the large Sutter street residence. The girls are great favorites of Mrs. Parrott. The only son, Christian de Guigne Jr., is being educated in France, and is said to be more like a French boy than an American, but later on he is to be trained in American business methods for which his father has the profoundest respect. The late unpleasantness with the Chinese gardener was exceedingly embarrassing to the Parrotts, especially when the dailies made copy out of it. The Parrotts abhor newspaperiety.

The Horns, Et Al

The J. A. Horns, of Santa Cruz, who took the sensational ride in the cab of an engine last week, to pay a midnight visit to the H. Francis Andersons, have done a great deal toward stimulating the gayety of the seaside city. They arrived in Santa Cruz several months ago, intending to stay a few weeks, but liked the place so well that they have become permanent residents. Mr. Horn is a wealthy Pittsburger, and his wife is a very handsome young woman with a genius for dressing. It is said that she has more trunks than any woman that ever set foot in Santa Cruz, and that for the number and variety of her gowns she has no rival at this popular resort. The Horns have become great friends of the Andersons, who are noted for their hospitality. Anderson is an Englishman who arrived in Santa Cruz several years ago, intending to spend a few weeks there. He, too, was held thrall by the beauty of the place, and has staid long enough to build a hotel and get into a divorce suit, which was ended by decree of Heaven, and now he has a second wife and apparently as much money to burn as ever. Santa Cruz is a place of weird fascinations. The McNeils, who live in a beautiful residence on the Cliff Drive, had no intention of becoming residents of the place when they visited it, but they have been there ever since, and I have heard that Major McLaughlin went down on his first visit just to take a bath and remained to rear a sumptuous home.

Statesmen to Rough It

Governor Pardee and Senator Perkins are going to start, on July ninth, on a trip into Grant's Park, in the Kings river section, where there is said to be a good deal of primeval forest, many wild animals, and more beautiful and sublime scenery than can be found anywhere in the state outside of the Yosemite. The two statesmen have decided to emulate President Roosevelt on this trip. They are going to rough it, and will take camping outfits along, intending to sleep out every night. It has been suggested that Governor Pardee should take some of his staff colonels along for protection.

The Boom Is Coming

Now that we are to treat the Chinese with greater courtesy and accord them greater opportunities to beat the Exclusion Act, there will soon be something like the old-time activity in Pacific traffic, and it will not be long before Chinatown is again a populous centre. In recent years there has been a great falling off in the population of Chinatown, and rents have decreased in that quarter, causing a corresponding depreciation in the value of property, but the tip has been out for some time that a boom was coming, and when Secretary Taft announced that it behooved us to change our attitude toward the heathen and enter into more amicable relationship with him, there was great rejoicing among the landlords of Fish and Spofford alleys. The attitude of the Administration is particularly pleasing to the lawyers who do business with the Chinese, for the heathen is a fine client, generous and always in need of legal services. The Chinese Six Companies pay a big retainer, and their business is eagerly sought for, but it

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is not easy to hold, for with the coolie nothing succeeds like success and it must be perennial. Two or three successive defeats cause him to distrust his attorney. In addition to being superstitious, he believes that a lawyer wins with his pull and not by his ability, and he scorns the services of a lawyer who can't show him that he knows how to handle the courts.

Boasted of their Pull

A few weeks ago it became known that the Six Companies wanted a new lawyer and immediately there was a great scramble for the fat retainer. Several attorneys who know what the Chinese expect applied for the job, and I hear that some of them represented that they exercised tremendous influence with the Federal authorities. It is said that several Federal officials have learned that their names were used by irresponsible attorneys who represented that they could get almost anything they wanted, and now the matter is the subject of investigation, and may be brought to the attention of the Federal Grand Jury.

When Riordan Made His Fortune

By the way, one of the most successful lawyers ever in the employ of the Chinese was the late Tom Riordan, who died last week leaving an estate valued at over one hundred thousand dollars. Riordan accumulated his fortune in the eighties, when Chinatown was a flourishing centre and the Exclusion laws were more elastic than they have been in recent years. With Lyman I. Mowry he monopolized the Chinese law business and made several thousand dollars a month. He must have accumulated a very large sum of money during that period for he had scarcely any practice during the last ten years, and yet he lived on a very extravagant scale and left a large sum of money at his death.

Lombard and His Teas

Charles Lombard, who gave a tea for Xavier Martinez last Sunday, is going to rival Mrs. Martin in the number of his entertainments. Mrs. Martin takes a rest in the summer, but Lombard, like the brook, goes on forever. Those who have attended his Oolong orgies say that neither Mrs. Martin nor Mrs. White is in it with him in the matter of radiating cordiality. He fairly exudes genialty, and he is a past master of all the social games, but why he is so strongly addicted to tea I do not know, for I am assured that he has no tea agency, and therefore unlike Mr. Greenway he has no selfish motive in promoting social intercourse. I believe that Mr. Lombard has a case of Salonitis, and loves to bask in the effulgence radiated by Genius, but tea isn't the beverage for a salon. Though, as Stevenson said, a good talk is not to be had for the asking, good drinking is a factor not to be despised when good talking is desired. Intellectual activity may be stimulated even in a San Francisco salon but not with tea. Fancy Martinez, the booster and patron of Coppa's, being regaled with tea! Mr. Lombard is a generous patron of the arts, and is making a collection of paintings by California artists, and it is to be hoped that he will exhibit them some day at a beer blow out.

Villier's Messmate

Few writers ever won fame so quickly as did Richard Barry, the young San Franciscan whose magazine stories of the war in the Orient have been printed in London, St. Petersburg and Berlin. A little over a year ago he was a reporter on the *Bulletin* staff, and he wrote for that paper the serial story "Sandy from the Sierras." When the war broke out he started for Japan with scarcely any money in his pocket and without any promise that his correspondence would be published. He met Frederick Villiers, the noted British war correspondent, who took a great interest in him, and gave him many valuable pointers. In Villiers' account of the siege of Port Arthur he tells almost as much about Barry, his messmate, as he does about the fighting. Reviewers in this country and England joshed Villiers about giving the young American so much prominence. According to one writer "There are not five pages in the book in which Barry's name is not mentioned. Mr. Villiers gives us, in the guise of a story of the siege of Port Arthur, the even more interesting story of the siege of his affections by a young Irish-American." The New York *Times* reviewer wrote, "There are in recent fiction few touches as humorous as those Frederick Villiers gives to the character of his young messmate before Port Arthur." Barry went back to the seat of war two months ago and he is now in Manchuria with *the Japanese* army as correspondent for *Collier's*.

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Gossip from the South

Writes my Los Angeles correspondent:

"Mrs. Roy Jones headed the delegation of Friday Morning Club women who visited the Mayor last week to protest against the unseating of Miss Jones in favor of Charles F. Lummis as public librarian. The Mayor, I am told, had decided not to interfere in the matter, but when the daughter-in-law of a former United States Senator appeared at his desk, his determination seemed to weaken. Mrs. Jones is a very winning woman and when she makes up her mind to work for any measure she brings all her powers of fascination to bear.

"Society is much interested in the marriage, to take place this month, of Leontine Denker and Dr. A. H. Giannini of San Francisco. The Hammell and Denker ranch between Santa Monica and Los Angeles has long been known as one of the best properties of the kind in the state, and other landed holdings of the Denker heirs make the estate one of the most valuable in the south. Mrs. Denker and her daughters have long been prominent in Catholic church work in Los Angeles."

A Progressive Dinner

The "progressive dinner," which has for some time been a fad in Gotham, was introduced here this week by a congenial company, which included the Frank Coopers, Walter Hoff Seelys and W. F. Bogarts. The party progressed from restaurant to restaurant—nine being visited, from soup to cafe noir and liqueurs—in the palace trolley car, ending up at the Cliff House. It was a novel and delightful experience. In New York, by the way, there is a restaurant where the progressive dinner is quite a feature, the guests moving one story higher at each course. Hugh Hume, once the *Post's* proprietor, introduced a progressive dinner many years ago in Belvedere, where the guests moved from house to house up the hill to eat their soup, salad, fish, roast, entrees, etc. There was a "game" course to the dinner given here last week, Five Hundred being played at seven tables.

Her Generous Heart

Ethel Barrymore is always doing little acts of kindness that endear her to rich and poor alike. A correspondent writes me that on her voyage to Europe last month, with her leading man and woman, on the *Coronia*, she took a deep interest in a poor old couple in the steerage. They had sold their home in Norway and taken their goods and chattels to New York, expecting to make their home with a son in America. But the son failed to meet his parents in New York and the old people were returned to Liverpool by the immigration authorities branded as paupers. When Miss Barrymore heard their pitiful tale she thought out a plan to aid them. She put her autograph up at auction in the smoke-room and it sold for eleven pounds. She then started a subscription to make the amount larger. It was speedily swelled to one hundred and eighty-seven dollars, and the old people were thereby enabled to return to their Norwegian home.

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An Expected Visitor

Lady Waterlow, who was Maggie Hamilton of Napa, is expected to spend a part of the summer in California. She has many friends here, particularly in the Burlingame set. Mrs. Will Crocker visited Lady Waterlow in England, so she will probably entertain in honor of her friend during her visit. Lady Waterlow has a younger sister, Alice Hamilton, who is in poor health and has been trying to find a cure at a dozen different Continental *spas*.

Her Romance

Mrs. Victor Clement made her San Francisco and Oakland friends a flying visit from Salt Lake City last week. Mrs. Clement, who was Flora Smith before her marriage, was the heroine of an interesting romance. She was a poor young girl of no social prominence when she met Victor Clement. He was middle-aged, but they both fell in love at first sight. But Miss Smith was eager to go to college and she did not care to marry until she had gratified her ambition. Mr. Clement was willing to wait, so he sent her to college, and when she graduated they were married. He had invested a great deal of money in South African and Mexican mines and when he died his young widow found herself enormously wealthy.

Scientific Sailors

Nine scientific gents, representing the San Francisco Academy of Sciences, are now on the high seas bound for the Gallepegos Islands. The purposes of the trip and the character of the expedition are worthy of exploitation, but the dailies have given no space to the matter. Senator Perkins, who has been a trustee of the academy for twenty-three years, secured for the scientists a Government survey ship, and the only men aboard who know anything about the handling of a ship are the captain and one sailor. The vessel is manned by the scientists. Our Academy of Sciences is now in a very flourishing condition. The property with which it was endowed by James Lick was worth about one hundred thousand dollars at the time of his death, but it is now valued at one million.

The "Joe" Tobins are at their country-place, "Arcadia," near Calistoga.

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Hearst's Reminder

Now that the Hearst papers are again abusing our fat fellow-countryman, the ponderous and distinguished Grover Cleveland, I am reminded that some years ago that gentleman, in answer to a polite communication from Mr. Hearst, in which the latter asked for an expression of the ex-President's opinion on some important matter, said, rather rudely, that he was constrained to decline to permit the use of his name for the promotion of yellow journalism. The probability is that Mr. Hearst is afraid that Mr. Cleveland will forget the incident.

A Belated Testimonial

A few weeks ago it was reported in the despatches that a sculptor had seized and carted away a McKinley monument which had been erected to the memory of the martyred President, but which had never been paid for and was not likely to be. The affair was viewed complacently enough by the citizens who had made a gala occasion of the unveiling but who were not patriotic enough to complete their contract. Now comes a pathetic appeal from Chief Justice Day, for an endless chain of dime subscriptions toward the completion of the grand national testimonial which was to have been erected in the McKinley plot at Canton, Ohio, and the question arises, how many more of these hastily conceived memorials have been either abandoned or left unpaid for, and what has become of the funds which were collected. In the first heat of the excitement over the crime at Buffalo there was hardly a community in the United States which did not advertise its patriotism by denouncing the Hearst newspapers and projecting a monument of some kind, but not one in ten of the enterprises has been carried out on the original scale. Patriotism, or what passes for it, is very apt to evaporate in words. We had, a few years before that, an enterprise on foot for the depletion of the toy banks of school children by the wheedling of small coins from unwilling fingers in order that one of the women of the Washington family, Mary or Martha—no one now remembers which—should be duly commemorated in marble, and there was to be an American Boy battleship, and a "Mary Had a Little Lamb" pension fund, and a "Little Drops of Water" annuity, and Heaven knows how "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" escaped.

Other Sentimental Projects

After the Spanish war we had Dewey boulevards and arches and avenues planned, and there were to be Dewey day, Maine day, San Juan day, and a few more extra legal holidays incorporated in our calendar. Solemn resolutions were adopted for the half-masting of flags in commemoration of the Maine dead and May day was to become doubly festive. But now, who could tell, offhand, on what day the disaster took place? There have been futile efforts made, for nearly forty years, to make the celebration of Lincoln's birthday a national occasion, and still more futile ones to establish a Carnation day, in memory of President McKinley, of uncompleted and abandoned monument fame. Every sentimental enterprise which is not carried through on the first burst of enthusiasm is abandoned midway or else brought to an abrupt and half-hearted conclusion that the attention diverted may be applied to some newer excitement, with the same unsatisfactory end. There are too many irons in the fire, and some of them must get cold. We are not "good stayers," and when next an occasion arises when funds are called for it would be well to call to mind the fate of some of the former projects and either arrange for a general poll tax and a speedy carrying out of the plan to a definite and pre-arranged end, or else resolving to raise a cheer, take a drink and go quietly about our business.

A Physician's Ruse

A doctor was telling the other day how he happened to make good. He now has a fine practice. Every one is united in praise of his skill. "But," he said, " it wasn't very long ago that I was on my uppers. I was simply at my wit's end to know how to get along. I knew that I could care for a case as well as the next one, but I hadn't got a start, and, I suppose, lacked commercial instinct. A lady friend gave me this advice: 'Get a team of horses somehow and drive away from your house furiously every day.' Well, I managed to borrow the money and get

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the team. I had a boy come up to my door every morning at nine o'clock. Out I furiously rushed, jumped in with my case in hand, and—went for a drive on the beach, where I improved my own health with salt air. At twelve the performance was repeated; again at three and a third time at five—this every day. In a short time I was the talk of the neighborhood. My pleasure excursions were interrupted by real calls, the team was paid for, and, since I am curing with the best of them, there's now no more need for bluff."

Three Great Financial Captains

Three men achieved national fame two weeks ago by forming the syndicate which purchased control of the Equitable Life Insurance Company and which proposes to build subways in New York at a cost of one hundred and thirty million dollars. The three are men of the self-made variety. One is Edward J. Berwind, the son of a piano tuner in Philadelphia; one, Thomas T. Ryan, was at one time salesman in a Baltimore dry-goods store, and the third, Peter A. B. Widener, emerged some years ago from a retail butcher shop in Philadelphia. At this time Widerner is in control of the investments representing the largest urban transit lines in the world; Berwind is the central figure in the anthracite coal interests of the country and the principal owner of the Santa Fe Railway, and Ryan is the capable financier to whom the Rapid Transit Commission of New York turns in the hope of escaping the threatened autocracy of August Belmont.

Widener Loves Art

Peter B. Widener is distinguished not only as a financier. The ex-butcher has the most carefully selected collection of oil paintings in the United States. It represents an outlay of fifteen million dollars. But his real business in life is the collection of street car fares. He was at one time associated with Charles T. Yerkes, who served time in a Pennsylvania penitentiary for misappropriating city funds in Philadelphia. At that time Widener was City Treasurer. After his release Yerkes went to Chicago, where Widener backed him in his first railroad enterprises, and where he got into trouble over franchise-grabbing. He is now very rich and very respectable. Financier Berwind is a graduate of Annapolis, and was in the navy a short time. If he had remained in the navy he would now be a captain at thirty-five hundred a year. Perhaps Ryan is the most interesting man of the trio. The foundation of his fortune was laid by the late W. C. Whitney. He is one of the most conservative and one of the ablest of American financiers.

They All Line Up for Ethyl

According to the "Chaperon" of the *Examiner*, the people of Santa Cruz "pretend to be shocked" at Ethyl Hager's abbreviated bathing suit. This is a shockingly inaccurate statement of the facts. Instead of being shocked the people of Santa Cruz are delighted, writes my correspondent. Miss Hager's bathing hour is well known to the populace, and the average Santa Cruzan would as lief miss dinner or the train as fail to witness the pleasing spectacle presented by the society girl from San Francisco as she trips blithely into the surf every afternoon. Men and women congregate on the beach to enjoy the sight and their admiration is unconcealed. Miss Hager seems to enjoy giving them a treat. Her only rival is Miss Lubelski of Denver, who ventures into the breakers in brilliant pink silk, a suit that might without difficulty be drawn through a

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finger-ring, so delicate is the fabric. Miss Lubelski is the daughter of a wealthy Colorado cattle owner and she is the object of great interest at the Sea Beach. Last week the great feeders of the National Editorial Association visited Santa Cruz and gorged themselves at Big Trees at the expense of the citizens. Ex-Lieutenant Governor Jeter tore himself away from the stupendous affairs of the Bank of Santa Cruz to assist in dispensing hospitality. He spent the morning scooping hot coffee out of a clothes-boiler for the hungry editors.

Millard's Bright Promise

There is considerable news of interest to Californians in the announcement made in the July number of the *Cosmopolitan* relative to what the August issue will contain. With the current issue John Brisben Walker quits the editorial tripod, and Mr. Bailey Millard, late of Larkspur, takes possession of the sanctum. From his announcement it appears that some well known Californians are hereafter to contribute to the pages of the magazine. Foremost among them is Ambrose Bierce, who once said that the American magazine was what was the matter with American literature. He has written an article on our jury system. Mr. Edwin Markham, author of "The Man With the Hoe" and nothing else that I can recall, is to contribute "a strong piece of verse, called 'Virgilia.'" It was Mr. Millard who discovered Mr. Markham and he has conceived it to be his duty ever since to make it appear that the discovery was worth while. Therefore "Virgilia" for August. We are informed by Mr. Millard that it is Mr. Markham's first love poem. Great Scot! who ever heard of a poet postponing his sentimental ballad until he reached the verge of senility? Surely Mr. Millard doesn't expect Markham to write feelingly of love except in a reminiscent strain, at this late day. "Annie Laurie" is also scheduled for August but not under that pen name. She will write as Winifred Black of Goldfield and the article is to be illustrated by another Californian, Maynard Dixon. We are also told that the *Examiner's* scientist, Mr. Garrett P. Serviss, has been sent to California to write up Jacques Loeb, the Lowe and Lick observatories, and Luther Burbank.

Editor Aiken's Achievement

Editor Aiken has reason to be proud of the July *Sunset*. It is a fine achievement. A great deal of space is devoted to the Lewis & Clark Centennial Exposition at Portland, and the leading article is by Dr. Reuben Gold Thwaites of the University of Wisconsin, the recognized authority on Lewis & Clark exploration. The story of the Exposition is told by Governor Chamberlain of Oregon, Governor Mead of Washington, Senator Mitchell, and others. There are poems from the pens of Joaquin Miller and Ina Coolbrith, and there are several good stories and many beautiful illustrations. I hear that *Sunset* hits the high-water mark of circulation for a Western magazine this month. It is deserving of the success it has achieved.

The McComas-Parrott Wedding

The Parrott-McComas nuptials on Wednesday were celebrated with very little pomp and not any more ceremony than the Episcopal church allows. Less than two hundred people were bidden to the church and not more than fifty attended the wedding luncheon immediately after at the Hotel Richelieu. Marie Louise Parrott was the jolliest bride that has been seen in many a day. She went tripping to the altar, as vivacious as a school girl and with a face wreathed in smiles. Mr. McComas took the affair much more seriously, and at the luncheon when called on for a speech he pleaded that he could not be expected to get married and make a talk on the same day. So he called on a Bohemian Club friend to act as his spokesman. It was a delightfully informal affair at which Willis Polk acted as toastmaster, proposed the health of the bride and started the loving cup round the table. Mrs. Abbie Parrott was not present, but she was represented by a numerous progeny. The person rendered most conspicuous by her absence was Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who is always present when invited to a function. Her absence caused a great deal of comment. It is, of course, improbable that she was overlooked when the invitations were sent out. Miss Jenny Flood was present and so were the Charley Pages, Tom Barbour, Charles Webb Howard, Horace Platt, Joseph Donahoe and Dr. Clampett.

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Mrs. Martin In Portland

A correspondent writes me from Portland: "Mrs. Walter Martin is at the Hotel Portland and is quite astonishing the natives and rubes by the simplicity of her toilettes. They looked for something out of the common in gowning, in the daughter-in-law of the Mrs. Astor of San Francisco. But Mrs. Martin has thus far failed to live up to expectation in the matter of dress. I saw her at lunch the day she arrived, and she was very simply dressed, in a white pique shirt and 'all-over' shirt waist."

They Married Canadians

The friends of Paul Neumann in this city have received cards from Mrs. D. F. Sutherland of "The Maples," Winchester, Ontario, announcing the marriage of her sister, Miss Madge Cameron Smith, with Mr. Neumann. The wedding was pulled off on June fourteenth. Another who went to Canada for a bride, when he might have had his pick of Californian beauties, was Harold Crowell. He was married a week or two ago in Walkerville, Ontario, his bride being Katherine Forrest Chapman of that town. Mr. Crowell was popularly supposed hereabouts to be nursing a broken heart caused by the coldness of one of our society girls, bit it evidently was not badly cracked.

The Combination Present

Those brides who measure the success of their nuptials by the number of gifts they have received may have serious objection to the reform that has sprung up in the modern system of making wedding presents. Some ingenious person has evolved the "combination present." Instead of every friend sending a separate gift it is in good taste now for eight or ten persons to club together, and with their combined capital express their kindly feelings toward the bridal couple by a more substantial offering than any individual in the group could afford to buy.

One of the delights of being a genius is to say meaningless things solemnly and have them accepted as exquisitely clever paradoxes.

Is It On Again?

Susie Blanding is expected home in a few days, and it is reported that she has gained in weight and health. There is some curiosity in society regarding her probable attitude toward her erstwhile fiance, Mr. Knox Maddox. It will be remembered that the engagement of the rich young bachelor and the heiress was off almost as soon as it was on. Within a short time after the engagement was announced Miss Blanding fell ill. As soon as she was convalescent she started for Europe. There have been rumors of a reengagement.

Damrosh and His Conservatory

Frank Damrosch has been writing to friends in this city that he has opened a new conservatory of music in New York which he thinks will obviate the necessity of students going abroad. It is his purpose to import from Europe a number of renowned instructors and he has already secured Georg Henschel and Etelka Gerster, the

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coloratura soprano of a quarter of a century ago. They are to have charge of the vocal department and there is to be a distinguished professor from Germany to head the piano school. The four members of the Kneisel Quartet will also be instructors in this conservatory, which is to be the most ambitious musical institution ever founded in this country. It will succeed, in all probability, for Mr. Damrosch is a good business man, his commercial and artistic genius being equally well developed. But the musical art is not suffering in this country through lack of competent instructors. The purpose of students in going abroad to study is to get the benefit of that artistic atmosphere which is believed to exist only on the continent. As we cannot get that atmosphere, the next best thing to be done is not to import more celebrities but to diminish the number of fakers.

Splurging in London

The Mills clan is already cutting a wide swath in London, thanks to the official prestige of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, son-in-law of the Californian millionaire. The San Mateo home of the Millses will be unoccupied by the family for some years, now that they are splurging in London. Mrs. Reid has written to one of her friends here that her husband expects to make his first reception in Dorchester House the most brilliant social function that has taken place in London in many years. She says that her home is well adapted for entertainments on a big scale, and that the London *Chronicle* recently pronounced it superior to Buckingham Palace as a residence. The rental is more than double the salary of the Ambassador. Mrs. Reid says that for stateliness there is nothing that equals the grand marble staircase which cost over one hundred thousand dollars. The house contains one of the most valuable collections of paintings in Europe. They are insured for twenty-five million dollars. Dorchester House is the property of Captain George Lindsay Holford, an enormously wealthy bachelor. He is one of the King's equerries and is on intimate terms with his royal highness.

Howland Now a Captain

The friends of Lieutenant Howland will no doubt be pleased to learn that he is now a captain. He was recently promoted for gallantry in the field, and is now a Captain of Filipino scouts. He is no relation, by the way, of the Captain Howland who was recently injured in the Philippines. The Captain Howland who, as Lieutenant Howland, was quite popular in local social circles a few years ago, was formerly a newspaper man in Chicago. He enlisted at the outbreak of the war and he is now the youngest captain in the army. He was a protege, socially, of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Saltus to Reside Here

Edgar Saltus is still in town, and so well does he like San Francisco and its environment that he contemplates becoming a permanent resident of California. He was telling some friends at the Bohemian Club the other day that he purposed purchasing a home in one of the suburban towns.

John F. Twiggs, the mining secretary, is back in town after an absence of several months spent in touring Europe.

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The Widow and the Maid

BY IRENE CONNELL.

From Miss Estelle Emerson, at "The Lakes," to her dearest friend, Agatha Lande.

Dearest Agatha:—You must really forgive the delinquency of yours truly in the matter of letter writing. True, I promised an epistle immediately upon our arrival at The Lakes, but, dearest, if you only knew how much I have had to take up my time and attention, you would not blame me. This is the loveliest spot you can possibly imagine. We are located at a dear old-fashioned inn that accommodates only a few people; it is really like a house party rather than a collection of strangers at a hotel. There are the loveliest walks and drives, and we row, sail, fish, or ride horseback, just as we feel inclined. The evenings are most romantic. If you do not care to go out upon the beautiful moonlit water, you can sit on the veranda and listen to the ripple of the waves, or you can lounge by the blazing wood fire in the huge chimney place and hearken to the adventures of mine host in the early days when the woods were full of grizzlies. Now, I am going to whisper a little secret into your own particular ear,—mind, you repeat it to *nobody* as yet. There is a *charming young man* among the guests, a Mr. Lansing, from the South. He is quite devoted to *somebody you know,* a perfect gentlemen, and said to be a millionaire, and oh, so handsome. You know, Aggie, mamma is getting to be positively brutal. She is always reminding me that I am approaching my thirtieth birthday (though I do not look it), and that it is high time for me to settle down into an establishment of my own. But I have had such a jolly good time as a bachelor girl that I never could bear the idea of relinquishing my freedom, and to tell you the truth, ever since that silly school girl affair with Jack Cowles I have really hated men in general. But I am quite willing to overcome my prejudices in favor of Mr. Lansing, so don't be surprised, Aggie, if you should see my engagement anounced in the society column. But, dearest, if it *should* come to pass, you shall be the first to have private and authentic information, and of *course* you shall be my first bridesmaid. I came near forgetting to tell you that there is a widow here, a Mrs. Chisholm, whom I *detest.* She is so worldly and bold, and makes no pretense of concealing the arts she practices on Mr. Lansing. I am sure, however, that he does not like her; in fact, he as much as told me so, otherwise I should regard her as a possible rival. Of course Mr. Lansing has to be polite to her; it would cause remark if he were not. There goes the first bell for dinner, so I must go and dress. No more at present from your *Estelle.*

II.

Mrs. Laura Chisholm to her sister, Mrs. Glenn.

DEAR IDA:—Well, here's that long promised letter at last, but you don't know how busy I've been. I have had two people to watch; one, a Mr. Lansing, a Southerner, good looking, nice age, and barrels of money. The other whom I have to keep hawk's eyes upon is a conceited minx of at least thirty, a Miss Emerson. The creature does nothing but make up to the aforesaid Mr. Lansing, and I am determined to block her game. Now you are to pack Olive's trunk and send her up here *immediately.* O, I know very well what you will say,—Olive is not out yet,

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that she is too young to travel alone, and all that. Well, no matter. I will take good care of her and see that she has a pleasant time, and you can surely find some one coming up this way who will chaperon her on the trip. Don't bother about clothes; she will only need her white gown and a few shirt waists. A young girl like her has no need of toilettes. Her simplicity will be her greatest charm. I shall look for her in a day or two, so don't disappoint me.

Your affectionate sister,

—*Laura Chisholm.*

Miss Olive Glenn to her mother.

DEAREST MAMA:—Oh, it was *too lovely* of you to let me come up here upon Auntie's invitation. She is *so* good to me, and lets me have such a delightful time. You know this is my first outing away from you, and I was afraid I should be homesick, but you must not be offended, dear mama, if I tell you that the time just *flies.* We are at the old inn on the shore of The Lakes, and the people are simply delightful. We amuse ourselves by rowing, fishing, and riding, but the best of all are the evenings, the lake is so beautiful. I wish I had some prettier dresses like Aunt Laura's, but of course there was no time to get anything ready, and I would not have missed the trip for *worlds.* There is a Miss Emerson here who has stunning gowns, but I think Auntie is more stylish. I don't think Miss Emerson is as nice as the other ladies who are here. She has a way of looking over your head, as if she did not see you, and she is positively nasty to Aunt Laura. There is a Mr. Lansing staying here who pays us a great deal of attention. Auntie never let me go out alone, she says it would not be proper. She teases me a great deal about Mr. Lansing, and says that I have quite cut out Miss Emerson, but of course I know that is a good joke, as Miss Emerson has the loveliest dresses. I am quite a dowdy in comparison. Besides, Mr. Lansing must be quite ancient, thirty at least, although I admit he is handsome. Aunt Laura has just come in to tell me that Mr. Lansing had asked us out for a row, and I must go and get ready.

Your loving daughter, *Olive.*

Extract from the society column of the *Daily Investigator*: Among the season's engagements we have the pleasure of announcing that of the beautiful Mrs. Laura Chisholm to Mr. Egbert Lansing, of Norfolk, Virginia. The prospective groom belongs to one of the oldest Southern families, and is a gentleman of wealth and culture. The engagement dates from the summer sojourn of the couple at The Lakes, where Mrs. Chisholm was chaperoning her lovely young niece, Miss Olive Glenn. The wedding is set for an early date. Mr. and Mrs. Lansing will make an extensive European tour before settling down on the family estates in Virginia.

A Thorough Freebooter Is the Paris Concierge

BY MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN.

The most thorough, if not the most accomplished, freebooter in Paris is the concierge. He is not a courageous, chivalrous "Stand-and-deliver" fellow of the types of Tom King and Paul Clifford, who used to terrorize the outlying heaths of London a hundred years or more ago; nor is he one of those picturesque scamps that come down upon the tourist of the present day in the mountains of Turkey and Greece. He is neither picturesque nor courageous. He is a sneaking compound of Uriah Heep and Robert Macaire, and woe be to the person who leaves his key in the door or purchases his coal in large quantities.

I have never seen a concierge who seemed to weigh much over one hundred and fifty pounds, nor one with a fine head of hair, or with ruddy, healthful cheeks. They are a scraggy-haired, white-livered, cadaverous looking set, and their teeth seem to continually chatter. The majority of them are married, and have children. They live in a little hole under or near the stairway on the ground floor that never sees a ray of sunshine; and here they cook, eat and sleep, and, of course, die, which is the only commendable public thing they ever do.

Whether married or single the concierge has a companion in the shape of an immense cat, looking like the cat of no other country—big, fat, shaggy, dull, inactive and repulsive.

The concierge is loyal to just one person—his landlord. But he seems to be under the impression that he owes allegiance to no other human being. He looks out from his unsanitary hole in the wall unseen and watches the goings and comings and doings of all who occupy apartments. A single scratch upon the wall or fixture, or the breaking of an inexpensive glass or cup, and he tears through one's rooms as if a thousand-franc mirror or chandelier had been shattered. And the games he plays to compel a lodger to pay for some old tear in the drapery or twist of the shovel or tongs are only known to chevaliers of his class and their victims. And, so far as lights, fuel, water, etc., are concerned, you are left almost entirely to his tender mercies. He "stands in" with some other barbarian so that you are compelled to settle with him for your water and gas, and your fuel must be under his care.

In renting a flat, or sub-letting, blanks of deeds make it imperative upon the rentee to bestow upon the concierge a certain amount upon taking possession and upon departure, and pourboires either by the week, month, or otherwise—on the ground that he receives your mail and other packages, as no postman or deliveryman is permitted upstairs. All articles must be delivered to the conciege, who must be paid extra for services. In the summer of 1900, a Californian, after having had his board raised at his hotel twice in three months without previous notification, sub-let for three months a small flat in an entresol on Rue Lafayette and was obliged to sign a deed compelling him to give fifty francs to the concierge upon taking possession, twenty-five francs upon departure and "reasonable fees for all extra services." Another Californian had his letters re-

(Continued on Page 34)

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The Stage

Humbug and Cant

A correspondent who takes exception to my comments on William Winter's tirade against the Theatrical Trust, asks me if I am not aware of the fact that it is almost impossible "for an unknown playwright to get a hearing from a Syndicate manager." I must confess that I have no authoritative information on the subject. In the absence of such information I am inclined to the opinion that the Syndicate managers are eager to meet playwrights, known or unknown, who have good plays to sell. That they occasionally reject a good play I do not doubt, for the theatrical manager has no higher claim to infallibility than the cultured magazine editor, who thinks he knows a meritorious piece of fiction when he sees one, but who has often had his conceit rudely shaken. The notion that the existing conduct of the theatre is peculiarly hostile to the encouragement and development of the American drama is one to which many people incline, perhaps because the American drama has been so slow in developing, but I have never been tempted to join the chorus of humbug that praises the barren past and echoes the cant that misrepresents present conditions. The leader of that chorus is the distinguished Mr. William Winter, a chronic pessimist who gives rein to that elemental human emotion from which springs the tendency to find the past superior to the present. For over a quarter of a century, more than a decade before the organization of the Trust, he has been deploring the artistic exhaustion of contemporary dramatists. The fact is that the American dramatist is of comparatively recent growth, that he is advancing in every artistic phase of his work, and that managers are courageously producing what the playwrights offer in spite of the fickleness of the public and the turning down by theatregoers of many expensive productions. Up to fifteen years ago we had no American plays which were of any value to dramatic literature or of any credit to American culture. And all the while the managers were being denounced for discouraging home talent. It was frequently said that there were probably many valuable plays that by reason of the writers' obscurity or the managers' stupidity were denied production. To test the soundness of this charge, the editor of a New York magazine, about five years ago, invited playwrights throughout the country to submit dramas in a contest for a prize of one thousand dollars, with the understanding that if any of them were ever produced he would have no claim on royalties. This was a fine offer, for the reason that it gave obscure playwrights the opportunity to bring their wares to the attention of theatrical managers, since the committee of award was composed of men and women of note in the world of letters and in touch with the theatrical magnates of Broadway. As was to be expected, manuscript was sent from all sections of the country. Over a thousand plays were received, but after the preliminary sifting process by which all that were manifestly unworthy of consideration were rejected, only a small number remained, and of those only one possessed sufficient merit to justify the hope that it would be produced. It was awarded the prize, but no manager has ever had the courage to produce it, and the members of the committee of award would not recommend that it be produced. It strikes me that by that contest the paucity of dramaturgic genius in this country was pretty clearly demonstrated, and in the circumstances I am constrained to regard as humbug the charge that existing conditions are discouraging to the American playwright. Nor do I agree with those who tell us that the Trust is giving the public what it wants and not what it ought to want. It is giving the public the best that is to be obtained from

Scene from "Up York State" at the Alcazar

the modern dramatist, and when the public rejects that it puts Shakespeare in new dress in the hope of stimulating a taste for the classic drama. *Theodore Bonnet.*

The Indiscreet Mr. Frawley

Mr. T. Daniel Frawley was guilty of a rank indiscretion last Monday night when he permitted himself to be incited to speechmaking. It is always rash to make a public address on the spur of the moment. A speaker should take time to weigh his thoughts as well as his words. Mr. Frawley had time to think it over between Monday night and Tuesday night, and on the second night his talk was in the nature of an amendment. He explained that he did not mean what he said Monday night; that he had been unfortunate in the choice of his words, and had never intended to utter complaint about his treatment in San Francisco or about the circumstances attending his return. But the amendment was futile. The damage had been done and could not be repaired. The impression had gone forth that the actor-manager deemed it his duty to apologize for his company and for his play, whereas the critics and the audience were mildly pleased with both. It is true that Mr. Frawley is not surrounded by an all-star cast, but there is talent in the company, and the performance is but slightly marred by mediocre histrionics. As for the play, it is good entertainment of the kind that Mr. Richard Harding Davis is in the habit of supplying. Mr. Davis is a successful writer of books, and he has the instinct for dramatic effects which makes his stories susceptible of being hacked into shape for play purposes. Mr. Davis is not a literary artist. He has made no contributions to dramatic literature, but he writes the sort of stuff that satisfies the public taste. Playgoers who are not concerned about art may find much to please them in "Ranson's Folly." Indeed the audience Tuesday night was as enthusiastic as though the play were a masterpiece. There were five curtain-calls after the second act, and I was observing enough to notice that it was genuinely inspired. There was not an usher in sight to start the hand-clapping. It was the climax of the act that won warm approval. And yet "Ranson's Folly" is conventional and tawdry. Unsurrounded by the correlative chapters of the story as originally written, the incidents become jerky and somewhat vague. The characterizations are far from effective. "Jeff" Cahill of the play is not the "Jeff" Cahill of the book. His intense devotion to his daughter is not brought out in the drama, and the Lieutenant Ranson of the stage is too sketchy to be appreciated. However, the incidents crowd thick and fast on one another, and the interest never flags. There is exciting development of plot up to the catastrophe, and though the final curtain falls before the smoothing out of complications is made sufficiently obvious,

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the wind-up is dramatic. The most interesting figure in the play is Mary Cahill, a circumstance due more to the art of Eleanor Montell than to the characterization of the author. The actress has galvanized the character into a semblance of life. Mr. Frawley as Lieutenant Ranson is scarcely the heroic figure that Mr. Davis contemplated. There is a dead level to his performance, due to his failure to depict with distinctness the moods of the role. It is a part that calls for a play of contrasts. Mark Price, as "Jeff" Cahill, fails to convince. There is a suggestion of the dramatic school in his work. Egbert Peters simulates the effervescent youth of Lieutenant Wadleigh admirably, and Frazer Coulter gives a splendid performance as Captain Chase. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Florence Roberts has given us her Camille again, and it is still able to promote lachrymal interest. Miss Roberts is at her best in the second act of the play, where she makes up her mind to give up the world for Armand. Every actress I have seen essay the role of Marguerite Gautier has one particularly strong scene. For instance Clara Morris and Margaret Anglin are best in the death scene; Nance O'Neil, like Sarah Bernhardt, does her most powerful acting in the gaming scene. Nearly all are good in the scene with the father, which is the least artificial in the play.

It was Eddie Hanlon, not Alfred Woods, who made the hit in the play at the Grand Opera House. A good many more people went to see the English actor and actress this week than attended the theatre when the Caine plays were the attraction. But it was not the play or players, but the prize-fighter, who was the attraction. A boxing bout is always interesting, and women applauded Hanlon as warmly as did the men in the audience. As exponents of the old type of melodramatic acting, Miss Williamson and Mr. Woods have been interesting, but their engagement otherwise was not productive of great results.

The Orpheum has a varied and vivacious bill this week. Claude Gillingwater and company have a sketch that is worth while and the eight Bedouins are marvels of agility and courage.

"Audrey" Is Dull

"Audrey" is one of the dullest plays I ever sat through. I did sit through it, though there were six long acts, because I wanted to see how the end of the play differed from the book. "Audrey" is a better book than many of those romantic novels that are fast fading from favor, but that enjoyed a great vogue for a season or two. "Audrey," the novel, is sprightly and short: "Audrey," the play, is stupid and long. It seems a pity to waste such beautiful costumes and elaborate scenery upon it, not to speak of a week's rehearsal and the efforts of the clever Alcazar players. Perhaps it is because it is so near the season's close, but nearly all the principals seemed too weary to put any expression into their parts. Maher as old Gideon, Scott as the half-breed, Miss Belgarde as the shrewish wife, Miss Young as Evelyn Byrd and Miss Woodson as Mrs. Stagg showed the least signs of fag. But their work was not so arduous as that of Miss Lawrence and Mr. Craig. The play is so long and heavy that I do not wonder the principals were tired out before rehearsals were ended. The end of the play is spoiled from the artistic viewpoint by that desire of the playwright to pander to the taste for a happy finale. In the book, Audrey is killed by her half-breed admirer; in the play, he stabs himself.

It is a long time since the Majestic has held such large audiences as have filled the theatre this week. The return of Edythe Chapman and James Neill was quite an event, and they received a rousing welcome. "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" is much more satisfactory as a play than it was as a book. The situations go with lots of snap, and there is not too much dialogue. Talk always spoils a play of this kind. Neill, who was growing too fat last season, has banted down to graceful proportions and is quite the ideal of Sir John Manners.

The Majestic will next week be given over to the initial production of a play by a San Franciscan, Mrs. N. Schlesinger, who has written for various journals under the pen-name of "Bohemia." Mrs. Schlesinger calls her drama "A Cross of Conscience." It opens with a novel scene called the Devil's Roost at a prominent New York club, and another realistic feature is the sinking strand in the third act.

At the Central

Though the plot of "Down Mobile" suggests that of "At Piney Ridge," the Majestic play of last week, there are points of difference which remove from Lincoln J. Carter any suspicion of plagiarism. The Carter play, which for two acts runs on with the comedy uppermost, becomes fierce melodrama in the third act. This pictures the Dismal Swamp, where the sweet heroine is cruelly banished by unkind fate. The act is full of stirring events which

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become even more lively in the next act, where there is gagging and shooting, hypnotism and witchery, and the burning of the old mill with the accompanying destruction of the villains. The scenery is of exceptional artistic merit. The second act shows a cotton field, the third the swamp with the stars twinkling through the tree-branches, and the fourth the interior of the mill. In the cotton field scene a negro quartet sang several selections. There are only ten characters in the cast. The best work is done by Corrigan as Remus, the old darkey, and Lillian Elliott as his wife, Aunt Sue. Shumer as Jim Blackford *alias* Harry Edgerly, is a very villainous villain. In the fourth act he does a Svengali stunt that leads me to fancy he might be an intelligent exponent of the part in the Du Maurier drama. But Mr. Carter leaves us in doubt as to the manner in which Miss Edgerly is relieved from her trance. The hypnotist is dead. Does she emerge from his influence without his aid? I have heard that this cannot be done, but evidently Lincoln J. Carter thinks otherwise. Miss Vane is bright and winning as little Sally Harper who tries to emulate Sherlock Holmes, but is foiled by Mother Gubarre (Claire St. Claire) in her beneficent efforts to free Josephine from her fate.

Weber's Music Hall

The new Mason street theatre has changed its management and is now under the guiding hands of the well known manager, Mr. A. M. De Lisser. It is expected that the new management will change the policy of the house and make several alterations. The cast will remain as before for the time being. Miss Bessie Tannehill and Mr. Walter Shannon, formerly of the Tivoli, are dividing the honors nightly. A new burlesque will replace "The Startler" on Sunday with Mr. Golden in the principal role. Mr. Golden makes his first appearance Sunday, succeeding Billy Odeel, who closes this week. Lieut. J. P. Anderson represents Mr. De Lisser as his business manager.

"Amorita" will be revived at the Tivoli, with a cast including Barron Berthald and Aida Hemmi, and Dorothy Glosz, who will make her first appearance in this city. Miss Glosz, who will have the role of Angelo, was the Gabriel in the last revival of "Evangeline" in Boston. She appeared as Thea in "The Rounders" with Seabrooke, and also had the prima role in "Foxy Quiller" and Edith in "The Prince of Pilsen." She was soloist with the U. S. Marine Band and last summer alternate soloist with Nordica at Duss' Venice Madison Square Gardens. Her latest engagement was as prima donna with Lew Fields in "It Happened in Nordland." There will be a matinee of "Amorita" July fourth.

The De Serris Art Studies will be shown for the first time in San Francisco at the Orpheum. Fifteen European models, direct from Paris, will give living reproductions of famous bas reliefs and groups of statuary. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Voelker, musical artists, will be new. Zazell and Vernon, "The Tourist and His Valet," will reappear. Schepp's Dog and Pony Show will interest the children.

At the Chutes Chiquita will continue and William Tomkins, the topical talker, will discuss the sense of nonsense. Charles and Edna Harris have a novelty and Leon and Bertie Allen will make their first appearance.

Next Week's Bills

Frawley will stay at the Columbia another week, including Sunday night, July ninth. A season of Yiddish performances will follow. Manager Glickman has rented the playhouse for a series of performances and will bring his players here direct from Chicago. Nine performances will be given during the first week. The opening play is to be "Gabriel." Other plays to be staged during the week are "The Golden Country," "The Jewish King Leah," "The Jewess Priest," "Kol Nidrei" and "Uncle Solomon." The prices range from twenty-five cents to one dollar, and seats are

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In David Belasco's famous emotional comedy-drama

"ZAZA"

in which the gifted actress has scored her most brilliant triumph

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Farewell Week, commencing Sunday, July 9, Miss Roberts in
"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"

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July 17—Colgate Baker's New Japanese Play "THE HEART OF A GEISHA"

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ROSEMARY GLOSZ, Soprano
All the Tivoli Favorites in the Cast

Matinee Saturday.
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Special Matinee Tuesday, July 4

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Holiday Matinee next Tuesday, July 4th Usual Matinee Saturday
Summer prices, 25c and 50c
Sunday Matinee, July 9, Archibald Clavering Gunther's Sentimental Farce, "THE DEACON'S DAUGHTER."

I have depended upon my own efforts to achieve the results, but now I am about to appear before you in a new role in the great Drama of Life, as a supplicant and beggar in the mighty cause of Charity and Justice, and ask you, dear friends, to become members of the Cast and help the Play along. I shall do my part to my utmost ability and if you do yours, of which I have no doubt whatever in my heart, we are sure to achieve a success for which we and all be proud and happy. I desire to give a benefit performance at the California Theatre on Friday, July fourteenth, for Mr Robert Emmons the young gentleman who supported me during my engagement last August and September at the California Theatre, and who has been stricken with the dread disease consumption, and incapacitated from performing his duties in the great labor of life. During all his career he has been a gentleman in the profession and performed his duty to manager and star of stage with such integrity and consideration others that are his fellow men can say "He is a man." Now that misfortune has overtaken him no one is more entitled to a benefit than he. The program in detail has not been completed but I assure you it will be one of the most unique and interesting entertainments that has ever been given in San Francisco, and as soon as it is ready will be announced. In the meantime I will be grateful to all friends who desire to subscribe in any such sum as they may feel justified for seats, which will not be less than $1.50 each, and shall be glad to receive checks or money orders through the mail for same, addressed to me, care of the California Theatre.

With heartfelt gratitude and sincere regard.

Respectfully submitted,

FLORENCE ROBERTS.

The Emerson Lectures

The large contingent of little brown men (and women) present at Edwin Emerson's first lecture on the Rus-

(Continued on Page 31)

One of Henriette De Serris' Groups of Living Statuary to be shown at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon.

On the Lawn in front of the Hotel, at Byron Hot Springs

Grass Lake, Glen Alpine, Lake Tahoe Region

A Thorough Freebooter Is the Paris Concierge

(Continued from Page 27)

tained four days because he had failed to quickly hand over a customary pourboire. These fellows have a masonry with just one degree. Thus, the concierge at the flat of a new resident will size up his victim, as to how much he will assay, and then pass the word to the other concierge at the victim's new place of business—or, vice versa.

There is only one way to get along with a concierge: Pay him regularly what you have agreed to pay him in your deed or lease. Let him read your newspapers before handing them to you or tip him a franc occasionally to ensure more celerity. If the tyrant retains your packages or letters longer than necessary, tip him a franc once or twice a week as a corrective. If you are a bachelor and are renting an "apartment de garcon," tip this ignominous excrescence on civilization early and often, and substantially if you are accustomed to midnight dinners; and be sure and employ one or more of his female relations to sweep your rooms, brush your raiment and air your chamber linen, pay them reasonably and tip them liberally. Under no circumstances make a confident of your concierge—there is no need of it. He knows all about you—your social, financial and domestic arrangements. And so does his landlord and the Prefect of Police—for this indefatigable Cerberus is not only a tyrant, but a spy.

I once kept house in Paris eight months in 1889; and during that time I presented my concierge, amongst other things, two whole suits of clothes and a good overcoat; and when I gave up my flat he charged me ten francs for two keys I had left in my door and which he had stolen.

Is this strange human melange of fox, watch-dog and wolf entitled to one particle of pity or praise? Possibly. As a general thing he has served a term or two in the army and has participated in at least one skewer-duel. He has been an unwilling victim of all the outrages and meannesses of provincial or colonial camp life. The iron heel of the subaltern has stamped out of his soul any goodness or other virtue that he might have originally possessed. He has accumulated a certain knowledge. He abhors a continuance of army existence and he is unfitted for any kind of industrial or clerical employment. Every house in Paris has a grasping landlord, and every landlord must have a concierge. Every house in Paris has a hole in the wall with two rooms for the accommodation of the concierge, who is given this hole in the wall and six hundred francs per annum—ten dollars a month—and the right to extract half as much more out of every tenant and to tyrranize over him besides.

I once became intimate with a concierge who had charge of my flat on boulevard Waussman, not far from rue Scribe. He had an estimable wife, two grown daughters, one son, and a cat. I employed one of the daughters to make up the two beds used by my family and to get our coffee and rolls, and the other to do laundry work and clean house once a week. I also used to make little presents to madame, and occasionally take the old man around on rue Meyerbeer and treat him to a glass of cafe et cognac. And, yet, when I had settled in full and got into my voiture and scattered reasonable pourboires all round, the unreasonable old vulture handed me a bill of five francs for a key he claimed I had lost and a franc for chipping a piece out of a candlestick and held on to my hand satchel until I prengled the six francs. And even then I rather liked the old fellow, all in all, for isn't he one of God's creatures as much as Rockefeller, Morgan or Gates.

I passed two months in Paris in 1866; and although living at the Grand, I spent many evenings with Octave Robin at 19 rue Tronchet, not far from the Madelaine; and here I often saw a concierge who had fought seventeen skewer duels and been terribly mutilated several times. In 1887 I was one day passing an old faded house near the Luxembourg, and whom should I come across but the aged concierge of rue Tronchet—at the Hotel du Senat, where Alphonse Daudet had lived a quarter of a century before; where Mirabeau died, and Marie Aguetteau was murdered; where Rochefort was introduced to Gambetta, and where the elder Dumas and the Menken had indulged in many a dejeuner.

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There will be the usual large crowd at Del Monte for the Fourth of July holidays, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Entertainments have been planned for outdoors and indoors, under the management of Arthur Delroy, the London entertainer. Golf will of course be a great feature of the outdoor sports.

Among the prominent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs this week were: Dr. Thos. W. Leland, Dr. L. D. Bacigalupi, E. F. Bert, J. Cal. Ewing, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett, Mr. Leon Blum, Mr. and Mrs. Judson C. Brusie. E. G. Wheeler came over in his Pope-Toledo, accompanied by Miss R. Kowalsky, Miss M. Mitchell and Mr. E. G. Wheeler.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, last week from San Francisco were: Mrs. A. L. Talbot, Miss Amy Talbot, Miss Helen Scoville, Earle Talbot, Budd Doble, Geo. B. Efner, L. O. Samter, Alexander Hamilton, R. P. Burr, Wakefield Baker, L. L. Baker, Earl Pfiefer, C. R. Hayden, A. B. Paul, Jr., C. D. Welcker, Mrs. F. A. Fletcher, Miss Wehner, T. C. West, Mrs. M. S. Meyer, F. N. Meyer, Mrs. E. Kalisher, H. C. Stillwell, A. E. Judd, Chas. R. Sharrocks, E. C. Moore, J. Marcuse, Geo. Dearborn, B. F. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Tobin, Mr and Mrs. C. Oliver, D. L. Aronson, David T. Hanbury, L. S. Dennis, H. A. Whidden, J. O. Tobin,

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Mr. Luchsinger and Mr. Palmer of the Humboldt Bank are summering at Hotel Bon Air, Ross Valley, with their families. Last Sunday they made the run to Santa Rosa in their new Cadillac. Bon Air is one of the most popular resorts in Marin county, over two hundred being registered for the summer months. Mr. Jack Hare of Alaska has begun building a handsome bungalow on his recently purchased property in Bon Air tract.

R. S. Moore and wife are now at the Pendleton. Dr. and Mrs. Scott Franklin are also at this hotel.

The Financial Field

The dullness prevailing in our local board has been still more marked during the past week. Dealings in Bonds amounted to $188,000, in Shares, 3,029, divided as follows: 35 Lighting, 339 Water, 1,050 Miscellaneous, 50 Banks and 1,055 Sugars. Trading being so light there could hardly be any change in quotations. If there is not a radical turn for the better very soon the year's business in the Stock and Bond Exchange will show a decided falling off. Alaska Packers showed a little strength, selling up to 84 1-4 ex-dividend. Everything else remained stagnant. The Sugar Plantations are about to close the year's campaign reporting excess yields in every instance.

There was not much doing on the Exchange this week in Comstock shares. Ophir from all accounts looks well and in the other mines level work is going on, which ought to enliven the market later on. Tonopah and Goldfield stocks were very active and the news from the principal mines is of a favorable nature. The Exchange adjourns from Saturday until a week from Monday. A number of brokers are going to Tonopah to see for themselves how the mines are looking. This is the right thing to do. Great things are expected from Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog.

—The Financier.

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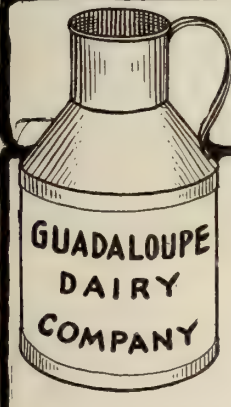

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SOCIETY TURNS NATURALLY TO THE

HOTEL DEL CORONADO

in the Summer time. Particular interest is aroused at present in the Coronado Country Club's Tennis Tournament, to last from July 24 to July 29. The hotel has just completed at a cost of over $1500 a number of new cement courts; and when the Misses Sutton of Pasadena (sisters of Miss Sutton, champion of the United States, who is now competing in England) and other noted contestants enter the lists, every condition will be ideal.

Coronado's claim to possess the most equable climate in the world is now disputed only by a little island tucked away in a forgotten corner of the Pacific Ocean.

In perfect comfort one may play golf over the famous 18-hole course, land a 300 pound bass in the bay, plunge in the sun-kissed surf, or while away an evening at the theatre, the concerts or one of the frequent balls in the great circular room of 11,000 square feet of floor space.

The navy and army will be more in evidence than ever this Summer, and the usual number of distinguished foreign guests will add to a notable social season.

Only the game laws restrict the sportsman in his pursuit of quail, plover, snipe, curlew, black brant, wild geese and ducks, and deer up in the mountains. The quarry is always here.

Of course one gives a little time to the ostrich farm, the monkey colony, and the seals; or rides to the Japanese garden in the jinrikshas which, running here and there, add to the cosmopolitan color that is created by Old Mexico, only fifteen miles away.

It is a mistake to call Coronado the American Riviera. Had the Riviera half as many charms it might justly be called the European Coronado, but it is too incomplete in its attractions. Gay Coronado comprises all that satisfies the love of beauty and leads Father Time to the springs of eternal youth.

TENNIS TROPHIES OFFERED BY HOTEL DEL CORONADO

The Stage

(Continued from Page 32)

sian-Japanese war was explained by the fact that the affair was under the auspices of the Japanese Society of America. Mr. Emerson was a war correspondent in the far east and obtained his information as well as his photographs first hand. Many of the views were the work of Mr. Lindpaintner, a Russian photographer of Port Arthur, who accompanies Mr. Emerson and manages the slides. The first slide represented the remains of Mr. Lindpaintner's studio at Port Arthur after a Japanese shell had struck it. I do not wonder that Mr. Lindpaintner left the vicinity. Mr. Emerson has a dry humor of his own, and his fund of anecdote, description and reminiscence made up a very enjoyable talk. His views are superb, especially when one considers the conditions under which they were obtained. The war correspondent and the photographer were under interdict in the Orient, nevertheless, Mr. Emerson managed to push to the front, and was present at several of the engagements which have now become history. Particular interest attached to the views of the siege of Port Arthur, illustrating the strategic movements of both sides. The numerous slides of Japanese battleships, generals, and commanders elicited hearty applause from the Mikado's subjects who were present. Mr. Emerson is on his way east. His lectures cannot fail to arouse interest in those who have been keeping track of operations in Manchuria.

—The Playgoer.

Florence Roberts in "Zaza" at the California

Splendid Special Number

Sunset Magazine

FOR JULY

COVER DESIGN—In Sight of Mt. Hood a Hundred Years Ago.....W. H. Bull
FRONTISPIECE—Opening Day at the Lewis and Clark Exposition.
OVERLAND A CENTURY AGO.....Reuben Gold Thwaites
THE OREGON EXPEDITION'S HISTORIAN..H. Morse Stephens
THE OREGON SIERRA (Verse).....Joaquin Miller
THE GREAT NORTHWEST'S CENTENNIAL—A series of Articles on the Lewis and Clark Exposition, by.....
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Henry W. Goode, President and Director-General.
Hon. Geo. E. Chamberlain, Governor of Oregon.
Hon. Albert E. Mead, Governor of Washington.
Hon. John H. Mitchell, United States Senator from Oregon.
William W. Wheelwright, President Portland Chamber of Commerce.
G. W. Allen, President Portland Board Trade.
Robertus Love, Assistant Manager, General Press Bureau.
J. H. Cradlebaugh, Salem, Oregon.
OREGON (Verse).....Alice E. Tully
CHAUTAUQUA BY THE SEA.....John Ivey
MINING IN OREGON.....Emma Seckle Marshall
WOOD-CALL (Verse).....Ina Coolbrith
SUMMER IN SIERRA SNOW LAND.....Charles Wesley Reed
CALIFORNIA'S GARDEN CALENDAR.....E. J. Wickson
WHEN THE PRINCE CAME (Serial Story—Chapter II.)..
.....Flora Haines (Mrs. Loughead)
THE UNIVERSITY SUMMER SESSION.....May L. Cheney
LITTLE STORIES OF THE WEST.....
Howlish Wampo's Warning (J. W. Redington)—Money Makers of Goldfield (K. R. Casper)—The Piute War (J. H. Cradlebaugh)—In Old Coloma (Heatherwick Kirk).
THE COURSE OF EMPIRE.....
An Academy Hotel—Railroad Philanthropy—A Floating Flyer—International Conference on Agriculture—Sierra Club Outing—California Roads (F. J. Bramhall)—New Gasoline Motor Coach—Portland, the Place for Investment—The Big Meadow Country—Hotel Lincoln, Seattle.
PLAYS AND THE PLAYERS.....
"Every Man in His Humour," Presented at Stanford University (Katherine Chandler)—Julia Marlowe and Her Art (Peter Robertson)—Successful Grace Field (Isabel Fraser)—Portraits of Maud Williamson, Elmer Booth, Nellie Lynch, Theodore Gamble, Grace Hopkins, Frederick Warde.
BOOKS AND WRITERS.....
"The Flying Lesson," by Agnes Tobin (Henry Anderson Lafler)—A Story of the Middle Northwest," by Alice Winter (A. J. Waterhouse)—"Impressions of Ukiyo-ye," by Dora Amsden (Morgan Shepard)—"Hecla Sandwith," by Edward Uffington Valentine—"The Delta Lands of California," by A. A. Martin—"Gridley and Vicinity"—"The Retreat of a Poet Naturalist," by Clara Barrus—Portrait of Agnes Tobin—J. K. Gill's Sunset Window.
SUNSET RAYS.....
In the Woods of Oregon (Mrs. L. R. Osborn)—Woeful Willie (A. J. Waterhouse)—The Glow-worm (Elwyn Hoffman)—Good Time Comin' (A. J. W.)—Yes, He Knows (A. J. W.)—The Things We Earn (A. J. W.)—A Little Girl I Knew (Flora I. de Wolf)—My Ship That Never Comes (June McMillen Ordway.) The Busybody (Drawing and Verse by Childe Harold)—The Bottle-man (Alberta Bancroft)—Responsive Hearts (Martha Shepard Lippincott)—The Wild Wind and the Valley (Ethel L. Preble)—Under the Evergreens (Augusta Kling)—Where the Sun Rests (George Birdseye).

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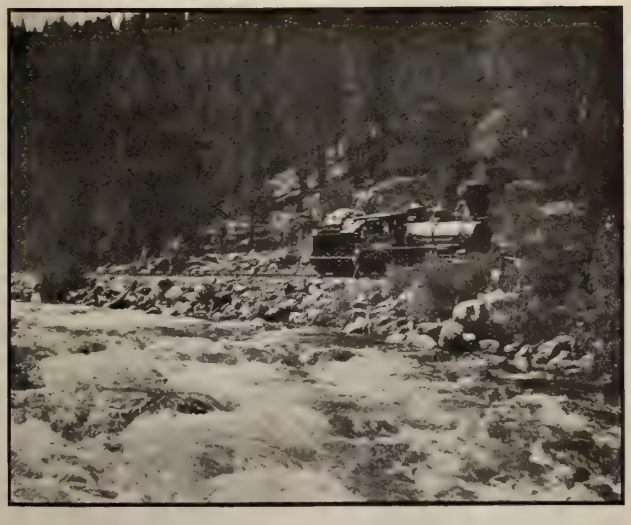

Truckee River

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION.
Of 301 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

Has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1905, a dividend of 5 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits, and 6 per cent on monthly payment investments. Interest on deposits payable on and after July 1st. Interest on ordinary deposits not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear interest at the same rate.

DR. WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO,
710 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and a quarter (3¼) per cent on all deposits, compounded semi-annually, and free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905.

GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK,
626 Market Street, opposite Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

For the half-year ending June 30th, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½%) per cent per annum on deposits, free of all taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1st, 1905. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and thereafter bear the same rate of interest.

W. E. PALMER, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK,
316 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1905, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of three and one-quarter (3¼) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1905.

FRED W. RAY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
101 Montgomery St., cor. of Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.

Has declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1905, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905.

EDWIN BONNELL, Assistant Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY,
Corner California and Montgomery Sts., San Francisco, Cal.

For the six months ending June 30, 1905, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3¼ per cent per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905.

J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,
532 California St., corner Webb, San Francisco, Cal.

For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and six-tenths (3.60) per cent on term deposits, and three and fifteen one-hundredths (3.15) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1905.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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THE CECILIAN—The Perfect Piano Player
Received Gold Medal—Highest Award World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
Department No. 7. No. 96,820.

Myra Beck Winny, Plaintiff. vs. Franklin Turane Winny, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Franklin Turane Winny, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN; under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.
JOHN F. BARNETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

The Plucking of the Fruits of Labor

[Being a Verification of the Old Adage, "All Things Come to Him Who Waits."]

BY S. J. MCATEE.

The Ambitious one was a serious individual. Dear, dear yes! It took time to smile and relax, and a commercial maxim hath it, "Time is Money." And surely the Ambitious could break no precept of the Lord High God, Business. Besides, a smile implies some little pleasure,—whether kindly or sardonic,—and pleasure in the Ambitious one's vocabulary was the most direct opposite of Business. And the Ambitious lived in the temple of this god, and gave up the sweat of his brow and the life of his soul for incense at its shrine.

He had started in as office-boy at the age of sixteen, tense with the determination to *Succeed.* No father had he, or uncle, relative or friend, to say the "good word," that would advance him. Therefore would he wring advancement from the clutching hands of Competition with the hard gripe of self-obliterating grind and application.

As advanced office-boy, or utility clerk at large, never was a task overburdening even though it required his toil until eleven o'clock of the night and a half or the whole of Sunday. And for this the Lord God, Business, smiled a hard smile on him and gave to him the power to wring his advancement from the clutching hands of Competition.

He went steadily up the line. Pleasure?—Take some of the Joy of Living? Pooh! Bah! Joy, the kindly god, was worshiped at the other end of the earth, whose temple was decked with fragrant flowers of benevolence, and visited by the gentle zephyrs of soft content. Nor was there in the commercial history over which the Ambitious pored, any mention of a Pantheon, wherein rival gods had each his shrine. Pleasure? Hum! Was not man originally put on earth to create this god, Business, and was not Life given to all subsequent generations but that they might immolate it on the altar of this deity? So of pleasure and of the Joy of Living took he none. He thought, acted, breathed, lived Business.

And still he went up the line. Wherever there was a place of awful, unrelenting grind, there did the Company—the priests of this god, Business—put him.

He arrived at the fortieth of the allotted three score years and ten, and his "scattered hair was seared by the autumn of strange suffering." All the line had gone down beneath him except the head of it, General Manager. At last even that was to be his. The god had sneered a bitter sneer at him who sat in this Seat of the Mighty and he was to be deposed. And the Ambitious was sure that he would finally fulfill the end of his being. Was not he the next in line? Was not the throne his by succession? his by the rights of longest service? He saw Success, *his* ideal of success, blossom out before him. Its bitterly earned fruit, watered by all the salt sweat of his many years of toil, was fast maturing. His would be the plucking.

And then the nephew of the Old Man—the highest high-priest in the temple of the god—came in one day, sat down in the Seat of the Mighty, thrust all the real work and responsibility upon the shoulders of the Ambitious, and set himself to plucking and eating of the fruit of Success. And, strange to say, the fruit, watered by the salt sweat of the Ambitious one's toil, had lost all its bitterness. It was most delicious. It was so easily gotten.

Another day came, and the Ambitious, who had been lured by the hard smile of the god and at last killed by his cruel sneer, was borne down into the grave.

And thus was the old adage verified. For had not the Old Man's nephew waited, lo, these many years, in luxury at college, in Europe and in Society, for something good to turn up? And had not that something good failed to turn up readily of its own accord? And had not the Old Man been obliged to make that something good turn up? Ay, verily! For this is why he who sat in the seat of the General Manager was fired.

American flag and shield bon-bon boxes, also candy-loaded cannon and firecrackers, are some of the Fourth of July Novelties at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Good Americans

need never go thirsty on the Fourth of July if they will only sample our stock of fine old whiskies, brandies, wines and cordials. They will find them the purest and best. Purest because they are absolutely free from the slightest adulteration, and best because their flavor is absolutely natural, being fully matured and properly kept. Our prices too are like our goods—exactly right :: :: :: ::

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Southern Pacific & Rock Island

Automobile Topics

BY THE CHAUFFEUR.

Improvement of Health

"As a curative agent the automobile has a peculiar value, in certain abnormal conditions of the nervous system especially," a physician tells me. "In cases of nervous depression, the exhilaration induced by a run in a motor-car is most beneficial; the circulation is improved, the blood purified by the more rapid respiration of fresh air; and even in cases of pronounced insomnia, regular and refreshing sleep is obtained. In a word, the effects of motoring are stimulative and tonic. In the otherwise difficult and laborious task of removing a patient who lives far inland to the most suitable seaside place, the automobile is of almost incalculable benefit by rendering unnecessary those fatiguing changes of train, waits at junctions, and getting in and out of cabs, which so often render a journey a torture and may jeopardize the patient's chances of recovery. Finally, the automobile immensely increases the efficiency of medical service, more especially in country districts, where delay in summoning the doctor, or delay in the latter's attendance by even so little as a few minutes, may—as in cases of hemorrhage, choking, drowning, etc.—mean death to a patient who might easily have been saved."

EDDIE BALD IN HIS RECORD-BREAKING COLUMBIA

Three times Bald held the bicycle championship of this country and his present aim is to be the king of automobile drivers, which he bids in a fair way to become. He already has one world's record to his credit.

No Change in Roads

Senator Depew told a story the other day to some farmers. Alluding to the marvelous progress a generation has brought forth, the Senator said that if the forefathers were to return to their homes they would find everything so thoroughly changed that they could not recognize their former habitats but for one thing. They would see the old dirt roads, ploughed up from the sides and full of ruts and mud holes, and would say: "At last we are at home. These are the same roads we built fifty and a hundred years ago."

First Aid to Injured

The Vienna First Aid Volunteer Corps has bought a motor vehicle, and is well satisfied with its purchase. In order to ascertain in how much shorter a time first aid could be given by means of the motor, as contrasted with horse-drawn conveyances, an experimental trial was made on the Kahlenberg road, lined on either side with dense forests, where suicidal attempts frequently take place, and whither the corps has often to be despatched post haste. These forced journeys are extremely hard on the horses, and have never been accomplished in less than two hours. The car, however, carefully timed, managed that ascent in twenty-seven minutes in all, a saving of immense value when human lives are at stake.

Motor Mites

An automobile line is being established in Oregon between Salem and Independence and the schedule is for three trips a day. This is another movement made toward the solution of the question of rapid transit in Oregon, which means that the Oregonians will get out of the woods one of these days.

A motor car constructed after her own plans is the chief delight of the Princess of Wales. It is of large brougham type, will hold five occupants besides the chauffeur and servant and has a large folding table, which can be set up and spread with luncheon. It is principally intended for use of the royal children.

"The latest adoption of the automobile is a street sweeping device," says the "Herald" of Los Angeles. "It may be worked successfully in taking up dirt and dust but there is no doubt that it would be effective in a clean sweep from a street of pedestrians, horses and ordinary vehicles."

The German Crown Prince has become a convert to automobilism. He has purchased a 28 horse-power Mercedes tonneau and a 32 horse-power limousine of the same make.

Dr. N. H. Chamberlain of Oakland last week made a run to Ben Lomond in his new White, to which point he took his family for their vacation. Dr. Chamberlain reports a very pleasant and successful trip and recommends it to all who are on the lookout for a pleasant motor car run.

Local Auto Gossip

George D. Shadburne Jr., of this city, recently took a trip into Santa Cruz county and up to the Lick Observatory, piloting the first runabout automobile to the top of Mount Hamilton. Mr. Shadburne left this city in his Autocar runabout at five

o'clock in the afternoon. After dinner in Oakland he made the run to San Jose, and the following day to Santa Cruz. After a few trips in the vicinity of the seaside city the tour was resumed, he returning again to San Jose. After a run to Alum Rock the motorist was ready to tackle the grade up the mountain. The trip to the observatory, twenty-four miles from San Jose, was delightful, and from Smith Creek it took but fifty-five minues to reach the summit. Although the curves are sharp and numerous the run down the mountain to Smith Creek was made in just twenty-five minutes. Mr. Shadburne returned to this city by way of Palo Alto and San Mateo and remarked that the tour was one of unalloyed pleasure and success, not one accident marring its delights.

C. S. Miles has just returned to San Francisco. Mr. Miles left San Francisco in a Cadillac on the tenth of last April for a tour of Southern California. He is one of the first motorists to leave San Francisco in a motor car and cross the line into old Mexico to Tia Juana.

M. Fisher and Fernando Nelson, and their families, made a two hundred and twenty-five mile run through the Napa valley on Saturday and Sunday of last week in their new Winton touring cars, Mr. Fisher in his model B and Mr. Nelson in his model A. In speaking of the run through the valley, Mr. Fisher said: "It is one of the most beautiful runs in the state." The party left San Francisco on the seven o'clock boat Sunday morning for Vallejo, running through Napa and Calistoga and camping at the summit of Oak Hill Mountain Saturday night. On Sunday morning the party toured the valley, including St. Helena, Yountville, Rutherford and other towns, returning to Vallejo in time to catch the six o'clock boat to San Francisco. Mr. Fisher has, for the past four Sundays, made trips in his car ranging from one hundred and fifty to five hundred miles. Both he and Mr. Nelson, and their families, will leave next Friday for a run to Los Angeles and Southern California.

Harvey H. Dana and family advise the Pope-Toledo Touring Car Company that they arrived in Los Angeles, having made a perfect trip in their car, and state the trip was made without any adjustment of any kind.

L. L. Lane is a new member of the motoring contingent of this city and has already enjoyed quite a number of delightful trips in his Autocar runabout.

Eastern News

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of the following communication from Vienna, Austria: "The classification in the recent endurance run from Vienna to Breslau and back was completed on May thirtieth, the Mercedes, Peugeot, Opel-Darracq and Oldsmobile cars winning first prizes. For the best average speed, maintained during the entire distance of the trials, the first prize in the first class was awarded to the seven horse-power Oldsmobile; to the ten horse-power Peugeot in the second class and to the twenty-eight horse-power Mercedes car in the third and fourth classes respectively.

The Fresno Home Packing Company last Saturday purchased a Cadillac runabout to be used in its business in Fresno. The owners left here for Fresno Sunday in the machine and arrived there in nine hours, elapsed time.

Joseph Rose last week purchased an Oldsmobile French type runabout from the Pioneer Automobile Company. F. N. Cooper, of Monterey, is now the possessor of a new model C Winton touring car which he last week purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

F. L. Henson and a party of friends made a trip around the bay on Sunday last in Mr. Henson's new Winton touring car

All three American cars entered in the Gorden-Bennett race are equipped with Diamond wrapped-thread tires, and the Diamond Rubber Company will afford the drivers every facility in the way of quick attention to possible tire troubles. The conceded dangers of the course have made it seem advisable to establish no less than six controls at which the representatives of the Diamond Rubber Company will be stationed to perform any service which may be necessary. In the Vanderbilt cup race last October the facilities and attention given the users of Diamond tires by the company caused much favorable comment and the fact that as an act of courtesy the drivers of some of the foreign cars were allowed to avail themselves of the accommodations The Diamond people had provided contributed not a little to the success of the big race. The illustration in Town Talk this week shows Mr. Myers seated at the left, and his assistants, all of whom have made better than three minute records, in putting on clincher tires.

Trunks and Leather Goods.

Don't forget our carload prices when looking for trunks, dress suit cases, valises, traveling bags, purses and pocket-books. Lettering name in gold without cost to purchaser. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market St.

What Influenced the Selection of

Diamond

Wrapped Tread Tires

As the exclusive equipment of all American Cars in the Gordon Bennett Cup Race?

CHOICE of tire equipment was made by the builders and owners of the American cars entered in the Gordon - Bennett cup race **only after rigorous investigations.**

Always a mighty factor in motoring, the importance of **right tire equipment** in an event of this character could scarcely be overestimated.

No one realized this more than **the builders of the cars** which would represent not only themselves but all America in the great international contest.

And they closely studied not only the tires of the different makes, but **visited and inspected the factories where they were produced** and mentally measured the makers, too.

They weighed not only the brains of different establishments but they **put performance against performance and record against record** both as to the tires and as to the men who produced them.

The showing made by the diamond wrapped tread construction in the Ormond, Florida races, in January, **which was equalled by no other make,** American or foreign, was considered.

The thorough test of Diamond wrapped tread construction which even then (March) had proved every claim for it, in the wear and tear of California's year-round season, **was weighed in the balance against the results similarly shown by other 1905 productions.**

The consensus of the judgment of **all** American automobile manufacturers that Diamond wrapped construction was and is right, as shown by these tires being the equipment **on as many cars as any other two makes combined,** at the automobile shows, was remembered.

The facilities of the The Diamond Rubber Co. afforded for all users of its tires in the Vanderbilt cup race last fall and the ability and willingness of the company to **give full value and a square deal to every patron** was also a factor, though other tire makers offered to provide at the race **exactly the same accommodations.**

Price cut no figure.

Diamond wrapped-tread tires were eventually selected by every American entrant in the greatest motoring event the world has yet known, because they were found to be

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST ON EARTH

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

AKRON, OHIO

San Francisco Branch, 608 Mission St.

"Nine hundred and five miles in seventeen hours fifty-seven minutes, an average of one minute eleven seconds to the mile; best mile in twenty-eight and one-third seconds! Well, if that's the record of the new Pennsylvania flyer between New York and Chicago it only goes to show what steam can do." Webb Jay, driver of the White in all its recent wonderful record-breaking performances, with unusual eagerness to talk, smiled softly as he said it, and as if he was more than glad he was kin to the drivers of those speed monsters that had knocked the backbone out of the New York-Chicago traveling record, continued: "You see, it's steam that does it, after all. The eighteen-hour train vindicates the White and the White vindicates the eighteen-hour train. I wouldn't be surprised if the first automobile to beat the railroad train for one thousand miles of continuous going would be a steamer. Mine? Well, perhaps. You can't always tell what will happen. Steam is great, especially when you have a little up your sleeve—in the tubes, you know—just a little to let out when the other fellow thinks you haven't got it on the way."

The automobile road from Oakland to Byron Hot Springs still retains its popularity. The roads were well oiled last season, making them at the present time entirely free from dust. The trip can be made from Oakland via Haywards, Dublin and Livermore and a still finer road may be found via Haywards to Niles, thence via Pleasanton and Livermore, about sixty-three miles in all. The run home may be varied by the road through Antioch, Walnut Creek and over the "tunnel road" into Oakland. A number of auto enthusiasts have already expressed their intention of spending the Fourth at Byron Hot Springs and many more are expected. Among the auto parties at Byron the past week were: Mr. J. W. Phillips, J. C. Lewis and wife and S. F. Lewis from Oakland, in a Pierce Arrow; Dr. F. F. Jackson, A. T. Snyder, J. B. John, Alfred E. Brune, from Oakland in a Rambler; Mr. F. W. Smith and family of Livermore in their Cadillac; Mr. L. F. Grimsby, D. N. Gilmore and Benj. Holb from Stockton in their Autocar; Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Jr., John Flemming and Miss Jacobi from San Francisco; others were Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Hancock, Mrs. F. G. Wickersham and Leo Westcort.

C. B. Myers and five lieutenants, expert tire men from the factories of The Diamond Rubber Co. at Akron, Ohio, who are in France to see that the operators of the American cars in the Gorden-Bennett cup race want for nothing in the way of attention to their tire equipment in the great contest.

R. J. Hancock in his trip to Yosemite valley has just succeeded in making another record for the Packard car. Yesterday the Pacific Motor Car Company received a telegram from him reading as follows: "Made distance from Chinese Camp to Yosemite in ten and half hours; took Priests Hill in forty-five minutes."

FAT FOLKS

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

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Engage Bekins' van, either large or small.
Up to a seven-room house, in one we take it all.
What we load in one—others in three;
Just imagine what a comfort that will be.
To the other house you go, goods are put in place;
Over them all you look and find not a broken vase.
When on vacation or abroad you go,
Bekins' Warehouse is the safest place you know.
Furniture, Pianos, china and bric-a-brac—
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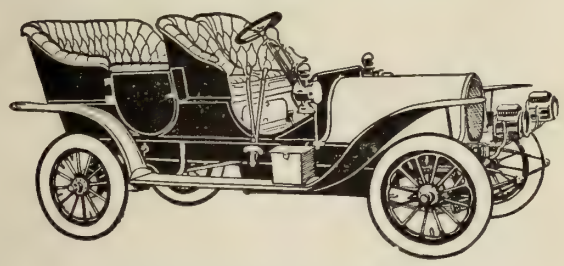

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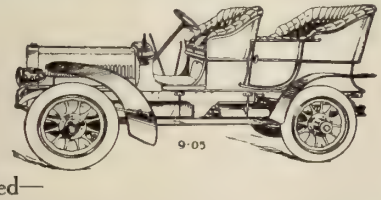

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Music

A Subscriber's Query

"The Music Critic, Town Talk:

"To decide a point at issue, would you kindly state whether as a general rule all first-class leaders of a theatre orchestra are capable of teaching the art of singing?

"*Town Talk Subscriber.*"

"City, June 24, '05."

Leadership of a theatre orchestra is not prima facie evidence of ability to teach the vocal art. Indeed, the average leader of a theatre orchestra is not more qualified to teach the vocal art than is the average prima donna of an opera company qualified to lead an orchestra.

"Fiorella," a new opera by Amherst Webber, was successfully produced last week in London at the Waldorf. The opera was composed at the request of Jean De Reszke and it was he who presented Mr. Webber with the libretto, which is by Sardou. The new work scored a genuine success. The music is bright and pretty throughout and many of the melodies are described by one critic as "ear haunting." Mr. Webber is to accompany Emma Eames on her coming tour, as piano soloist and accompanist.

Ella V. McCloskey, whose engagement with John J. Apple of this city has just been announced, is one of the best known contralto singers in San Francisco. She is a member of several of the women's clubs, and has often sung here in concert and at musicales.

It is a singular fact that nearly all of our national airs were composed, arranged and put before the public by actors—"Star Spangled Banner," words by Key arranged to music by Durang, an actor; "Home, Sweet Home," words by John Howard Payne, an actor, music arranged by Sir Henry Bishop; "Dixie," words and music by Dan Emmett, a negro minstrel; "Hail Columbia," words by Hopkins, music, and first sung by Fox, an actor; "The Bonnie Blue Flag," words and music by Harry Macarthy, an actor; "The Suwanee River," words and music by Foster, first sung by E. P. Christy, negro minstrel; "Hunters of Kentucky," words by Woodworth, first sung by N. M. Ludlow, an actor.

—**The Music Critic.**

Hotel Bon Air, Marin County, Cal.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond, were: Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Swanton, Mr. and Mrs. Hihn, Mr. and Mrs. Tanner, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hihn, Mr. and Mrs. Staffler, Mr. and Mrs. Irish, Miss Wanger, Mr. Thompson, Jr., M. R. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs., Miss and Mr. Lamb, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Herne, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Forgeus, Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. M. Sharpe, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Normand, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Normand, Mr. and Mrs. Deming, Miss Deming, Mr. and Mrs. F. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Chitterden, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Twist, Mr. Metzler, Mr. Meade, Miss Metzler, the Misses Miles, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. Pena, Mr. Wanzer, Mr. Wilson, Miss Wood, Mr. Taylor, Mr. W. Smith, Miss Madeira, Mr. and Mrs. Willey, Mr. Dolman, Mr. Foster, Mr. Otto, Miss Cope, Mr. Cook, Miss Duillard, Mr. Fargo, Miss Grover, Miss Clark, Mr. Rias, Mr. Bliss, Miss Bowman, Messrs. H. and W. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Hammer.

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The Truckee River Country Club

The season had not opened when I visited the Truckee River Country Club this year. It was the first of June and the snow was hardly off the ground, but the grass and the dandelions were fast covering the earth with a green mantle, the wild cherries were in blossom and the trout could be seen jumping the dam as they sought the waters farther up stream. I do not know that a summer resort is as finished in its appointments before the summer guests arrive, but to me it is more pleasant. I was the sole guest on this occasion, the only other people there being Mrs. Foulks, who owns the place, and George, who served in every capacity from stableman to steward. The hotel is situated on the banks of the Truckee river. You can sit on its veranda at any time of day and see the Indians catching the beautiful rainbow, steel-header, or wily Eastern brook trout, and beyond the snowy Sierras are before you. There are bridle paths for the venturesome horseman. You can climb the mountains or you can drive about the many wooded roads. Then there is the fishing! If you prefer a lake to the river there are many, and were you particularly venturesome, you probably could find some small lake in the mountains where no hook save that of an Indian had ever been cast. When you come to Mrs. Foulks's house you are made at home the moment you step your foot inside the door. The table is so wholesome and bountiful that one can satisfy an appetite which is strengthened by the mountain air and vigorous exercise. In this quiet spot, away off in the Sierras, there is no ostentation, but everything is clean, comfortable and attractive. They are to build a wonderful bungalow of logs here next year, the logs to be cut from the property of Mr. Foulks, who owns a large portion of the country about the hotel.

—The Tourist.

When the new Cafe Zinkand is opened in October it will rival Sherry's, and will be conducted on the same lines as the New York restaurant. All its appointments will be rich and exclusive. One of the best restaurant men in this country has been secured to conduct it, and it will be a place of which San Francisco can be proud. While alterations are being made the bar will remain open, and a substantial mercantile lunch served.

Appearances Lie

Bridget—There's a strange man at the door, ma'am.

Mrs. Jones—What does he want?

Bridget—He luks to me as tho' it's a bath he wants, but he says he wants somethin' to ate.

—*The Butler.*

Mrs. M. E. Brown, formerly of the Browning, has now taken the management of the St. Cecile, 115 Fell street, corner of Van Ness avenue, one of the finest apartment hotels in the city.

The anonymous novel is said to be springing into favor again, or to state it more exactly, there seems to be an increase in the number of writers of fiction who wish their names concealed. Just why this should be so it is hard to discern, unless it be that cacoethes scribendi has become such plebeian complaint that there is a growing inclination to disown the infection. Mere anonymity is not sufficient of an advertisement in these days, and neither can it be that authors are anxious to obtain a fair verdict independent of their personality. That is very nice when only praise is meted out, but your author is no more thankful for criticism than is your butcher or baker. Moreover, as a usual thing, after a book has been published without a name on the title page and with all sorts of romantic stories to account for how the manuscript has happened to reach the hands of a publisher, the next thing is an open confession which may be good for the soul, but which is really intended to benefit the pocket of the writer. There was a great pother over a mysterious "Manuscript in the Red Box" last year, and there was Gertrude Atherton's "Aristocrats."

Not very long ago the "hello" songs, such as "Hello, My Baby," "Hello, Central" and "Good Morning, Carrie," were in the lead. Now it is, "Goodby, Sis," "Goodby, Little Girl, Goodby," "Goodby, Bright Eyes," "Goodby, Eyes of Blue," "Goodby, Sweet Marie," and a number of other "farewell" songs.

"Does Jones deceive his wife?"

"No, he merely thinks he does."

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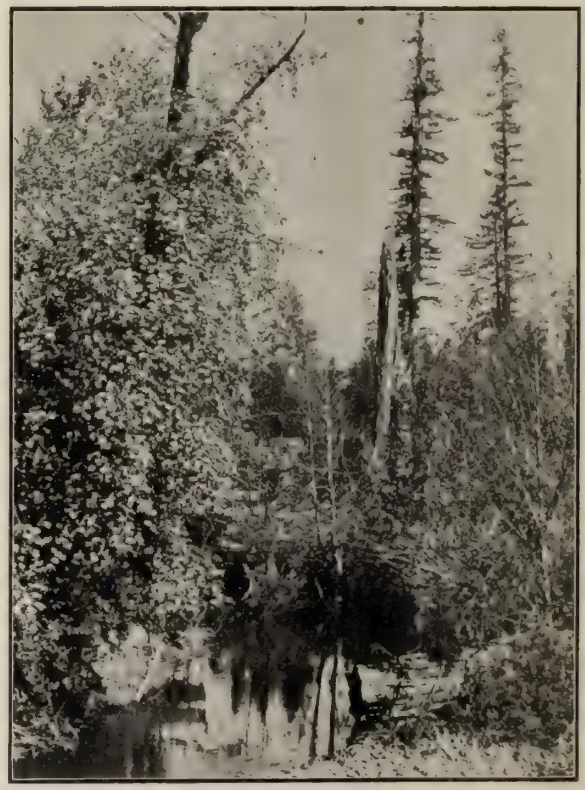
Lake Tahoe, South from Cave Rock

Russian River near Camp Vacation



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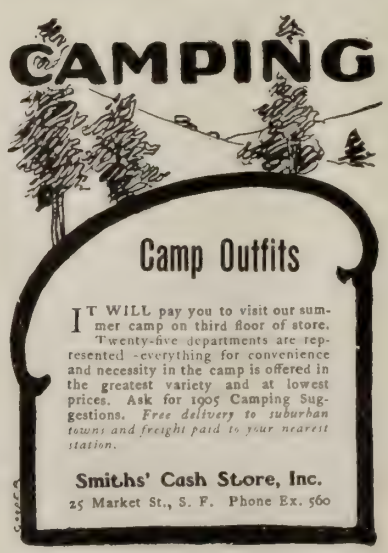

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GEO. H. CORDY, Manager

Letters

Little Stories of Courtship

The "Little Stories of Courtship" which Mary Stewart Cutting has collected after their magazine publication are quite as good as her previous volume, "Little Stories of Married Life." None of the courtships are of the long-drawn-out order, and when they end in engagements, the on-lookers are in every instance bewildered, though the principals have, naturally, been in the secret for some time. In "Paying Guests," the first and longest of the tales, we are introduced to Alethea Bennett, suddenly thrown upon her own resources at thirty, and with nothing on which to found her fortune but a large, old-fashioned house which will neither rent nor sell to advantage. She has conceived the idea of sharing her roof with "paying guests," fondly imagining that it will be less exacting than entertaining on a large scale, and she speedily finds out her mistake. Her enterprise is on the verge of a collapse when one of the guests saves the situation for her. "Henry" was a comedy lover to all the world but his infatuated Annie Louise. He was dyspeptic, selfish and "near," quite sufficient of a combination to make him appear romantic, and his oration when he came to the proposing point was in such direct contrast to matter-of-fact Josh Gibson that he was taken on his own terms. Henry was such a sensitive soul that he could not bear the anticipation of his own marriage, so he made an original proposition. Annie Louise was to hold herself in readiness every evening, and the minister was to drop in when he could spare time. The marriage was to be got over on the same principle that little country lads tie the ends of a string to a loose milk-tooth and a doorknob and then wait patiently for some one to complete the operation for them. "When Love is King," in this instance proved to be when a brother neglected to deliver a note. Harland Loyd placed duty before pleasure, and somehow or other, duty made a business of claiming him on all sorts of inopportune occasions. Anna, his fiancee, thought her patience exhausted, but when it was too late to recall it she regretted the message she had sent which would have ended their engagement. "Lattimer's Mother" had worked herself up to the verge of hysterics for fear her son was going to marry the wrong girl, and then found out that she need not have worried at all, for the "wrong" girl was only helping him to secure the right one. "In Regard to Josephine," we have a picture of the daughter of the family "just out" from the family point of view. Josephine is nineteen, but though her mother had both trained skirts and trains of boy lovers at sixteen, she cannot bring herself to believe that the daughter is even remotely thinking of such matters. When Josephine's friends come to call she has the most heart-breaking time to manage to see them, for a moment. Little brother develops a sudden affection for his sister and big brother has plans to discuss. Papa wants to talk stocks and every mislaid article in the establishment must be searched for in the library. If the laundry had not providentially caught fire and given the family and the other callers enough to do to extinguish it, young Martin would never have found the available few minutes to make his declaration. Was "The Perfect Tale" ever written? There is a problem as well as a love story in that. Did Noel Farington really compose a masterpiece inside of a few hours and mail it at once? If so, what became of it? He could not remember it in detail and the editor to whom it was addressed never received it, while the rough first draft was burned, apparently, by a careless servant. But whatever question there was about the written tale, there was none about the love story itself. There are eight of these little love-stories, each perfect in itself, and each distinctly worth while in its own way. Together they make up an attractive volume, and their cheerful character commends them for most occasions. One may while away a time of waiting or read them to an invalid, or slip the little book into a pocket for a vacation trip, and be assured of good companionship while they last. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Edward I. Wheeler, who has been for ten years the editor of the "Literary Digest," is about to assume the editorial management of "Current Literature." Alexander Harvey and Leonard D. Abbott go with him. Neither the "Digest" nor "Current Literature" is an essentially literary periodical, but like "Public Opinion" and the "Review of Reviews," they give a synopsis of the contents of all the magazines and newspapers, with more or less comment of their own.

(Continued on Page 54)

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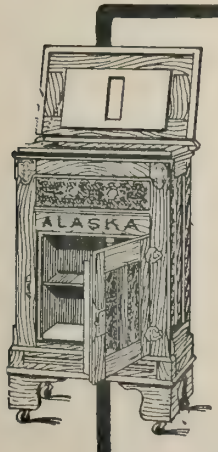

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Letters

(Continued from Page 52)

The Game

Jack London's new book, "The Game," is hardly longer than many of the tales which have been incorporated in his earlier volumes of collected stories. The period covered by the whole action is only a few hours and the characters which take part in the drama are only three. The scene is laid in East Oakland and the narrative concerns itself with the description of a prize fight as seen by a young girl who is looking forward to her marriage on the following day with one of the contestants. Neither Genevieve nor Joe Fleming is of the type usually associated with such affairs. Though both belonged to the working class, and both were early thrown upon their own resources, they took life more seriously than is apt to be the case. Joe was the eldest of a brood of seven, and when scarcely more than a child himself he stepped into the place of his dead father and supported the family. Genevieve was an only child who had been kept much in the house by the care of an invalid mother and the example of a home-loving father, so that both grew up more innocent and unsophisticated than might have been expected. They were very young, eighteen and twenty, and their courtship was more like the temporary preference of little children than the love-making of their class. Joe Fleming was proud of his physical strength, his alertness and his "cleanliness." He was not the typical prize-fighter, and indeed, made his profession but a side line and worked manfully at his trade all day. Out of deference to Genevieve's prejudices he had promised to give up "the game," though he saw no reason why he should do so for any other cause. This was to be his last bout, and the purse which he is counting upon winning is to be the nest egg of their fortunes. It was while selecting carpets, during the afternoon, that he, in an unusual burst of volubility, explained what it all meant to him, ending in a hastily expressed wish that Genevieve could see him in the ring just once. The novelty and daring of the suggestion took hold of her, and with the assistance and connivance of a sister of Joe's, she was disguised and accompanied him to what was to be the scene of his last triumph. It is through Genevieve's eyes that we see the contest, and it is not likely that any woman would understand or appreciate it better than she, to whom it meant to much. The excited audience, the busy seconds, the struggle, and the mastery are all before her and she can only ask herself why any one should want to engage in such a meaningless strife. Surely, there were other things better worth while than this. The story might easily be but a transcript from life. It would be late in the day to say that nothing Mr. London writes makes good skipping. On the contrary, the interest begins with the first word and the reader is carried through breathlessly to the tragic close. There are six full-page illustrations, in color, and a number in black and white, besides the decorated pages and end-papers in color. "The Game" makes a handsome volume in the same general style as "The Call of the Wild," and a much more interesting one to the feminine half of the world than could have been predicted from the subject. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Books Received

The Troll Garden—Willa Sibert Cather. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Curly—Roger Pocock. Little, Brown & Co.
The Girl from Home—Isabel Strong. McClure, Phillips & Co.
The Tyranny of the Dark—Hamlin Garland. Harper Brothers.
A Dark Lantern—Elizabeth Robins. Macmillan Co.
Fond Adventures—Maurice Hewlett. Harper Brothers.
Mrs. Darrell—Foxcroft Davis. Macmillan Co.
House of Cards—John Heigh. Macmillan Co.

—The Bookworm.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF MARGARET KING, DECEASED.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last Will and Testament of Margaret King deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of Frank J. Fallon, Room 724, Seventh Floor, Mills Building, corner of Bush and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JAMES C. IVERS,
Executor of the last Will and Testament of Margaret King, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 26, 1905.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 9, No. 30,016.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of Catherine Power, Raymond Power, William Power and Marie Power, Minors.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Mary E. Power, guardian of the persons and estates of Catherine Power, Raymond Power, William Power and Marie Power, minors, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from the said petition that it is necessary and will be beneficial to the said wards and to each of them that their interest in certain real estate described in said petition should be sold.

It is hereby ordered that the next of kin of the said wards and of each of them and all persons interested in the estate of each of them or either of them appear before this Court on the 6th day of July, 1905, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the court-room of this Court, Department No. 9, thereof, in the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted for the sale of such estate at private sale.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks prior to the said 6th day of July, 1905, in "Town Talk", a newspaper printed and published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, June 1st, 1905.

J. V. COFFEY, Judge.
J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Guardian.

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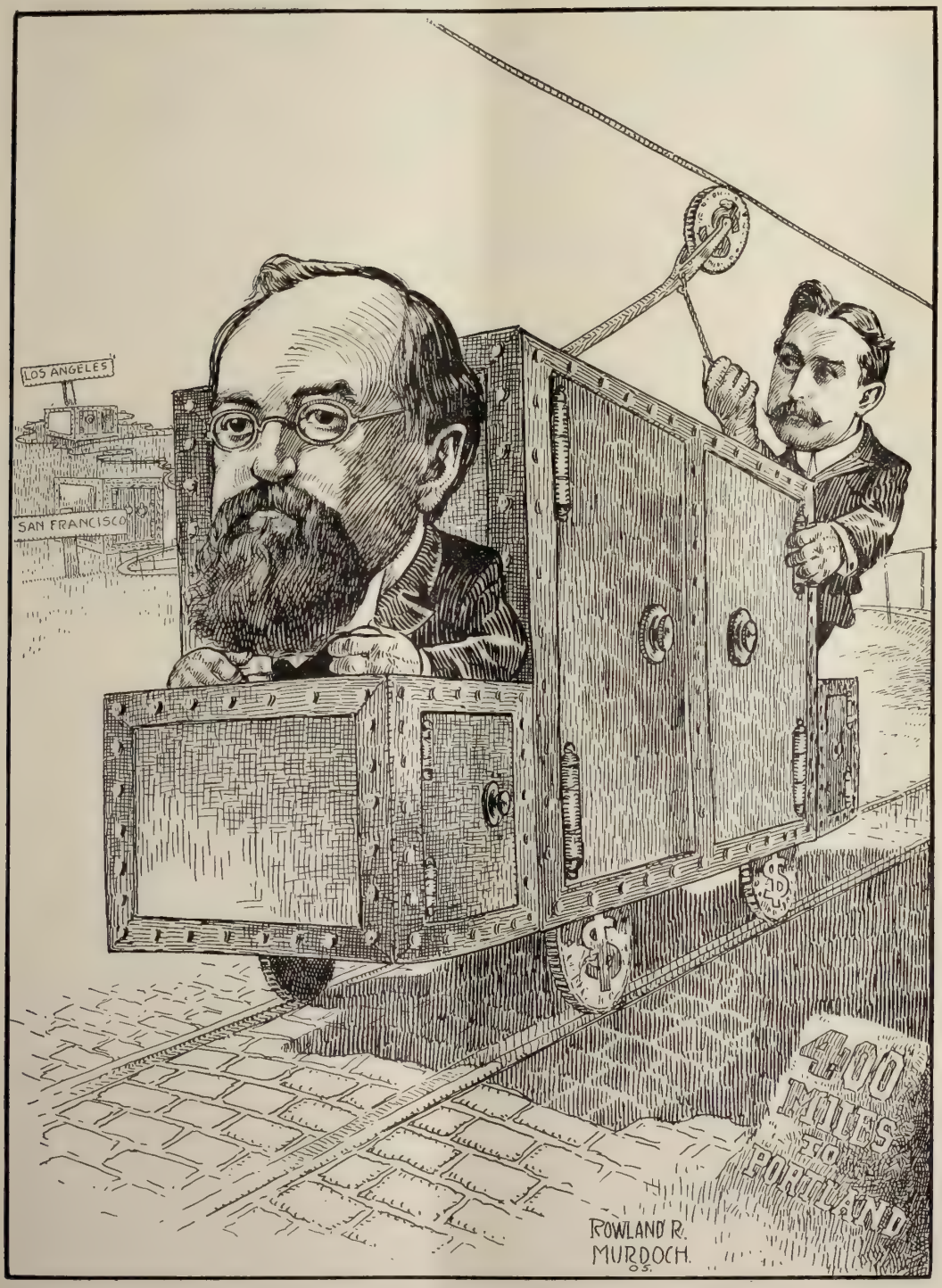
TOWN TALK

Vol. XIII. Saturday, July 8, 1905 No. 671.



No. 3. *The Hellmans.*

Our two eminent financiers, I. W. Hellman and his son, are here depicted by our amiable artist in the act of running their strong boxes to Portland. The Hellmans are expansionists of the financial world. They believe that the bank should be wherever there are men in need of money. After getting a corner on all the securities worth having in Los Angeles, they came to San Francisco and loaded up on more. And now they are extending their system to Portland. Hellman Sr. wears a contented expression. He evidently is not worrying over the prospect. Hellman Jr. looks anxious. Perhaps he thinks there won't be any money in Portland after the Exposition.

TOWN TALK

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Charles S. Smith - - - Manager
Ralph A. Grover - Manager of Advertising

146 Second St. Sixth Floor Telephone Bush 713

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded. We cannot undertake to preserve or return manuscripts.

The Chinese Agitation

With the recrudescence of the Chinese question comes the pestiferous demagogue into pernicious activity once more. He has already taken advantage of the opportunity it affords to stir up discontent. He is announcing himself as the representative of the people, and calling mass-meetings, and denouncing with his customary billingsgate all that dissent from his opinions regarding the great yellow peril. So far none but the labor agitators and the politicians, who are always careful to wheedle the workingman, have grown excited over the attitude of the Administration toward the Chinese. And so far there has been no sound pretext for an uprising. The authorities at Washington have not said that we must admit Chinese laborers to this country. They have merely affirmed the justice of treating with courtesy those Chinese that are entitled to admission, and to insure courteous treatment the President has ordered that they be admitted on certificates attesting their eligibility issued by our consuls in China. To conclude that Chinese laborers are to be admitted in violation of the Exclusion Act is to assume that our consuls are corrupt, and that they will profit off the issuance of fraudulent certificates. Such assumption is insulting not only to the consuls but also to the Administration, for it bespeaks lack of confidence in President Roosevelt, who is responsible for the consular service.

Legislation to Follow

The anti-Chinese agitators will find that nothing is to be accomplished by haranguing members of the President's official household on the importance of enforcing strictly the laws in restraint of Chinese immigration. The President and his Cabinet officers believe that there is need of genuine reform in the administration of the exclusion law, and that immigration agents should use more intelligent discrimination in carrying out the provisions of the statute. To secure fairer treatment for the privileged class the President issued his order requiring the acceptance of consul certificates for their face value. There has been no modification of the regulations to the extent of making them conflict with the law after which they were fashioned with great exactitude. If the agitation is to bear fruit it should be directed to the end of educating the people of the Eastern states up to the old-time Californian viewpoint, for the probability is that at the next session of Congress a demand will be made for an amendment which will provide for more lenient treatment of the merchant and professional classes, and which will of course make it easier for the laborers to get into the country. And it will be pretty hard to convert the pro-Chinese Easterner, who has become thoroughly disgusted with the aggressions of the professional labor unionist, and who believes that we are far more in need of protection from the frenzied socialist from Europe than from the heathen from China. Californians know that Chinese cheap labor is a menace to prosperity, but the manufacturer of the East who does business in the Orient is eager to hold the friendship of the Mongolian, and he pooh-poohs the fears of the woolly Western economists. Besides, there is a great deal of Eastern capital invested in the Philippines, and the islands cannot be developed without Chinese labor. The sentiment is widespread that we need both the Chinese and their friendship, and it is not easily to be overcome by protests from the agitators of California unendorsed by our great commercial bodies.

Roosevelt on the Ideals

President Roosevelt has again been preaching the glory of the ideals. In his address to the Harvard graduates he laid great stress on the value of character, the importance of differentiating real from sham success, the danger of training students in a way to produce a taste for refined idleness, and the necessity of appreciating a high standard of conduct in public and business life. The President is always impressive when discussing the ideals. His philosophy is not that of a dreamer. His conception of the ideals that should be conserved is not that of a poet. He takes the practical view of things and holds that a man may be an idealist without jeopardizing his material interests. He touched on a new point in his Harvard address when he reprobated the growth of luxury in our universities and urged the encouragement of democratic conditions. The sons of our preposterously rich, the scions of our moneyed aristocracy, have changed the aspect of the social life of our big universities in recent years. They have developed a tendency to snobbishness that is inconsistent with the spirit of our educational institutions, and that has caused the value of real achievement to be underestimated. The President also took occasion to swat our rich men who spend the surplus of their fortunes in philanthropy. It is to be regretted that he does not protest against the misuse of the word "philanthropy" instead of using it in the sense in which it is imperfectly applied. Philanthropy implies an affection for mankind, and it is flattering to the Rockefellers and the Carnegies who coined their wealth from the blood and tears of the toiling masses to refer to them as philanthropists. It is not sympathy, the incentive to Christian charity, that prompts those clammy and bloodless personifications of the almighty dollar to endow educational institutions and the temples of Him who set his seal of condemnation on greed and oppression. Let us coin another word for the designation of the predatory rich who seek to drown adverse criticism in popular acclaim.

When Financiers Fall Out

Though the Equitable Life Assurance Society has been thoroughly reorganized its affairs have not ceased to be the subject of investigation. The financiers from whose differences resulted the big scandal over the mismanagement of funds are still on the war-path, and the fight is being waged with as much bitterness as ever. At this distance from the battleground it is hard to keep in touch with the trend of affairs, and not much enlightenment is to be obtained from the New York papers, for each of the big financiers involved in the row has a pull with at least one journal. The New York *Sun*, which precipitated the scandal by publishing the story about young Hyde's extravagant dinner at Sherry's, on which occasion Rejane did some high-kicking on a table, is now insisting that somebody be sent to jail. The *Sun* is the mouth-piece of

Dr. Geo. H. Powers, oculist and aurist, has removed from 533 Sutter St. to 218 Stockton St., Dana building. Telephone Private Exchange 226.

GROOM, THE HATTER,
906 Market St., between Stockton and Powell.

J. Pierpont Morgan, and its attacks on the management of the Equitable were inspired by enmity toward E. H. Harriman. At the instigation of the *Sun* Attorney-General Mayer has decided to take steps to recover for the policyholders all moneys misappropriated or illegally spent. He is also going to try to find out the nature of some of the legal services rendered for big fees. His attention has been directed to the case of Chauncey Depew, the protege of the Vanderbilts, who received a retainer of twenty thousand a year for six years. There has been more or less mystery concerning the specific character of the legal services rendered by the distinguished Senator. The investigation is to be carried into other insurance offices, and it may not be long before we learn that the condition of affairs exposed in the Equitable is not uncommon, and that there are many examples of individual and corporate graft to be uncovered in the financial world. And perhaps later on there will be legislation to put an end to that particular brand of frenzied finance by which millions of money contributed by payers of premiums are scooped out of enormous trust funds for the benefit of the pirates of Wall street.

That Boomerang Boycott

It was certainly very unfortunate for Mayor Schmitz that acts of violence marked the progress of the newsboys' boycott against the *Bulletin*. The aggressiveness of the boys and their hoodlum sympathizers, however, were not to be deplored by him so much as the seeming indifference of the police to open defiance of law and order. The attitude of the police was a shock to the community. It caused people to reflect that if the police were so quick to take what they believed to be a hint from the Mayor's approval of the boycott against the paper that has been most bitter in its attacks on the Administration, they might be quite willing, under orders, to do more than stand idly by while citizens were being assaulted. No doubt the Mayor regrets the disorderly conduct of the boycotters, for it aroused sympathy for the *Bulletin*. Indeed, if the boycotters had been in sympathy with the *Bulletin* they could not have pursued tactics more advantageous to that journal. But the police rendered the *Bulletin* the most valuable assistance by their connivance at the acts of violence, for they cannot be suspected of having engaged in a conspiracy to embarrass the Administration. It was because of the potentialities of the police department as an instrument of oppression that the Grand Jury, which was discharged by Judge Kerrigan six months ago, recommended in its final report that the charter be amended in such a way as to put the police commission under the control of the Superior Judges. One of the main objections to the charter urged by its opponents was that it vested the Executive with autocratic powers, the abuse of which might work great hardship and injury.

The Revolution In Russia

The problem of peace has become far more serious to Russia than it was in the early part of last month when President Roosevelt's intervention won the world's applause. Recent events in the Empire have made it evident that Russia cannot afford to spend much time weighing the terms of peace. She has now to depend on the magnanimity of Japan. The wise men near the Russian throne who predicted an organized revolutionary movement for midsummer were pretty accurate in their prognostications. The dismantling of the Black Sea fleet to prevent its seizure by mutinous crews was significant of the widespread character of the movement and of the co-ordination of the plans of the revolutionists. The slaughter in Lodz and the general uprising in Odessa are logically sequential chapters in the history of the revolution which really began on the bloody Sunday that witnessed a butchery ordered by the Grand Dukes and permitted by the Czar. It can no longer be said that the disturbances are merely in the nature of riots. They are part of the general protest against the hideous injustice of the system so long maintained by the brutal aristocracy. The shifty Czar has delayed his "popular" parliament too long. It is doubtful now whether he will be able to stem the tide of revolt. With all the resources of his country drained to support a ruinous war, starvation faces multitudes, and there is nothing like hunger to promote revolution.

The Vatican and the Socialists

It is amusing to read some of the comments that are being made by learned editors on the Encyclical of Pope Pius X, permitting and even advising Catholic voters to take part in future Parliamentary elections in Italy. By this encyclical Pius X reverses the policy inflexibly maintained by the Vatican ever since the monarchy took possession of the Eternal City, and his action is interpreted in this country as revolutionary and inconsistent with the spirit of the Church. This is an absurd view of the matter. No question of dogma was involved in the famous encyclical of Pius IX, known as the "Non expedit," which forbade the Catholics of Italy either to be "elected or electors." It was a question of policy adopted by way of repudiation of the usurper's authority. The abandonment of that policy was predicted by Town Talk shortly after the last general election for members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies, when it was reported that large bodies of Catholic laymen had exercised the elective franchise. At that time Catholics were candidates for office, and as we reported on the authority of a gentleman in touch with affairs in Rome, there was an understanding among Catholics that the Pope would not disapprove of this political activity. The reason of this change of attitude on the part of the Vatican is due to the growing influence, in politics, of the Socialists of Italy. The Pope's acquiescence in the ignoring of the "Non expedit" at the last general election foreshadowed the encyclical by which he announced the new policy, new only so far as it relates to the Italian Government, for it has always been the policy of the Church to safeguard the

The Hub
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foundations of social order, and as indifference to civic affairs in Italy has become prejudicial to the political institutions of the country, it is become important that the Catholics uphold the House of Savoy. The social order of Italy depends on the security of the throne which is menaced by the Socialists, whose influence is now to be offset by that of the Catholic voters. In the opinion of Pius X the principle of patriotism involved is of greater importance than the duty of repudiating the act of spoilation which prompted Pius IX to issue his "Non expedit."

Gauging Juvenile Intellect

Sir William Collins, of the London County Council, appears to have some curious ideas on the subject of what books are suitable for boys, for while serving on a committee to select prizes for lads of fourteen and thereabouts, he objected to "Nelson and His Captains," the "Life of Queen Victoria," the " Story of Westminster Abbey," "Rob Roy," the "Essays of Elia" and "The Four Georges" as beyond their comprehension. Of course, the intellectual capacity of the boys must be taken into consideration. If they are the star pupils of a home for feeble-minded there would be no use in giving them any of the books named, but if they are of average mental ability they surely have the capacity to enjoy "Rob Roy" and the exploits of the hero of Trafalgar. It is a great mistake to keep young people too long on spoon-meat, and it is one of the worst tendencies of our age that so much effort is wasted in paring things down and making them easy with a view of keeping the young generation in leading strings. In Nelson's time boys of fourteen were not considered too young to take their part in battles, and what they did in one generation surely they may read of in another. History will be more successfully taught when it dawns on the mind of our educators that it is the rankest of folly to set boys and girls a task of learning by rote a list of the Roman emperors and the Saxon kings, while ignoring the monuments and landmarks around them. With Westminster Abbey and the Nelson monument, St. Paul's Cathedral and the Tower of London before them, bright children ought to need only a hint of where to get the books to start them on their own quest for information, and so far from fourteen years being too young an age for it, the first days of their school life, even before they have mastered the alphabet (if the alphabet is still permitted in England), is none too soon to begin the subject. History and geography should always begin inside the school enclosure and gradually extend to take in the world. Instead, we find college professors compiling courses of study which begin with the creation and come down to Plymouth Rock. By the time sufficient progress has been made to reach any name or locality familiar to the pupils their receptiveness has been deadened by the continual dropping of stony facts. Boys who are not ready for "Rob Roy" at fourteen are likely never to be.

Story Spoiling

A magazine writer is urging that punishment to fit the crime be invented for infliction on those who spoil good stories by asking irrelevant questions. We submit that the more serious crime and the one that should first receive attention is that of spoiling good stories through ignorance of the art of telling a story. Every now and then some miserable bungler, with access to a printing press, will happen on a good plot and forthwith proceed to mangle it in a way that would justify the interference of the authorities were there any tribunal to take cognizance of the offense. Were an artist to make use of the plot he would be accused of plagiarism, and though his right to do so is well established in the literary world, the average writer is reluctant to subject himself to the abusive criticism of ignorant scribblers. It was once suggested that there should be a bureau where those with the inventive faculty and the imagination, without the ability to execute, could dispose of their plots to those qualified to make good use of them, but it was said that this scheme was not feasible for the reason that literary artists are seldom if ever able to use the suggestions of others. A few years ago Thomas Bailey Aldrich published some "Leaves from a Note Book," in which he outlined a number of plots and offered them to any one who might care to use them, but no one took advantage of the offer. It was said at the time that Mr. Aldrich should have known that no writer could make use of the suggestions of another. Mr. Aldrich might have replied that Shakespeare made very good use of the suggestions of others, invariably improving on them. We know that the story of "Evangeline" was suggested to Longfellow, and we have heard that Henry James gave Du Maurier the plot of "Trilby." Du Maurier tells us that he gave the plot of "Peter Ibbotson" to a brother writer who confessed his inability to deal with it, and we have heard that F. Marion Crawford related his first story, "Mr. Isaacs," to several literary men at a dinner, all of whom declined it with thanks, but literature abounds in good stories written by men who were entitled to no credit for plot invention. A bureau for the sale of plots would not be in vain, but we fear that it would increase the supply of trashy novels, and make all the more urgent the demand for punishment to fit the crime of ruining a story.

The Journey's End

I sought the hills of far Forgetfulness
Upon a morn of mist, and dew, and fire;
Tonight my foolish heart must needs confess
I linger in the Valley of Desire.

—*The Philosopher.*

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An Unknown Author

Affording a Brief Glimpse Into the Region Where Hope Chases the Fools' Fire That Lures the Weary Wight of Literature to the Dismal Ditch of Despond.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

I have been talking with the Unknown Author. I am almost tempted to call him One of the Rejected, but that designation would not accurately describe all of him; he is not altogether rejected; sometimes he receives from a publisher a curt notification that his story, his essay, or his poem has been accepted and will be printed in some future issue of the publication to which it was last sent. While it would not be literally correct to speak of the Unknown Author as One of the Rejected it is the fact that he is constantly rejected—it is his rejected manuscript that is published, when it is published, or if it is ever published. Some of our most successful authors have been of the Rejected at some time in their mottled careers. Jack London is one of the Rejected. Everything he wrote before he invented the God of His Fathers was rejected by nearly all of the publishers in the English publishing world. His best stories have "gone the rounds" and gone again; they have often been rejected by the same publisher two or three times; sometimes an acceptance would follow a third rejection by the accepting publisher. It has been the experience of Jack London that it is not the merit of a story from the Unknown Author that wins, but persistence. London has expended more money for postage stamps than he has ever received for any single story he has written.

Unknown Authors remain in obscurity because they do not invest more money in postage stamps. There are ten thousand publishers of one sort and another. Say there are a million Unknown Authors. That is only one hundred authors to each publisher. It may be safely estimated that each of these publishers rejects each of these authors at least once a year; but it must also be calculated that while the publishers are rejecting the authors are writing and forwarding. The inflow of manuscript is steady while the rejection is necessarily slow. The consequence is that many a manuscript lands in a dead eddy and stays with the publisher—every publisher cannot reject every manuscript; neither can he remember what manuscripts he has rejected. Consequently the manuscript that goes oftenest to the publisher stands the best chance of acceptance. The probabilities in the manuscript game are at least twenty per cent better than any that may be figured on a roulette wheel, and equal to those that win approximate prizes in any of the standard lotteries.

The Unknown Author informs me that he is never discouraged. He has carefully calculated all the chances of the game; he knows the name and address of every publisher; he has some idea of what these publishers want or need; and he has ascertained that good writing is the last requirement in the schedule upon which every publisher's "reader" operates the manuscript department of the "house" for which she works. The Unknown Author always refers to this "reader" in the feminine gender, and he tells me that he does this advisedly. He has found out that his manuscripts are rejected, or occasionally accepted, by a woman—usually a young woman recently graduated from a seminary, college, or high school. She is hired by the publisher because she is cheaper than a competent man "reader." The Unknown Author is also convinced that these feminine "readers" of the publishing houses are lazy—that they do not read a tenth part of the manuscripts sent to them. There are little tricks in the trade of the Unknown Author as there are in that of other artisans. He has a way of knowing infallibly whether his manuscript has been read or not. When the Unknown Author receives an unread rejection he rebundles it and sends it to another publisher, carefully noting in his Doomsday Book the name of the "house" that rejected his unread manuscript. When the fugitive comes back from the second publisher the author slaps on another wad of postage stamps and sends to the place of first rejection. He repeats this process until he finds out that his manuscript has been read. If the second publisher also rejects his manuscript unread he simply oscillates the stuff between the two "readers." When it finally comes back legitimately rejected by both "houses" he draws another "house" from the hat and starts the manuscript on another "round."

The life of an Unknown Author is full of excitement, it fairly reeks with hope, it is one long expectation, it is a glorious gamble from the cradle to the grave. I am informed by the Unknown Author with whom I talked, that every Unknown Author possesses a copy of the elder Disraeli's "Calamities of Authors" and reads it as the devotee reads her breviary. Every Unknown Author knows the history of every failure that discouraged every Successful Author in the dark and dismal period when he was an Unknown Author. He knows the prices that were originally paid for all the masterpieces, and he gloats over the misfortunes of a genius like a ghoul in a new graveyard. He is forever comparing his own failures with those of the men who achieved greatness, and when he reads of greatness thrust upon an Unknown Author his joy is unbounded. He is always buoyed by the hope that some day he will "awake to find himself famous." In the meantime he plugs away at some uncongenial employment that furnishes sufficient income to pay for postage stamps; gradually acquiring a stock of manuscript to reach around the world. Twice a year he produces a novel or a play; every week he ham-

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mers out a short story. He is sure that if he can "get his name into the magazines" three or four times he will win to his goal—which is a request from some publisher for "a story in the humor of the one that was published in the *Scribbler's,*" or "something from your versatile pen in the manner of that admirable character study in *Scentbay.*"

Then the Unknown Author dreams the dream of Alnascher. He crushes that humbly penitent Publisher as the boa crushes the bleating kid in the folds of its fatal embrace. "No, sir," he writes to the Publisher; "I cannot furnish you with the story that you desire; my orders are so pressing that I am unable to respond to half of them. I am very sorry that you did not prefer your request six months ago when I had more leisure than is at my disposal now. And by the way, would you kindly ask your Reader if she returned my manuscript entitled 'Rejected'?"

Whereupon the Unknown Author, still dreaming, seals the letter, addresses it, stamps it from a five-dollar sheet, taps a bell, and hands the scornful missive to the obsequious attendant with the command: "See that this letter goes out in the regular mail." He fills his silver-mounted pipe with imported latakia and throwing himself back in his richly upholstered fauteuil he pictures the chagrin and the disappointment of that deservedly humiliated Publisher. He smiles with the contented smile of one who has satisfied a long standing grudge. Of course he will eventually relent and send the penitent Publisher one of his rejected manuscripts—one of the manuscripts rejected by that Publisher. Ah, revenge is indeed sweet, and the author, no longer unknown, tastes it to the uttermost flavor of its savor—in his dreams. He will be interviewed by the reporters of the newspapers and he will tell the world of his struggles, his failures, his rejections, his hopes and his fears. With especial unction will he dwell on his rejections, giving the names of the publishers who rejected and the famous stories they rejected. He outlines the style in which he will phrase these reminiscences for the men of the press—a coolly sarcastic vein; a superior air; an indifferent tone; a condescending humor.

Finally, when the author has glutted his ire to satiety, he awakes and resumes his place in the world of letters—unknown, unhonored, and unsung.

The Parisian Press

BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN.

A gentleman once asked me how many newspapers there were in Paris. I immediately multiplied the number published in Los Angeles and San Francisco by five and his response was, "You are nowhere near half the number." And then he informed me that the exact publications were two thousand seven hundred and eighty—daily, weekly and all; and that there was at least one newspaper for every religion, for every kind of political belief, every trade, every society, and for nearly every interest and every venture—that some parties once went from Seville to Paris in the interest of bull fighting, and in two weeks afterward an eight-page paper had been established called "Le Taureau."

"There are too many newspapers," he added, "for the good of the people of Paris. They keep up too much of a general snarl. There are more daily newspapers in Paris than in all the rest of France. Of these two thousand seven hundred and eighty publications, five hundred are political, one hundred and twenty are illustrated, one hundred and sixteen are devoted to fashions, two hundred to medicine, three hundred and twenty to trades and manufactures, one hundred and eighty to literature, music and the drama, two hundred and ten to finance, and seventy-eight to sport."

The oldest of the political journals is the *Gazette of France,* founded under Louis XIII, and now nearing its two hundred and eighty-fifth year; the oldest of the non-political journals is the *Petites Affiches,* just three hundred years old. The *Moniteur Universal* was established in 1789 and the *Journal des Debats* in 1790. A thousand of the others range from thirty to seventy-five years of age. *Figaro* is about fifty-five years old and has a large circulation, while the *Petit Journal,* which is only about ten years younger, claims to have the largest circulation of any paper in the world. *La Patrie* must have a tremendous circulation, as it is on the streets shortly after mid-day and gets out editions away long into the night. There is not a street in Paris where newsmen are not shouting *"La Patrie"* from three o'clock in the afternoon until twelve o'clock at night. Its price is only one cent, and everybody seems to buy it—the boulevardier, the shop-keeper, the cabby, the coalman, the barber, the bootblack, and all. The *Temps* and the *Matin* are high-toned dailies compared to most of the others.

In their use of the daily newspapers the American and the Frenchman are exact opposites. The American reads first the telegraphic news. If he be banker or broker, he would scan at least all the telegraphic headings and then turn to the articles on banking and finance, stocks and bonds; the man of leisure would turn from the news of the world to sales of realty and auctions of picturesque personal effects; the merchant from the news to price lists of goods in his line; the professional politician, the minister of the gospel, the grocer, the baker and candlestick-maker only turn to news of their own interests after a perusal of the news of the world as presented in the telegraphic despatches.

Frenchmen get to the news of the world last. The bulk of them do not know or care what is occurring outside of Paris or France. The boulevardier is fonder of the picture papers than of any others and he buys them liberally and laughs over them heartily. But the shop-keeper and the workman, and all the rest, read first what is said for or against the government; they buy and read particularly papers of their own way of thinking; and the editors of these papers are their gods. They revel in the red-hot diatribes of Rochefort, and sip their absinthe and read the *Intransigeant* at one and the same time; five years ago, next to Dreyfus, they hated the English; what the *Cocarde* and *Patrie* said went down with their coffee in a few gulps. The extreme Republicans ransack their favorite papers for news of what their "gods" are doing, and the Royalists drink their champagnes and burgundies and swear by the

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editors of the *Gaulois* and *Soleil.* .But, whatever they are interested in first, the general news of the world is read by them last, if at all.

No newspapers are delivered in Paris as in American cities; they are neither left at the doors of your houses nor at the rooms of your hotels mornings or evenings. The morning papers are obtainable only from old women in kiosks near corners and at other places along the sidewalks of the leading thoroughfares. These old women—sometimes assisted by young women, afternoons—also sell evening and weekly papers. Men also sell evening papers all over the city between three P. M. and midnight. These or other men sell illustrated papers along the sidewalks during the warm months, when half of Paris eats out of doors. All the evening papers are cried out by the men selling them and by the women in the kiosks; but the morning papers are never cried out.

In the Departments and the Colonies there existed, in August, 1899, four thousand and fifty-one French papers; one year later there were three thousand nine hundred and seventy-two, a decrease of seventy-nine. There are one thousand one hundred and three Republican papers, in place of one thousand three hundred a year before—a decrease of one hundred and ninety-seven. But the numbers of papers of various sorts had increased from two thousand seven hundred and fifty-one in August, 1899, to two thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine in August, 1900.

Of the daily papers printed in English there were, for many years, two: the *Messenger,* and the Paris edition of the New York *Herald.* The first was the Nestor of all—old-fashioned, conservative and eminently respectable. It was truly Anglo-American, and printed a good deal of telegraphic and other news that was acceptable and refreshing to English people and Americans, but the *Messenger* died about a year ago. The Paris edition of the *Herald* is well known as the favorite stand-by of Americans in Paris and elsewhere in Europe. It has ample cable news and other telegraphic information from American and European capitals—politics, finance, maritime matters, sports, and all the findings within the real of newspaper enterprise. The *Herald* has more cable and telegraphic news from the United States in one week than have all the other Paris papers put together in a year. Just think of that.

There are excellent weekly papers in English published in Paris, the substance of their news being the movements and whereabouts of prominent and fashionable English and Americans in London and Paris, in the south of France (Nice, Mentone and Monte Carlo), Switzerland, Italy, Cairo, Algiers and Palestine. All the leading English, American and Continental newspapers are kept on file at offices of the *Herald, Brooklyn Eagle* bureau, American and Wells Fargo express companies, American Chamber of Commerce, Cook & Sons, and at three or four of the leading banks.

During the last Exposition the New York *Times* printed a daily which was a wonder—quite as good as its paper in New York. Its motive was to exhibit a Hoe press, but it nearly paid its way in advertising and sales. The *Brooklyn Eagle* has a large (forced) circulation in Paris and makes a specialty of chronicling the movements and whereabouts of Americans in Great Britain and on the continent. All the leading London papers sell well in Paris, Switzerland, Rome, Naples, Cairo and the Riviera. But the Paris edition of the New York *Herald* outsells them all. I once took the steamer *Cleopatra* at Luxor for Assouan, and got the *Herald* upon my arrival at the latter place, more than six hundred miles up the Nile, with the latest news from all over the world, printed in Paris six days before. And once, when traveling from Joppa to Jerusalem, a boy came into the train shouting: "Here's the New York *Herald,* fresh roasted American peanuts and Beeman's pepsin chewing gum!" Now, wouldn't that jar any one?

Ballad of Single Blessedness

BY HARRY COWELL.

My feet are free of married shoes
That needs must tread the narrow way;
I wander like the wind that woos
Or one or twenty in a day. . .
Nor am I called upon to say
Which better love I, Maud or Bess;
Nor if I'd give them both for May—
There's naught like single blessedness.

'Twixt love and love' tis hard to choose:
Forego this fairy, or that fay?
To win the one, the other lose—
And why not both the darlings, pray?
My heart's each prompting I obey;
Now these, now those, the lips I press,
My life as lyric as my lay—
There's naught like single blessedness.

Which lips are sweeter, Flo's or Sue's—
The tender-grave? the loving-gay?
What lips are sweetest? By the Muse,
The lips that ever said me nay,
The lips that never said me yea.
And since the sweet, as all confess,
Is not in victory but affray,
There's naught like single blessedness

Envoy.

Prince, or of Europe or Cathay,
The moral of my song you guess:
For black and gold both turn to gray—
There's naught like single blessedness.

The Saunterer

Ways of the Yellow Journal

Forty years ago the sole function of a great newspaper was to record with absolute fidelity important events as they occurred from day to day, and the greatest editor was the man who was surest something had happened before anything was recorded. Thirty years ago enterprise under the spur of competition demanded that the great editor ascertain "where h—l was going to break loose next, and have a man on the spot." Twenty years ago the great editor found that even with the aid of Johnny-on-the-Spot he could not fill his enlarged sheet with the ordinary happenings of the day, so it became necessary to make news by sending reckless reporters up in balloons and inebriated scribblers to private asylums to tell the public all that could be seen from an extraordinary viewpoint. Ten years ago the great editor applied the last coat of coloring that changed the old-time white newspaper into the up-to-date yellow journal that devotes one column to what has happened and three to what is going to happen. With all of their ingenuity and enterprise, the great journals of this country have been "scooped" on one of the greatest stories of the century—the biggest bit of history-making in many centuries. They have not told what has happened, if they knew, and they have not predicted what is about to happen, if they suspect. They must be wholly ignorant or an army of reporters would have been on the spot months ago, and the world would have been warned of momentous events to come.

A Scoop Worth Having

A few lines of fact concerning a student riot in France is followed by columns of speculation upon the possibilities of a revolution developing, but not one word do we read that prepares us for the fall of the oldest empire in the world and the rise of an oligarchy upon its ashes. Why have we not been told that many of the largest, richest and most populous provinces of China are in the absolute control of the anti-dynastic reformers, that the government is theirs the moment they are ready to take it, that the death of the senile Dowager Empress means the death of despotism and the birth of reformation? and that when the Rip Van Winkle of nations awakes, after a slumber of centuries, history will be made and maps will be altered? A veteran journalist who recently returned from China, after sojourning there for years, has given me a great deal of information on the subject of the impending change of government. He says that for three hundred and fifty years—ever since a handful of Manchu Tartars subjugated three hundred million Chinese—secret societies have fostered rebellion against the government established by the conquerors. The sword of "Chinese" Gordon, "drawn in an unjust cause," as he afterwards admitted, once saved the dynasty and killed reform. The lesson in modern warfare taught by Gordon was not lost on the rebels. They learned that spears and bows and arrows in the hands of a fanatical mob could not compete with rapid-fire guns worked by drilled and disciplined soldiers. Their leaders knew that ignorance and hatred of the mob could neither correct the tyranny and corruption of the existing government nor form a safe and stable government of its own. They knew that the mob must first be educated in the modern schools of political economy as well as warfare, so they sent their young men abroad to become leaders and teachers while they organized and amalgamated the rebellious mob at home. Millions of dollars have been spent in this work of education, a part upon the young men abroad that they might become good officers and politicians, and more upon the men at home that they might become good soldiers and citizens.

"Down With the Manchus"

Great publishing houses have been at work in Japan for years turning out revolutionary literature—translations of leading works on history, political economy, the sciences and arts—and it has been scattered the length and breadth of the empire. Two years ago death was the penalty for any man found in possession of seditious literature; today the government cannot suppress a rebel newspaper in Canton which carries the slogan "Down with the Manchus" at the top of its first page. Government officials dare not execute the decrees of the Empress against the reformers. The propaganda work of the rebels has been so thorough that the most benighted Mongol of the western mountains is holding himself in readiness to respond to their call if his services are required. Regulars sent against the rebels have been led by rebels and have deserted bodily to the rebels. The arms and ammunition manufactured at the government's expense, to be used against the rebels, is delivered to the rebels by the operatives. A large percentage of the educated officials and nearly every soldier and sailor of the government are in sympathy with the movement. At the word of command arsenals, factories and forts will be surrendered to the Gop Ming, the army will desert to its standard and the navy will hoist its flag. And in all this work Japan has been the example, the preceptor and the secret ally. Its achievements in times of peace stimulated the reformers, its successes in war have encouraged them, and its support in the crisis that is sure to come will sustain them. All these facts, I am told, may be verified by anybody who will take the trouble to devote a few months to inquiry.

The Rebel and His Shears

This great rebellion, which thus far has been comparatively bloodless, is not without its humorous feature. Next to the literature that has been scattered broadcast the greatest implement of propaganda work has been the shears. Armed rebels overrun densely populated provinces, and every man of them carries a pair of shears. Whenever a city is taken every male inhabitant is put to the scissors. His queue is snipped off. From that moment he is a rebel, for he knows that if any of the few officials who are still loyal to the government catches him without the traditional badge of servitude his head will follow his queue. That the Government recognizes the weight of such an argument

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is evidenced by the fact that one of its gunboats recently overhauled a rebel junk and confiscated seven thousand pairs of shears as munitions of war.

A Diplomat's Bad Break

For years it has been pretty smooth sailing for that very shrewd and magnetic young man, the Hon. John Barrett, of the diplomatic service, who was transferred to Bogota last month. By the exercise of rare tact he has managed to win the favor of several Presidents. During the Cleveland Administration he was a reporter in Oregon, poor but always intent on making a good front. He occupied a small room in the leading hotel and paid for it by getting the name of the hotel into print as often as possible. When he first went to Washington it was as the emissary of a politician who wanted a consulship. Barrett called on the President, and urged the appointment. The politician was impossible and Cleveland said so, at the same time offering the job to Barrett, who had made a hit with him. That was how he entered public life. The first untoward incident in his political career occurred a few weeks ago, when the Panama *Star* and *Herald* published a very eulogistic editorial article concerning Barrett's services to the two Republics. It had been generally supposed in this country that Secretary Taft was entitled to all the credit for straightening matters between this country and Panama, but the editorial eulogy was to the effect that Barrett, the diplomat and patriot, poured all the oil on the troubled waters. Furthermore, it was stated that the American newspapers erred in giving Taft credit. This article provoked a great deal of discussion, and two weeks after its appearance the *Star* and *Herald* came out with the explanation that it was left at the office by Mr. Barrett's private secretary and added, "We have every reason to believe it was written by John Barrett himself, his powers of self-laudation having long been the envy of those seeking diplomatic promotion."

His Lame Explanation

Minister Barrett is now in New York, and he is writing to the papers to explain matters, for of course he knows that President Roosevelt and Secretary Taft do not approve of such conduct as has been attributed to him. Some of the worst scandals that have occurred in the diplomatic service in recent years were caused by surreptitious self-laudation in the press coupled with disparagement of superior officers. It was the basis of the most serious charge against General Wood, when he was in Cuba. Barrett explains that the article in question was prepared by a prominent and responsible man in Cuba, and submitted to his (Barrett's) secretary for revision as to dates, with the request that it be forwarded to the newspaper. It is a rather lame explanation, since he virtually admits that the article was published with his approval and with the knowledge that it discredited the services rendered by Secretary Taft. Mr. Barrett's indiscretion may prove a costly one.

Would We Recognize Them?

What is the worth of a signature in modern newspaper or magazine "literature"? Suppose the London *Standard* or the London *Times* should hire Mr. Henry James, we will say, to write its leaders on the tendencies of English culture; or suppose the *Fortnightly Review* or the *Contemporary* should employ Andrew Lang or Justin McCarthy to discuss lyric poetry or the drift of events that are making history; and suppose these great newspapers and magazines should print the articles of these famous critics and reviewers anonymously; would the readers of the newspapers and magazines be able to distinguish the product of the famous writers from that of the ordinary contributors? It is an open question. There is but one method of classifying any body of writers unlabeled, and that is by their style. The style, mannerism, if you will, of a writer, ought to be as distinct as the nose on his face or any other prominent feature of his personality. There are some writers of past time whom we "know by the back." Coming nearer home, let us inquire: Could we recognize the prosing of Ella Wheeler Wilcox if it were not branded? and would not her "poems" herd with the mavericks of the newspapers and magazines, if her daily output were not indicated by her own and her husband's name in letters bigger than the caption of her piece? Could we, from internal evidence, say that one piece in the paper was by the prolific Ella and another by the versatile Dorothy Dix, unless their respective names were signed to their respective pieces? Descending from the sublime to the ridiculous, suppose The Chaperon and Madame Bavarde should change places without disturbing their signatures, would the culturinos and the climberettes ever know the difference? There is much food for thought in these speculations.

How Taft Dodged

When Governor Taft was in Japan on his way to assume the office of Secretary of War of this mighty Republic, he had great difficulty in concealing from the real warriors of the island empire that he was not himself a man of war. Wherever he strode amid the pigmy paladins of Nippon he was greeted with the searching question: "Tell us, honorable General, in what honorable wars it has been your honorable fortune to participate." Then would the vast bulk of the statesman unbend from its overwhelming proportions in deference to an assumption of modesty as he answered: "Our wars, honorable Samurai, have been wars in which all the American people participated; and in America one man is as good as another. The honorable Colonels are probably aware that in America we are all equal." It was lucky for Secretary Taft that he had made a specialty of diplomacy before he ventured into Japan. On other occasions, when "participating" as the honorable guest at military functions in the barracks on Kudan Hill, close by the great sword monument erected by the Imperial Guard in memory of their comrades who fell in the Satsuma rebellion, our Secretary of War had to dodge such questions as, "Will the honorable Commander-in-Chief condescend to tell this ignorant assemblage wherein the unerring Krag-Jorgensen is a better man-killer than the

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Manlicher or the Mauser?" This, however, was an easy one for the wily Taft: "That," he would reply, lowering his voice to a diplomatic whisper, "that is a State secret." The Japanese are a simple folk in the ordinary routine of their lives, and it is the wonder of the acute foreigner touring their country that they have preserved the child-like faith of their ancestors in such good repair through all the vicissitudes of contact with the barbarian of the West. Perhaps it was this simplicity, this infantile faith in their fellow men, that compelled them to accept the shrewd evasions of our Secretary. Moreover, the Japanese are a courteous people and they would have considered it an unpardonable breach of good manners to interpret literally the twinkle in Taft's eye. It was enough for their Oriental understanding that the great American was, for reasons best known to himself, indisposed to talk at length or in detail upon these delicate subjects.

A Provincial's Lament

I am fain at last to confess my utter "provincialism." There was a time when I would have resented the imputation with all the fervor of—a provincial. But I have read the roster of the Taft junketers and I humbly acknowledge my yokel condition; I am truly bucolic, a herder of cows and a brother to oxen—Doric of speech and rude in my behavior; barbarously ignorant of things that are familiar as their hearthstone gods to the cultivated Athenians. Ceres preserve me! Bacchus enlighten me! I have read the list of those who compose the Taft party and find that the majority of them are wholly unknown to me. Let me see: There's the Big Chief, of course, and Miss Roosevelt; and Senator Dubois; and Senator Patterson of Colorado; and Representative Cockran of New York; and Representative Longworth of Ohio (mentioned as a candidate for the hand of Miss Roosevelt); and Major G. L. Edie; and Senator Newlands of Nevada; and Representative Grosvenor of Ohio; and Representative De Armond of Missouri; and Stuyvesant Fish, Jr.; and that's all. I am even in doubt regarding Stuyvesant Fish, Jr. Perhaps he isn't the Stuyvesant Fish I have read about in the newspapers. I don't remember whether there was a "Jr." to the newspaper celebrity's name or not. Anyway these are all of the party whose names recall deeds of distinction. Pardon me; I confess it; I am only a poor citizen of the provinces compelled to depend for my knowledge of the great people who dwell in the capital and the metropolis, on the newspapers of my parish. I read these newspapers closely and I am particularly interested in the events of national politics and the doings of national society people. But my newspaper has never mentioned the majority of these Taft junketers. And I am helpless to remedy my ignorance by appeal to the editor of the local newspaper—he would answer in the "query column" something like this: "OLD SUBSCRIBER: It is not the function of this journal of civilization to exploit the trivial or to expound the unimportant. Your 'demand' is a fool proposition and cannot be complied with. This is neither a Congressional Directory nor an Almanach de Gotha, nor yet a Blue Book or a Ladies' Home Journal. You can 'stop' *your* paper if you please, but you can't stop *this* paper." I have never been insulted by the editor of my local newspaper and I don't propose to give him that opportunity in this instance. I suppose I shall have to incur the expense of subscribing for a New York and a Washington paper if I continue to yearn for intimate knowledge of the great personages of this nation.

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Passing of the Great

Because I have never heard of these people does not argue that they are not "great." Because the local newspapers of my Little Pedlington do not "mention" them does not prove that they are not some punkins where they came from. Otherwise they would not be Senators, Representatives, Majors, Colonels and sich. Somebody certainly thinks they are "above the average" or they wouldn't be junketing around with the Secretary of State like a royal progress in the Elizabethan period or a Roman triumph, 22 B. C. Greatness, after all, is only relative. The great men who live in little places are innumerable as the sands on the seashore; the great men who are great in big places are almost countless; and the great men who are so great that chiseled alabaster perpetuates them in monumental mockery of "death's dusty measure of a hero's fame," are still numerous enough to make the counting a hopeless task. Yet of all these not one may claim universal greatness, for among the living the greatest that has ever lived is unknown to vast myriads of the earth's hordes—and it is a safe bet that at least four hundred million Chinese have never heard of even Secretary Taft, notwithstanding his speech in Miami. The same may be said of our own Hon. James D. Phelan, though he is, without doubt, the greatest man in our province and indisputably the biggest little man in his parish. Somehow I feel less "provincial" when I think that the time will come when Secretary Taft and Hon. James D. Phelan will, if still living, get something like these in the brevity columns of the daily press of June 23, 1930:

"William H. Taft has just recovered from a severe attack of rheumatism and is able to be about on crutches. The oldest inhabitant will probably remember that Mr.

Taft was once Private Secretary to President Roosevelt, but for twenty years he has not interfered with politics except as an occasional adviser to the Executive Council of the local league of the Socialist Party."

"The Hon. James D. Phelan announces that he will entertain the ballet of the Golden Butterfly comic opera company in the Red Room of the Bohemian Club on Friday night. It has been many years since Mr. Phelan has hosted a dinner party of coryphees, and there will be a bunch of ghosts at this one. Our grandfathers can tell many a pretty tale of these midnight orgies, for Mr. Phelan was a gay blade in his middle life."

Any errors observable in these prophetic paragraphs are due to the historical aberrations that invariably distort the fact after it has mouldered in the dust of more than a third of a century.

A Dirge for Those Forgot

If all the poets who write for the magazines could write with the sincerity that inspires the best work of Mabel Porter Pitts I would have less to say of the monotony of their mediocrity. Her lines, "In Mission Dolores Churchyard," published in last week's Town Talk, are so sad, so sweet, so fitting, that I cannot withhold this little eulogy. It was not so much what the poem said as what it suggested that appealed to my heart—wherein has dwelt for lo, these many years, a resentment against the arrogant rimester of the public press; an emotion that I have personified and armed with an assassin's dagger to slay the fellow as he passes by in his "gloaming," or prances past on his ragtime Pegasus. Perhaps it was the subject of Miss Pitt's verses that made the poet-slayer lay down his snickersnee and wrapping his head in his ragged sackcloth, say to himself, "This one shall pass unharmed, for she sings what she feels." The Mission of Our Lady of Sorrows! Not that the dead who lie there should conjure regret for themselves, for those are forgotten; but because somewhere in their lives there were joy and singing and merry greetings. It is not for the dead that we weep, but for the happiness that they have carried out of our lives; it is not because the lips are silent "where a song was heard," but because the song is no longer heard; and "the silence where once spoke a deathless word" is nothing to us if we remember the "deathless word." I am not of the kind that ordinarily prefers graveyard poetry to choral odes or the carmen seculare of a competent Horatian; but I am not ashamed to say that I can still thrill to the simple emotions of the famous Elegy and that I have been genuinely touched by this tender tribute from a woman's heart, laid so reverently on the place where sleep these dead of the old Mission, "haply forgetting, and long forgot."

"The Man Is Nothing, the Work Is All"

The discussion of the decadents of literature, provoked by a *Bulletin* editorial writer, prompted Louis A. Robertson to rewrite two stanzas of his beautiful ballade, "The Man Is Nothing, the Work Is All," and as here presented, will appear in his next volume of poems:

This world is but a noisy show,
  A mighty, motley masquerade,
Where countless actors come and go,
  A tragedy and gasconade
  Where many puzzling parts are played;
Till, curtained with Death's dusty pall,
  And in Time's testing balance weighed,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Forward they press, both high and low,
  And rich and poor, and gay and staid;
Some climb where Fame's fair mountains glow,
  While others grovel in the glade;
  But when at last the sexton's spade
Hath built the bed to which they crawl,
  When requiem's roll and prayers are prayed,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Though rivers red as crimson flow
  Beneath the shot-torn barricade;
Though on the clay of fallen foe
  Thrones have been reared with reeking blade;
  Yet when some tyrant hath betrayed
His trust, our freedom to enthrall,
  War's waking cry should be obeyed;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Fate's shuttle flashes to and fro,
  And many curious webs are made;
Oft Fortune doth her smile bestow
  To light some laggard through the shade;
  While Genius, jilted by the jade,
Hears in the gloom Fame's clarion call—
  "Toil on! toil on! be not afraid,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Through scenes of sin, and ways of woe,
  Some reckless sons of Song have strayed;
Yet Villon, Burns, Verlaine, and Poe,
  And Wilde, her latest renegade,
  With others whom the Fates have flayed,
Who, to the dregs, drained Sorrow's gall,
Are crowned with leaves that never fade;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

To some misleading guides we owe
  Lights that have made us retrograde;
While others up Time's ramparts throw
  For us a shining escalade,
  By which we shall at last invade
Truth's glorious and eternal hall;
  Or fair, or foul, in Life's crusade,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

ENVOY.

Whene'er we glory or upbraid
  The good or bad, the great or small,
This maxim may our judgment aid—
  The man is nothing, the work is all.

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He Wanted Further Particulars

Secretary Taft is a heavyweight, physically as well as mentally. He is not very much lighter than General Shafter, his normal bulk weighing three hundred and twenty pounds. When Taft was in the Philippines his health was greatly undermined, and at the request of Secretary Root he kept the War Department informed as to his condition. One day this message was received by Root:

"Rode ten miles on a mule today. Am feeling much better. *Taft.*"

Secretary Root dictated this reply:

"Glad to hear it, but how is the mule? *Root.*"

The Aspect Changed

Up to the time of the boycott Schmitz's star was in the ascendant, a circumstance due to a propitious combination of circumstances. The reformers whom the civic weal promoters seemed to be relying on to purify the government had revealed a quality of temperament far from pleasing to the non-taxpaying element of the community; too much venom had been injected into the fight, making it appear that the attacks on the Administration were inspired by personal prejudice, and then came the friction between the printers and their employers, all of which were as water on the Mayor's wheel. At the same time the Republicans seemed to be looking in vain for a suitable candidate for Mayor, and the Schmitz boomers were calling attention to their dilemma. There were many people willing to bet that Schmitz would be re-elected, but the stupidity that was responsible for the apathy of the police last week changed the complexion of the situation. Another blunder was made when Ruef showed his hand in the Republican County Committee. Had he kept quiet nobody would have known what power he had there. At the showdown he had nineteen votes. The politicians of the rank and file are quick to get behind the strong end in an emergency.

McDougald, the Man

In my opinion, when the Republican leaders get through discussing the strength of Lackmann, Baehr and all the other gentlemen willing to run for Mayor, they will reach the conclusion that John McDougald, Treasurer of this City and County, is the man best equipped for the task of giving Schmitz his quietus. He is the one man who can take the heart out of Schmitz by swinging the south-of-Market street vote into the Republican camp, and having confidence in the political sagacity of the Republican leaders, I have no hesitation in predicting the nomination of McDougald. Though the Treasurer is not likely to win the warm endorsement of the Citizens' Alliance, he will get the vote of every tax-payer—employer or employe—who wants to see the municipality governed by clean hands.

Mitchell and His Crime

The supposition is that Francis Heney would not have secured the conviction of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, had not Judge De Haven intimated that he would let him off with a fine. The sympathies of the jurors had been so adroitly played upon that they were reluctant to find him guilty, because they did not want to send the old man to jail, but the Court hinted that he was privileged to satisfy justice with a fine. It cannot be denied that despite his long career of rascality, the seventy-year old statesman is today a pathetic figure. It is hard to withhold sympathy from a man who has risen to eminence in the service of his country and who is disgraced on the verge of the grave. The crime of which he has been convicted is one, however, that should be severely punished, not for any satisfaction that might be derived from the knowledge that the criminal was compelled to suffer for his act, but rather for the example that should be given. John H. Mitchell has committed crimes more revolting than the one for which he was tried in Oregon. As a United States Senator he prostituted his office in a shameless manner, but there was nothing that revolts in such conduct for it is commonplace. We have been viewing such conduct with complaisance. Subversive though it is of the functions of our government we have not begun to take it with sufficient seriousness. The civic conscience is not so keen as to prompt us to loathe the bribe-taker in public office. The Mitchell crime is not repugnant to our sense of patriotism, for unfortunately American patriotism is expressed principally in

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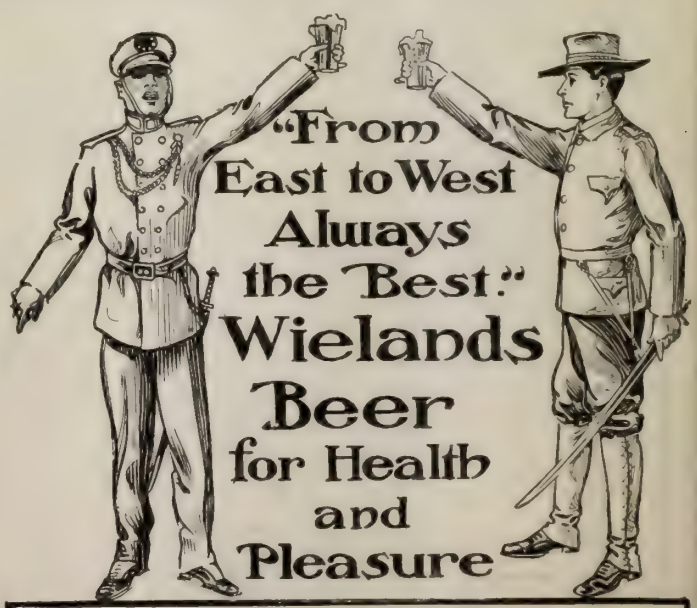

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Fourth of July parades. To most of us the flag has little meaning except in battle, or when draped at half mast. We have yet to learn that the man who keeps a conscience all alert to shield, inspire and advance his country's name is as deserving of the laurel as the man behind the gun.

His Checkered Career

The career of John Mitchell is without parallel in American politics. He has dominated the politics of Oregon for forty years; he has been elected to the Senate four times; he has been charged with startling domestic infidelities and sensational political debaucheries which he has never disproved and which would have wrecked the fortunes of any other person in public life. Mitchell was in control of Oregon politics when Boss Tweed owned New York. That was over thirty years ago and Mitchell is still holding the stage-centre in the theatre of national politics. He has controlled courts and juries as well as legislatures; he has been fretted, but never defeated, by charges of corruption. At twenty-five he deserted a wife and two children in Pennsylvania and eloped to this state with a young women whom he deserted in San Luis Obispo. Then he went to Oregon, changed his name from Hipple to Mitchell, married a Miss Price and while united to her declared his love for her sister. At least such was the charge made against him by the man she was engaged to marry. And when he was serving his first term in the Senate his ardent letters to his sister-in-law were published in fac simile in Portland. They made a big sensation, but Mitchell denied their authenticity as blandly as he denied his guilt when indicted for complicity in the land frauds.

Another Matrimonial Rumor

The news comes to me from Santa Cruz that the residents of that burg, who have always taken a deep interest in the affairs of Mrs. McLean Martin, are once more whispering that the cultured and charming widow is again contemplating matrimony. I have heard that story so often that I am not inclined to give it credence. And yet no one should be surprised were Mrs. Martin to abandon the state of single blessedness, for though she is some years beyond the age at which women are most interesting, as I have been told, she has lost none of her fascinations. She is still a dashing and vivacious woman. The gentleman who is said to be eager to make her his wife is a distinguished German who spent all last winter in Washington, where Mrs. Martin resided.

Swimmers Galore

Santa Cruz has unquestionably awakened from her lethargy. She is now rapidly regaining her prestige as a fashionable resort, and assuming once more the gay aspect that she presented in the years agone, when the pretty summer girl in crinoline trifled with the heart of the gay gallant and made such delightful display at the station when the train from the city puffed in. Memories of the past are now being revived by the matrons of today who were the buds of yesterday that assembled at the old depot to greet the evening train, with hearts a-flutter, for those were the days when the most swagger bachelors of San Francisco were wont to visit Santa Cruz. In those days Mrs. McLean Martin was the star swimmer of Santa Cruz, and she frequently made the trip to the whistling buoy. Nowadays they don't think so much of that feat, so numerous are the strong swimmers, conspicuous among whom are Mrs. Francis Grace, Miss Katherine Martin, Miss Hager, Miss Davis, and the Misses Ada, Gladys and Noel Sullivan.

A Family Tree Worth While

As Ursula Stone is the only one of last year's front rank of debutantes who has announced her engagement, the dowagers look upon her as the most successful of buds. Miss Stone is the granddaughter of that eminent divine, the late Dr. A. L. Stone, whose widow died last winter, plunging a large family into mourning, and diverting from the giddy whirl such well-known society women as Mrs. L. L. Baker, her daughter, and Mrs. Thomas Benton Darragh. Mrs. Barker intended giving a grand ball in honor of her favorite niece, but called it off. The Stone family tree is the envy of all our new rich worshipers of ancestry who can trace theirs back merely to the lapping of Montgomery street by the waters of the bay. Miss Stone's great, great, great, great grandfather was court physician or something of the kind to his august majesty, King Louis XIV. He was a great social favorite in his time and was interesting because Persian blood coursed through his veins.

A Protracted Betrothal

There is nothing impetuous in the love affair of Alice Borel and Aylett Cotton. Feeling that they will be a long time married, they are going to take their time about preparing for the connubial state. They are not to be married, I hear, for two years. Mr. Cotton is going back to the Philippines to wind up his affairs, and Miss Borel will spend the interim in Europe. Most of the time she will live in that chateau in Switzerland of which we have heard so much, and she will make frequent trips to Paris to do her shopping, for she is to have the most gorgeous trousseau ever seen in this city. It is also said that the wedding will be attended by more pomp and ceremony than ever before signalized a similar function in the Far West. The Borels are the most generous spenders in society.

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What the Organ Asked

Just before the bridal chorus announced the approach of the bridal party, at the Parrott-McComas wedding last week, the organist played that fine old hymn, "Lord be Merciful." Those who recognized the tune thought that in some cases the prayer would seem singularly appropriate. There never was a bride who appeared so hysterically happy as Marie Louise Parrott.

Successful Mr. Polk

Willis Polk, who officiated as best man for Frank McComas, has achieved a solid footing on the higher social levels since his marriage. He has a home in San Mateo near that of the Jack Parrotts, and the two families are on very friendly terms. Mrs. Polk has become quite matronly of figure and is now more of the Spanish type than ever. She cares very little for society, but prefers the dolce far niente life of the country to the mild excitement of the city. It seems but a few years since Willis Polk started his very successful career in this city, with no money but with a great deal of assurance and some plausible theories pertaining to architecture. He was a man of artistic temperament, bohemian tastes and little practical experience in his profession. He soon broke into print for the purpose of instructing the architects of San Francisco in their business, and they scoffed at him and said that though he could draw a very pretty house he couldn't build one. I've heard that he has since done both, but since his marriage he has not felt the necessity of vindicating his capacity for professional achievement.

The Costly Polo Pony

A few years ago almost any young man with a taste for polo could get into the game down at Burlingame, but nowadays the polo enthusiast must have a little capital to properly equip himself for the sport. They no longer play polo on cheap nags at Blingum. They play as swift a game down there as they do anywhere, and the ponies come high. You can't get a good pony for less than a thousand dollars, and the Blingumites are getting some of the best. The breeding of polo ponies has become a very profitable industry. The other day one of the Goulds bought a carload of ponies and the price averaged twenty-five hundred dollars apiece.

The Flood Mansions

While Jim Flood is spending a lot of money in improving his country home at San Mateo, Miss Jenny Flood is once more changing the interior of the big brown-stone mansion on Nob Hill, which I believe she intends to turn over to her brother's growing family. Miss Flood has several times changed the decorations of the Nob Hill mansion, and each time the effect is more gorgeous than it was before. In recent years the friends of the Floods have rarely seen the interior of the stately brown-stone palace. The only party that has been given in it in years was a children's party in honor of Miss Flood's little nephew. It was given at Christmas last year and was not exploited by the society gushers, for the Floods never take the bavardes into their confidence. The guests were all children, and the presents they received were the most wonderful they had ever seen. They were imported toys and were triumphs of mechanical skill. Miss Flood worships her little nephew and is always doing something to make him feel that he is in the neighborhood of the seventh heaven of bliss.

Promoting the American Drama

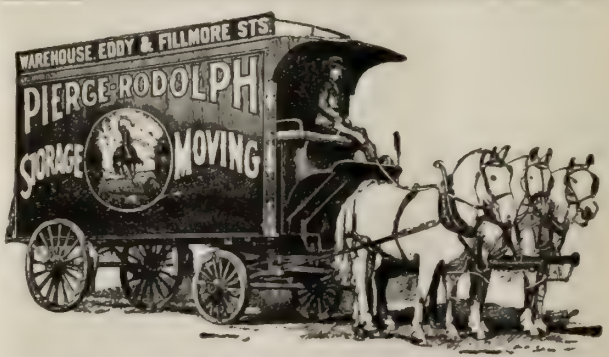
Ella Bender has returned from the East and is to remain all winter in San Francisco. In all probability she will revive interest in amateur theatricals. It was she who impersonated the leading character in Mrs. Gerberding's play, "The Euchre Prize," which was first produced by the Spinners two or three years ago. Mrs. Gerberding, by the way, has superb confidence in her talent for playwriting and is developing it with that industrious perseverance which is said to be most all there is to genius. She is now in her retreat across the bay, coaxing her muse, and I hear that it has responded prolifically. She has given up her other literary work, and is concentrating all her energies on the drama.

Told In Her Palm

Talk of there being nothing in palmistry! Why, it is as true as gospel. At least that is what members of the Papyrus Club will tell you. A short time ago there was a gathering of the Papyrus Club at the home of one of its members. Arthur Delroy, the entertainer, was reading palms as a part of the evening's program. One of the fair hands offered for his inspection was that of Miss Ella McCloskey, the contralto. Miss McCloskey wore a very handsome opal ring on her third finger.

"You will soon lose this ring," said Delroy, "but it will be replaced by another. You will be engaged before three months have passed."

Miss McCloskey didn't believe a word of it, but she went to Portland on a visit and last week her engagement to Mr. J. J. Apple was announced.



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They've Quit the Fashionable Herd

Miss Louise Redington, who is spending the summer with her mother, at Santa Barbara, seldom figures nowadays in the social gossip of the dailies, the reason being that she doesn't crave the lime light. She made her debut four years ago along with Katherine Herrin, Marjorie Gibbons and Kathryn Robinson, all of whom have wearied of the monotonous social whirl and avoid contact with the fashionable herd. Since Kathryn became Mrs. Beardsley she has seldom been seen in society, and yet she was such a vivacious debutante that it was thought she would become a typical social butterfly. She seemed to be as eager for social prominence as was her aunt, Mrs. Salisbury. It appears, however, that all the Robinson girls are ambitious of intellectual achievement. I hear that Mrs. Beardsley spends much time in study. The late Mrs. Innes, Ida Robinson, was a short story writer who had the entree to the pages of several periodicals.

He—Why do you have that hairdresser come to the house? You say she doesn't understand her business.

She—She doesn't, but she knows the business of everybody in our set.

They Neglect Alice

Seeing Alice Hager at the golf contest in San Rafael last week, I wondered why the bavardes show her so little attention. She is not less interesting than her sister Ethyl, and yet the latter is always being exploited by the amusing gossips of the dailies. She need only take the ferry to Oakland to win a nice little complimentary notice in the stereotyped form from Lady Teazle. Miss Alice may not be such a dashing young woman as Ethyl of the picturesque bathing suit, but she plays a rattling game of golf, and is one of the few society women, I am told, who don't say mean things when they aren't winning.

Is General Miles To Wed?

Society in the national capital has now a rare bit of gossip in the rumored intention of Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired, to lead to the altar the blooming widow of Philadelphia's famous Dr. Huidekoper. Evidently the gallant General deems a year of widowhood ample at his age and realizes that if he is to figure as a youthful bridegroom again he must lose no time. Mrs. Rush Shippen Huidekoper, to give the prospective bride her full name, is one of the most charming women in the Quaker City. She isn't in the Quaker City at present, so far as that goes, for a few days ago she took ship for the other side and—whisper—General Miles sailed in the same steamer. There is no question the General has been extremely attentive to Mrs. Huidekoper, and there are those in Philadelphia circles who assert she has not repulsed him. The only thorn in the rosy path of the two is the opposition of the General's daughter, Mrs. Reber of Washington. The first Mrs. Miles, who was a daughter of Judge Sherman and a niece of the General and Senator of that historic name, died in her summer home on the Hudson last summer.

John Hay

The late Secretary John Hay was the intimate friend of our three murdered Presidents. He was private secretary to President Lincoln, the intimate personal friend of James A. Garfield and a member of Mr. McKinley's Cabinet. When Garfield was shot Mr. Hay was acting as editor of the New York *Tribune*, Whitelaw Reid being absent in Europe. Though he achieved immortal fame as a diplomat and a statesman, his great ambition was to win distinction in literature, and singularly enough his celebrity as a writer is principally due to two performances of his pen of which he was far from proud—"Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludsoe." It was pretty generally believed in the magazine world that he wrote "The Breadwinners," and before long perhaps we shall have some authentic information on the subject. His beautiful hymn, "Humility" has been included among the "Hymns of Worship and Service" of the Christian Endeavor Society:—

"Lord, from far-severed climes we come
To meet at last in Thee our Home,
Thou who hast been our guide and guard
Be still our hope, our rich reward.

"Defend us, Lord, from every ill,
Strengthen our hearts to do Thy will,
In all we plan and all we do
Still keep us to Thy service true.

"O let us hear the inspiring word
Which they of old at Horeb heard;
Breathe to our hearts the high command,
'Go forward and possess the land.'

"Thou who art Light, shine on each soul!
Thou who art Truth, each mind control!
Open our eyes and make us see
The path which leads to heaven and Thee!"

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With the Artists

Mrs. Ada Romer Shawhan is working very busily on her big canvas on which appear the heads of certain artists, writers and musicians, pictured in their most characteristic moods. Amadee Joullin, Theodore Vogt, Charlie Dickman, William Keith, Henry Raschen and Joe Greenebaum are some that already appear on the canvas. Mrs. Shawhan is one of the hardest working artists in the art guild here. She has a very comfortable and artistic studio on the top floor of the building at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, which is also her home. She has a little roof-garden that contains flowers and palms. Her work-room is large, with a fine light, and the walls are hung with products of her brush and pastels. She has done portraits of nearly all the visiting celebrities and that of Kocian is the best I have ever seen of the wonderful young violinist. It was Mrs. Shawhan, by the way, who did the clever caricature of Haig Patigian's collar, which the Press Club liked so well that the members bought it.

Amy Dewing, who drew the cover design for the *California Woman's Magazine* this month, is one of the younger artists. She is a daughter of Mrs. James Dewing who before her marriage was Mollie Fiske, and quite prominent in society. She is a niece of Mrs. Clarence Harmon, and Mrs. William Todd of Oakland, and Mrs. Madison Dewing. Though Amy Dewing went in for art, her sister Elizabeth decided upon music, and is a very accomplished pianist.

Next door to the Mersfelders' studio, over Ratto's restaurant, is the studio of Spencer Wright, who is known among the artists as "Little Billee." "Billee" Wright is a son of B. C. Wright who was so long the church editor of the *Bulletin*, and kept that paper's readers *au courant* with religious matters. "Billee's" brother is Allan Wright, the young lawyer who goes to all the cotillions and who was one of Mrs. Salisbury's eligible young men.

Any number of auto parties made Byron Hot Springs the objective point of the Fourth of July run. Among them were the Heber Tildens. One of the guests at the hotel who attracts considerable attention is Colonel D. H. Moon, the millionaire lumberman of Minnesota, who is just completing a round-the-world trip.

Army Officers Were the Guests

The atmosphere of the Hotel Cecil has become decidedly military. Army officers make this hotel their headquarters. On the evening of the Fourth the management gave a dinner in honor of the Army, on which occasion the national colors were everywhere in evidence. Among the guests were Captain and Mrs. E. T. Jervey, Captain and Mrs. W. F. Valentine, Captain and Mrs. L. B. Simonds, Lieutenant Higgins, Lieutenant Mitchell, Lieutenant Long of General Funston's staff, Miss Fobregou, Miss Elizabeth Morris and Mr. and Mrs. William Beggs. Colonel Andrews, Secretary of the Pacific Military Division, is at the Cecil.

Back In The Swim

The Lawrence Scotts are getting into the social whirl once more, and they have been quite active of late in San Rafael and Burlingame. Lawrence Scott has improved in health, to which circumstance is attributed the renewal of his interest in society. His sister, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, and her husband are summering near Santa Barbara. Mrs. Smith goes in for athletics during the summer but hies to the salons in winter, for she cultivates the society of clever people. And she is clever herself, especially with the brush. She studied art at the Hopkins, and her father, Irving M. Scott, depended a great deal on her judgment in the selection of the paintings that made his art gallery the most valuable in the city.

The Kohls and the Harveys

I hear that Mrs. Fred Kohl is to entertain a large bevy of fair young Eastern friends during the winter season. Mrs. Kohl is still the leading promoter of social gayety in these parts. She is not so active as Mrs. Martin in hostessing formal functions, but she is always entertaining somebody, and she is seldom without a pretty companion. Anita Harvey was her guest recently at her country home near Lake Tahoe. Miss Harvey, by the way, has been taking on flesh this summer, and her resemblance to her mother has become more striking than ever. The Kohls and the Harveys have become very intimate, and are to be the real leaders of society next season.

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Among those at Del Monte for the Fourth of July holidays were Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook, Senator Simms and his beautiful wife, the Mark Gerstles, Mrs. Spreckels, Charles Felton, Jr., and E. M. Greeneway.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft are at the Hotel del Coronado. They went to San Diego to attend the wedding of their son, Philip Bancroft, with Miss Eldred.

Mrs. William Clayton, wife of the vice-president and managing director of the Hotel Coronado, gave a luncheon last week in honor of Miss Tucker of Chicago, who is visiting Mrs. Alexander Reynolds. The decorations were of sweet peas, embedded in delicate and beautiful ferns. The guests were Miss Tucker, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Frederick Stearns, Mrs. Heber Ingle, Mrs. Jerrauld Ingle, Miss Myra Pauly, Miss Alice Shaw and Mrs. Clayton.

Why Blingum Is Asleep

Burlingame has never been so dull as it is this year. There is absolutely nothing doing in the fashionable suburb, and there are no prospects of enlivening frivols. The Mayo Newhalls, who had a debutante daughter eo exploit last summer, managed to stir things up a little, but this year they are making the round of the various resorts. The Walter Martins, who contributed a little to the gayety of the place, sold their home and will not return to Burlingame this season. The Mountford Wilson and the Russell Wilson families are in mourning and have deserted their old summer haunts, and so have the Downey Harveys, the Joe Grants, the Francis Carolans and the Sam Knights. The Carolans, by the way, are making a tour of Portugal, and Mrs. Carolan is keeping a diary which she will probably publish for private circulation in an *edition de luxe*. She has a contempt for books that are not expensive samples of the printers' and bookbinders' arts. She is traveling in Portugal because it is one of the few countries which the Cook's tourist never visits. It would pain Mrs. Carolan very much to rub up against the impossible tourist.

A Poet in Prose

The California Woman's Magazine for July is a publication of exceptional brilliance. The feature is an article from the pen of Joaquin Miller in which the veteran poet tells of his early experiences in California, and how he became a writer of books. The magazine is beautifully illustrated, and abounds in short stories, breezy special articles and excellent verse. Though this magazine is of special interest to women it is also of general interest and covers a broad field. Unlike the average woman's magazine, there is nothing didactic in its pages, and there is no sermonizing. It is good light reading from cover to cover, and touches many topics in a sprightly vein.

No Splurging for Them

Nobody was surprised at the news that only about one hundred invitations were to be issued for the Huntington-Green wedding. The Huntingtons have never gone in for ostentatious display, and Howard Huntington has a horror of events of the swagger variety. The wedding is to take place at the modest home of the Greens in Berkeley. The bridesmaids are Marian and Elizabeth Huntington, Beth Lawrence and Ruth Knowles. Hugh Stewart of Los Angeles is to be best man. Mrs. Huntington and her daughters are spending the summer at Ross, where they entertained a few intimate friends over the Fourth.

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MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT.

We have been making much of our President's daughter during her sojourn in our midst, but our interest in her is not due entirely to patriotic sentiment. It is natural to esteem the daughter of the President, and when the daughter of the President happens to be of unique personality, it is not strange that she should excite our curiosity and impel us to rubber. Miss Roosevelt has inherited some of the strenuosity of her father. In her the characteristic vivacity of the American girl is intensified. She has a girlish way of availing herself of the fact that she is the daughter of the President, and she is getting all the pleasure and diversion that go with the relationship. She is accompanied on this trip by some very distinguished statesmen who are very fortunate in having her with them, for otherwise they would be treated about the same as statesmen usually are when off on a junket. Miss Roosevelt imparts distinction to the party, and wins for it the attention of swagger society. It was to do honor to the President's daughter that Mrs. Eleanor Martin arranged her big function. "The Taft party" is a misnomer. It should be called "The Alice Roosevelt party."

The Eloquence of "Judge Tears"

When Grand Orator McLaughlin of the N. S. G. W. was appointed to the Appellate Court by Governor Pardee, I knew that in the near future the literature of the bench would be enriched by some fine contributions from the facile pen of the new jurist. My confidence has already been vindicated. Justice McLaughlin is a man who believes that to write nobly is a far loftier achievement than to rule. The fetters of legal phraseology are not to his liking, for there is nothing of the prosaic and heavy-witted in his temperament. Indeed, he is an emotional young man, who is frequently dissolved in tears by the passion of his own eloquence. So frequently has he overwhelmed himself by the pathos of his own perfervid periods, at the Grand Parlors of the Natives, that a wag bestowed upon him the sobriquet of "Judge Tears." He

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is said to have won the Grand Oratorship by doing the lachrymose stunt. So it is not surprising that this emotional young monologist should seek to vitalize the dry-as-dust opinions of the court by infusing into them a little of the Ciceronian quality that makes for literature by its appeal to the emotions.

The Conquering of His Emotions

Before me lies an opinion of the court written in the fluent and happy style of Justice McLaughlin. I discern in it power and the consciousness of it. That he prates ponderously in platitudes is quite true, but it is readable and most of the utterances of our judiciary are everything but that. The opinion was written to elucidate the principles of law that made imperative the denial of a writ of habeas corpus petitioned for by one J. W. Finley, a prisoner at Folsom, who was indicted under a section of the code which provides that an assault on the person of another committed by a person undergoing a life sentence is punishable by death. The writ was applied for on the ground that the statute was unconstitutional because it subjects the prisoner to cruel and unusual punishment. The court sustained the constitutionality of the statute and Justice McLaughlin said, "It would be profitless to indulge in a homily" touching certain matters, or "to sermonize" on a certain point," and then he proceeded to discuss generalities in an elaborate dissertation of several thousand words. And he began with the statement that, in considering the question, "the warm impulses of the heart must be stifled, for we are to remember that it is not pity for the culprit, nor resentment for his crime, but cold, dispassionate rules of law which can lead us to an impartial and correct conclusion." Thus did he brace himself against the flood of emotion which surges ordinarily through his being. He declared apologetically, however, that "every humane man feels a pitying regret" under similar circumstances, but he was resolved to do his stern duty and keep back the tears, for, "human experience crystalized into law," teaches the necessity of severe penalties.

Sentences of Lyric Quality

In the next paragraph the judicial stylist tells us that it was of the highest importance that each proposition be stated fully and clearly, "and this will, we trust," he added, "excuse any seeming verbosity." A less modest man with the ability to make such a fine contribution to literature would have no thought of complaint about verbosity. Sentences that sing are never verbose. Take this one, for example, right hot from the judicial oven: "So sweet is liberty that men will do and dare anything to gain it. And when a man has forfeited that liberty, when the song of every bird and the breath of every zephyr tells the tantalizing story of privileges forever lost, desperation and despair makes the victim, especially if naturally depraved, a dangerous and daring man." Those sentences may be untidy from the grammarian's standpoint, but there is poetry in them, and the poet is licensed to trifle even with the sacred rules of syntax. The thoughts expressed may lack the virtue of originality, they may even be stigmatized as hackneyed, but it is enough for us to know that the learned jurist is striving to wed the Gay Science and the Dismal Science. Further on he tells us that "Such argument rebounds from reason back upon itself," and the figure is a most engaging one. And he utters many truths which, no doubt, in his opinion, cannot be reiterated too often, as for example, "The infliction of the death penalty is awful; "Crime must be punished and prevented, and lives must be protected." Even our Supreme Court would not think of dissenting from such views. But the opinion abounds in these charming platitudes. They are most gracefully interspersed with venerable aphorisms, imparting brightness and vapidity truly refreshing.

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The Godfather

BY HARRY COWELL.

Louis Verschoyle lived in a world of his own. He was seventy-five winters old, and had remained bachelor, leading the white life, for the sake of his first and last love, Mary Roper, dead these fifty years.

Verschoyle's faith in a future existence was childlike; childlike also his belief that he should spend all eternity with her, the happiness of his youth. His was a simple philosophy, and beautiful withal. Not only was Mary his superior by nature, but she now had the the inestimable advantage of living in heaven. To keep pace with her was, of course, impossible; but by no deliberate or avoidable act of his should the inevitable gulf between them be made wider. His way of life here below being thus plain, Louis Verschoyle, loverlike, spent most of his time in the next world, or rather, in a world of his own, somewhere between the two worlds of other persons.

Handsome and well-to-do, he could have had his pick of many earthly Marys, but the thought of marriage for himself had never since that sad day long ago once entered his faithful heart, much less found lodgment there. His interest, however, in the marriages of others was passionate beyond belief. In all the world that loves a lover could be met with no other such a lover of lovers as was Louis Verschoyle.

And when he beheld a bride and groom, the happiness of this old bachelor was no whit less boundless than theirs. He counted his godchildren by the hundreds.

Now, he had a grand-nephew, the very image of his youthful self, whom he intended to make his heir.

And it so happened that a grand-niece of Mary's, who bore an astonishing resemblance to the beloved dead, lived in the neighborhood, which was in an out-of-the-way, romantic corner of California. To Godfather Louis she was as a flower, full of sunshine, sweet-smelling of the perfumed past.

Although too devout in matters of the heart to be a professional matchmaker, for thirty years he had been bent upon marrying this new Louis to this new Mary.

Day by day this desire grew upon him until at length it became almost a monomania of his earthly existence.

Daily, in his little library, its walls hung with engravings of the world's famous love pictures, where he was wont to retire to read of Ruth and Boaz, of Jacob and Rachel, of Paul and Virginia, of Romeo and Juliet, of Aucassin and Nicolette, and to hold familiar converse with his invisible love, he prayed Mary, the Mother, to grant him this thing before that longed-for day, the day of his departure hence, the day of his reunion with the dead.

When the young people announced their engagement, Louis Verschoyle wept for joy, and made him ready for the coming of the white sleep; and when the day of the wedding came, and he was still in the flesh to see it, for the first time in over half a century he omitted his daily prayer that the angel of death might make him a visit overnight. In the heart of the idealist the strange logic of events had caused a new dream to arise. He had now a mighty desire to be once more a godfather before he died.

Then the newly married went on a year's trip to

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Europe, leaving behind them as it were a bridegroom, dreaming a dream of fatherhood.

Frequent letters, written straight from the faithful heart of old Louis Verschoyle, followed them from place to place,—letters in which his happiness in their happiness found pathetic expression.

At the end of the twelve months, his moon of May honey was still waxing, a golden symbol set in the highest heavens, mysteriously sweet as ever. With a strange eagerness—altogether unusual in one now on the quiet side of the allotted three score years and ten—Godfather Louis read the few letters which he received in return for his many. Invariably when he had made an end of reading, a shade of disappointment passed over his sunny face. Then he would go to his desk, take out a little sealed package—hold it in his hands a moment, and, with a sigh, put it back again in place.

The year had lengthened out into eighteen months before Mr. and Mrs. Verschoyle found themselves under their grand-uncle's roof, to make him a visit of indefinite length, as had been pre-arranged. At last the day of their home-coming arrived. The good man was beside himself for very happiness; but when he gave them greeting, alluding with just a suspicion of sadness in his voice to the great joy that was theirs, the words overflowing from his pent-up soul, they looked at each other strangely, and seemed confused. It was not long before he noticed that they never embraced in his presence.

"You mustn't mind an old man like me," he would say, smiling a benediction upon them, and hasten to leave them alone.

When he discovered that they occupied separate rooms, he put away from him as unworthy a fear that was forcing itself into his heart, and laughed at himself as an old-fashioned lover.

Six months passed thus, when suddenly one morning an unprecedented thing happened. Louis Verschoyle, who every day for fifty years and more had prayed for death without receiving so much as a headache in assurance that Heaven heard, fell sick of an unknown malady. Thinking his hour had come, he called his "two dear children" to his bedside, and there amid tears confessed to them that he was not ready to go.

The children could not hide their surprise. For a time longer than their combined ages, had not the dear old lover looked forward to this, the hour of hours, with an impatience made bearable only through his piety? And they looked at each other, marveling at the persistence of the fear of death and the frailty of human flesh.

"Death," said the sick man, divining their thoughts or interpreting aright their expressions, "death is now, as ever, my friend. But for one thing, I should be most happy to die." And with that he made a clean breast of it, telling how he had long since bought a little present against the coming of a last godson. They would find it in his desk.

Again the children looked at each other, but this time very differently; then burst into childlike sobbing; then kissed fervently, with childlike frankness; then laughed with childlike disregard of time and place.

They had married neither for love nor for money, but simply to please the old lover, their grand-uncle, whom they both idolized, and had lived apart from the very beginning, knowing no sweet save that of sacrifice.

But now the god who comes mysteriously and mysteriously goes made all three assembled there in that sick room vividly aware of his presence.

"Wait, Godpa," said the modern Louis, boldly; "give us a year."

"I will," said the sick man, sitting bolt upright in bed.

As for Mary number two, she blushed and was silent.

On the very day the godson was born into earth, the godfather was born into heaven—not, however, before he had presided at the christening and given his little present.

A Chicago Verdict

I have been reading a capital article by Theodore Bonnet on "The Fiskes and the Trust." Mr. Bonnet's incisive paper appears in *Town Talk*, the best weekly in America, bar not even the *Argonaut* of the same city. There has been so prodigious an amount of nonsense written about the syndicate and its machinations that these clear-headed, piercingly pertinent paragraphs of Mr. Bonnet's are well-welcome. If Mr. Bonnet has many more such articles in his desk I for one make an Oliver-Twist-like demand for more. —*The Musical Leader and Concert Goer.*

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The Stage

Elizabeth Woodson at the Alcazar

Collier Catches the Britishers

No American actor ever made such a complete conquest of the playgoers of London as did William Collier. He went across the ocean a few weeks ago to appear in "The Dictator," the same piece which he presented at the Columbia a few months ago. He expected to stay four weeks, but he carried the town by storm, and now he doesn't know when he will return to this country. He is going to revive his old American success, "On the Quiet," and then he will present a new play by Richard Harding Davis, "The War Correspondent." To a friend the actor confessed that he was amazed at the way he has been received by the Britishers. He said: "So many American actors had failed here that I did not dare to hope for more than a moderate success. I could not understand when the audience became hilarious, on the opening night. Veteran playgoers have assured me that they never saw an English audience so filled with merriment, and I don't think this any exaggeration. Why, they simply laughed and applauded until the performance was drawn out until close to midnight. Mr. Frohman and I have talked the situation over, and we both agree it would be foolish to run off from such profitable 'business.' We have decided to hold on as long as 'it keeps coming' as easily as this." London, by the way, writes a correspondent, has not gone into ecstasies over Maxine Elliott, who opened there, three weeks ago, in "Her Own Way." The critics do not like Clyde Fitch, and therefore they have knocked the play, but they approve Miss Elliott's performance and rave over her beauty.

Denis O'Sullivan is to play an engagement at the Grand Opera House in August. His last engagement there, when he revived the Boucicault dramas, drew large houses, but also drew upon the star's head the wrath of the Gaelic League. But I do not believe "Neely" plays in Irish dramas now. One of his notable hits abroad was in "The Duchess of Dantzig," the same piece in which Holbrook Blinn scored as Napoleon.

Lillian Lawrence will have a vacation during the White Whittlesey season at the Alcazar, as Eugenie Thais Lawton will again support that actor. It is several years since Miss Lawrence has enjoyed any respite from arduous stage work and she will devote eight weeks to the mountain resorts of California.

At the Grand

"The Belle of Richmond" is so much like other "Southern dramas" that it calls for no specific criticism of

BESSIE TANNEHILL
In "In India" at the Bijou Theatre

ADELAIDE MANOLA
The talented comedienne, who will appear with Max Figman at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon.

its merits. It is perhaps rather worse, or rather less meritorious, than some plays I have seen that were cut on the same pattern. It is a poor medium to exploit the talent of any actress of ability, and I presume Georgie Drew Mendum inherits the talents of her famliy. In the play even John Drew or Ethel Barrymore could not score—so how can Georgie Drew Mendum? Lillian Albertson has the role of the belle, and she does what she can with it. The men toy with their roles in much the same way. I should judge the play seems like a huge joke to them.

Old Favorites Return

Monday night the Tivoli will revive De Koven and Smith's romantic comic opera, "Rob Roy," of Bostonian fame. Kate Condon, the handsome contralto, has been lured out from the East to give distinction to the cast, and Arthur Cunningham has been engaged for the title role. Barron Berthald will appear as Prince Charles, the role created by him in the original production at the Herald Square theatre. Max Freeman, one of the best operatic stage directors in America, will handle this production, which should prove a notable one. The Tivoli's management is going to make a strong appeal with this opera and a cast of exceptional strength.

At the Bijou

Though we have never seen Emil Bruguiere's opera, "Baroness Fiddlesticks," out here, everybody can see and hear a little bit of it at the Bijou theatre—formerly Weber's—this week. It is only a dancing bit, to be sure, "Daphne Sue," by French, Trau and La Var, but it is very taking. One of George de Long's songs, "The Tale of the Bungaloo," is given by Bessie Tannehill and a chorus of eight girls. Baptiste Baronda sings tenor selections and Walter Shannon sings "The Toreador" with a chorus. "The Only Helene" does some clever dancing and "The Watermelon Patch" is given by the entire company, with electrical effects. The *piece de resistance* is the military play "In India" in which appears the new member of the company, Pauline Willard.

"Up York State"

This has been a sort of an off week at the theatres for most of the regular clientele were out of town for the holidays, and the audiences on Monday and Tuesday were composed chiefly of the country cousins. But the Alcazar had its usual large houses, and "Up York State" has proved as popular as most of the rural plays this theatre puts on in such good style. Elizabeth Woodson has the best part she has been allotted in some time in Lila Bird, a village maid. Miss Woodson understands how to dress for her part and I have never known her to wear a frock that was out of place for the character or occasion. Craig is natural and convincing as Darius Green, a part directly in his line and suiting him so much better than the swashbuckling, ruffled heroes of romantic staged-novels.

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Max Figman, who will be at the Orpheum next week, began his career as a comedian right here in our own Tivoli. He is a great comedy star now. Figman was one of Sadie Martinot's husbands. After him came Louis Nethersole, the brother of Olga.

Next Week's Bills

"Ranson's Folly" will be seen for the last time, the Sunday night performance closing the regular season of the Columbia. Ezra Kendall will be the first attraction of the new season, appearing late in the month with his newest comedy. Madge Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; May Irwin in "Mrs. Black is Back," and Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann" will be early Columbia attractions.

Florence Roberts, at the California, will present "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The cast will be about the same as when presented here last fall, with the exception of Mayall as Alec D'Urberville. A deal of interest is being taken in the benefit which Florence Roberts is to give next Friday afternoon for Hobart Bosworth. The following program will be presented: First act of "Nell Gwynne," with Miss Roberts in the title role, supported by Paul Gerson as King Charles; second act of "Faust," with Lewis Morrison as Faust, Miss Roberts as Marguerite, Miss Woodthorpe as Martha; "The Ballad of Despair," by Mrs. Lillian Birmingham and Miss Roberts; and the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice."

George Parsons and Georgie Drew Mendum will begin the second week of their engagement at the Grand tomorrow matinee with the Oriental farce, in three acts, "A Turkish Texan." The cast will include besides Mr. Parsons and Miss Mendum, P. S. Barrett, Arthur Boyce, W. R. Abram, Sterling Whitney, Fred. Kavanagh, John Ravold, Charles Campbell, Marie Baker, Bonnie Stockwell, Louise Brownell, Edith Campbell and Fred Wilson.

"On Probation," to have its first stock presentation at the Alcazar, is a brisk comedy which was one of Crane's successes. The week marks the farewell San Francisco appearances of John Craig, Elizabeth Woodson and Harry S. Hilliard, who are about to return East. On July seventeenth comes the notable production, its first upon any stage, of "The Heart of a Geisha," by Colgate Baker. Will R. Walling, leading man of the Yorkville Stock in New York, and now here upon his vacation, is specially engaged for this production. To follow comes White Whittlesey in "Fortunes of the King," the romantic success of J. K. Hackett, but never played in the West.

The Bijou has a strong attraction in ten high-class vaudeville acts and the delightful military play "In India."

"Amorita" will be at the Tivoli.

Max Figman, Adelaide Manola, and their company will present their one-act comedy, "Catching a Husband," at the Orpheum. Harry Earle Godfrey and Veta Henderson promise a surprise in "A Daughter of the Gods." The Hazardous Globe will be a novelty; revolving the interior of a transparent globe with lightning rapidity will be a young man on a motor cycle. Harper, Desmond and Bailey, colored performers, will make their first appearance in San Francisco.

At the Sunday matinee, and thereafter every afternoon and evening for two weeks, Bothwell Browne's "Princess Fan Tan," with a cast of three hundred juveniles, will be at the Chutes.

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LLOYD EDWARDS, Central Theatre.

Scott Marble's "The Heart of the Klondike" will be given a sumptuous presentation at the Central. This play is filled with marvelous scenic effects, one act showing a mountain camp of miners.

Frederick Voelker and his violin have made a hit at the Orpheum. They win more applause than a vaudeville audience usually bestows on this class of work. There is a clever company of pantomimists, too, and some learned dogs and ponies who do original tricks. The bronze and marble statuary groups are interesting, though we have had samples of this kind of entertainment before. Claude Gillingwater's sketch is still one of the best things on the bill.

The isaakwaltons who are at Capitola this year are having great sport, and every day the boats return heavily laden with salmon, yellowtail, seabass and mackerel. The largest salmon caught last week was the twenty-eight pounder landed by C. E. Beck, of Livermore. The hotel was crowded over the Fourth. The Walter Hobarts intend staying all summer at Capitola, I hear.

THE SUNDAY CALL.

The Sunday *Call* for July 9th offers an exceptionally interesting bill of fare for Sunday reading, two of the articles being of special interest to Californians; one is on "What the Land Grants Have Done to California," by William H. Mills, and is an extraordinary revelation of the conditions that have affected the development of this beautiful state, and the populating of it, and the other is on "What We Should Do For Our Exiles in Manila." Helen Dare has written a forceful story telling of the conditions there, and what is needed to remedy them, and two of the most distinguished officers in the army, General Woodruff and General Funston, indorse what she says. Elizabeth Ames discusses the mysteries of lovely woman's lingerie with a page of pictures to show the proper thing in hidden lawns and laces.

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Tomorrow Night and all Next Week
Frederic Belasco presents
FLORENCE ROBERTS
In her remarkable emotional triumph
"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES"
Dramatized from Thomas Hardy's famous novel by Lorrimer Stoddard
EXTRA—Friday Afternoon, July 14th, Florence Roberts' Testimonial Benefit to Hobart Bosworth. The notable program will include Miss Roberts, Lewis Morrison, Paul Gerson, Herschel Mayall, Lucius Henderson and others.

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Juliet Crosby as Kohamma San
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LAST WEEK—Beginning Monday Evening Next
Of Czibulka's famous comic opera
"AMORITA"
Usual Tivoli Prices, 25c, 50c, 75c Only Matinee Saturday
NEXT—Kate Condon, Arthur Cunningham, Barron Berthald and a splendid cast in the Bostonians great comic opera triumph
"ROB ROY"
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At the Tivoli

There is an abundance of good singing melody, but a dearth of comedy in "Amorita." Czibulka's music is still fresh and stirring, its choruses sonorously full, its *valse* tunes as voluptuously tender as Walteufel's, and its concerted numbers clever and sometimes brilliant. The book, however, is the frailest and most disjointed of the older comic operas—a poor framework for such a meritorious musical structure. The lines are fatuous, often descending to the depths of the pun. We are regaled with such brilliant lines as "Your father is a furrier; how can you choose one who is so fur below you?" The principals do their best to extract a little fun from the situations by interpolated business but with indifferent success. Rosemary Glosz, the new singer, is somewhat reminiscent of Annie Meyers. She has a sort of *gamin* prettiness, a shapely little figure and a fair voice. She sings a warbly interpolated song about spring in good style, and is obliged to respond to an encore. Miss Glosz impresses me as being a good stock singer of the soubrette type, with a fund of latent humor in her eyes. She will probably appear to better advantage in future roles. Aida Hemmi looks prettier and sings better this week than at any time since her local debut. Barron Berthald adds greatly to the ensemble with his resonant voice. He carries his grand opera manner with him and is at all times the most impressive figure on the stage. Teddy Webb and Schuster have the herculean task of trying to extract some fun from the funless lines and situations. The costuming shows Goldsteincohn at its best and worst. Some of the principals' costumes are very bright and fetching but a few that are worn were probably passee even in the days of Tillie Salinger.

At the Central

"Chattanooga," the Central's bill, is one of Lincoln Carter's thrillers, and well adapted to the holiday week. There is lots of shooting in it, and the real battle goes off with fine effect. I think the Central company, however, needs strengthening. Miss Hopkins's talent is more of the ingenue order, and Mr. Gamble has a comedy face that is hard to fit into heavy melodrama. They are both better in comedy drama than in emotional pieces.

"A Cross of Conscience"

Fashion and society, especially smart Jewish society, with a large percentage of women's club members, filled the Majestic on Monday night, the premier of Mrs. N. Schlesinger's drama, "A Cross of Conscience." There were many flowers bestowed upon the players, and plenty of applause for the author. "A Cross of Conscience" is a melodrama, somewhat unique of construction. The story is highly sensational and the treatment is novel. The Neills in "Barbara Freitchie" will come to the Majestic next week.

Her Good-Bye to Us

There is nothing new to say about Florence Roberts in "Zaza." She has made this role her own, in spite of the fact that we had Mrs. Leslie Carter in it when it was first given here. Miss Roberts eliminates all the coarseness from the character, and it is much easier to understand how her Zaza could attract a man of refined instincts more than could the Zaza Mrs. Carter gave us. The moral of the play is much more obvious in Miss Roberts's production. Next week "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" will be given, in which play Florence Roberts will bid San Francisco good-bye. It may be a long while before we see her again.

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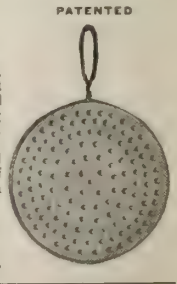

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There are delinquent upon the following described stock upon assessment No. 1, levied on the 8th day of May, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certificates.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
J. F. Lynas	3, 9 and 11	1500	$150.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 8th day of March, 1905, so many shares of said parcel of stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, No. 109 New Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 17th day of July, 1905, at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

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dissertation arrives at the conclusion that the term, with all it implies, is exclusively American. To go straight to the comedian's argument: "Musical comedy is nothing if not American. It's not English, and it's not French, German, Italian or any other old thing. What we call an English musical comedy is in reality a comic opera. Let me explain: It's not the composer and it's not the librettist who give us musical comedy. It's the stage manager and the comedian. When they put their heads together and concoct all the side-plays that go to give laughter to a production, we have the real musical play. That seems like queer logic, but it's sound just the same. John Toole is usually credited with being the originator of musical comedy, simply because he wrote his own scenes for 'The Princess of Trebizonde.' But the fact was Toole did not make any material change in Offenbach's work. It still remained opera. The credit, or more properly the blame, for American musical comedy belongs to the unknown individual who first wrote English comic opera into total irrelevancy. We find the true musical comedy in the production that has no semblance of a plot and depends largely for favor on the antics of the comedians. I have been scoffed at repeatedly because I have dared to hold that 'Our Boarding House' was the direct antecedent of such pieces as 'Fantana.' The evolution of musical comedy reminds me of the Western man who, when the players had failed to draw audiences to his theatre, had to resort to the 'standing room only' sign after he began to distribute candy to his patrons. A couple of ballad singers and a team of dancers added to one of the old farces and the start was made for musical comedy as we know it today. Charles Hoyt called 'A Trip to Chinatown' and 'A Day and a Night' farces, but they were both close approaches to the musical play now popular. No one cares for a plot today, and interpolations no longer are the exception, but the rule."

Florence Roberts' Appeal

To My Friends and Patrons,

The Public and Theatregoers, of San Francisco.

Dear Friends:—

In the last few years I have appeared before you in many characters and met with much kindness, for which I am gratefully indebted to your kindness and encouragement. Hitherto I have depended upon my own efforts to achieve the results, but now I am about to appear before you in a new role, in the great Drama of Life, as a supplicant and beggar in the mighty cause of Charity and Justice, and must ask you, dear friends, to become members of the Cast and help the Play along. I shall do my part to my utmost ability and if you do yours, of which I have no doubt whatever in my heart, we are sure to achieve a success for which we will all be proud and happy. I desire to give a benefit performance at the California Theatre on Friday, July fourteenth, for Mr. Hobart Bosworth, the young gentleman who supported me during my engagement last August and September at the California Theatre, and who has been stricken with the dread disease, consumption, and incapacitated from performing his duties in the great labor of life. During all his career he lent honor and dignity to his profession and performed his duty to society and the world at large with such integrity and conscientious effort that all his fellow-men can say, "He is a man." Now that relentless Fate has laid the cruel hand of sickness upon him, I have proposed this benefit, aided by his confreres and coworkers, all of whom respect and honor him as an actor and a man. During his career of ten years on the stage as a member of the Augustin Daly company and as leading man with Henrietta Crosman, Julia Marlowe and Mrs. Fiske, Mr. Bosworth was ever ready with his own purse and labors to help his fellow-man, and now that misfortune has overtaken him no one is more entitled to a benefit than he. The program in detail has not been completed but I assure you it will be one of the most unique and interesting entertainments that has ever been given in San Francisco, and as soon as it is ready will be announced. In the meantime I will be grateful to all friends who desire to subscribe in any such sum as they may feel justified for seats, which will not be less than $1.50 each, and shall be glad to receive checks or money orders through the mail for same, addressed to me, care of the California Theatre.

With heartfelt gratitude and sincere regard,

Respectfully suubscribed,

FLORENCE ROBERTS.

—The Playgoer.

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Hotel Arrivals

Recent arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond, were: Mr. and Mrs. C. Hirshfeld, Miss Hirshfeld, Doris Hirshfeld, Miss Falkenau, Roland Grubb, A. M. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Selater, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Young and children, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Siegfried, Mr. and Mrs. J. V. de Laveaga, Mr. and Mrs. L. Ransohoff, Mrs. C. L. Ford, Miss Ford, Edw. W. Chadborne, Albert Dernham, L. C. Sheldon, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Friedman, Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Belden, R. G. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Lion Kahn, Mrs. Dr. Clow and Mrs. L. M. Edwards, of San Francisco, are registered at the Hotel Del Coronado, San Diego. Other recent visitors from town were M. I. Cahn, Mrs. I. Cahn and Miss Nickelsburg.

Such a bunch of bankers as have been enjoying the good things of life at the Palace Hotel lately. One could not begin to name them all, but on one day there were Thomas W. Griffiths, of Dallas, Tex.; H. E. Casteel, of Rock Island; O. J. Woodward, of Fresno—all heavy financiers, and that is only a fair sample. Mrs. T. W. Hazlett and Miss Hazlett, of San Francisco; former former Supervisor William H. McCarthy and wife, Mrs. H. McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Chamont, of Inverness; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Smith, of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hall and Miss Hall, of Phoenix, Ariz., are a few of the people who came to the city to spend the Fourth, and who were registered at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin, Miss Lugsdin, J. W. Wood and Miss Wood, who have been away for some time, have returned to town and are once more settled in their permanent quarters in the Palace Hotel.

Miss J. Wilhoit, Mrs. A. H. Hill and Mss R. A. Pratt, of Stockton, are at El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, to spend the summer. Miss Sarah Haste and Miss Louise Haste are at the hotel from Pasadena. Mrs. E. D. Adams and two children are down from Sacramento. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hale, Miss Rountree, Col. J. C. Currier, I. C. McElroy and T. A. Gullifor, from San Francisco, arrived at El Carmelo in their Auto-car after a fine run from San Francisco. J. T. Turpin, Geo. T. Emerson and Miss K. Emerson have arrived at the hotel from Chicago for an indefinite stay.

The man who deals himself four aces is either an ass or a knave.

The Creation of the "Daintiest Dainty"

With the improvement of sugars and all saccharine substances, confectioners and bakers quickly availed themselves of the widening field of operations and compounded ever-increasing wonders and novelties in their lines never before dreamed of. The confectioner and baker indulged in pleasant rivalry as to who could prepare the daintiest morsel. This rivalry has progressed for many years, with ever-recurring surprises, each new one seeming to be better than its predecessor, until the recent discovery of **Champagnards,** which is neither cake or candy, but a most delightful surprise—a wonder—a mystery—and by connoisseurs rightfully named the "Daintiest Dainty." Sixteen subtle spices, wine of Champagne, pure cream, the whitest sugar, and many other ingredients, none cheap, but all excellent, are mixed by dainty hands of women, with pure silver spoons; rolled on hot plates into zephyr flakes, with gloved hands, until they have the nut brown color and crispness of an early morning frost. Thus a Champagnard is created. They defy the wizard machinist to invent a mechanism to produce them. Like the fabrication of priceless lace, slowly and laboriously Champagnards are created. After they are made, they require care to keep them and preserve their delicate flavor and aroma. They are tender, subject to humidity, and must be kept dry and cool until used. They are necessarily expensive, but they are well worth the expense. Dyspeptics can eat them with relish and great benefit when they can eat nothing else. As a dessert with wines, punches, creams, etc., they are the crowning event of the twentieth century confections and have honestly won the title "Daintiest Dainty." Champagnards are made only in San Francisco, but are shipped to all parts of the world, thus spreading the fame of California and San Francisco.

Choice Stationery.

Everything in the line of office and correspondence papers. Papetries, ream goods and pound papers. Kohinoor and Regal pencils. Berkshire typewriter papers and Regal pens. Blank books and memorandums. Index cards and filing cabinets. Good printing and fine engraving. The best of everything at moderate prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market St.

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1012-16 Van Ness Ave. N. W. cor. Sutter and Hyde Sts.
Special reduced rates during June, July and August
Finest Family Hotels on the Coast

The PENDLETON
900 Sutter St., cor. Leavenworth.
San Francisco's select Family and Tourist Hotel announces the completion of the new annex and that the entire Hotel has been completely refurnished and newly decorated throughout.
All rooms large and sunny, with steam heat, private phones, local and long distance. Tourist and transient trade solicited. Cuisine the very best. American and European plans during tourist season. Ideal central location—convenient to all car lines.
M. E. PENDLETON, Prop.

St. Cecile Apartments
115 FELL STREET
Near Van Ness Avenue and Market St.
Thoroughly modern and beautifully furnished, sunny, three room and bath apartments. Summer rates. Now under the management of Mrs. M. E. Brown, formerly of The Browning.

For those who appreciate comfort and attention
Occidental Hotel
MONTGOMERY ST. bet. BUSH and SUTTER SAN FRANCISCO
American and European Plan. A Quiet Home. Centrally Located.
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905 SUTTER ST., Select Family Hotel.
Beautifully Furnished Rooms. Single and En Suite

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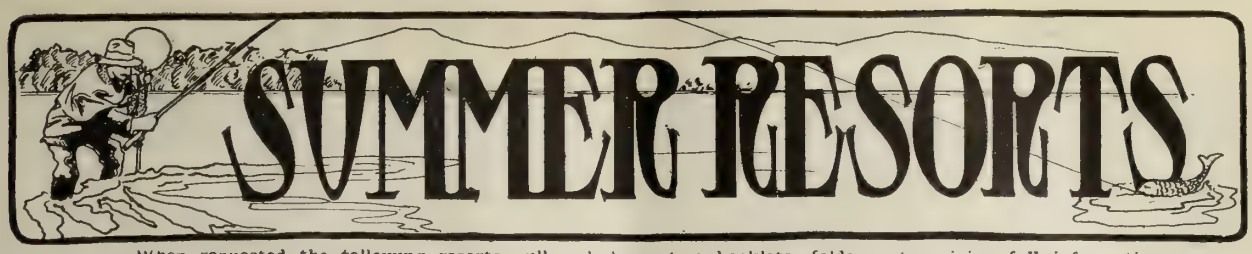
Regular Dinner with Wine, 75c Sundays and Holidays, $1.00
315-317-319-321-323 Pine St. Music Sundays Open Evenings

Louis Arzner Jules Weil
THE GOLDEN POPPY
Restaurant and Grill
589 MISSION STREET Telephone Main 1360, San Francisco, Cal.

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, Cor. Eddy and Mason Sts. S. F.—Private dining and banquet rooms. Phone 429. A. B. BLANCO & BRUN, Props

Techau Tavern
The most unique resort in San Francisco.
There is not a more artistically appointed cafe in the country. . . . . .
It is a place wherein the guest may feast the eye while dining sumptuously and being regaled with exquisite music. . . . . .
The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times. . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .



When requested the following resorts will send descriptive booklets, folders, etc., giving full information.

HOTEL VENDOME

IT'S AS EASY TO GO TO SAN JOSE AS TO TAKE A TRIP ACROSS THE BAY

One hour, 25 minutes by S. P.

Summer days are delightful at the Hotel Vendome. The official report of average daily temperature is as follows: June, 70°; July, 71°; August, 69°; September, 71°.

Famous Vendome Swimming Baths
Indoor and Outdoor Games
Linda Vista Golf Links
World-known Lick Observatory

You can see California at her best by visiting the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

J. T. BROOKS, MANAGER

SAN JOSE

Rowardennan

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

Reservations may be made upon application to Wm. G. Dodge, Lessee. BEN LOMOND, CAL.

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing pavilion; swimming tank; bowling; croquet; rates $9 up. Round trip tickets to Glenwood $4.25 including carriage, and to Santa Cruz round trip tickets $4.00. Carriage will meet train on appointment only, $1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPPS, Santa Cruz.

Gilroy Hot Springs

W. J. McDONALD, Prop.

Open all the year. Stage daily except Sunday from Gilroy. Long distance phone and Postoffice.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. This resort has been entirely renovated. New cement sulphur plunge baths, club rooms and office. A gas plant has been installed and the hotel refurnished throughout. Open May 1st

THE ANGELUS, LOOMIS BROS. PROPRIETORS

The most elegantly and luxuriously furnished hotel of its size in the United States. Now under new management. American and European plan.

LOS ANGELES - - CALIFORNIA

PARAISO SPRINGS

MONTEREY CO., CAL.

Hot soda and sulphur tub and plunge baths. Pronounced the best mineral springs in the State. Expert masseurs. All amusements. Fine hunting and fishing. Excellent table and service. Altitude 1400 feet. Invigorating climate. Stage meets train from San Francisco at Soledad. All information and descriptive booklet from H. C. SHANNON, Manager, or at Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery street.

Own Summer Home in Mountains of Sonoma Co.

CAMP MEEKER

Pure water, equable climate, lots $10 up; cottages built by Meeker, $50 up; stores; restaurant; hotel; post; express; phone; 1200 lots sold; 400 cottages built. Sausalito ferry, N. S. R. R.. M. C. MEEKER, Camp Meeker, Sonoma Co., Cal.

Soda Bay

Through Fare City to Springs $5.50. Tiburon Ferry 7:30 a. m. Only resort located on Clear Lake. Largest Hot Mineral Springs in Calif. Beach Bathing, best fishing and hunting in State. Popular amusements. First-class table; wines and liquors, $2.00 day, $12 week. Address,

Soda Bay Co., Kelseyville, P. O., Lake Co., Calif.

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J. J. Pfister KNITTING CO.
60 GEARY ST., S. F.

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VACATION 1905

IS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

"VACATION" is issued annually by the

California Northwestern R'y

THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "VACATION 1905" contains 200 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, etc., with terms from $7.00 per week up.

To be had at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; General Office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

APPLICATIONS BY MAIL WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATE RESPONSE.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

HOTEL BON AIR

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

37 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Go to the Hotel Bon Air for your summer outing. Bowling, Tennis, Boating, Bathing and Fishing. Escalle R. R. Station via N. P. C. R. R. Ross P. O., Marin Co. MR. and MRS. J. E. MANLOVE, Props.

Agua Caliente Springs

New attractions; open all the year round; nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. Temperature 115 degrees; no staging; fare $1.10. Cures Rheumatism, asthma and kindred ailments. Five Hot Sulphur Springs; tub and plunge baths; largest mineral water swimming tank in State. Accommodations first-class. $2.00 per day; $12 to $14 per week; rates to families, half rates to children. Peck's, 11 Montgomery St. or THEO. RICHARDS, Agua Caliente Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.

We have erected a stone dining room, seats 400 guests.

Tucker Portable Tent Cottage

Ornamental, Comfortable, Sanitary, Hygienic, Cheap.

Don't spend your vacation in stuffy country hotel rooms. Own your own cottage.

On exhibition at Shreve & Barber's, 739 Market St., San Francisco. Booklet free.

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Sole Manufacturers,
Crossley Bldg.,
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(Continued on following pages)

SUMMER RESORTS

TAHOE TAVERN, LAKE TAHOE. Frank W. Richardson, Mgr.
American plan only. Rates, $3.00 per day up. Stopovers allowed at Truckee on all overland railroad and Pullman Tickets.

The TALLAC

LAKE TAHOE

Open for the Season

AMERICAN PLAN ONLY

Resident Physician

For further information as to rates, accommodations, etc., address Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery St., San Francisco, or 22 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

M. LAWRENCE & CO.
TALLAC
Lake Tahoe, Cal.

DEER PARK INN

And cottages, six miles from Lake Tahoe, open June 1st. Ideal place for rest and recreation. Elevation 6507 feet. Fine mineral springs. For further information call at office of Bryan's Inf. Bureau, 30 Montgomery street, or send for booklet.
J. B. SCOTT, Deer Park Inn, via Truckee, Cal.

LAKE TAHOE RY. & TRANSPORTATION CO. TIME TABLE
June 1 to September 30, 1905, Only

A.M.	A.M.				A.M.	P.M.
11:05	7:00	Lv	Truckee	Ar	10:05	7:20
11:50	7:40	Ar	Deer Park	..	9:30	6:45
12:05	8:00	Ar	Tahoe Tavern	Lv	9:15	6:30

Take a Rest

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend days and weeks during the Spring and Summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions — sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society spend their time at Del Monte by the sea. Address GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

At Hotel Del Monte

THE ANCHORAGE

Santa Cruz Mountains

Most beautiful redwood park in Santa Cruz mountains. First class table. Rooms in rustic cottages. Address GIFFORD HALL, Patchen P. O.

The Grove Lake Tahoe

Half mile east of Tallac on Lake Shore. Rates $2 per day; $10 per week; meals 50c. Good saddle horses and the best of livery; boats free to all guests,
J. E. PARMETER, Prop., Tallac, Cal.

HOTEL ST. JAMES

SAN JOSE, CAL.

Located opposite the beautiful St. James Park in the business center of the city. Rates, American plan, $2.50 to $4.00 per day. Special rates to commercial men. MURPHY & BETTENS, Proprietors.
Albert Bettens, Manager.

ASK PECK—HE KNOWS

Literature and Particulars on all hotels and summer resorts in California.
11 Montgomery Street.

Free Information

SUMMER RESORTS

TUXEDO

The Leading Hotel and Resort Place of the SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

On the main line of Nar. gauge R. R., 7 miles from Santa Cruz. Open April 15. Francis W. Smith, Mgr. Write for Ill. Booklet. Felton P. O.

Camp Vacation

Hotel under canvas on the Russian River below Guerneville in a grove a mile and a half long, skirting the river; tennis courts; 40 new boats. There will be a dam in the river affording four miles of smooth water for boating, bathing and swimming. Adults $2 per day, $10 per week; children under 10 half rates. Special rates for families. Open May 1. Address Mrs. L. C. CNOPIUS, Camp Vacation, "Vacation," P. O., Sonoma Co., Cal.

Garden City Sanitarium

A Sanitarium, cottage plan; not a hospital; Equipped for the scientific application of Water, Electricity, Massage, Tissue Oscillation, Electric Light, X-Ray, Dry, Hot Air, and all minor treatments. Large grounds, 5½ acres, shade, etc. Separate treatment apartments for men and women. Fifteen minutes walk from centre of city; one block from car line. Beautiful scenery. Write for literature.

GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM, San Jose, Cal.

Mark West Springs

Now open for guests; croquet grounds and lawn tennis, billiards, shuffle boards, swimming, pleasant walks and delightful drives. Dancing pavilion. Absolutely free from fogs. Large natural warm sulphur plunge bath, and a new cement bath house are among the attractions of the place. Deer, quail, dove and other game abound in the vicinity. Good trout fishing.

Round trip tickets from San Francisco, $3.75. Single fare $2.50.

Terms: $2:00 per day; from $10.00 to $12.00 per week. Children under ten years half rates. Reductions to families. Table, first class.

Address HENRY KOERNER, Mark West Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Or City Address, Drug Store, 833 Larkin St. Phone Polk 1303.

SANTA CRUZ

Mountain and Sea Breezes

The Atlantic City of the Pacific

Not a Dull Moment May to Oct.

Hawaiian Orchestra and Singing Club of Honolulu engaged for the entire season. 13th Inf. Band U. S. A., 3d Artillery Band, U. S. A. and Bennett's Famous Concert Band are engaged continuously. Fireworks, Boating, Fishing, Bathing, Excursions, Completion of Grand Electric Pleasure pier. Beautiful Pleasure Casino and Modern Tented City.

Special Summer Excursion Rates via S. P.

Finest Bathing Beach on Coast

Klamath Hot Springs

Fishing, hunting and health resort. Procure booklet from Peck's Tourist Bureau, 11 Montgomery street, S. F., or from Edson Bros., Beswick, Siskiyou, Co. Cal.

Attention Campers!

If you intend going on an outing we have all the necessities

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Olympic Arms Co.

C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

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BYRON HOT SPRINGS

AMERICA'S GREATEST SPA

THE great health and pleasure resort of California. Here you can find rest, amusement and regain your health. The surrounding country is beautiful at this season of the year. The hotel table is sumptuous. It's the only place in the world where you can get a hot mineral bath in porcelain tubs without leaving the hotel. If you can't spend a long period here, take advantage of the week-end excursion, $7.50 all expenses paid, Friday to Tuesday inclusive. Includes railroad fare, two days' board at the hotel, use of mineral waters and baths and hot mud baths, and stage fare to and from station to hotel.

Hotel Del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest seaside resort hotel in the world. Cuisine unexcelled. Every modern convenience provided.

SUMMER RATES: Each person, $3.00 day, $17.50 week, and upwards. Excellent boating, fishing, hunting, golf links, tennis, bowling. Interesting side trips. Ask railway agent or write

MORGAN ROSS, Manager

Coronado Beach, California

H. F. Norcross, 200 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

Beautiful Laurel Dell

The Switzerland of America

Boating, swimming, hunting, Marine toboggan, bowling, croquet, new livery. Dining room seats 300 people. Guests at Laurel Dell will have the privilege of 15 kinds of mineral water and baths at Saratoga Springs. Teams will run between both resorts. The proprietor of Laurel Dell has lately acquired the La Trianon Hotel at the head of Upper Blue Lake, including the famous Black Oak Spring and the Blue Lake Peninsula, 1000 acres in all. Pamphlet at Pecks, 11 Montgomery St. Edgar Durnan, Prop., Laurel Dell, Lake Co., Cal.

New Hotel Ben Lomond

Just completed; modern in every respect and up-to-date. In the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, on the bank of the San Lorenzo river. Good boating, bathing and fishing. 3½ miles to Big Trees: Santa Cruz 2 miles. Two trains daily to and from San Francisco; four trains daily to Santa Cruz. Write for Souvenir Booklets. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO. F. A. Cody, Manager.

Why not spend the summer in the woods by the sea

Hotel El Carmelo

Pacific Grove, California

"The Little Del Monte." An all-the-year-around family resort near old Monterey and the Presidio Military Post. Low Rates for families

GEO. H. CORDY, Manager.

The Fish Trap, Little Lake Valley, near Outlet Creek

Music

Arthur Delroy arranged some very interesting programs for the Fourth of July holiday at Del Monte. Beside the numbers given by the hotel orchestra on Saturday evening Delroy gave his "psychic melange" and there were some charming vocal selections by Herbert Medley and Mrs. R. E. Revalk. The program at the Sunday concert was: Bridal Chorus, Lohengrin, Orchestra; song, The Lost Chord, Herbert Medley; song, A Song of Praise, Mrs. R. E. Revalk; pianoforte solo, Mrs. C. H. Smith; prose recital, Coming; instrumental trio, Messrs. Briggs, Basset and Mansfeldt; song, In His Steps, Mrs. Revalk; violin solo, Romance (Svendsen), Bartlett Briggs; song, Hosanna, Mr. Medley; finale, There Is a Land, Mrs. Revalk and Mr. Medley.

H. M. Bosworth, who passed away this week at an advanced age, was one of the musical pioneers of San Francisco, and one of the earliest members of the Bohemian Club. He at one time numbered among his pupils some of the best known amateur pianists here and he was organist at Grace Episcopal Church for many years. Mr. Bosworth was at one time musical critic of the Examiner. He invented a musical chart that is still widely used. The veteran organist was the father of Hobart Bosworth, the talented actor for whom Florence Roberts is giving a benefit performance next Friday.

Mrs. A. Wedmore Jones (Abbie Gerrish) is in Victoria and will be away all summer, visiting in Portland, Bremerton, Seattle, and other northern points.

Norwegian Songs

Last Saturday evening the Norwegian Club gave its regular monthly entertainment at its hall in Market street. The evening's soloist was Professor La Villa's pupil, Agathe Normani, and this was the first time Miss Normani had sung to an audience composed entirely of her countrymen. She was a great success, her voice being heard to great advantage in Tosti's "Serenade," Mulder's "Staccato Polka" and a Norwegan folk song. The Pacific Posten, a Norwegian publication, commented in very warm terms upon Miss Normani's recital upon this occasion, saying that her beautiful fresh voice showed a superior method of singing.

Gertrude Judd, the siffleuse, is spending her vacation in Sonoma county.

Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson has written to friends here that she has just finished a tour of Germany singing at private functions. She lately returned to Paris and intends soon to take a pleasure trip through Italy and Switzerland.

Madame von Meyerinck has just returned from Shanghai, where she has succeeded in establishing a branch of her music school here. Next week I shall have more to say about Madame von Meyerinck's Oriental experiences, for she accorded me an interview to which I cannot do justice in the space allotted me this week.

—The Music Critic.

"Since the announcement of her engagement, Maude has discovered that she doesn't really love Tom."

"Well, why doesn't she break the engagement?"

"I believe she's now in her twenty-ninth year."

She—What did he say about my singing?

He—He said it was heavenly.

She—The dear fellow! Did he really say that?

He—Well, not exactly, but that's what he meant. He said it was unearthly.

She Betrayed Her Status

Mrs. Blueblood, on the hotel veranda: That woman who came yesterday must be a nobody.

Mrs. Gossip: Why, she seems very modish.

Mrs. Blueblood: But she hasn't the manner of the ton. She is polite, I notice, to everybody.

The Maid.

LOUIS H. EATON
ORGANIST AND DIRECTOR OF THE CHOIR
TRINITY CHURCH
Teacher of Singing, Piano and Organ
Vocalists furnished for Concerts, Musicals, Etc.
Studio and Residence, 1678 Broadway. Phone East 571.

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TEACHER OF VOCAL MUSIC
Pianoforte, Organ, Harmony and Composition
Special course for singers desiring church appointments
Studio, 1105 Bush St.

Louis Crepaux
(Member Paris Grand Opera)
SCHOOL OF TONE PLACING
——Course of Studies——
Study of the different modes of breathing; the thoracic and the diaphragmatic; Italian voweling and vocalization; study of the dynamics of breathing in relation to shading; special study of the English phonetics in relation to their vocal production and reflection; special study of the English diphthongs, their dual and spontaneous formation in regard to tone reflection; defects of speech injurious to tone production, their correction; study of articulation in relation to tone production and reflection; study of articulation in relation to legato phrasing; study of the Italian masters: G. C. Carissimi, A. Lotti, B. Marcello, G. Martini, G. B. Pergolesi, A. Scarlatti, D. Scarlatti, Stradella, etc.
Apply at School Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Cor. Ellis and Mason, 3:30 to 4:00 except Saturdays

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TEACHER OF SINGING
1474 Washington Street.

MRS. GRACE DAVIS NORTHRUP
having returned from New York City is prepared to again receive pupils in
Voice Culture
AT HER STUDIOS: 1750 Sutter Street, San Francisco, and Blake Block Oakland (Tuesdays and Fridays).

Conrad W. Fuhrer
TEACHER of Violin and Ensemble Playing 1676 Page St.
Phone Grove 463. Also care of Sherman, Clay & Co.

JOSEPH ROECKEL and MME. ELLEN COURSEN-ROECKEL
VOCAL INSTRUCTORS
Assisted by MARIO and MARIA ROECKEL in the Juvenile Classes
Church and Operatic Repertoire, a specialty
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SOPRANO. Teacher of Singing. Residence and Studio: 1714 Van Ness Ave. Phone Hyde 956

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STUDIO: 1511 LARKIN STREET
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Teacher of Whistling
Publisher: "Whistling Exercises"
785 GEARY ST., San Francisco Phone East 4429

SIGNOR PAOLO LA VILLA
(Of Florence, Italy)
N. B.—Special Terms for Professionals.
Vocal Studio: THE ROOSEVELT, 546 Sutter St.
Phone James 1282

Automobile Topics

Round the World

Charles J. Glidden, the Boston millionaire, has completed his tour around the world in a motor car and is the first to accomplish such an undertaking. In completing the circle of the earth the car has been driven 25,100 miles, through twenty-four different countries and 8,000 cities, towns, villages and hamlets. Seventy-eight days have also been consumed in ocean travel, covering in that time 24,627 miles, almost equal to the distance wheeled on land.

"In the 210 days consumed on my journeys," remarked the globe girdler, "I have seen more of the world and its people from the seat of an automobile than any other person, and the trip has been so interesting and enjoyable that I do not hesitate in recommending a like journey for others who may delight in new scenes, new peoples, new customs and the strange and curious things to be discovered in whirling over unaccustomed highways and byways in alien lands."

B. F. Edwards and his White steam touring car near Hotel de Redwood

The Auto in Nevada

The automobile is becoming a great factor in the mining regions of Nevada, and although there are a large number of machines there at present, it requires a very sturdy car to be successful in daily carrying passengers from one town to another over the far from good desert roads. William Brong of this city, who is at present operating the forty-horse-power Columbia, one of the first big machines to be used in Nevada, recently wrote to me about the motor game in that country. Concerning the automobile business he said: "I have just finished the month of May's business and have driven the car about 3,500 miles, 45½ trips between Tonopah and Goldfield, 60 miles, and 2½ trips to Bullfrog, 225 miles, and carried about 600 passengers. The car has not missed a single day, except when business was dull."

The regular fare per passenger from Tonopah to Goldfield, or vice versa, is six dollars, so it can readily be seen that with a machine capable of performing this hard work day in and day out the automobile passenger business is quite a profitable one.

Automobile Rules

Grab der veel vich is in front of you firmly mit both hands and put one foot on der accelerator. Now put der udder on der rheostat und let der elbow chently touch der deodizer. Keep der blow pipe connecting mit der automatic fog vissile closely between der teeth, und let der right elbow be in touch mit der quadruplex, vile der apex of der left knee was pressed against the spark coil. Keep both eyes on der road in front of you und der rest of your face in der vaggon. Start der driving veels, repeat slowly der name of your favorite Coroner und leave der rest to fate.

American Cars Abroad

In a statement to the daily press of the East, Henry F. Shoemaker, who has just returned from Europe, where he made a three thousand-mile tour through the Alps, in company with his daughter, said that there are more Americans touring abroad in American machines this year than ever before. Mr. Shoemaker praised the condition of the roads in Switzerland, and said that even in the mountain passes, some of which reach an altitude of five thousand feet, they are perfectly well adapted to the use of automobiles.

Auto in Business

It is now impossible to ignore the automobile. It certainly has come to stay and it has already supplanted our faithful and overworked friend, the horse, in various directions. E. L. Doherty, manager of the Mill Valley Lumber Company, has become aware of the capabilities of the motor car and is using an Autocar runabout in his business. His travels about Marin county are now a far greater pleasure to him.

The Alaska Automobile Transportation Company has been incorporated at Olympia, with a capital stock of $500,000 to engage in the operation of automobiles from Nome, on Behring Sea to Solomon City, a distance of 32 miles, and to other points.

William Kringer, special agent and adjuster for the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company, was one of the first of the travelers in this city to join the auto ranks. He returned recently from an extended trip upon which he visited the various agents of his company in different parts of the State in his Autocar and is loud in his praises of the usefulness of the modern Pegasus for the knights of the road.

An exchange says that the White Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio, intends to build on twenty-eight acres of land, recently purchased, one of the largest and best equipped automobile plants in the world.

Fine New Garage

J. F. Schellenger, of Riggs, last week puurchased an Oldsmobile two-cylinder tourng car from the Pioneer Automobile Company, and on Friday last ran his machine from San Francisco to Biggs. Mark R. Lamb, of this city, is now the proud possessor of a new Oldsmobile French type touring runabout, which he recently purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Co. Mr. Lamb left on Monday for a trip to San Diego in his machine.

San Francisco can soon boast of another fine automobile garage, the home of the Rarig Automobile and Garage Company, which they are having built in Folsom Street, near Fourth, at a

"Laurel Heights," the ideal home-site of San Rafael, the "Crown Knoll" of the fashionable residential eminence of the town, is offered for sale. Also, "Headland-Manor, Bay-Meadows," the most superb country seat in the West, in picturesque Marin, near Hamlet, on the North Shore Railway, overlooking the ocean at Dillon's Beach, and bordering Tomales Bay, the most beautiful inland waterway in the State, which it commands for 20 miles—
see page 26.

LITTLE OLDS MOBILE

TO THE BIG WINTONS

WE ARE THE OLDEST AND LARGEST WESTERN AGENTS AND WE REPRESENT THE TWO OLDEST AND LARGEST AMERICAN FACTORIES.

WHILE YOU ARE STUDYING AUTOMOBILES YOU SHOULD LOOK OUR COMPLETE LINE OVER CAREFULLY

Pioneer Automobile Co.

901-925 Golden Gate Ave. Phone Private 1000

SAN FRANCISCO

Oakland Agency—Muller Motor Car Co.—134-40 12th St.

cost of over $30,000 for the building alone. The premises will be occupied within another week and the new concern will be prepared to enter the automobile business on this coast not only with one of the handsomest and most improved repositories for motor cars in the United States, but also with one of the most popular machines on the market, the Queen. The line of Queens is the most complete ever manufactured in America, and being well adapted for the conditions prevailing in California, success will without question be with the Rarig Company from the start. The site in Folsom Street was selected by the new automobile concern for its headquarters on the Pacific Coast on account of its proximity to the business centre and its convenience to the residents of Burlingame, San Mateo, Menlo Park, and the peninsula in general, as it will afford those people the convenience of having their automobiles kept within a few moments of the depot.

Local Auto Gossip

Mrs. Mary Armstrong, of Honolulu, is still at San Jose and is daily adding to her reputation as one of the most daring women motorists in the state. In the same White steam touring car that she drove to San Diego this spring, Mrs. Armstrong left the Hotel Vendome the other day for San Francisco. She started at eleven o'clock, had luncheon and shopped in this city and withal, was back cool and fresh at seven in the evening, which, when you come to think of it, is rather amazing.

W. P. Boland and party, consisting of T. C. Boland, D. S. Dimond and J. W. McDonald, made a run from Los Angeles to San Francisco in a model "C" Winton, without even a punctured tire. In speaking of the trip, Mr. Boland said: "My model "C" Winton is a wonder and surprised the entire party, we having heard so much about the steep hills and bad roads to be encountered, but we found no difficulty whatever in negotiating the steepest grade, and made the last two hundred miles of our trip in twelve hours. A Winton for touring every time."

Motorists who have made recent trips north of this city report the roads between Napa and the Napa Soda Springs in far better shape than they were last year. Special attention has been given them with the idea of encouraging motor travel to the Springs. The road is at present in prime condition.

Dr. Chamberlain, one of the most enthusiastic motorists across the bay, left Oakland the other evening at 5:05, bound for Ben Lomond in his White steamer. He stopped at San Jose for dinner and reached his destination at 10:30. The reason for the doctor's great hurry was that his wife was stopping at Ben Lomond and he had not seen her for some time. The doctor says the road is a fright. It is infrequently used now and is full of stumps and sand, yet the doctor took it after dark by the light of his lamps with the speed of a Pennsylvania flyer. Next morning he was up with the larks and he and his wife made the run to San Jose before breakfast, arriving in Oakland in time for the doctor to make his morning visits to his patients and despite this dose of automobiling, Dr. Chamberlain claims to be a homeopath.

Hugo Muller and party of friends, consisting of Carl Schilling. E. Aiken and R. Williamson, made a trip to Santa Cruz on Sunday last, in Mr. Muller's model "C" Winton touring car. The lapse time consumed was five and one half hours. Mr. Muller states that no attempt was made for a record and that he was very much surprised to find that they had made the trip in such a short time. The only stop made was at the garage of Messrs. Osen and Hunter, San Jose, for gasoline. The trip was made over the Santa Cruz Mountains, via Hotel De Redwood.

Romeo Jacks, of Monterey, last week purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Co. a model "C" Winton touring car, and at the same time his brother, Wm. Jacks, purchased a French type touring runabout from the Pioneer people.

The Fisk Rubber Company has opened a branch in this city, temporarily located at 146 Second street, second floor, pending the completion of a building now being erected for them at 409 Golden Gate avenue. This change has been brought about at the request of the P. B. Bekeart Company, who formerly handled the Fisk tire agency in this territory. Phil B. Bekeart, in a letter to his department, writes that in justice to himself and the Fisk Rubber Co., he deems it proper to state that he resigned from the Fisk agency because he could not handle the increased business of the Fisk Rubber Co. and still do justice to his largely increased gun business.

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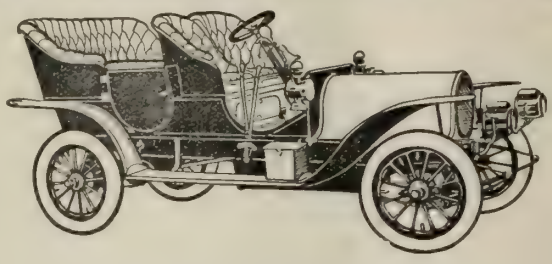

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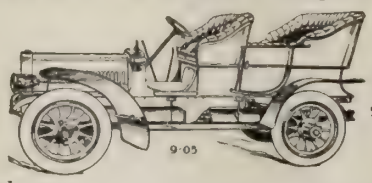

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Letters

"A Dark Lantern" and Shady Story

One may always be sure of something both strong and unusual from the pen of Elizabeth Robins (C. E. Raimond) and "A Dark Lantern" will probably give rise to as much discussion as her former book, "The Open Question." Katherine Dereham, the heroine of "A Dark Lantern," is one of the fortunate social butterflies who need trouble herself about nothing but her own pleasures. Her mother is dead and her father a somewhat shady gentleman, has gladly resigned her to the care of her godparents, Lord and Lady Peterborough, so Katherine is safely ensconced in the inmost of the inner circles of British aristocracy. Her debut in society and her bow to the queen have taken place in the midst of the festivities consequent on the marriage of a popular princess with a small German princeling(and Katherine has attracted the attention of one of the new royal brothers-in-law, Prince Anton of Breitenlohe-Waldenstein. Katherine was very young, not yet eighteen, and apparently very unsophisticated, or else very dense, for a girl in her position, for she took the princely gallantries most seriously and lived the secret life of a heroine of romance, losing sight of the fact that one would imagine most indelibly impressed upon the minds of young ladies in court society, that royal blood cannot be mixed with the commoner article. At all events, Miss Dereham confidently expected a proposal in form and a marriage in full, and in consequence, she had no eyes or ears for any one but her prince. That gentleman had his own ideas of the terms on which he would consider an alliance, and it is needless to say that his hints of the pleasures to be enjoyed at his hunting lodge were on somewhat different terms from what Katherine expected. Meanwhile, Lady Peterborough, on the lookout for a grand match for her protege, is none too well pleased with the attentions of the prince, which she knows can lead to nothing more definite than scandal. His highness, piqued by his lack of success, at last brought his family to acquiescence in a morganatic union, and it is a little singular that, in spite of the urgings of Lady Peterborough, who is delighted with the idea, Katherine refuses the honor. This is by no means the end of the affair, for, though Prince Anton speedily marries in accordance with his rank, he renews his attentions to Katherine, and she who has expressed her indignant horror of the acceptance in her own social set of a certain lord and his inamorata, who were always invited together, and the diplomacy of Lady Peterborough who always included the wife in her own invitation, accepts the princely devour. The affair dangles along in this way, the prince professing to have married only to satisfy the family demands for a successor, and bent on obtaining a divorce as soon as possible, and the titled English ladies taking his word, keeping up a daily correspondence, and finally, on his assurance that he has been legally freed, visiting him at one of the family estates in his own country, where he attempts an abduction and it is only by the merest chance word of a servant that Lady Peterborough discovers the deception, and rescues her ward. Even this is not enough. What a girl does with her pride under such conditions is one of the insoluble problems, for this one was still "open to conviction." In due course of time her father's health had declined, Lady Peterborough was dead, and Katherine remained the companion for Lord Peterborough, apparently extremely anxious about his health and that of her father, but really with so much idle time on her hands and so little wholesome occupation that she took to writing poetry, mourning over her vanishing youth and wishing for her prince, till she had a beautiful case of nervous prostration to nurse. All the celebrated Continental and English doctors failed to cure, and she finally turned to a new disciple of Esculapius who was effecting marvels in cases where everyone else had failed. This Dr. Garth turned out to be a man whom Katherine had once met casually and conducted a quick flirtation with. He had a wonderful reputation, based mainly on his brutal insistance on having his orders carried out to the comma. He literally scared his patients alive. He minced neither word nor action, and since he was a court of last resort there was no tampering with directions nor prescriptions, lest he withdraw from the case. Katherine was ordered to take a rest cure, to confine herself to her own room where she was to see no one but the nurses provided and the doctor. There were to be no letters, no books and no visitors, and though she went to bed practically engaged to Prince Anton she arose in love with Dr. Garth, somewhat after the principle upon which men marry their nurses after a long illness. She had seen absolutely no one, and all the conversations she had held

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with her attendants concerned him and his wonderful successes. The outcome was, perhaps, not so unsuspected of a young lady brought up to contemplate a morganatic union as an honor, and to keep up a close connection with a man in bondage, await his liberation, and engaged definitely as soon as his wife was conveniently, if tardily removed. At all events, it was her own voluntary proposition which established her at Dr. Garth's out-of-town residence a wife on probation, and as they eventually married, all's well that ends well. This sort of thing may work out very well for ladies of assured social position and independent income. They can manage their absences, and depend on assistance to conceal their footprints of they grow tired of the situation and decide to return to a state of single blessedness, but for the ordinary and average who are not prepared to fling their bonnets over the housetops in the sight of all the world, the safest plan will be the conventional one of demanding a clear title-deed to their property before parting with the price. There have been "women who did" ever since there have been women and anything for men to do, and there have been more who have reaped a whirlwind from sowing the wind than have settled down to perfect calm. Incidentally, and not particularly apropos of Katherine Dereham, one would like to ask whether it would not be possible for some author of acknowledged rank to turn a heroine's attention in some other direction than that of literature. It is not a question of fidelity to facts, for of course we are obliged to admit that every woman, in society or out, has a pen between her fingers, but it is so monotonous, and the ladies are so invariably successful with their novels or poems or plays, unless the climax depends on their failure, that if some one would introduce a character who would try to paint or model in clay, or raise orchids the novelty would have all the advantage of a brand new plot. Twenty years ago the girls were all "handpainting" and ther was another while when they all went on the stage, to sing or to act, usually for one night only since the gallant hero resumed them betimes, but there seems to be no end to the rivers of ink. Despite the character of the story of "A Dark Lantern," it is not to be classed among the morbid and unpleasant books, though common sense will dictate the propriety of not handing it to the children. Published by the Macmillan Company.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIII. Saturday, July 15, 1905 No. 672.

No. 4 ***Homer S. King***

This amiable caricature is susceptible of more than one interpretation. The casual observer might think that our caricaturist had illustrated a run on the Bank of California. Or he might think that the caricaturist had illustrated the looting of the bank at a time when the President was taking a sun bath on the roof. But the fact is that in this picture we see the President of the bank sitting on the lid. The persons emerging from the bank are individuals whose credit is good. Mr. King's face wears a grave expression but he is not worried. His responsibilities are great, and therefore he is in serious mood. But the lid is on and business is brisk.

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The Man for Mayor

At this time it appears that the leaders of the two great political parties in this city are in favor of uniting behind a single candidate for Mayor. In their opinion the political situation is such that the re-election of Mayor Schmitz cannot be prevented except by concerted action on the part of those who wish to redeem our municipal government. It is believed that the sentiment of the decent element of the community is in favor of a joint candidate, and the plan of action contemplates the acquiescence of the local Democracy in the choice of the Republican convention, so that now it remains for the Republican leaders to select a man not only qualified by temperament and character for the position, but having such affiliations socially and politically as may be accepted as a guarantee of his popularity. Those essentials are not possessed by many men at this time. It has been said that Organized Labor is ashamed of its representative in the Mayor's office, and that its self-respect and devotion to the public weal will prompt it to forswear allegiance to Eugene Schmitz, but the wise politicians have no such misconception of the attitude of the workingmen of this city toward the man who has posed as their benefactor. They believe that Organized Labor will stick to Schmitz unless the latter has for an opponent a representative of the unions, and that with the unions supporting him the Mayor will get votes enough from other sources to make him a dangerous candidate. It has been suggested that Treasurer McDougald could divert many labor votes from Schmitz, and there is no doubt that he has substantial claims on the loyalty of Organized Labor. His own loyalty to unionism cannot be questioned. He is one of the labor leaders of San Francisco, and for that reason may not be acceptable to the men who are active in the organized opposition to labor unionism. But they are not likely to strain at McDougald, with no alternative than to swallow Schmitz. If we are primarily intent on achieving clean government, then we should hail with delight the nomination of John McDougald, for we know the quality of his moral fibre, and we have reason to believe that he would receive the support of a good many union men.

Flint's Modest Rejoinder

Our Junior Senator, Mr. Frank Flint, of Los Angeles, having deemed it advisable to put himself on record at the Taft banquet, on the subject of our economic relations with the Philippines, it was unfortunate that he did not give a reason for his position. He followed Congressman Payne of New York, who declared himself in favor of free trade between our island possessions and the mainland, and who told why he objected to the imposition of a tariff on the products of the Philippines. His argument was not based wholly on principles of equity. He gave facts and figures to show that the beet sugar industry of California would not be injured by competition with the sugar planters of the Philippines. He threw considerable light on the whole subject, and brought conviction to his hearers. Then up rose Mr. Frank Flint of Los Angeles, on whom was imposed no obligation to state his position. However, it was frank in him to do so, but sometimes it is better for a man to be logical than candid. It was not an occasion for issue-making, or for a public debate, but as Mr. Flint saw fit to serve notice on the sugar beet men of California that he was with them, it was unfortunate that it he was not prepared to tell them why, especially after listening to Congressman Payne's argument. A man is not elected to the United States Senate to represent special interests or separate states. He is elected to serve the people of the United States. Mr. Payne addressed himself, in a measure, to the moral duty of the people of the United States. He explained the political relations that existed and pointed out the moral obligations imposed on this Government. Mr. Payne believes that if we are not prepared to fulfill those obligations we should give the Filipinos their liberty. Senator Flint is probably able to smash the argument of Congressman Payne into smithereens, but he refrained from doing so. Perhaps it was his sense of courtesy that restrained him.

Rockefeller's Munificence

A contemporary tells us that Mr. Rockefeller, by his gift of one million dollars to the endowment fund of Yale University, and his creation of a fund of ten million dollars for the promotion of higher education, has made himself the most munificent promoter of learning in the history of mankind. And to what purpose, let us ask? We are not suffering for lack of education in this country; there is no dearth of educational institutions, nor are there any colleges or universities on the verge of bankruptcy. Many people of sound judgment and clear vision are of the opinion that we are devoting too much time to the exaltation of higher education, and that we should sever the close relationship that has sprung up between what is known as the common school and the higher scholastic academy, a relationship that is responsible for the overcrowding of the professions with incompetents and the breeding of a sentiment against the dignity of manual labor. The condition of our higher educational institutions not being such as to appeal to any one's tender solicitude, it would be hard to enthuse over the munificence of Mr. Rockefeller, even though we saw no connection between it and President Roosevelt's address at the Harvard dinner, on which occasion he said that it was the duty of the alumni of every institution in the land to do their part in creating a public sentiment which shall demand of all men of means, and especially of the men of vast fortune, that they set an example to their less fortunate brethren, by paying scrupulous heed not only to the letter but to the spirit of the laws. It was probably after reading that speech that Mr. Rockefeller decided upon another contrition to the cause of education. He appears to have been goaded into scattering his gold far and wide to show that there are no institutions which are not greedy for his tainted money. The Standard Oil Croesus is not devoid of a sense of humor.

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Yale's Shame

If the alumni of Yale University concur in the sentiments of President Roosevelt, then they have reason to be shocked at the shamelessness of President Hadley in accepting the unclean money of the most conspicuous enemy of this Republic. President Hadley is not in ignorance of the fact that the purpose of Rockefeller's beneficences is to drown adverse criticism in popular acclaim, and that to aid him in the purchasing of esteem is to co-operate with him in a villainous conspiracy. Rockefeller's gift at this time, when press and pulpit and the Chief Magistrate of the country are sounding the alarm against commercial iniquity, and denouncing unclean money as a breeder of moral plague, is in defiance of decency and cannot be properly characterized as anything short of brazen effrontery and preposterous audacity. President Hadley is responsible for an unholy and disgraceful alliance between Yale University and the unspeakable Rockefeller. Neither casuistry nor hypocrisy can palliate the acceptance of that gift, nor give substance to the plea that it is not an endorsement of Rockefeller methods. The acceptance of the money implies that Yale University vindicates John D. Rockefeller of the charges that have been made and proved against him. It means that it is to be devoted to the payment of professors to distort the views of students with regard to the practices of the trust criminals. Mr. Rockefeller gives his money to the cause of education for the same reason that he hires lawyers to keep him out of jail. It is idle to affect a contrary view of his motive, for we know that in him there never burned a single spark of sympathy for mankind. We know that he is not repentant, for he is today engaged in the same criminal practices that enabled him to accumulate his vast fortune. There is only one way for him to devote his money to the uplifting of his countrymen without debauching those that receive and spread demoralization, and that is by distributing it surreptitiously. Every cent of his money that is accepted by a church or university is in restraint of honest criticism of Standard Oil greed and lust and loot, and in promotion of indifference to an evil that menaces the Republic.

When a Church Is Not a Church

Now comes an arbiter elegantiarum with the announcement that it is all wrong to issue cards for a church wedding, because a church is a House of God and should be open to everybody, at all times. Theoretically the position is correct, but actually in these days, a church is rather a club room for the assemblage of a select class, and except the Catholic churches, from which no one is ever excluded, Sundays or week days, day or evening, no matter what service or ceremony is being conducted, it is only during the Sunday services and on the occasion of swell weddings that the buildings are open at all. It has been conclusively demonstrated, in all the large cities of America, and not unlikely elsewhere in the world, that strangers who cannot dress well had better not intrude in a fashionable church. If they really feel the need of attending church there are mission chapels to which they are welcome, but please do not put pastors and ushers in the embarrassing position of offering discouragements while seeming not to do so. The practice of turning over religious edifices to private individuals to decorate to their own satisfaction and use for the purpose of rehearsals has become so common that the rights or privileges of others are lost sight of on these occasions. To be sure, an assemblage of our best society called together to witness a fashionable wedding cannot be considered, by any stretch of the imagination, a congregation of worshipers, and the loud talking, the scuffling for places of vantage, the craning of necks and the climbing on the seats, not to mention the mad rush for the door to intercept the bridal party, is more suggestive of a bargain counter fight than of anything solemn and reverential, but when churches are used for bazaars, oyster suppers, ice cream socials and exhibitions of various kinds, it is hardly to be expected that, with the theatrical tendencies of the pulpit, there can be thought for aught but the spectacular. A marriage ceremony would seem to be such an intimately personal affair that no blame can be attached to those who prefer to have it as quiet as possible, with only relatives and very near friends present, but when cards of admission are required at a church, privacy is the last thing that is desired. The point is not that only the few who are directly interested may be present, but that only those who are sufficiently well-dressed may be admitted, in order that no such jarring note as the poor woman intent on her prayers or the laborer in faded coat may intrude. For the time being the church is not a House of God, but the property of Society.

The Plan To Ostracize The Divorced

Again the question of the advisability of ostracizing the divorced has come up in New York society, and again the counter proposition of how it is to be done has presented itself. It is an easy matter to pass resolutions and write club papers. Popular preachers may fulminate, and editorial writers make use of their most forcible rhetoric, but there still remains the gulf between theory and the practical application of it. The ramifications of divorce are many and wide. Sisters are not likely to refuse to speak to one another in furtherance of a plan to discountenance divorce; nor is a mother going to snub her children for having availed themselves of the law of the land. If divorce were put strictly under the ban of social condemnation even commercial circles would be disturbed, for the average business man would be inclined to resent the cold-shouldering of his wife. Society today is too complex for the enforcement of such a plan of action as that which has received the endorsement of the Pope. That social ostracism should be the portion of those who have separated because they have wearied of each other and have had their affections alienated, is not to be disputed, but we are quite sure there is not to be any social revolution. The Roman Catholic women.

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known as the "Daughters of the Faith," who have banded together to purify social morals, will soon find that their sphere of influence is confined within very narrow limits. After awhile they will discover that they have marooned themselves in isolated and desolate territory. It is a good thing to frown down divorce, for it has become a great social evil. But we should remember that it received the sanction of that eminent reformer, Martin Luther, and that there are many people in the world today who believe that it is consistent with the highest morality to dissolve irksome marital ties, and enter into a second or even a third union. Moreover, we should remember that the State regards divorce as one of the inalienable rights of the citizen. In the circumstance it is rank impertinence to visit obloquy on those who have availed themselves of a civil and religious privilege. It savors of bigotry to declare an indiscriminate boycott against all divorced people, and yet it would not be practicable to discriminate. The divorce decree cannot always be taken as *prima facie* evidence of the virtue of the one to whom it was issued. However the divorced need not be alarmed over the pronunciamento of the "Daughters of the Faith." If somebody would only start a craze for old husbands and wives, like the fashion for old furniture and heirlooms of family plate, perhaps something might be accomplished. Really, divorce is getting to be so common that it will shortly become a distinction second only to Mayflower ancestry to be able to refer to "my husband that I have had for twenty years," or "the original mother of my children."

———

Back To The Rod

New York has decided to return to the spank-cure. After having given a reasonable trial to the theory that bad children can be governed by a wagging of the pedagogical forefinger, it has been decided that there are cases when the old-fashioned remedy is not only the most expedient, but the only one which is effective, so hereafter the principals will be authorized to apply the rod not as tyrannical masters bent on compelling innocent childhood to follow arbitrary rulings, but as guardians specially appointed to act for the best interests of their charges. It is a great pity that the tender-hearted ones who serve on committees to prevent the proper disciplining of unruly children cannot be placed in charge of classes of incorrigibles or unruly boys and girls who have missed the wholesome government which they so badly need. All children do not need spankings, nor do the same children need them for every offence, but there are some who cannot be reached in any other way. The alacrity with which boys settle their own difficulties by a resort to fisticuffs is a sufficient indication of their own opinion of the efficacy of "a good licking," and the readiness with which the vanquished makes alliance with the victor in a fair fight, ought to dispose of the notion that because a child has been spanked he is therefore brutalized or any the worse for it. There is just as much harm in the modern method of letting children do about as they please, without physical correction when all else fails, as there was in the old-time fashion of flying into a temper and laying about with whatever came first to hand and without reference to the injury that might result. There are plenty of records detailing the physical injuries which have resulted from canings, but there are examples to be seen every day of the moral injury which has come from refraining from the application of Solomon's remedy.

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Characteristic New England Impertinence

An Easterner recently located in "Bret Harte's country" has addressed an open letter to one of the daily papers setting forth the pitiful plight of a number of old prospectors who are living in the foothills, eking out a miserable existence, often in need of necessaries, always without comforts. The communication, it is hardly needful to specify, closes with an appeal for contributions and an intimation that California is giving but stepmotherly care to picturesque relics. It is praiseworthy to be philanthropic, but why should there be a special appeal to sentiment in behalf of an unfortunate who came to California in '49 and bears an outward semblance to a character in fiction? The pioneers did not cross the plains to make history. Theirs was a sordid purpose. It is not the fault of the state or of the generation of later comers, native born or immigrant, that these old prospectors have not "struck it"; that they have nothing to show for fifty years of labor is no reflection on us. There is no community in which a similar class is not to be found. How speedily the New Englander would resent the meddling of the Native Son, were he to call attention to the abandoned farmers and weather-worn seamen of the Eastern country. A failure to make a living and provide a maintenance for old age is not a virtue in itself. Instead of being indifferent to her pioneers, California is forever answering appeals on their behalf. The hat is eternally thrust under our noses, and if it is not the first preacher or the first teacher who is to be provided with bread or a stone, it is the first something else. We are preserving landmarks, and erecting monuments, establishing annuities and contributing to purses every day in the week. We have hospitals and homes and refuges and directories for every class in the community, and associations of pioneer mothers and fathers, sons and daughters and goodness only knows how many other organizations, all bent on doing their share. We should suggest that this impertinent New Englander stay here and improve his manners. When he becomes acclimated, he may learn that what he now consid-

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ers great hardships are not such in the opinion of the old miners. The prospector, living by himself and pursuing his lonely way, does not want to be hampered by goods and gear. Long experience has taught him the advantages of a simple ration of bacon and beans, coffee and slapjacks, and with a skillet and a frying pan in the way of camp equipage, a pair of blankets, a pick and shovel, and perhaps a rifle, he wants nothing more than a supply of tobacco, his old black pipe, and solitude. While he is able to follow his burro's tracks he will not live in a town or settle to civilized ways. He is no mendicant, for he never loses his hope of a bright future. Tomorrow or next week he may discover a wonderful vein or one of the fabulous lost mines. Nothing would be less to the liking of the genuine prospector than to be represented as a pauper seeking alms.

The Passing of the Preacher

BY HARRY COWELL.

The temper of the times, if one may so speak, is impatient of being preached at. Against him who declares it to be desperately wicked, and exhorts it to be inhumanely good, the modern heart shuts itself in resentfully. Many of the very best persons I know flee a hortatory tone as they would a pestilence. Nothing but the force of habit prevents homilies from being addressed to empty seats. Say what we will, today is not yesterday. Change has not spared the pulpit. The creeds of our fathers are as they, dust and ashes. Life is no longer the simple thing it once was, or seemed to be. No longer is good distinct from evil as day from night. Over the whole world of morality broods a twilight wherein the wisest go warily. We do not know as much as we used to when we knew less. Ignorance is ever ready with its answer. Our reverence for the judgments of the petty court of appearances grows not with our growth. The veriest tyro in the difficult art of discernment has learned that a face fair and saintly enough may be hidden behind the hideous mask of sin that meets the eyes. He has seen righteousness worn as a purple robe to cloak the soul's leprosy withal.

Now, which of the two, think you who are not given to answering questions offhand, has done more for the soul of man—the preacher or the artist? Do you believe that there is any such thing as getting to heaven by way of beauty? If so, which, tell me, is more to your liking, the goodness that is the direct result of preaching, or the goodness that is a by-product of art? There are many who hold that because preaching is hard to swallow, it is beneficial; that because art is pleasant to the taste, it is pernicious. But the like dogma has long ago been exploded in medicine. No; delight is not of the devil, nor are the joy-makers his minions. To be bored is not to be blest; to be delighted is not to be damned.

That the power of preaching as a modifier of character is waning and the power of art waxing admits, I believe, of but little doubt. The former, though overestimated, was once greater than it now is; the latter, though underestimated, less. Many persons who were wont to think of actions as good or bad now habitually think of them as beautiful or ugly; that is to say, from the point of view of aesthetics rather than from that of ethics. The change is far from being merely one of words. And so far as I can see, despite much evidence to the contrary valid in the petty court of appearances, the soul blossoms more freely and wonderfully in the atmosphere of art than it does elsewhere. That mortal man, while enjoying himself with literature, music, painting, the work of artists without any moral end in view, should unconsciously grow in grace, seems too good to be true,—does it? Out upon you for a wretched pessimist! May you be preached at throughout all eternity, with a dozen wanton imps in attendance, to keep you from nodding. The poet does his moral work incidentally. To be didactic, to be useful, to do good, as it is called, is the last thing he thinks of. Nor do I, for one, read him to the end of bettering my morals, but simply for delight's sake. In pursuit of its own proper sweet, careless of the good it does, the humble bee flits from flaming clover flower to flaming clover. None the less does the trefoil owe its very existence to the honey-gathering insect's visits.

Believe me, I am no saint, not by any possibility a candidate for the calendar, and yet I resent the assumption that my soul is in need of being saved. Now, when Shelley invites me to go soaring heavenward with his skylark, or Schumann-Heink lifts me into the blameless blue on the wings of her song, or Raphael gives me a glimpse of a beatific vision, not a word is said about my being a sinner, not the least hint made. The unpleasant fact is totally forgotten. Nevertheless, if ever there be much joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner I wot of, it will be owing not to the preachers but to the artists. Mind, I have no serious objection to being made good so long as I do not realize what is being done to me. Many and many a time have I let a sermon go into one ear and out of the other, courting absentmindedness, or composed myself quietly to sleep while it was being read to me, in the hope that I might be, so to say, unconsciously converted. The truth is, the soul of the modern world is not

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to be saved by sermonizing. If it is to be saved at all, it is by indirect means, so that men shall spring up into beauty with as little self-consciousness as the lily or the rose. Man is, I fear me, somewhat pig-headed. If you drive him too hard towards heaven, he will right about and through your legs to perdition.

"But artists, who live as it were in the immediate presence of beauty, are said to be an exceptionally bad lot. What, if there were any salvation in art?" On whose authority are they said to be bad? That of their natural enemies, the Philistines. But it remains to be seen whether the word of a Philistine has any weight with Him who looketh not on the outward appearances, but on the heart. After all, are they who live as it were in the immediate presence of Goodness an exceptionally good lot? Do not misunderstand me. For myself, I have nothing against the cloth save its color and simply wish that goodness were not so much given to going in black and gray. The Church is as a mother who lectured and whipped me when a boy—from love, for my good. But I am now come to man's estate. So in great measure has the world at large. As I read what is written on my own heart, I do not fail to recognize in the writing a sign of the times not insignificant.

At the close of the recent war of science against religion, the lifelong belligerents divided man between them, science taking the head, religion the heart; but the heart is not what it was before the war. To me, at least, it seems changed. Furthermore—whether as a result of the war, it is hard to say—art is no longer the handmaiden of religion. In fact, it is almost wholly free of church and state, is not called upon to serve either God or the king—the censor is all that now survives of the one-time slavery. The work the handmaiden wrought of old in the great cause of man's spiritual well-being is not easily disentangled from the work of her mistress. It is the habit of historians to give the general credit for the victories of his army. If artists are, as alleged, a pretty bad lot, leading anomalous lives, strangely at variance with beauty, the reason is not far to seek: the devil is wise enough to bring the flower of his forces to bear against his real enemies.

The Fleshly School of Poetry

BY JOHN COWLEY-BROWN.

In a recent issue of Town Talk I note some admirable advice which it is to be hoped the bardlings to whom it was addressed will read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. The same sage counsel was prefaced by a paragraph that toasted to a crisp one of the most notorious of the scab poets—Theodosia Garrison.

Certainly Theodosia "writes poetry (?) without a license and could be suppressed if the policeman on his beat would only do his duty"—but there are others.

For example: Some sixteen years ago Ella Wheeler Wilcox, then a young Wisconsin girl, wheeled her nuptial couch into Grub street, and by the act acquired sufficient adventitious advertising to keep the wolf from her door from that day to this.

The Fleshly School of Poetry movement (inaugurated, so far as this country is concerned) by the erotic effusions of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is at present epidemic. Bliss Carman, the jingle-man, for example apotheosizes his lady-love thusly:

> Her hair was crocus-yellow,
> Her eyes were crocus-blue.
> Her body was the only gate
> Of Paradise I knew.
>
> Her lips were velvet raptures
> Her mouth a velvet bliss;
> Not Lilith in the garden had
> So wonderful a kiss.

A far cry, surely, from the passionate moan of Germany's great sentimental poet, Schiller:

> How is it that my Laura's kiss
> Brings to the cheek a rosy flood,
> Quickens the heart with gathering bliss
> And madly stirs my fevered blood?
>
> Each nerve beyond its tension springs,
> The bursting veins would overflow,
> Body to body frenzied clings
> And souls expire in amorous glow.

The audacious animalism of Bliss Carman, however, is discounted by the whinings of an Edmund Russell-Oscar Wilde young jackanapes, one Earle Purington, who at present is reading in New York drawing-rooms from his unpublished poems, of which the following precious extract is typical:

> I kissed you then with tongue on tongue
> A kiss that stung.
> That burned on lips, while passion wrung
> The plea it flung.
> Come closer, love—love, LOVE, until
> We feel the wild ecstatic thrill
> Of heaven's rapture than can fill
> All hell's abyss—
> The lover's kiss.

These men-women and women-men—the men are pinguid poseurs and the women old maids fat and forty—write mostly in the *Smart Set* and other magazines hospitable to *Les Jeunes*. Passages like those quoted from Bliss Carman and Earle Purington (to spare my stenographer's blushes I have refrained from citing Ella Wheeler Wilcox's cantharidian ravings, "hacked out of the quivering muse with a meat axe") are the common stock; the meat, drink, thought, sinew, religion, of the drinking, dicing, drabbing heroes of the contemporary Fleshly School of Poetry. Indeed, Robert Buchanan's remarks apropos of Swinburne and Rosetti are so pertinent, applied to the above-enumerated Belial-throng, that I will here borrow from them to the extent of remarking that I, too, cannot

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forbear expressing my wonder at the kind of women whom, judging by their lupanar lyrics, it seems the unhappy lot of these poeticules to encounter. I have lived nearly as long in the world as they have, but never yet came across persons of the other sex who conduct themselves in the manner described. Females who bite, scratch, scream, bubble, munch, writhe, twist, wriggle, foam, and in a general way slaver over their lovers, must surely possess some extraordinary qualities to counteract their otherwise most offensive mode of conducting their amours. It appears, however, on examination, that the poet-lovers of the Saphos of the day (Theodosia Garrison, Elsa Barker, Zona Gale, Ella *et al.*) conduct themselves in a similar manner. These ale-house aesthetes spell their art with a large A and their God with a small g. Their animal faculties are developed by too much absinthe and too little exercise. They, too, bite, scratch, scream, bubble, munch, writhe, twist, wriggle, foam, and slaver, *a la* epicene creations of salacious Symons, the English prototype of our American pornographic poetasters. [I will here parenthetically state that to my mind the only living American poet *writing* poetry worth reading is George Sterling, author of that noble achievement, "The Testimony of the Suns".]

Yes, indeed, if Robert Buchanan were alive today, what a counter-blast he would launch against the protracted hankering after a person of the other or of the same sex so typical of our own *Smart Set-Town Topics* bardlets, whose tiresome tintinnabulations tinkle in all the trite magazines. The veritably stupendous preponderance of sensuality and sickly animalism in the amorphous erotics of Bliss Carman, Le Gallienne, Cheney, Charles Hanson Towne, *et id genus omne,* surely would have enraged the true poet whose wise words, "but flesh, merely as the flesh, is too much for me. I find it foolish, querulous, affected, uninteresting. I do not admire its absurd manner of considering itself the Soul. I grudge it none of its delights, even in the way of 'lipping' and 'munching'; only, let it enjoy them without making such a coil about them. The world never tires of *real* passion; it will listen to Burns' love-songs for ever; but fleshliness is not necessarily passion, and may abound in natures utterly passionless. There are many other functions of the flesh which it is not the custom to perform in public, but which are quite as interesting to third parties as what Shakespeare calls 'the deed,'" are as true today as when originally written, in 1872.

The world never tires of real passion; it will listen to Burns' love-songs for ever. How true! The editors of our deadly dull American magazines should reprint one of Burns' love-songs in every issue; their real passion would be a revelation to readers of *Harper's, The Century, Atlantic Monthly, McClure's, Ainslee's,* etc., in whose dry-as-dust columns the very valueless verses of the Bliss Carman-John Vance Cheney gang are published monthly. How the readers of, say, the practically unread because unreadable *Century,* would gasp if that bell-boy of literature, Richard Watson Gilder, permitted them to taste of real passion as found in any one of Burns' short sweet songs, say, "The Gowden Locks of Anna," or that fine careless rapture, "Whistle, and I'll Come to You"; or the truly exquisite lyric commencing, "O Molly's meek, Molly's sweet"; or "The Rigs o' Barley," a strain that surely will endure while the language lasts.

Yes, magazine editors, back, back, back to BURNS, the Burns of "Wilt Thou Be My Dearie?" "The Lass That Made the Bed for Me," "Ae Fond Kiss, and Then We Sever," "My Love She's But a Lassie Yet," "Her Daddie Forbad, Her Minnie Forbad," "Comin' Through the Rye," and after Burns, reprint from rare Ben Jonson, from Herrick's "rosebuds set with little wilful thorns," from Suckling, from Carew, from Donne (omitting of course that greatly daring elegy wherein the lady is compared to a globe for her lover's exploitation), from Drummond of Hawthornden (the poet best-beloved by the gentle Elia), from Crashaw, from Waller of "Go, Lovely Rose" fame. Boycott the fantastic figures of the present Fleshly School, impudent imitators, so far as they and their editors dare, of that black period in English poetry when scrofulous and foul-mouthed verses were the vogue. Also, "literary policemen," do your duty! When Ambrose Bierce was writing "Prattle" the "Theodosia Garrisons" of the day got their deserts from the formidable birch of that literary Rhadamanthus. Bierce, however, was a critic, and a ripe and good one. Nowadays of criticasters we have enough and to spare, but a critic is a rare bird, very like a black swan. Hence the devastating torrent of newspaper balladmongers and magazine verse-butchers.

Twinkle, Twinkle, in Bostonese

Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

—*The Pedant.*

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Our Strategic Dowager

Now that Mrs. Eleanor Martin has become a society leader of national reputation more interest is being taken than hitherto in her doings, and there is greater curiosity than ever regarding her personality. Though she is not a woman to be tracked by the nickels she drops she has a very kind heart and spends a great deal of time advancing the interests of those she likes. I am told that she had a hand in the promotion of Lieutenant Howland, in whose behalf she invoked the influence of General Young. Though she sends no talented girls to Europe for study she enables several society women to keep up appearances by supplying them with frocks, hats and lingerie. There is one young woman whom she has kept in frocks for a decade, and others she has supplied with ball gowns. Among her retainers there is said to be a great deal of jealousy, and they never quit plotting for place in the receiving party at her numerous receptions, teas and dinners. Most of Mrs. Martin's protegees have been married women, but the latest is a very attractive young girl who appears to have a great deal of genuine affection for the amiable dowager. She is a very independent young woman, who, every one in society thinks, is very foolish because she doesn't go in for a social career. Her relatives are high in the social scale and could make her the belle of the Four Hundred if she would choose to let them. That she doesn't allow them to exploit her is proof to most of her set that, unlike some of Mrs. Martin's protegees, she is not cultivating the kind-hearted old lady for the favors she might bestow.

The Gathering of the Martins

The Martin clan made a brave showing last Friday night. As many of the clan as could be rounded up were in evidence, beaming on the gorgeously arrayed multitude and receiving grateful acknowledgment from those that felt that an invitation to the grand function was more than they could reasonably have expected. Almost every Martin to whom the Broadway mansion was accessible was there. The Walter Martins beat the barrier from the Portland Fair and got under the wire in ample time. Anita Harvey came home from Tahoe, where she was the guest of Mrs. Kohl. Mrs. Downey Harvey went East, snatched her youngest olive branch, Genevieve, from school and arrived in the nick of time to grace the endless receiving line with her two daughters. She was by far the best-looking matron at the reception, not even barring Mrs. Inez Shorb White, who is a few years her junior.

Alice Made Them Wince

It was about eleven o'clock before the crush began and then every square inch of the spacious Martin establishment was occupied. It was a hot crush, for the night was tropical and the feverish crowd made the warmth almost unbearable. At twelve o'clock the atmosphere fairly sizzled, and some carefully manufactured complexions were badly damaged. There was a general mopping of brows. Several old parties who had been dragged to the scene by their wives and daughters looked dangerously near the apoplectic point. The women, as usual, bore up bravely and behaved decorously, but there was a little vulgar jostling when the much advertised Alice put in an appearance. If Miss Alice was bored she has all the art of a Duse, for she certainly gave a good imitation of a girl on a lark. Her handshake was as hearty as a boy's and her whole manner bespoke good nature. She is a very graceful girl and she is as lithe as an athlete. Several girls who winced at her grip are positive that she is all muscle. She looked more like Chartran's portrait than ever. Chartran has idealized her a little, but no artist could do justice to her infectious smile. She is very pale but her pallor is not that of poor health.

No Line was Drawn

Dear old lady Martin was once more game to the end. She was at her best, and looked quite impressive in white silk and all her jewels. The dailies wandered far from the truth in representing that she sought to make the occasion a test of social status. As I have frequently stated, Mrs. Martin is a woman of democratic spirit. She has a great passion for social eminence, but there is nothing of the snob in her nature. When everybody sized up everybody else at the reception it was obvious that there had been no attempt to separate the sheep and the goats. Mrs. Martin had brought no branding-iron into play. She invited almost every one she could think of and she has a good memory. She resuscitated a number of dead ones, and brought several back from oblivion, and they looked pathetically grateful and gushed over the good-natured social queen as she had never been gushed over before. Some beautiful costumes were worn at the reception, but not by the Easterners, who made a poor showing in modishness and in the matter of pulchritude. There were some awful frumps in the receiving party, some of the Easterners looking at though they had dressed for a Kalamazoo strawberry festival.

Among those Absent

Although Mrs. Martin invited all the rag-tag and bobtail of society to her epochal function, there were people of the very innermost circle of the elect who were overlooked. And their omission from the list of the invited could not have been unintentional, for of course, when making up her list, the Queen of our Provincial Elite had before her the lists of the swagger dancing clubs, and from them stared her in the face the names of Mrs. James Coffin and Natalie Coffin, who are of the very swellest set in town. Yet they were not of the push that panted for breath in the Martin domicile. Neither were Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown, nor even Miss Newell Drown, one of the most popular girls in the most exclusive younger set. I looked over the list in vain for the Horatio Livermores, the Henry Foster Duttons, the Emory Winships, the Edgar Peixottos, the Mark and Will Gerstles and the Josiah Howells. Surely, when Mrs. Martin lowered the bars to the proletariat that were among those present, when she swelled the throng with recruits from the bourgeoisie, she was not mindless of the people I have mentioned as among those absent. Is it possible that some sly knave in the Martin menage got hold of the list and blue-penciled it sur-

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reptitiously? Surely the dear, amiable dowager was not responsible for the exclusion of any of the somebodies of society. I was not surprised that Sidney Salisbury's name was omitted because there were other young men of his age and set omitted, a circumstance indicating that there had been no invidious distinction made so far as he was concerned. For instance, Wilberforce Williams, brother of Mrs. Walter Hobart, was not there. Covington and Sidney Pringle were absent, and so were Duval Moore and the Zeile boys. However, it would have done no harm to include them all, for Mrs. Martin sent invitations to Sir James Talbot Power and Count Grimani, both of whom are on the other side of the world; also to the Peter Martins, the Charles Oelrichs' and Harry Oelrichs who are in New York, Baron von Horst, who is in London, and to the Will Tevises, Timothy Hopkinses, the Loughboroughs and Azalea Keyes, all of whom are summering in Europe. And they were not the only ones who did not accept the invitation.

Our Commercial Orators

The banquet in honor of Secretary Taft was not so stupid and unprofitable as it might have been. It was given by the seven commercial organizations of San Francisco and we were afflicted with the ponderous wit of the presidents of only two of them. If the other five had insisted on being heard the effect would have been appalling. The commercial organizations of San Francisco are not strong, I should judge, in spellbinding talent, for they gave us Andrea Sharboro as toast-master and Frank J. Symmes as their spokesman. Neither of those gentlemen is gifted with the power to edify. They are not graceful after-dinner speakers and they do themselves no great credit in thrusting themselves into the foreground at a State banquet. Mr. Sharboro is less offensive than Mr. Symmes because he consumes less time. The only speech at the banquet worth listening to was that of Secretary Taft, for he has magnetism and he had something to say, but his utterance lacked polish and continuity. The two most eloquent men at the banquet were silent, for neither John P. Irish nor John McNaught were on the program.

He Turned His Back

When Mr. Taft plunged into the Chinese exclusion topic and explained that it was merely President Roosevelt's desire to see that the law shall be administered in a manner befitting a highly civilized Occidental Government, there was vociferous applause from every table in the banquet hall, but there was one man who refrained from expressing his approval of the sentiment to which any upright, conscientious citizen might cheerfully subscribe. If he had merely refrained from applauding, the circumstance would not evoke comment, for all of us are not demonstrative, but this individual deliberately turned his back on the speaker as though to express his dissent. Such was the conduct of Sammy Braunhart, whose political career began in the days when the sandlot was the forum of the demagogue. No doubt Sammy would like to see a renewal of the anti-Chinese agitation.

The Snubbing of Schmitz

There has been much criticism of the officers of the commercial organizations for not inviting the Mayor of San Francisco to the Taft banquet. The critics say that as it was in the nature of a reception to a representative of the Federal Government, the Chief Magistrate of the city should have been on hand to deliver the address of welcome; that howsoever discreditable has been his administration he is, nevertheless, the official head of the municipal government and as such should have been permitted to officiate in the customary manner. To snub him on such an occasion was to drag our soiled linen into the light of day for the inspection of the guest of honor. However there are two sides to the argument. The matter was threshed out in committee, and I hear that Frank Symmes announced that he would not attend the banquet if Mayor Schmitz were invited. And thus did they overlook the opportunity to avoid that serious obstacle to digestion—the Symmes speech.

Miss Alice's Father Would Approve Them

The A. W. Fosters' guest list at the luncheon given in Bohemian Grove for the distinguished visitors was nearly as long as Mrs. Martin's for the reception, and all the railroad set were represented among those invited. The Fosters, by the way, should be very greatly admired by Miss Roosevelt's father, for their progeny number a round dozen. The two eldest daughters, Anna and Ruth, go out in society a good deal and Mrs. Foster has been one of the Assembly's patronesses for many years. She is an Englishwoman, and takes great pride in that fact.

It Hastened a Wedding

Mrs. Eleanor Martin's reception was the occasion for the hastening of the wedding of Miss May Livingston of Los Angeles, with Catesby Charles Thom. Mrs. Martin sent them an invitation to her affair for Secretary Taft and Miss Roosevelt, so they hurried up their wedding that they might take in the reception on their honeymoon trip. Mrs. Thom is the elder daughter of the Richard Livingstons. Her sister married Cameron Thom. Catesby and Cameron are sons of Captain and Mrs. Cameron Erskine Thom, who are Virginians by birth but have long resided in Southern California. Miss Livingston and Mr. Thom had been engaged ever since they left the high school some years ago.

"What has he been doing in Congress?"
"Passing bills."
"Ah, shoving the queer."

The Duchess of Monte Cristo

The financiers of Frenzied Finance are no longer top-notchers in their special field of activity, if the story wired from New York over the longest leased wire, concerning Mrs. Oelrichs' exploits in the marts of trade, be true. We are told that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has increased her fortune from five to thirty millions, in three years, and nothing is said of a magic lamp or a goose with a mint on her person. The late Senator Fair must have turned handsprings in his granite resting-place if the glad news reached

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him by wireless or asbestos methods. What a shrewd investor Mrs. Oelrichs must have become! Or, has she been getting tips from Pierpont Morgan and Lawson, instead of from the conservative Hermann, who was no prestidigitator? In this far distant burg we get only the echo of what happens in the smart set of Newport and New York. Perhaps Harry Lehr and Mamie Fish have started a monkey and parrot ranch (Limited), or perhaps Mrs. Oelrichs is insured in the Equitable with a policy entitling her to share in the eighty million surplus or the six hundred million of assets. And again, perhaps she is a partner in a get-rich-quick concern. At any rate, let us hope that she will soon be the richest woman on earth and make Hetty Green look like thirty cents.

Som Indirect Smashing

There is in the sensational story from the East something in the nature of a slur on Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, for it is insinuated that she is the beneficiary of Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs' largesse. Every one knows that Charlie Oelrichs is a broker of the highest standing, and does an enormous business, especially in sugar stocks, from which he derives an income that entitles him to support in fine style his family of two sons and two daughters, one of the latter being Mrs. Peter Martin, who is far from being dependent on her mother-in-law, our dear Lady Martin, leader of San Francisco's 400. As for the revocation by Mrs. Oelrichs and her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, of their power of attorney, it was well known here that Hermann Oelrichs begged for over a year to be released from responsibility. It is also known that he pleaded with them to come to San Francisco to look after their affairs, but that they preferred to flit between Newport and Paris and urged him to do as he thought best, later turning against him at the instigation of evil advisers. Hermann Oelrichs has been treated outrageously, but he has been silent under abuse. The despatch from New York was intended as a smash at him. Only a few months ago he refused to testify in the suit instituted by John Seymour, who resigned a captaincy in the Police Department to enter the employ of the Fair estate, and who was turned down after the death of Charley Fair by Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt. Everybody knows that Hermann Oelrichs believes the Seymour claim to be just.

Purpose of the Story

The story of Mrs. Oelrichs' great financial success is amusing in the light of her experience in the sale of her realty in this city. In her deal with Phelan, Spreckels and company she lost one million three hundred thousand dollars. Hermann Oelrichs urged her to retain her San Francisco realty, which has since its sale greatly increased in value. He it was that inspired the Fairmount enterprise and the building of the flats at Pine and Jones, over both of which Mrs. Oelrichs and Mrs. Vanderbilt were wildly enthusiastic for a time. Later they were urged by friends to quit San Francisco forever and then they wanted to shift the Fairmount enterprise to Hermann Oelrichs' shoulder, but he did not have three millions in his pocket to carry it through. It was Hermann Oelrichs and his friends who made a most advantageous settlement with the Nelsons. There was a time when Mrs. Oelrichs wanted to abandon the fight over her own father's estate, but her husband, on account of his son's interest, insisted on staying with it. And now he remains in San Francisco, while his wife is mingling with the 400 of New York, beating the frenzied financiers at their own game. Mrs. Oelrichs no longer has any love for San Francisco or San Franciscans, and about the only thing that diverts her mind this way is the Seymour suit, which she is contesting stubbornly, and with the assistance, singularly enough, of an attorney who was identified with the Craven forces during the fight over the Fair estate. The story of her great financial progress was of course wired out to create the impression that her new advisers are wonderful people, and that she was lucky in breaking away from her husband.

The Slandering of Bispham

According to a despatch to the *Chronicle*, David Bispham is coming back from Europe to make inquiry concerning the source of innumerable slanders that have been published in this country. He thinks there is a conspiracy on foot to injure his reputation, and it is said that he has brought suit for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' damages for libel. The baritone should not have to search long for the source of the tough stories concerning him that have been afloat. It is quite clear that they sprang from his litigation with his wife. Not long ago I read in an Eastern daily that all Washington society was rejoicing in the second victory of Mrs. Bispham. It was stated that the English courts had stigmatized his complaint as cruel. In his bill for divorce filed in a London court, said the Eastern daily, he attributed his unhappiness to his wife's conversion to Catholicism from the Protestant Episcopal faith. She changed her creed in consequence of the beautiful sympathy she received from a venerable San Remo priest, after the loss of her first child. It was represented that Bispham had denied the paternity of a son born a year after his wife's conversion, but the

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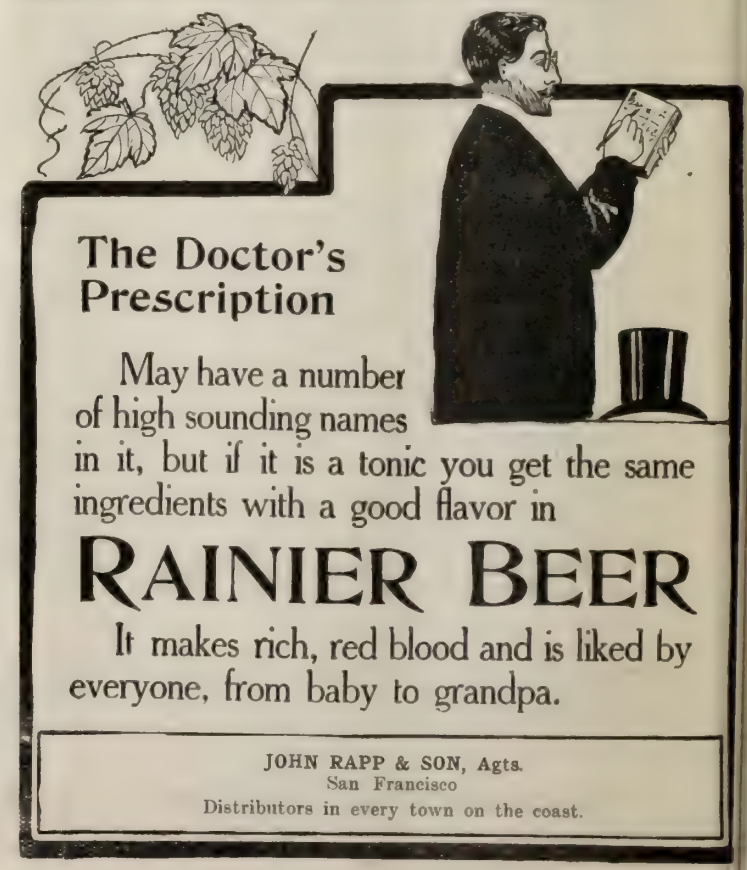

baritone, according to the *Chronicle* despatch, refers to this story as a slander. The English judge, after considering all the plaintiff's evidence, in respect of a British army officer and a young American, dismissed the complaint and rebuked the plaintiff for trying to smirch a woman's fair fame. It was further stated that Bispham's conduct had injured him greatly. Though once a figure in drawing-rooms, he was not asked to take part in any of the White House musicales last winter, despite the fact that he has been a favorite with the Roosevelts.

A Suspicious Inconsistency

There was, in the newspaper story that I read, an obvious inconsistency which should have aroused the suspicion of any trained newspaper man. In the same paragraph that told of Bispham's denial of the paternity of his son, was recited the story of his second divorce suit with the statement that in that case he cast no aspersion on his wife and fought only to obtain possession of the boy. After winning in the second suit Mrs. Bispham made arrangements to have the boy taken under the care of a religious order and conveyed out of England under an assumed name. Mrs. Bispham is the daughter of General Charles Russell of Indiana, and she was prominent before her marriage in the highest social circles of Washington, D. C.

City of a Thousand Loves

The other night Edgar Saltus met, at the Bohemian Club, an old friend who asked him how long he had been here.

"A month," was the reply.

"How long did you come to stay?" was the next question.

"A night," said Saltus.

"How long are you going to stay?"

"Forever," he exclaimed.

And now Saltus is on his way to New York where he will pack his goods and chattels, and adjust his business affairs preparatory to his change of residence. Saltus has conceived a great passion for San Francisco, and he will be back in the fall to remain here to the end of his days. The man who has been in every country on the globe, who has as many friends in Paris as in New York, a lover of the shores of the murmuring Bosphorus and the Hyperborean plains, pronounces this the city of a thousand loves, and cares to wander never more.

Liars He Fears Not

Saltus is a priest of the Muses who sings to Virgins, abominates the uninitiated vulgar and keeps them at a distance. Therefore the lion hunters fared badly at his hands. He spent some little while in the clubs and proved himself a most enjoyable conversationalist. He has a way of talking in epigrams that is delightful. One evening while singing the praises of San Francisco he was interrupted by a pompous clubman who told him that he would soon learn that this was a community of knockers. "They circulate lies about you," he said. "Oh," said Saltus, "I shouldn't mind that; it's the truth that I don't like to have circulated about me."

They Gave Him the Ha! Ha!

There is probably no practical joke more hoary than the one by which poor guileless man, well pleased with himself, is lured into the folly of keeping an assignation with an unknown admirer of the skirted sex. It is a trick that usually works like a charm when the chosen victim is very young or very old, because the one is unsophisticated, romantic and impulsive, and the other is vain, foolish and wide-open to flattery. It is one of the most amusing of jokes, but the victim is so humiliated that the trapping of him is cruel enough, and therefore I refrain from revealing the identity of the man who was inveigled into the mock flirtation at the Potter, in Santa Barbara, on the night of the Fourth. Suffice it that he is a member of the Bohemian Club and a broker. The man behind the joke was Theodore Wores. He sent his Bohemian Club friend a scented note purporting to have been written by one of the feminine guests, burning with desire to meet him. The writer suggested that they meet in the hotel roof-garden at half after eight, and informed him that he would know her by her gown of white. During the afternoon the jokers satisfied themselves that their victim had taken the bait by inviting him to join an automobile party in the evening. He pleaded a previous engagement which they urged him to break, but in vain. Promptly at half after eight he made his appearance in the roof-garden, and he was at once greatly perplexed, for there were seated in widely separated nooks two white-gowned women. Both were in the conspiracy. The broker took a seat and proceeded to solve the problem. He was making pretty good progress when the elevator came up with another lady in white, dashing and inclined to flirt. His bewilderment was manifest. On the next trip of the elevator, another lady in white appeared on the scene, but the young broker who, by the way, is neither so young as to be romantic nor so old as to be foolish, fled not the scene. On the next trip the elevator came up crowded and disgorged a bunch of merry rogues who forthwith broke into a chorus of laughter.

The Sin of The Father

They have a way in France, it is said, of stabbing a gentle heart with protestations of sympathy that inflict a deeper and more painful wound than that produced by scorn or the cut direct. It does not matter that Senator Mitchell's daughter had no connection, immediate or remote, with the offense which has brought her old father to the shadow of prison walls; nor does it matter that she has always borne herself with grace and dignity—she must suffer for his sins, an exquisite torture, which cruel and unjust society inflicts. The marriage of Mattie Mitchell fourteen years ago was one of the sensations of the day. She was a great favorite in Washington, for she was a woman of rare beauty, artless, quaintly honest and of unaffected manner. There had been rumors of her engagement to the British Ambassador, Sir Lionel Sackville-West, but she preferred the Duke Francois de la Rochefoucauld, scion of one of the oldest families in France, whose history runs back to 1027, to the ancient town of La

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Rochefoucauld. He met Miss Mitchell at a dinner party at St. Germain and it was a case of love at first sight. The Duke was one of the most sought after matrimonial prizes in the land of the tri-color.

Will It Spoil the Market?

For our own compensation in this Hipple-Mitchell-Rochefoucauld scandal we hope that when the rotten peers of France come a-wooing the daughters of our Senators they will look more closely to the antecedents of the family into which they would marry, exchanging their proud titles derived from royal amours for republican wealth, derived from plebeian graft. We have long objected to these alliances of vanity and greed, but our objection has been scoffed; even the experience of those who have mated with these mendicants of European nobility has not deterred our opulent aristocracy of the soap vat and the pig sty from accepting the fair exchange. Now that we are offering damaged goods on foreign matrimonial bargain counters, perhaps European purchasers will take their tainted titles elsewhere.

A Duke and a Galley Slave

To what extent can the 'scutcheon of a noble family be blotted by the sins of an American father-in-law? This question will be answered by the Rochefoucauld family of France as soon as the courts of last appeal decide whether Senator Mitchell of Oregon shall serve a term in the state prison or resume his place in the Senate of the American Republic. The Duchess of Rochefoucauld is a daughter of Senator Mitchell, married to the Duke of that name when her father was merely charged with crimes that the French regard as venial at their worst—domestic infelicities and amorous escapades of the sort that are used in the plots of French farces and comedies of the Folly theatre; political rascalites such are common in the official life of Paris and the provinces; nothing to occupy more than a few moments of conversation in any of the salons as a relief from weightier discussions of larger scandals. But when a father-in-law of a Duke of Rochefoucauld is condemned to the galleys it is quite another matter. Such a contretemps is sure to provoke a sneer on the lips of long-pedigreed scions of the old regime and grand dames whose great-grandmothers were mistresses of the nobility that gave eclat to the court of Louis XV and provoked the revolution that lighted the torch of liberty in the glare of which arose the family of Hipple to give a daughter with the alias of Mitchell to the descendants of the philosopher who wrote the famous "Maxims." A galley slave! That is what they will call Senator Mitchell, the father of the Duchess of Rochefoucauld, when he is sentenced to the penitentiary of the American state of Oregon. The daughter of a galley slave! That is what they will call the Duchess of Rochefoucauld when they condescend to speak of her in the salons of the Faubourg St. Germain. But how far will the Duke be made to suffer for his indiscretion? How much of the Hipple-Mitchell ignominy will be quartered on the Rochefoucauld arms? Can shackles be imposed on a field d'or? Is it good heraldry to erect a crest containing the device of a ball and chain upon a shield striped saltire upon the bar sinister of a Rochefoucauld?

The Case of Collins

Ever since George D. Collins tangled himself in the meshes of the law beyond extrication we have been hearing of his wonderful talents, his superb skill in the practice of the law and his brilliant achievements in the courts. Those who have acclaimed his rare ability most extravagantly have marveled that he should ever have got himself so hopelessly involved, but if they were to scrutinize closely his methods, his practices, his failures and his odd conceits, they would not be so amazed at his finish. At best Collins was merely a shifty lawyer, skilled in the tricks of his trade and contemptuous of those principles of ethics that restrain a man from wandering from the narrow path. He was a pervert to whom the end not only justified but sanctified the means. He succeeded where other lawyers failed because other lawyers would scorn to succeed in his way. Most of his successes were due not to his cunning in securing legitimate advantages but rather to his boldness in the perpetration of fraud and practice of deception. He was always hugging the line that marks the border of criminality. No court could accept his word with impunity. And singular to relate, though he has been known for years as a shifty rogue, so great was his magnetism that the justices of the Supreme Court were pleased to hobnob with him, and even now, fugitive from justice though he is, so reluctant has been the Supreme Court to take action against him that today he is a member in good standing of the bar of the great state of California.

A Sample of His Ingenuity

The case of Collins presents a peculiar psychological phenomenon. He was obsessed with a passion for helping men out of jail, and he did not always demand money for his services. He entered, without a fee, on the defense of Garnett, the man who killed Major McClung. He was told that Garnett had no money and was in need of an attorney, and so he took the case and saved the defendant's neck. Some years ago he took the case of a man named Walker, convicted of embezzlement, and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. Walker was ready and willing to go to San Quentin and serve out his time, but Collins thought he saw a flaw in the commitment and agreed to keep the man out of striped clothes. A technicality was always dear to the heart of this shifty practitioner. He gloated over every little point of law that seemed susceptible of being twisted to the advantage of his client. For five years he kept the case of Walker hanging fire, and all that time the

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man who had been sentenced to only two years' imprisonment was cooped up in a small cell in the county jail. Because of the absurd stubbornness of his lawyer, Walker was a prisoner for three years during which he would have had his liberty had he started for San Quentin when sentenced. Finally Collins was obliged to acknowledge defeat, and then, though the court could have sent Walker over to serve his term of two years, making a total of seven, he took pity on the prisoner and re-sentenced him to twenty-four hours.

A Sample of His Trickery

Quick though Collins was to avail himself of trivial technicalities, he was utterly lacking in tact. The crooks about town thought he was a smart lawyer because he knew how to keep men out of jail, but the fact is he won comparatively few cases. He was tireless in raising technicalities that were bound in the long run to prove of no avail, and sometimes his clients were kept on the anxious seat for years until they died a natural death or were killed, as was the case with J. W. Turner, the land swindler. The man whom he had swindled got tired waiting for him to go to jail and shot him. That was the first criminal case of note in which Collins figured. He succeeded an attorney who had obtained many postponements in the hope that the complainant would in time cool off and agree not to prosecute. As soon as Collins got into the case he moved the court to dismiss on the ground that the defendant had not been vouchsafed a trial within the statutory time. He knew that it was at the defendant's own request that he had not been tried, but he saw a chance to defeat justice and unscrupulously grabbed at it. But he accomplished nothing, for it was shown that the District Attorney had consented to the postponement of the trial at the defendant's own request. Such was the characteristic trickery of the pervert who commanded the boundless admiration of some of our very learned jurists. It isn't always a profound knowledge of the law that gives a man a reputation for ability in the legal profession of this state.

Fatal Tactlessness

So industriously had Collins been touted as a smart criminal lawyer that he was called into the Federal court to defend Dimmick, the Mint deputy charged with embezzlement. The evidence against Dimmick was meagre and conflicting. The officials of the court are of the opinion that a bright, strategic lawyer could easily have secured his acquittal, and they agree that his case was badly bungled by Collins, who growled and snarled and insulted so many people that he disgusted everybody. Dimmick went to jail because his lawyer lacked tact. But it was in his own case Collins bungled most grievously. When he married Miss McCurdy he no doubt felt quite sure that he could not be prosecuted for his crime in this state. And when he married her it was probably to give color to his denial of the charge that he had drawn the money of his dead sister-in-law out of the Hibernia Bank by representing that he was the surviving husband. But the psychology of the case involves many interesting phenomena that are not to be easily fathomed. All who knew the attorney most intimately agree that he was not properly balanced.

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Wells-Hughes Engagement

In the early part of this week I heard of an engagement that will cause quite a little stir in social circles, but it has not up to this writing (Wednesday) been given publicity by the bavardes. It is the engagement of Juanita Wells and Charley Hughes. Miss Wells is the sister of Mrs. Selby Hanna, who was formerly Marie Wells, and Mr. Hughes is the young man who came out from Chicago to act as best man at the Wells-Hanna wedding. I believe he is the son of wealthy people, and that he was a college chum of Mr. Hanna. Miss Juanita Wells is only seventeen years old. She will be eighteen in September, I believe, and the marriage will take place that month, and then the young people will join the Hannas in Europe.

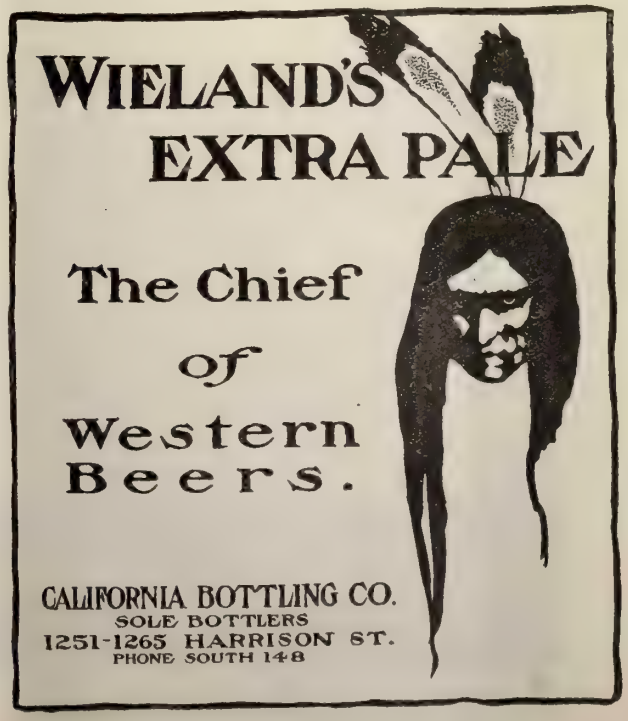
Gertrude's Latest Smash

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has taken another smash at the American woman. In her latest story, "The Traveling Thirds," one of her characters says:

"Personally I have never been sensible to the famous charm of the American woman, and, although there are exceptions naturally—I am only generalizing—they strike me, in the mass, as shallow, selfish, egotistical, nervous. I suppose the fundamental trouble is that they have so much that an impossible ideal of happiness is the result, and they are restless and dissatisfied because they can't get it. Possibly in another generation or two they may develop the sort of brain that makes the women of the Old World well balanced and philosophical."

The Nuttalls

The Robert Nuttalls are making quite an extensive trip through Europe but will return to San Francisco before next season's festivities are far advanced. Mrs. Nuttall is very fond of society and since her little windfall of half a million has done considerable entertaining on a small scale. The Nuttalls, I hear, are among those of our society people who intend to build homes overlooking the bay. Their present home is a very modest establishment, lacking the space for entertaining in a large way.



The Astronomer's Romance

Miss Bell Smith, who became the wife of Dr. Charles Dillon Perrine, the Lick Observatory astronomer, last week, was one of the most advanced women students of astronomy in the University of California, and as such had entire charge of the library devoted to works on the subject most dear to her heart. One day there came a call from Dr. Perrine that was not to be denied. He wanted a man, versed in astronomical subjects, to take charge of the library on Mount Hamilton. It was just a year ago that there traveled to the summit of the mountain, horseback and alone, a girl. She seemed to be more absorbed in the scenery of the clouds than in the things of earth. She astounded Dr. Perrine when she quietly informed him that she was to take charge of his library, and finish her studies of the heavens. It is said that the scientist withdrew from sight for awhile and almost pulled the Lick telescope in after him. Miss Smith went steadily along with her duties. By and bye the astronomer was astonished to learn that the girl seemed to know exactly what particular star or constellation he was intent upon, and that she had placed at his elbow in his study the very books he wanted for reference, or had left a little note telling him on what shelves in the big library they might be found. Then he began to take an interest in the bright young girl and assist her in her studies, and was surprised to find how far her knowledge extended along lines to which few women have devoted their lives. And thus did the prosaic relationship develop into one of sentiment, up among the clouds of the Santa Clara valley, where the study of Venus was indeed a labor of love. The honeymoon will be spent in Spain, whither they go to make observations of the total eclipse of the sun on August thirtieth. Few men have added so greatly to our knowledge of the heavens as Dr. Perrine. He has discovered thirteen comets and he has received the Lalande prize and a medal from the Paris Academy of Science.

"I hear the Blingums have hired an English nurse for their little girl."

"Yes, they want her to have an English accent."

Pardee's Latest Break

A well authenticated story comes to me from Sacramento that Governor Pardee has been poking his fingers into a small political stew at Folsom. The Governor is perpetually involving himself in petty political squabbles out of which grow innumerable obstacles that he will have to surmount before achieving renomination. The contest on at Folsom is over the postmastership. Captain Murphy, who was for years an official at the penitentiary, is the choice of the Republican County Committee, but Pardee, who feels that he has some influence in Federal official circles because he met the President, is backing Editor McFarland for the job. Congressman Duncan McKinlay will in all probability be vouchsafed this patronage, and I am quite sure that Captain Murphy is his choice. Pardee's friends regret that he took a hand in the fight.

Bell Has Quit

Ex-Congressman Bell, I hear, has decided to keep out of the Congressional fight. He is said to have lost many supporters in Glenn and Colusa counties through the indiscretion of some friends who promoted a mining deal that turned into a fizzle. Bell was not to blame; there was nothing wrong with the transaction, but his political enemies have made good use of the circumstance that the mining enterprise which did not develop into a bonanza was promoted by his friends.

Heney for Governor

Some of the wise politicians of the state are beginning to regard Francis Heney as available gubernatorial timber. The aggressive young attorney who chased the land grabbers to cover and achieved national distinction by the skill and fearlessness with which he secured the conviction of Senator Mitchell, has in him all the elements of a winner. But it is doubtful whether he would abandon his profession to enter political life. Heney is not a political lawyer. Neither is he a professional reformer. He accepted employment as special prosecutor of the land thieves because he felt under obligations to Attorney General Knox, and because he wished to cement friendships formed in Washington. Besides, he knew that he would get a fee much larger than the salary of a Federal District Attorney. Once in the case, he conducted the prosecution with characteristic vigor, for such is the nature of Heney that he always identifies the interests of his client with his own. Assuming that he would become a candidate for Governor, I should like to know the ticket on which he would run. He is a Democrat, but he is also a Roosevelt official, and at this time he is holding office in Oregon. However, the Democracy would be glad to nominate him. Roosevelt is breaking down party lines, and Democratic leaders are applauding him for giving force to Democratic doctrine. Within the next year the great railroad rebate fight will be brought to a close, and the chances are that the Senate will turn down the President's bill. After that Heney might be persuaded to take the nomination for Governor on a Roosevelt Democratic platform.

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Porter Not a Candidate

By the way, Warren Porter, the Watsonville banker, who has been mentioned in several papers as the man likely to receive the Republican nomination for Governor, is not a candidate for the office. He was in town several days ago, and announced at the "Cabinet's" round-table, in the Palace Grill, that he was not ambitious of political honor. He added that if Arthur Fisk, postmaster of San Francisco, became a candidate he would be for him. Fisk has not said that he intends to seek the nomination but he is being urged to do so by the leading politicians in almost every section of the state.

Mrs. Adipose I haven't any more appetite than a bird.
Mr. Adipose—I suppose you refer to an ostrich.

Harriman Is Coming

By private letter I am informed that Mr. E. H. Harriman will soon be in San Francisco. Some time ago it was reported that the railroad magnate was going to Europe with his family, but about that time came the storm in the Equitable Company, and he had to stand by his guns. The trip to Europe was called off, and now I am informed that he changed his plans and is going to Japan via San Francisco. The local officials of the Southern Pacific Company will soon be preparing for his visit.

Warden Tompkins' Suggestion

The last Legislature beat all records for prison appropriations, the total amount set aside for the maintenance of our penal institutions being six hundred and ten thousand dollars. And now it is proposed to erect a new building at San Quentin for the accommodation of convicts, there being urgent demand for the discontinuance of the system by which two or more prisoners are confined in one cell. But at the ratio at which our convict colonies are increasing it will not be long before more new buildings are needed. In view of this fact there appears to be considerable merit in the suggestion which, I hear, has been made by Warden Tompkins of San Quentin. He favors the establishment of a new prison to be located in the southern part of the state, and points out that with three prisons it will be feasible to segregate the convicts advantageously. One prison may then be reserved for first-termers who have not committed crimes of a very serious character; those who have committed graver crimes and who are first-termers may be confined at San Quentin, and Folsom may be reserved for the confirmed criminals. Under our present system of mingling convicts indiscriminately we contribute to the increase of the hopelessly lawless element.

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Effect of the Change

There are some features of the new Chinese immigration policy of the Administration which appear to have escaped attention. For example, it will lighten the burdens of the officials at this port, and necessitate the establishment of an immigration bureau in connection with each consulate in China. The consuls as at present equipped may not be expected to conduct the inquiry necessary to verify the representations made by each applicant for a certificate. Under the new policy the steamship companies will be spared a great deal of expense, for at present they are required to ship back to China, at their own expense, all Chinese who are not permitted to land. Naturally the companies will rejoice when the Exclusion law is enforced in the manner prescribed by President Roosevelt.

"I hear that Jones was driven to drink."
"Yes, but he took the bit in his teeth."

In Hock to His Wife

A correspondent writes me from Honolulu that Colonel Sam Parker is no longer throwing money to the birds. For many years Colonel Sam was Prince Prodigal of the islands. He had money to burn and he never let the fire go out. When he took unto himself a second wife in the person of Mrs. Abigail Campbell, widow of the late James Campbell, a millionaire, the wise ones winked the other eye, and predicted that there would soon be some great splurging. They thought that with the aid of his wife's fortune he would make things hum. But Mrs. Parker is no splurger. She is a business woman, and she has been cultivating in the Colonel an appreciation of the simple life. A mortgage that has been put on record shows that Mrs. Abigail K. Campbell-Parker, as she is now known, does not permit her business instinct to be affected by sentiment. The mortgage covers the Colonel's immense cattle ranch in Hawaii and was given as security for an indebtedness of three hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars. The mortgagee is none other than the gay Colonel's own darling little wife.

At Lake Tahoe

Those who only know about Tahoe from hearsay fancy it merely a place of pleasure to be looked at and admired, trolled for trout and skimmed over in canoes. In reality it is a serious and interesting physical manifestation about which Californians generally do not know half enough, writes my correspondent. Most of us think of it as an inconsiderable puddle whose chief distinction is that it supplies the headwaters of the Truckee river. It does start the Truckee river, but it has other claims upon attention. Its size is worth mentioning, covering as it does an area of approximately two hundred thousand acres. The lake is two thousand feet deep in many places and by a few soundings, a mile. Some of the tremendous depths are right off the shore where the cliffs run straight down into the water. Besides being wide and deep this lake is high; it is the largest body of water in the world at its elevation, six thousand two hundred and twenty-five feet above sea level. Every one who remembers his geography recalls the sharp angle in the California-Nevada boundary line. That apex is out in the lake somewhere and if one knew metes and bounds well enough he could row out to the very spot. The lake is as moody and whimsical as a fretful child—today its unruffled surface mirroring the mountains and forests as distinctly as the object itself, cast in image upon the retina of the eye, and tomorrow, perhaps even in a few hours, the surface may be whipped into spray by a gale, coming no man knoweth whence, and breakers of respectable proportions will be lashing the shore. The Tavern is having a busy summer, and is filled with guests. There was a hop on the eve of the Fourth, and an equestrian picnic in the mountains a day or so later.

The Launch-Owners and Fishermen

The most pretentious launch on the lake is owned by C. F. Kohl of San Francisco. It is richly furnished and elegant in appointments, and has made a record for speed. The Kohls flit about from resort to resort, but are at the Tavern very often during the summer. Mrs. Kohl is fond of fishing and loves the lake, so her husband will gratify her by building a handsome home on some property he has lately purchased on Tahoe's shore. W. A. Bissell of Alameda is at the Tavern, with his wife and son Dan. Mr. Bissell has an electric launch which is one of the trimmest craft on the lake and the only electrictrically propelled boat. It is often seen skimming over the lake with merry parties. William Thomas, who is here with his wife and daughter Gertrude, has a launch coming up this month. Some big catches have been reported by the fishermen. Charles Sutro was at the lake for ten days and guided by craft on the lake and the only electrically propelled "cable" used by amateurs in fishing for trout and trolls with rod and reel, but managed to land a fifteen pounder after an hour and a half's sport. Mrs. Nielson is the blue ribbon angler of the resort. Other fishers, like the dogs of legend, have their day, but Mrs. Nelson always gets

Miss Olga Widrin, of 958 Geary street, has gone to Portland to visit the Lewis and Clark Exposition. She is accompanied by her sister, and after taking in all the sights of the fair the young ladies will go to Chicago and New York, for the purpose of adding the latest creations of millinery to their usual fine stock. When in the East they will place an order with their agent in New York for a hundred or more pattern hats from Paris. The Misses Widrin expect to return to San Francisco in about five weeks.

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This hotel is situated at the corner of Powell and Post streets. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Manlove, of the Hotel Bon Air, have leased it for a period of years and are now receiving applications from persons desiring accommodations during the Fall and Winter.

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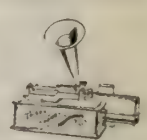

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fish. It is not of record that she was ever whitewashed. She knows where they are and has the "savez" to land them when they get on her hook.

She Will Be a Vicomtesse

It is not so surprising that Josephine de Guigne should become engaged to a Frenchman. Both the de Guigne sisters have been brought up very much like French girls, and a French husband seems quite in line with the system of their education. Their mother was Mary Parrott, and she was the only one of the Parrott clan that ever entertained much at the big house in Sutter street. The de Guignes usually gave one big ball a year during Madame de Guigne's lifetime. There are any number of the Parrotts who might keep the Sutter street home open if they liked, for all except two of Mrs. Abbie Parrott's daughters married men of this state. Josephine de Guigne's fiance is announced as the Vicomte Philippe de Tristan, a name that looks very well in print. He is of course one of the French aristocracy, and as such is perhaps entitled to an American heiress with French blood in her veins. I have no doubt that his bride will receive a very handsome dot.

Her Comeliness

The announcement of the engagement caused quite a ripple in the swim, for it isn't every day that a Californian heiress bags a title. Miss Josephine de Guigne is the youngest of the de Guigne girls, and she is the prettiest of all Mrs. Abbie Parrott's grandchildren. She is something of the French type although she bears the distinguishing family features of the Parrott clan. One of the hysterical ladygushers of the dailies, in her characteristic extravagant style, referred to "her extremely aristocratic beauty," whatever that may mean. Miss de Guigne is a bright, interesting girl, who has been nicely reared and whose comeliness has nothing unusual about it at all. Indeed she did not inherit the beauty of her mother who was the most beautiful as well as the most charming of all Mrs. Parrott's daughters. The engagement is warmly approved by the Parrotts, who have a great affection for foreigners and who have entertained many. Mr. de Guigne is no doubt delighted, as are all Frenchmen not of the nobility, at an alliance with a man of title. And yet there is not much glamour attached to the de Tristan title, for a vicomte is only one degree above a baron and a degree lower than a comte, a circumstance that convinces me that this de Guigne-Tristan engagement is a pure love match, for a Parrott should be able to get any old title in France. Mr. de Guigne was a bank clerk when he married into the Parrott family, and the Parrotts greatly profited by the alliance, for he is a brilliant financier, and under his able management the estate has more than doubled in value. He has earned the boundless respect and gratitude of his mother-in-law.

The Reason Why

Since the marriage of Marie Louise Parrott and Frank McComas there has been some comment on the circumstance of the bride's having been given away by her mother instead of her father. It was surmised that Mr. Parrott did not approve the match, but there was absolutely no foundation for the report. Mr. Parrott suffered a stroke of paralysis some years ago, and he was unable to officiate at the ceremony. He attended the wedding breakfast, however, and though he shed tears on that occasion they were the expression of an emotion that frequently seizes fond parents who are about to be separated from their children.

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NONE Just as Good "It's the Water."

The Midsummer Jinks

The invitations are out for the annual midsummer high jinks of the Bohemian Club, and Newton J. Tharp, who will be the high sire, has shown in his call to his brother Bohemians that he can do other things than design houses and tall buildings. He has drawn a strong picture of Perseus and the Gorgon, characters that will appear in the play to be presented, "The Quest of the Gorgon." The classic hero stands, sword in hand, the joy of victory expressed in his face, as he grasps the bloody head of the Gorgon which he has just severed from the trunk. Theodore Vogt wrote the music of the play, which Mr. Tharp describes as "bewitching, soul-snaring." The sire's invitation reads:

Bohemians:

For your brief respite from the ways of toil
At tasks depressing to your better selves;
Old Nature hath, these twelve moons past, devised
Her woodland forms in splendor and profusion.
With hands of wondrous cunning she hath wrought
Within the hallowed precincts of our grove,
Till now the ferns and new-sprung quiv'ring leaves,
Do laugh enticements sweet as ne'er before.
The forest harps, so deftly smote by wafts
Of scented air, await to lure thee—dreamwise—
By their matchless strains to isles of fairy form,
Where Care dwells not, and the hour-glass needs no turning.
The deep, star-studded sky—seen through weird
And quaintly fashioned lace of limb and leaf—
Invites thee to enjoy the quiet mood,
Or hours replete with contemplation mild.
And Nature doth avow from out the vast,
Wherein do lie her moods in mighty keep, that:—
To those with ears she will sing—
To those with hearts she will speak—
For those with eyes she'll paint the sky
With purest azure tone, the trees
With softest green; and hill-tops golden smite
With magic brush at morn and eve.

Dr. Russell Cool will sire the low jinks, and I hear he has arranged some great surprises. A good many of the members will go into camp about a week before the jinks.

Admiral Goodrich is taking his flagship, the *Chicago*, and the cruiser *Marblehead* with the torpedo boat destroyer *Perry*, to Alaska, going as far as Sitka by the inside channel. Mrs. Goodrich is at Sitka, where her husband will join her.

At the Taft banquet:

Gavan McNab, Secretary Taft's visit to San Francisco is a [illegible]

His Vis-a-Vis. How is that?

"He has met Andrea Sbarboro."

At the Resorts

All the crack tennis players will be at Coronado Beach when the Coronado Country Club's tennis tournament is pulled off, July twenty-fourth to twenty-fifth. The games will be played on the new cement courts at the Hotel del Coronado. Entries for the matches will close on July twenty-second.

Captain H. L. Roosevelt, U. S. M. C., and his wife, who was Eleanor Morrow, daughter of Judge W. W. Morrow, arrived with the party of Secretary Taft, having accompanied them from Washington. They will remain here visiting friends until September first.

A Determined Bachelor Maid

Before Mollie Phelan started off for Europe she was entertained at a large dinner by Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Miss Phelan is one of the richest heiresses in California, but like that noted spinster, Miss Flood, she seems determined to remain single. Miss Phelan mingles very rarely with

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society, but occasionally gives luncheons which astonish the guests by their elaborate details. Her brother James, I am told, is the magician who works these wonders, looking after all the details himself.

The Restless Josselyns

The Josselyns, whom every one expected to remain in Paris all winter, are homesick, and long to be back in little old San Francisco. They will return immediately. The Josselyns appear to be afflicted with a perpetual longing to be on the move. When here they say that they won't be happy till they get back to Paris, and when in Paris there is no place like home. Pere Josselyn is at work, I am told, on another book. He has great literary ambition, but has done nothing, so far, except in the way of compilation.

An Affectionate Principal

A school principal who is in the habit of fondling little girl pupils is the subject of a complaint made at this office. The parents, I am told, of some of the girls, consider him altogether too affectionate, and they have made complaint to the teachers who are reluctant to report the matter to the Board of Education. I have no doubt that he takes merely a paternal interest in the girls, but of course not every woman approves of the hugging and pawing of her daughter by an elderly man who is not of the family.

An Esthetic Bachelor

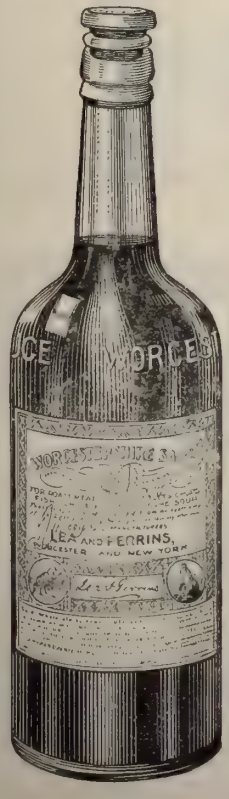
One of the most esthetic of San Francisco bachelors, and one who seldom looms up in the limelight, though he is a man of interesting personality, is Mr. E. T. Messersmith, who, I hear, is soon to return from a European tour. Mr. Messersmith comes from a navy family, and is the great-grandson of Francis Scott Key of Star Spangled Banner fame. Some years ago he was a very gay society butterfly, but nowadays he devotes all his time to the gathering of rare artistic bric-a-brac. There are few homes in San Francisco that contain so many fine works of art as are to be found in his bachelor apartments.

The painstaking amateur actor is just too good to be laughed at, and not good enough to draw tears.

He's Now a Californian

The people of Santa Barbara are rejoicing over the fact that Frank Underhill has decided to erect a more substantial home. When the crack New York whip first came to California it was thought that he would not stay very long, but would soon yield to the Gotham lure, but like many others who had tasted all the sweets of the gay metropolis he has found that California has hher charms that thrall. He has a bungalow in Santa Barbara, but finds it insufficiently comfortable, so he paid seventy-five hundred dollars for some land near the Country Club, and there he will soon erect a fine residence.

The annual June meeting of the Stratford Shakespere Society had, this year, more than its ordinary significance. Besides being the occasion of the usual good-fellowship, literary and gustatory, it was the formal function by the society in honor of the marriage of Captain and Mrs. Whitcomb, whose absence in Europe prevented an earlier recognition. The twenty members and their friends assembled at the home of Mrs. North-Whitcomb in Pacific avenue.



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adds enjoyment to every dinner. There is no other near as good!

Remember, Lea & Perrins' Sauce was in universal use a generation before any other so-called Worcestershire Sauce was ever heard of. Beware of Imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

The Prudes of Santa Cruz

A spasm of virtue seized the Board of Directors of the Santa Cruz Casino recently, and it was decided to bar flesh-colored bathing suits from the briny. This is the astonishing news sent by my correspondent. Is there no sense of the beautiful in a directory that includes Henry Willey, George Staffler, H. E. Irish and Fred Swanton? Why should the female form divine daintily outlined in a clinging, wet, pink skirt and blouse shock anybody? Has Santa Cruz, that traditionally unconventional summer resort, fallen under the sway of the prudes? Let us hope there is some mistake. There is nothing more fetching than a pretty summer girl emerging from the surf in a pink bathing suit, for when the delicate pink fabric is wet and adjusts itself to the form the illusion is of compelling interest. Since the interdiction of the pink bathing suit Miss Ethyl Hager has not made her appearance in her famous blue suit, but now wears a sober black and white garment. Last Sunday afternoon Miss Hager attracted a great deal of attention. The surf was rough, but Miss Hager went through the breakers bravely with Miss Davis. Returning to the shore they were decorated with sea-weed by their escorts, and then the gentlemen improvised a skipping rope out of the weed and the ladies jumped, "pepper, salt, mustard, vinegar" to their hearts' content. Great eclat was given to the Santa Cruz dog show by the presence of Ethyl Hager, Courtney Ford and Sterling Postley. Miss Hager's Boston terrier "Nifty" won the Swanton cup, and her Daschshund "Fritz" took first prize in every class, winning for his mistress a champagne cooler.

Susan and Anna Coming

For some time Susan B. Anthony has been expected and her arrival will now be recorded any day. The woman suffragists will give her a big reception at the Sequoia hotel on July twenty-first from three o'clock to six. On the reception committee are Dr. Kibbe, Mrs. Sargent, Dr. Avery, Mrs. Schoville, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Powers, Mrs. Harland, Miss Gates, Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Nellie Holbrook Blinn. Dr. Anna Shaw will be the other guest of honor at the reception. It was Dr. Shaw who gave Professor Edward Howard Griggs the designation of "the perfect man," at a Woman's Congress held in this city a good many years ago. Susan B. Anthony will lecture at the Alhambra on July twenty-fourth.

The Baron Heine

Heine von Schroeder, or "Baron Heine" as they call him in Germany, where all the sons are barons when their father is one, was at Mrs. Eleanor Martin's reception and everybody considered him much improved in every way since his long sojourn in Germany. Heine is tall and manly and has the real German officer look. I hear that he will serve in the Kaiser's army.

Alice Hoffman, who always excels in every sport she goes in for, has gone in for fishing this summer and has made a great record with rod and line. Miss Hoffman passes a part of each week at her country-place on the Bolinas road.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, who returned home a few weeks ago, entertained a number of friends at a barbecue on the Fourth near her country place at Pleasanton. Most of the guests were proteges to whom she has been fairy godmother.

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A Perfectly Pure Kentucky Whisky
Sherwood & Sherwood, Agents

Miss Marie L. Thompson has closed her studio in Taylor street and will spend her vacation at Tahoe Tavern.

Mrs. Philip Verill Mighels came to California with the body of her daughter, Viva Cummins Doan, but will return directly to New York.

"Madame" Lillie Birmingham, as she is known since she sang at the Ysaye concert, is no longer ambitious of triumphs on the operatic stage. And yet, I hear, she received great encouragement. Ysaye himself cried "Charmant! Charmant!" after she finished her Brahms number at his concert.

Mrs. John B. Murphy, who arrived from Fort Russell last week, is visiting the Huntingtons in Ross Valley. When Mrs. Murphy was Virginia Nokes, she was the intimate friend of Elizabeth Huntington and Katherine Herrin.

Henry C. McPike is the latest attorney to drift with the ebbing tide back into the old centre of the legal profession. He has removed his offices from the Spreckels' annex to 105 Sutter street at the corner of Montgomery.

In the Financial World

Business in the local Board still remains quiet. Trading in Bonds aggregated $386,000; in Shares, 3,170, divided as follows: 150 Lighting, 430 Water, 810 miscellaneous, 15 Banks and 1,765 Sugars. Transactions in Gas & Electric were made at 57, the stock continuing to show considerable strength though the new company is vigorously prosecuting the laying of pipes. In the miscellaneous column Alaska Packers showed a little more activity, advancing to 91 and settling back to about 87. Oceanic Steamship stock under lively bidding rose to 7 3-4. The inquiry for the stock was stimulated by the expected passage of the Ship Subsidy Bill by Congress. Should it pass the company ought to be able to wipe out its floating indebtedness in about ten years. Sugar stocks are still neglected. The Hutchinson sugar plant has joined the list of dividend-payers having declared 12 1-2 cents monthly. The sugar plantation companies listed in the Stock and Bond Exchange are now disbursing $152,500 monthly in dividends, which is an excellent showing. The results of this year's campaign are highly gratifying; two of the companies have finished grinding, the Paauhau reporting a net result of 8,150 tons (estimate 7,500) and the Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company reporting a net result of 39,000 tons against an estimate of 35,000 tons.

—*The Financier.*

The Beverly MacMonagles, Kiersteds, Mark Gerstles, Perry Eyres, John Parrotts, Courtney Ford and Athole McBean are all at Del Monte.

Among the many from San Francisco at Aetna Springs are: Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Mr. F. Preston, Harold Haber, Mrs. C. Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Teel, Mrs. L. Fisk, Mrs. A. G. Fisk, Miss Helen Fisk, A. G. Fisk, Mrs. I. Wertheimer, Jackson Wertheimer.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included: C. T. Hamilton, H. L. Tevis, William Powers, Miss Grace Spreckels, G. N. Felton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Holbrook, J. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. C. J. Drucker, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Durphy, Henry Lafler, W. H. Leinert, Herman Muller, R. C. Newall, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hobart.

Over three hundred people attended the bal masque at Hotel Bon Air on the Fourth. This week there will be an entertainment at the hotel for the benefit of the Orphans' Outdoor Fund, in which Leo Cooper and John Harris, formerly of the Warde-James company, will assist.

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It is a place wherein the guest may feast the eye while dining sumptuously and being regaled with exquisite music. . . . . .
The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times. . . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .

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If we make your Glasse once, we know you'll be a life-long customer — with *OUR* Glasses you'll preserve your sight and have comfort and style combined.

California Optical Co.

The Stage

JULIET CROSBY
As Kohamma San in "The Heart of a Geisha" at the Alcazar

Wilde's "Salome"

Since the revival of interest in the works of Oscar Wilde, his play "Salome" has come into vogue in Europe, and there is now some prospect of its being produced in this country. And why not? It is an undraped drama, but it is also a beautiful, majestic poem, one of the grandest ever written. Even in the reading it is instinct with the poetic atmosphere of the time of Herod, and in the translation the exquisite cadences and the word music of the lord of language have been preserved. It is a great tragedy, simply told, but with all the marvelous technique of Oscar Wilde, the born dramatist, the master of all the tricks of theatricism. It is a frank story of intense passion, but with no overemphasis of the erotic. It makes no sensuous appeal and yet it throbs with animalism. Salome, according to Wilde, demands the head of John the Baptist not to gratify her mother but for revenge because he resisted her blandishments. She had tried to seduce him first by praising his body, telling him it was "white, like the lilies of the field that the mower hath never mowed," and that the roses in the garden of the Queen of Arabia were not so white, nor "the feet of the dawn when they light on the leaves, nor the breast of the moon when she lies on the breast of the sea." John the Baptist repulsed her saying, "Back! daughter of Babylon! By woman came evil into the world. Speak not to me." Then Salome tells him his body is hideous, that it is of his hair she is enamored, hair "like clusters of grapes that hang from the vine trees of Edom in the land of the Edomites." Again she is repulsed, and she pronounces his hair horrible and apostrophizes his mouth, that is "like a band of scarlet on a tower of ivory." She tells him that "The red blasts of trumpets that herald the approach of kings and make afraid the enemy are not so red"; that it "is redder than the feet of those who tread the wine in the wine-press," and is like "a branch of coral that fishers have found in the twilight of the sea." "Suffer me to kiss thy mouth," she pleads, and he answers, "Never! daughter of Babylon! Daughter of Sodom! Never!" Throughout the play there is a note of terror, and the suspense is most effective even with the knowledge of the tragic end. Having danced for Herod, Salome kneels for the fulfillment of his promise. In his sottish enthusiasm he had promised her half his kingdom, but she says, "I would that they presently bring me in a silver charger—" "In a silver charger?" echoes Herod, amused to learn that what she desired was of such small compass. "Oh, sweet and fair Salome, thou that are fairer than all the daughters of Judaea, what wouldst thou

BERTIE FOWLER
The Merry Monologue Maid, Who Will Cheer up the Orpheum Audiences Next Week

Old Fashioned Chocolate Creams—a new delicate cream enclosed in an "old fashioned" chocolate coating. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and Jas. Flood Building.

have them bring thee in a silver charger?" It is by tricks such as this that the suspense is prolonged and the note of tragedy deepened. Horrified at Salome's request for the head of John the Baptist, Herod tries to persuade her to accept jewels of priceless value. but she is stubborn to the end, and Herod fulfills his promise. The play consists of one long act, every movement of which is fraught with tragic terror. Herod is depicted in vivid colors, a lustful being, half dotard, half child, reeking with the corruption of his time, yet not without intervals of dignity and remorse, fearful of the consequences of his crime, and vaguely apprehensive of retribution. He was afraid to order the beheading of John the Baptist, but he had always boasted of his fidelity to his kingly word and he had given his promise to Salome, for whom he had conceived a lustful passion which found expression even in the presence of his wife, who was jealous of her own daughter. When this play was produced in London, some months ago, Max Beerbohm of the *Saturday Review*, I remember, pronounced it revolting because of a scene in which Salome kisses passionately the lips of the severed head. He suggested that the kissing should be done at the back of the stage, in a shadow, instead of at the footlights and in their glare. This scene, according to Beerbohm, provokes physical disgust, but according to the version of the play that I have read Oscar Wilde never intended that the kissing should be done in the manner described by the London critic. In this version Salome addresses the head and declares that she will kiss the mouth, but it is not until the stage is darkened, the torches being put out and a cloud crossing the moon, that she exclaims, "Ah! I have kissed thy mouth." "Salome" has a strange history. Wilde, the Irishman, wrote it in French, in the palmy days before his disgrace and conviction. In a lordly way he insisted on an edition de luxe limited to three hundred copies and sold at twenty-five dollars each. A second edition, less costly, but still very small, was issued just after the unfortunate poet, despised by all mankind, left Reading jail and started for his little attic in the Latin Quarter of Paris. The book is now out of print and copies are extremely rare. It was to have been produced some years ago, in London, in the original French, by a French actress, but was interdicted by that queer fellow, the preposterous Censor. It was later translated into German and produced in Germany, where it was acclaimed a masterpiece. It has been translated into several languages and performed in most of the principal cities of the continent, but it was not until last May that the English translation was permitted in London.

Theodore Bonnet.

The Heart of a Geisha

We are likely to have a decidedly frank exposition of Japanese morality—or the lack of it—in Colgate Baker's new drama "The Heart of a Geisha," at the Alcazar next week. It will take an American audience into the very heart of a mimic geisha world and disclose the distractions of the ennuied rounders, native and foreign, who seek the alluring tea gardens and pleasure resorts of Tokio town. We shall see the geisha girl as she postures in the dance to the twanging of samisens and the "banzais" of revelers; as she throws off the mask of gayety in her own apartments; as she participates in the tea house banquet, and as she goes down into the waters of eternal oblivion. The Japanese women seen in San Francisco are dumpy, snub-nosed, shapeless little creatures, but they bear about the same relation to the real Nippon enchantress that a rude denizen of the Barbary Coast slums bears to the highest type of refined, patrician California beauty. The dainty belles of the Japanese tea gardens are paid entertainers of men, but they are exquisite of form and feature and highly endowed in mental accomplishment. Nevertheless they are shackled by as hideous a bond system as prevails in the squalid alleys of our own chloride besprinkled Chinatown. Kohamma San, the heroine of Baker's play, is a slant-eyed beauty who loves as fiercely as did Dumas' lady of the camellias. It is a white man, careless and debonair, the secretary of his legation, who inspires Miss Kohamma's devotion. But, with the samurai-like stoicism of her race, she sacrifices herself in the face, flower and fragrance of youth (instead of going into a galloping consumption, a la Marguerite Gautier), when it becomes clear that an alliance means disgrace and dishonor to the gay young diplomat. This theme of woman's self-abnegation tugs strongly at the heart strings, whether the eternal feminine be Pagan or Christian, chaste or courtesan. The Alcazar promises to be fruitful in discussion at this dull midsummer period of theatrical activity. There will be interest to see the Kohamma San of Juliet Crosby, who created a flutter of damp handkerchiefs when she so delicately and touchingly personated the brown wife and mother in "Madame Butterfly." The Alcazar does not often make original productions, but when it does it makes them artistically. "The Heart of a Geisha" may prove to be another trans-continental sensation like "The First Born." We shall see.

(Photo by Bushnell)

ANNA LICHTER

The favorite soprano, who will reappear at the Tivoli next Monday night in De Koven & Smith's romantic comic opera "Rob Roy"

At the Alcazar

Though "On Probation" was written for a single star it gives everybody in the cast a chance to twinkle. It is a foolishly funny farce-comedy and though written for Crane seems to be more on the Collier order. Craig has

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the role of Jonathan Silsbee, a typical stage American abroad, a jolly chap whose fiancee puts him on probation. He is a sad flirt and cannot refrain from kissing every pretty woman he meets, which propensity gets him into serious troubles with a jealous husband and lover. Miss Lawrence has the small role of Mary Marlowe, who is grieved at her fiance's lapses but forgives him sweetly in the end. Who wouldn't? The best opportunities in the farce fall to Eugene, the garcon, and to Senhora Olivieri, a bewitching Brazilienne, respectively portrayed by Maher and Miss Woodson. Miss Woodson is charming as the gay matron who manages her jealous husband (Howard Scott) with great cleverness, and subjugates Silsbee at first sight. Who would not dare even the husband's dagger for a kiss from the Senhora's rosy lips? Silsbee dared and did. Miss Belgarde as the mamma with a marriageable daughter, is very like the type she represents, and Linda Arvidson is a pretty, demure Sadie Harmony. Miss Arvidson has the real ingenue manner and baby stare that go with the role. Ruth Allen has one of the best parts she has yet been given, in Lady Frank Brooke, who plies her fascinations upon the fiance on probation. Hilliard has only the small part of the Prince who wins Miss Harmony, and Byers does a fine character bit as Cox. Von Meter as the baronet makes up the cast. It is not the strongest of plays in which Craig, Hilliard and Miss Woodson appear for their farewell, but it serves to fill a happy two hours.

At the Central

True Boardman had his chance, at the Central on Monday night, when he assumed Mr. Gamble's role at short notice, and did very well with the part. The series of Lincoln J. Carter dramas that have held the Central's boards for some weeks have given place to one of Scott Marble's picturesque melodramas, "The Heart of the Klondike," full of beautiful scenic effects and with a very natural flume shown in the last act. Webster, Shumer, Nicholls and Corrigan have the strongest roles in the melodrama.

A Banner Bill

There is no lack of vivacity or variety in this week's Orpheum bill. Harper, Desmond and Bailey are a trio of accomplished coons who do a most amusing stunt. The Zazell and Vernon Company's comedy acrobatic pantomime, "The Elopement," is novel and amusing. Max Figman, Adelaide Manola, Vivian Rector and Fred C. Truesdell appear in a sprightly one-act comedy full of capital business. The "Hazardous Globe" is startling and well merits the comments that preceded it. We have had many wonderful bicycle acts during these years of vaudeville but this motor-cycle stunt beats them all. Godfrey and Henderson have a one-act fantasy something on the model of a playlet the Sidney Drews once gave here, though in this case it is an Isis, not a Venus, who comes to life in an artist's studio. Anstey's "Tinted Venus" paved the way for these animated statues and mummies.

At the Grand

A Turkish Texan" is a play with a mystery. In fact, it is all mystery from start to finish. George Parsons and Willie Collier, who on the program brazenly proclaim their conspiracy as authors, refuse to throw much light on the plot, if indeed there is one. Difficulties begin in the first act, as the characters in the play tumble on the stage without any rational excuse for being in Constantinople, where the scenes are laid. They rush around excitedly in the usual rapid style so familiar in farce, hurl epithets at one another and rush out again. Variety is gained by a kick or two on trousers in convenient vicinity, and at intervals a knock-down. At times the regulation Hoyt pandemonium prevails. The absolute futility of endeavoring to unravel a farce plot is obvious enough but one rebels when forced to swallow situations that would defy credulity in a Christmas pantomime. There is plenty of action but it consists chiefly in one person chasing another on and off the stage. George Parsons and Georgie Drew Mendum, strange as it would appear, are amusing in this hodge-podge of inferior nonsense. Parsons has something of the humor of Willie Collier in his voice and face and no doubt could repeat the alphabet and make his audience laugh as infectiously as in his part of Hassen Smith from Texas. Miss Mendum has the Drew magnetism and needs but to walk across the stage to please the audience. Her voice is of delightful timbre and the manner in which she repeats her lines convinces you that she is worthy of much better things.

Probably the most uniquely interesting dramatic event of the year is housed at the Columbia this week. Glickman's Yiddish players give a performance that is entertaining and unusual. One does not need to understand Yiddish to enjoy them, for nearly all are clever actors whose pantomime makes the simulated emotions clear. The play "Gabriel" that held the boards on Monday and Tues-

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. , No. 97049.

Virginia Bachelder, Plaintiff.
vs.
Lindner F. Bachelder, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

L. G. CARPENTER,
Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to: Lindner F. Bachelder, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful neglect and desertion, and for the custody of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1905.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

California Book Binding and Printing Company, a corporation.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE.

There are delinquent upon the following described stock upon assessment No. 1, levied on the 8th day of May, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certificates.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
J. F. Lynas	3, 9 and 11	1500	$150.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 8th day of May, 1905, so many shares of said parcel of stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, No. 109 New Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 7th day of Aug., 1905, at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

A. M. THYES, Secretary

Office:—109 New Montgomery Street,
City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

day evenings strongly resembles "Tosca" in its plot. In a more compact form it would probably be more acceptable to our modern notions, for there are a number of strong situations to carry any play. As presented by the Yiddish players, with low comedy (interpreted by Eva Katz and David Schoenholtz), and with a great many musical numbers, solos, duets and choruses, it does not end until after twelve o'clock. Ellis Glickman, M. Goldberg, Clara Raffalo and Bernard Schoengold have the principal parts and are all actors of considerable ability.

Some attractions coming to the Columbia are Ezra Kendall in his new play; May Irwin in "Mrs. Black is Back"; "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"; Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann"; and "The Prince of Pilsen."

Anent "Rob Roy"

The coming production of "Rob Roy" at the Tivoli reminds us that the last time the opera was sung in San Francisco was by the Bostonians, or, at least, by the main portion of that famous company which is now but a memory. The Tivoli has secured for the revival of the beautiful, romantic opera what appears on paper to be a very good cast. Kate Condon, the handsome contralto, has been engaged for the role of the heroine, and Arthur Cunningham, who has been making a reputation in the East with crack companies, will appear in the title role; Anna Lichter, who has been giving her vocal apparatus a long and much needed rest, will venture again into the limelight in this production; Barron Berthald will play Prince Charles, a role filled by him in the first performance of the opera, and a comedian new to us, Frank Hayes, will also be of the company. As the production is to be under the supervision of Max Freeman, a stage manager of the highest rank, the management should feel that the opera is in good hands.

Next Week's Bills

Glickman's Yiddish players will move from the Columbia to the Grand Opera House, opening at the latter on Monday night with the following repertoire: Monday and Tuesday nights, "Alexander," Prince of Jerusalem, an operetta in four acts by Lateiner; Wednesday and Thursday nights, "Rabbi Osher in America," a comedy in four acts with musical accompaniments and effects; Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights, "The Jewish Hamlet," a modernization of Shakespeare's "Hamlet" with music; Saturday and Sunday matinees, "Kol Nidrey."

The Alcazar will have "The Heart of a Geisha" as its attraction.

At the Tivoli will be "Rob Roy."

John L. Sullivan, who has been appearing in vaudeville, will debut as a melodramatic star at the Central in "Fast Life in New York," and will spar four rounds with Jack McCormick, in whom some sporting critics see the next world's champion. All the Central favorites will be in the cast.

The Orpheum will have a strong bill in the De Koe trio of acrobats from Paris; Walter J. Talbot and John P. Rogers in a singing and talking stunt, and Bertie Fowler, a monologist. Talbot is a great favorite in this city where he began his musical career. The best of this week's performers will also be on the bill.

At the Chutes Bothwell Browne's Japanese musical extravaganza will be the attraction, with Chiquita and Annie Redline in addition.

Alice Nielsen will be here in the fall or winter, appearing in operatic concerts under F. Zeigfeld Jr.'s management. She will be assisted by other artists, all of eminence abroad.

Richard Outcault, the inventor of Buster Brown and other comic supp. heroes, is to lecture here in the autumn.

Alameda's Playwright

Alameda has a new playwright in the person of Edna Waymire, daughter of James A. Waymire. She has written a play with Robin Hood as the central figure which is to be produced in this city. Miss Waymire is a U. C. graduate who concentrated her attention on the study of literature.

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A Commonplace Tragedy

By Lawrence Martin.

The most talked of and envied woman at the Lakes this summer is Mrs. Morgan. She is the beauty of her set, the best-gowned, the richest and the most sought after. The papers describe her gowns, her conquests, her goings and her comings as if she were a royal princess.

It is taken as a matter of course that she is happy. Has she not a husband who adores her—a lovely little boy—a bank account—youth, beauty and incomparable taste?

Mrs. Morgan was a poor girl before her marriage. Everybody who reads the society columns of the papers will remember when she made her debut. She was of Southern birth and her people were of good stock, but they had never been well off, and so Daisy had expected to make her own living in case she did not make a wealthy match.

She was introduced to society as the protegee of one of the leaders, an old schoolmate of her mother's. Her fairy godmother promised to do all she could to forward the ambitions of Daisy's mother, who wished the girl to rehabilitate the family fortunes by annexing a rich husband.

Daisy had entertained other plans for herself. She had engaged herself to a young man who had been her friend since she was able to toddle alone. They had been neighbors, and schoolmates, and from friends they became lovers. Daisy loved Tom Deering with her whole heart, and he loved her as dearly, as in the novels that schoolgirls pore over.

Tom was poor and Daisy's mother did not approve of her daughter's marriage with her neighbor. She was a wise woman, however, and did not oppose the engagement. What she did was to urge upon the young man the necessity of improving his fortunes.

He was full of ambition and energy, and saw no reason why he should not be able to become rich in a short time, by earnest effort. He was a mining engineer and he determined to strike out into some new country where there was more than a chance that he would meet with financial success that would insure his and Daisy's speedy marriage.

They swore vows of eternal devotion and constancy, and Tom went away. For a time his letters came regularly, breathing fond affection for his "little girl," as he called his fiancee.

Then the letters stopped. Daisy wrote several touching appeals to her lover, asking him to explain his silence, but there was no reply to his missives. She fancied at last that he had grown tired of her, and had met some one else who pleased him better. It was many months before she gave up hope, and it was pitiful to see her attempts at gayety when she was out in the great world of society.

She never suspected that her mother had acted the role of the villain in her heart drama, and had withheld Tom's letters and her own.

After her season in society, when Daisy did not make the great match her mother had hoped for, her fairy godmother took her on a round of the summer resorts, but with no better results. The poor girl tried to forget Tom, but she could not. It was not as if he had been a newcomer in her life. She had known him always, and it was not easy to tear up those deep roots of affection that had been so many years planted.

Her society chaperon knew something of Daisy's romance, but not the reason of its ending. She fancied that Tom had proved unfaithful, and as she was rather fond of the girl she did what she could to aid her to forget. She finally took her abroad, and there she met Will Morgan, who promptly fell in love with her. She did not care for him as other than a friend, but her chaperon urged her to marry this rich youth.

You all remember the marriage, which was solemnized directly after their return home, in Trinity church, with all the pomp and show in which the society scribes love to revel when they are writing of weddings. The bride looked pale, but then she had never been remarkable for the rosiness of her cheeks. Will Morgan was the big catch of the season, and everybody thought Daisy the luckiest girl in the world.

That was seven years ago. By this time Mrs. Morgan should have completely forgotten her first love. Do we not change in every tissue of our body in seven years? Why, then, should any little heart affair survive the physical renewal?

As Daisy had no confidants among her society friends no one could assert that she did not love Will Morgan as well as she had loved Tom Deering. She acted as did all the women of her set; she went to parties, played golf and tennis, danced and flirted—Will was not of a jealous temperament, and indeed he need not have been, for if his wife was indifferent to him she was equally so to other men. But she was the conventional

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society matron, with that bored look upon her beautiful face that was considered the proper thing in her circle. In Mrs. Morgan's case, however, the expression did not appear to be an affectation.

Morgan attributed the seeming indifference of his wife to the fact that she bestowed boundless affection on their child. He sometimes reflected that her maternal love was so great that there was no room in her heart for other sentiment.

The boy was a handsome lad who looked not at all like his father, nor yet like his mother. His eyes were of a peculiar shade, and his nose was of exceedingly delicate mould.

Sometimes Morgan felt himself growing jealous of his own son, so completely did the youngster monopolize his mother's attentions.

One day, after seven years' absence in foreign climes, Tom Deering returned to his old home. He was big and bronzed and handsomer than ever. He was much feted by his old friends. The men had forgotten all about his old affair with Daisy, who was now Mrs. Morgan, and even the press gossips did not think it necessary to mention it. Perhaps they had never known about the engagement, for Daisy being a poor girl her love affairs were of no importance until she married the wealthy Will Morgan.

In the course of his renewal of acquaintance with his own country Tom visited the summer resorts, and in time came to the Lakes. The first person he fell upon was Will Morgan, with whom he had been slightly acquainted in the old days.

"Why, this is Deering," said Morgan, and

"Morgan, is it?" was the reply.

The two men had a drink together, and then went out to the veranda to smoke.

A woman stood looking off at the trees; a listless figure, faultlessly gowned and singularly graceful even in her indifferent pose.

Deering looked up and saw her, as Morgan carelessly returned her indifferent nod. She turned her head away without noticing his companion.

"Why, that is Daisy Brown," said Deering, clutching the other's coat-sleeve.

"Not Brown, now—she's married."

Morgan intended to have a little fun at Deering's expense. He knew nothing of his wife's former affair.

"Married," returned Deering, "do you know, Morgan, that she and I were engaged for a long time—but something came between us—I wish I knew what it was." His voice was husky as he asked: "Do you know whom she married?"

Deering looked eagerly into Morgan's eyes, and the latter, returning the scrutiny, started as suddenly as though he had received a blow.

Then he smiled sadly, as though he understood.

"She married me," he said, and he looked straight into Deering's eyes, noting their peculiar shade.

The Great Scenic Route.

It is hard to find anywhere on the continent more enjoyable railroad trips than in the vicinity of San Francisco. Take for instance a ride from San Francisco over the California Northwestern Ry., to Sherwood, passing through Marin, Santa Rosa, Russian River, Ukiah, Willits and Sherwood valleys. Starting from the sea level at San Francisco you reach an altitude of 2,295 feet. A beautiful trip, but short, is to Glen Ellen and return over the Sonoma branch. Another trip is over the Guerneville branch. For quite a distance the road parallels the Russian river. At Guerneville a local train runs to Camp Vacation, skirting the Russian river for the distance of three miles. If you have time for a stay consult "Vacation 1905," issued by the California Northwestern Ry., a book of 200 pages, with full information as to where one can recreate at a cost of from $7 and upward per week.

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"I should say not," said Mr. Nagger, and Mrs. Nagger failed to catch the import of his acquiescence, which was fortunate for Nagger.

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BY THE CHAUFFEUR.

Autos Without Tags

A [illegible] consequence of the new state law regulating the speed of automobiles throughout California developed last week in the case of a letter and application received by F. O. Bell, who has charge of the license department in the office of the Secretary of State. Mr. Bell noted the application and laid aside the two-dollar money order it contained, when his attention was attracted by a few lines added to the missive: "I have been running this traction engine for five years and I never supposed I had to have a tag and badge until I visited San Luis Obispo last week. It would be a good idea to send a man down here to visit all the big ranches, as there are lots of engines without any tags." It was at this point that Mr. Bell discovered that the application applied to a traction engine instead of an automobile and reluctantly returned the money order to an envelope and sent it back to the law-abiding engineer. At present he is in daily anticipation of applications from chauffeurs of hay-cutting machines and steam rollers.

The Horseless Age

The horseless age is dawning in Paris, the native heath of the automobile, and the common prediction of the early days of motor cars that the equine would be eventually displaced by the mechanical power vehicle is being fulfilled. From 1903 to 1904 the number of horses in Paris dropped from 91,016 to 90,147, a difference of 869. In 1901 there were 133,892, making a decrease in 1904 of 43,745, as compared with 1901.

Paradise for Automobiles

H. C. Sampson, a writer on one of the prominent New York automobile papers is visiting in this state and has toured about quite extensively in company with E. F. Chellini Assistant Secretary of the Automobile Club of California. Mr. Sampson, who has visited every large city in the country, expresses a belief that California, because of its roads and climate, will in time come to be regarded as a paradise for automobile owners. In proportion to population this state now contains as many machines as any in the country, despite the heavy freight charges for shipment across the continent.

Motor mites

English commercial travelers are using automobiles in covering their routes.

One of the biggest automobile race meets ever held in Spain is scheduled to be run in Barcelona during the latter part of this month.

An automobile driver in the East was so particular about his conduct on the road that he turned his car into a telegraph pole rather than kill a rooster and thereby nearly killed himself and the other occupants of the car. And yet some people say automobilists have no regard for life and limb.

France supplies 36 per cent of the foreign automobiles sent to the United States.

It had been the intention of the Automobile Club of California to make the run to Byron Hot Springs June first, but in view of the fact that it was found that accommodations for three or four hundred automobilists were not possible at that point, the club decided that it would be inadvisable to make the trip. A number of club members finding that the organization had abandoned the idea of visiting the Springs as a body, decided to make independent trips and during the month of June any number of machines, with their owners and friends, visited the springs. The advent of the Fourth determined an unusually large number of automobilists to take advantage of the excellent road by way of Haywards, Dublin and Altamount. Included in those who made the run, some arriving as early as Saturday, and many machines continuing to appear until late on the afternoon of the Fourth, were: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tilden, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Waters, Miss Clark Miss Waters and Miss Morton, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Manuel, Judge and Mrs. Frank B. Ogden from Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Spring, Miss Warfield and Louis Titus from Fruitvale, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Benson and Miss E. Williams of San Francisco.

Foreign News

King Alfonso of Spain recently paid a high compliment to American automobiles by ordering a Columbia car with regular American equipment. The young monarch is in love with motoring and has attracted a great deal of attention since he has taken up the sport, by his various escapades. Only a few days ago the local press contained a story of how Alfonso's automobile ran into a donkey.

Eastern Gossip

It has often been said that the old Bullet, built by Alex. Winton, several years ago, is the fastest racing machine in the world. The recent performances of this machine at the St. Paul tracks certainly gives reason for such a statement, when Earl Kiser, practically a new driver, won a gold and silver cup given by the St. Paul Automobile Club, his time being 5:11, and defeating the Peerless driven by the keen Barney Oldfield. Just to show there was some life in the old Bullet, Kiser drove her around the track in 56 4-5 seconds.

Duluth has come to the fore in providing her fire chief with an automobile. A White steam car was shipped to Duluth several days ago for the use of Chief John Black of the Fire Department.

A White steam auto now holds the world's record for a mile on a circular track. Webb Jay at the national championship meet in New York, on July 4th, drove his 15-20 h. p. White a mile in the phenomenal time of 48 4-5 seconds, lowering the previous record held by Chevrolet in his powerful foreign machine by more than three seconds.

Auto in Business

From present prospects the automobile for commercial purposes will soon become an important factor in the motor game on this coast. Not only are business houses in this city purchasing machines but in San Jose, Fresno and many other cities of California is the motor car gaining favor for use in business. M. S. Preston of the Yuba City Canning Company of Marysville is following in the footsteps of numerous other travelers and with the use of an Autocar runabout finds it a greater pleasure going about the country buying up fruit.

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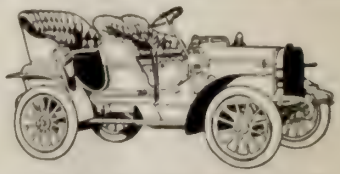
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WHILE YOU ARE STUDYING AUTOMOBILES YOU SHOULD LOOK OUR COMPLETE LINE OVER CAREFULLY
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SAN FRANCISCO

Extend Invitation

The Rarig Automobile and Garage Company, Pacific Coast agents for the Queen automobile, are now occupying their handsome and spacious quarters in Folsom street near Fourth, and extend an invitation to all motor car enthusiasts as well as others to visit one of the finest exclusive repositories for automobiles in the West. The Queen machine is finely finished throughout and one of its many good features is its remarkable hill-climbing capabilities. The cars are simple in construction with ample power for all conditions met with in touring in California. The car has given universal satisfaction throughout the East and principally to have the agency properly looked after in this territory did the Rarig Company decide to erect their costly building.

In Society

The sport of automobiling is at its height just at present. Everybody seems to have the touring craze and society people in their autos are scattered all over the state. During the past few weeks Del Monte has been the objective point of many of the motor car owners. The Harry Holbrooks made a recent trip in their powerful Columbia auto to Monterey and L. P. Lowe, his wife and several friends also made a merry excursion in Mr. Lowe's large automobile recently.

Miss Alice Roosevelt during her short stay in this city toured about with R. P. Schwerin, President of the Automobile Club of California, in a Winton touring car.

Local Gossip

S. Hammond and a party of friends made a fine run during the holidays in a Winton. They left San Francisco at 1 p. m. in a model C car, and took dinner in Santa Cruz Sunday, afterwards spending two days touring around Monterey. They returned on the fourth, after having traveled three hundred and twenty-five miles without a hitch.

San Francisco is not the only city on the coast where the members of the medical profession are rapidly supplanting their horse-drawn carriages with the more satisfactory motor car. San Jose claims also to have its share of doctors who realize the worth of the horseless vehicle in their profession. Dr. C. H. Harvey is the latest of the Garden City's prominent physicians to discard man's best friend for an Autocar runabout, and is already convinced of the auto's superiority over the equine for a busy doctor.

E. L. Stewart of Denverton bought a model C Winton three weeks ago in which he has toured fifteen hundred miles, a punctured tire being the only trouble he has met with.

Other News

Mr. Linton of Wadsworth, Nev., leaves on Thursday, on an overland trip, in a new model B Winton touring car, which will be used regularly between Wadsworth and Olinghouse. This will be the first automobile seen in that part of the country.

Owners of White cars in the Northwest territory have been very active of late and several remarkable tours are credited to these popular steam machines. H. B. Rector of Seattle, and Messrs. Purdy, Loggie and Henderson of Bellingham, Washington, drove from that city to Vancouver, B. C., making the return trip on the following day. The old reliable White made the round trip of one hundred and thirty miles without a hitch and the party was much pleased with the work of the machine. White steamers are taking the initiative in runs to Portland and four of these autos left Seattle during the past two weeks headed for the Exposition city.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond, from San Francisco, were: Mrs. C. A. Malm, Lillian and Grace Malm, Mrs. Stephen Castle, Miss Castle, Miss Gugenhime, Leopold Weil, Walter Malm, R. G. Brown, S. Baer, Ford Pierson, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lally, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund Jr., Dr. and Mrs. R. K. Belden, Mr. and Mrs. A. Starr Keeler, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Rehfisch, William Greer Harrison, Miss Lally, Miss Marion Lally..

San Franciscans at Hotel Tuxedo in the Santa Cruz mountains include: Leon Abrahamson, Miss Abrahamson, Miss Anspacher, L. A. Myers, J. Unna, wife and son, Mr. and Mrs. Weil, Mrs. R. Hunt and daughters, S. C. Talcott, Mrs. M. Willard and son, Mrs. A. Pauson and son, S. C. Thomson, Miss E. A. Thomson, Miss B. Nathan, Miss R. L. Yehl.

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin W. Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Lucien West, H. B. Kingsbacker, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Becht, Howard B. Smith, G. H. Coombs, Stanley Brown, J. Feigenbaum and wife of San Francisco, are registered at the Hotel del Coronado.

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Why pay twice as much for a car when, even at that price, it will not compare with the Queen

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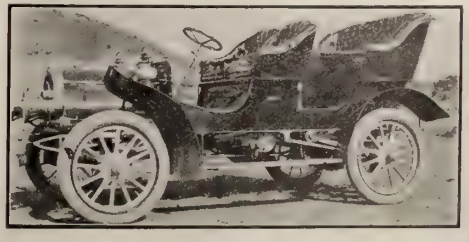

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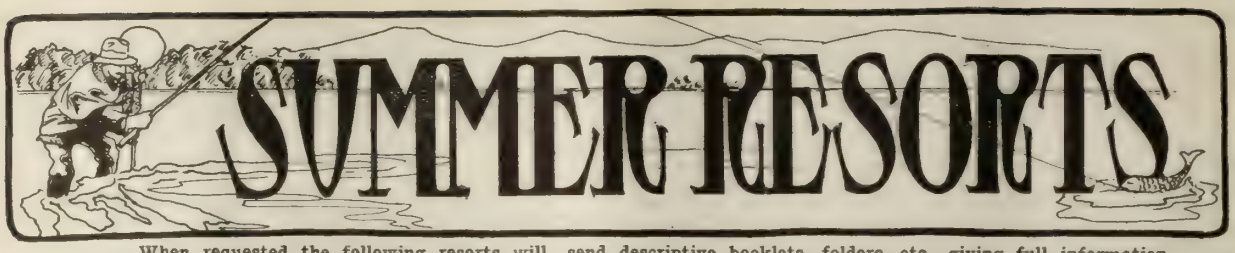

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One hour, 25 minutes by S. P.

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TONY PHILIPPS, Santa Cruz.

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Open all the year. Stage daily except Sunday from Gilroy. Long distance phone and Postoffice.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. This resort has been entirely renovated. New cement sulphur plunge baths, club rooms and office. A gas plant has been installed and the hotel refurnished throughout. Open May 1st.

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"The Little Del Monte." An all-the-year-around family resort near old Monterey and the Presidio Military Post. Low Rates for families
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Free Information

Music

A Californian Invades China with Musical Culture Intent

We did not talk about music all the time during the hour of interview that Madame von Meyerinck accorded me, though the object of my call was to find out what musical conditions prevail in the Orient. Madame von Meyerinck has just returned from China, whither she went to establish a branch in Shanghai of the von Meyerinck School in San Francisco. But the establishment of her school did not absorb all her days, as I soon discovered. She spoke in most enthusiastic terms of the vast possibilities of that great country, but became considerably excited when she denounced the greedy disposition of most of the foreigners who go there. "Only in proportion with the acquired faith and trust of the Mongolian in the good intentions of the foreigner," she said, "will the latter gain access to those immense opportunities afforded there. Think of that shameful breaking of contracts and the stealing of six hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds, by Bevick, Moreing & Co. of London, at the mines in Tongshan, North China—that is but one incident among the many that do harm and retard progress in China. Not in ten years can such damage be repaired." China being practically the last country where

Baroness von Meyerinck

Western civilization, overpopulation and over-production would find a natural outlet, she warned most strenuously, for the good of the American population, against the many vexations and intrigues which have played such a prominent part in the exclusion act, bringing about conditions as they now exist between China and America. After a pause for breath she said: "But you don't want my views on these questions, do you? I couldn't help giving them, for I had an opportunity to study conditions pretty closely, becoming acquainted as I did with some of the best-educated, cultured and progressive Chinese and Manchurian families. These told me that all they asked of us is a fair treatment of the better classes visiting America, that they do not desire wholesale importation of the coolie class. They said if their request were unheeded that they will have to retaliate by boycotting every American enterprise. So you see that this question and that of music in China—American music—are very closely allied. I have proof positive that the Chinese decision will be adhered to, as only under the condition that these troubles will be satisfactorily settled will one of the largest Chinese Girls' Schools make arrangements to introduce Western music under a teacher I am to send to Shanghai in October. The school referred to is the Wu Pen School at the West Gate. So far they have had Japanese instructors for the music, but realizing that with the general advancement they ought to introduce our western system they have decided upon this change; provided, as I have just said, that the trouble between the two countries is amicably settled." Madame von Meyerinck described the school, which is located in an old temple. She also told me of the "Anti-foot-binding School," which was only in existence a few weeks before her arrival in Shanghai. This progressive school is a proof of the constant onward march of civilization, as no pupil is admitted who is bound. A great many Chinese women are unbinding at present,

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All rooms large and sunny, with steam heat, private phones, local and long distance. Tourist and transient trade solicited. Cuisine the very best. American and European plans during tourist season. Ideal central location—convenient to all car lines.
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THE HEART OF SAN FRANCISCO
American and European Plans, Hot and Cold Running Water
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though this ultimate relief to the small-footed can only be arrived at through the most excruciating pains. The pain lasts for weeks, until nature resumes its rights by gradually straightening the toes, which in extreme youth had been bent under the sole of the foot. She showed me a diminutive pair of embroidered shoes, only four inches long and ending in the smallest point imaginable. There are many Chinese women who never have crossed their own sitting-room without assistance.

During her three and a half months in the Orient Madame von Meyerinck used her eyes and ears to great advantage, took a great many fine snapshots with her kodak, and had many interesting experiences. She gave a concert in Shanghai which was very successful, and she was entertained by Lady Yu, and many others. At one function where she was a guest two geisha girls were exceedingly interested in her apparel and would have examined every article of clothing and the jewels she wore, if they had been permitted. Lady Yu gave her a valuable souvenir in the shape of a silk pelisse, embroidered, the garment that can only be worn by ladies of the court circle. She was told that the next time she visited the Orient she must go to Peking and be presented at court. In Japan, she had the pleasure of attending a rehearsal at the Tokio Academy of Music, at Uyeno Park, and met Miss Koda, the violin teacher, who was more like a German than a Japanese. She studied violin five years in Vienna under Helmersberg, and her sister, another gifted girl, studied under Joachim in Berlin Professor Junker, the orchestral leader, studied in Cologne and Berlin with the same teachers that Madame von Meyerinck had studied under, and they enjoyed some pleasing reminiscences. "But what do you think I did, when I met the head of this Japanese academy?" said Madame. "Instead of the customary bow that is always given in Japan—a triple bow—I held out my hand in good American fashion for our salutation." At the rehearsal she heard a Japanese choral of forty women, and said they sang Brahms part songs in perfect harmony.

Half Hour of Music in Berkeley

In the Greek theatre, University of California, on Sunday afternoon, July second, a very delightful half-hour of music was given under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore. Part one consisted of compositions of Mr. Pasmore—part songs, "A Summer Song" and "Wedlock," sung by Mrs. Gardner, Miss Anne Moore, Mrs. Larsen and Miss Wolfskill, Messrs. Nowlan, Trowbridge, Hidden and Pasmore; song, "The Message," with piano, violin and cello accompaniment, Miss Aldanita Wolfskill; part song, "What My Lover Said," Mrs. Ingeborg Larsen, Miss Wolfskill, Messrs. Nowlan and Pasmore; trio, "Southern Airs," Misses Mary Broeck Pasmore, Suzanne Nicholine Pasmore and Dorothy Bickford Pasmore. "The Message," which is a very lovely song, words by Herbert Bates, was encored, and the instrumental trio by the Pasmore sisters gained for the young girls six recalls to which they finally had to reply. Part two opened with the mad scene from "Lucia" by Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, who received great applause after the cadenza. The sextet from the same opera was sung by Mrs. Gardner, Miss Wolfskill, Messrs. Trowbridge, Nowlan, Hidden and Pasmore, and though the half-hour had by that time considerably lengthened, the audience seemed loth to go. However the program had ended.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman has been concertizing with Eddy, the organist, in the southern part of the state, and will soon appear here. During the past two years Mrs. Dickman has been solo contralto of the Rutgers Presbyterian church, New York. Her musical studies were made in Paris and London under Juliani and Randegger, but more recently under Arthur Mees, in New York, who considers her voice the finest oratorio contralto in this country. —*The Music Critic.*

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A Candid Letter

The following open letter addressed to the publisher of the San Francisco "Bulletin" is a forceful exposition of the principles of the Citizens' Alliance of this city, of which Mr. George is president. It sets forth lucidly the logical position of that organization, the sentiments of its members and the spirit that animates them:

June 29th.

Mr. R A. Crothers, Publisher Bulletin, City,—

My Dear Mr. Crothers: My heart goes out to you in this your hour of distress, but you will pardon me if I indulge in a sarcastic smile on the side. You complain because you cannot get police protection, and bitterly deplore the attitude of a city administration that deliberately incites riot with a view to taking advantage of a public sentiment that forbids visiting violence upon ignorant children and blindly zealous women. But, my dear Mr. Crothers, let me tell you on the quiet, for the last sixteen months I have been contending against conditions of this sort continually, and sorry to say that I have not found a daily paper in San Francisco willing to present my side of the question. Every day a column of so-called labor "news" is published in the daily papers, misrepresenting the industrial situation, and going before their readers continually undenied. You know how it is yourself now and I believe you will appreciate the tremendous odds that I have had to meet here upon the coast, not as a "union busting proposition," but as an institution of defense against the lawlessness of misguided and indecent unionism. I have no fault to find with a good share of the people who belong to unions, because they would do the right thing if they were given a chance to do so, just as they would today get together and frown down the recognition of such an irresponsible thing as a Newsboys' Union.

You have done everything in your power to court the friendship of the unions, believing that our side of the house would overlook your eagerness to add a few names to your subscription list, to please the advertising men of the big stores, but now, when the broad and conservative element of unionism should come to your rescue and put a stop to this lesson in lawlessness among the newsboys (who will have to be met later on in life in some other form of indecent unionism), they leave you to fight a one-sided battle without even so much as offering the word that would stop it all. You would not be suffering today if those placed in charge of the city Government would enforce law and order. This brings me to a circular I issued on April 15th, which has been commented on quite extensively, but which has never yet been printed in full in any paper. In that circular I advised Democrats and Republicans to get registered, go to the primaries, and fight the battle for a decent administration of the laws. Perhaps I went a little farther than I was warranted by advising those who spent their summers away to come home and to investigate the registration laws, and if lawful, vote where they do business. This last suggestion was well meant and made purely in the interest of decency, with the hope that the city might be rescued from a gang of pirates who use the police force principally to protect law breaking unionists, discredited by decent union men. I have been compelled to practically maintain a police force of my own in order to protect the 17,000 members of the Citizens' Alliance of San Francisco.

This leads me to another topic, and I trust you will forgive me for referring to it. I am charged with trying to drag the Citizens' Alliance into politics. I beg to inform you, sir, that this Association, which I have the honor to represent, is not in politics and cannot be dragged into politics, but will go on in the even tenor of its way fighting the battles of its members regardless of the whines of interested politicians and would-be reformers who yell lustily about their not being members of the Citizens' Alliance and who charge us with trying to precipitate a "class struggle" in this community because we ask the courts to stop lawlessness. If these people would urge the unions to abandon their lawless practices they might be warranted in asking this Association to let up in its defense of its members "until after election," to the end that certain would-be reformers (who publicly upbraid the Alliance), might succeed in defeating Mayor Schmitz. Personally, I would rather see Mayor Schmitz re-elected than some jelly-fish reformer anxious to forward his own political interests by pretending to be a peace-maker, with a view to ultimately putting the Citizens' Alliance out of business. I know where Schmitz stands.

The Citizens' Alliance has not failed in one of its prosecutions in court, and it has had the entire city administration to fight. It has fought the conditions successfully and can continue to fight them successfully no matter who is elected Mayor of the city of San Francisco. Speaking for myself (and not the Citizens' Alliance), I had rather continue to fight along the lines I have established and know what I have got to contend with than see the opinion created through the election of a "reformer" that the unions had been whipped and the time had arrived for the Citizens' Alliance to go out of business. With a reform Mayor bent on forwarding his own political interests through pandering to lawless leaders of unionism, the time would soon arrive when the generous people who now support the Citizens' Alliance would erroneously arrive at the conclusion that the end had been reached, and all was over but the shouting, and the Association would then go to pieces, and, four years from now, the employer side of the question would be up against the strongest revival on the part of the unions they have ever yet been called upon to meet.

I make this plain statement of facts so that people may know I have no political ambitions. I am simply here to make a success of a movement that I have thought out and which I believe to be the only solution of the industrial question, namely, the creation of an organizaton on our side of the question as complete and thorough in every detail as the organization of labor. When there is perfect organization on both sides, then may we hope for the birth of the spirit of respect for both sides on the part of each, which will result in a sentiment that favors thinking out labor difficulties before trying to fight them out. The Citizens' Alliance has held to these methods, and its battles have been fought through the courts. If the unions have gotten the worst of it there, it should be plain to the average citizen that they got it because they deserved it.

Yours very truly,

HERBERT GEORGE.

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Letters

A Story of Hawaiian Life

"The Girl From Home," whom Mrs. Isobel Strong has made the heroine of her novel, would have had a much more disagreeable time had she been marooned in any other place in the world than Honolulu. Florence Van Voorhis was a Californienne who had spent her home life on a fruit orchard in the Santa Clara Valley with an invalid mother, and after the death of the latter she had lived in a San Francisco hotel with her father who, a widower at forty, with a daughter half his own age, scarcely knew what to do with himself or her, so it is not surprising that the girl was utterly unsophisticated. On one of her vacation trips with her mother she had met Walter Spague, also on pleasure bent, and the assistance which he was able to render the two ladies resulted in a correspondence which ended in an engagement. Florence went to Honolulu to be married to him, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Landry, a decidedly sporty widow who was returning to the islands after having fitted herself out with gay apparel, and she had no intention of dimming her own charms by courting comparison with a fresh young girl. When Florence arrived at her journey's end, it was to discover that her expectant bridegroom had been celebrating the event in advance, and was in no condition to meet her. She had no friends in the city, and Mrs. Landry, intent on her own affairs, deserted her charge at the wharf, after introducing her to an American naval lieutenant whose ship was stationed there. The situation in which Florence found herself affords the opportunity to describe the life in Honolulu under the reign of King Kalakaua, the ease with which acquaintances were made, the friendly hospitality and the discussion of private affairs, which was so open and direct as to escape condemnation as gossip. It seems like a delightful fairyland made up of shaded verandas, flowers and feasts, of dinners and dances and surf-parties, music and moonlight and youth. King Kalakaua, who figures as one of the principal characters in the narrative, is more like the genial host of a house party intent on securing the pleasure of all his guests, than the monarch of a kingdom with the cares of state on his mind. He is the kindly, courteous gentleman, beloved alike by his own people and by the foreign residents. Florence found a home with Mrs. Ross, a half-white, a decendant of the Kamehamehas, on the native side, and in following her experiences we have the opportunity of learning many of the native customs, as well as making some delightful acquaintances. The little girl, Lulu Ross, who has but a faint trace of the native blood, is deserving of a whole book to herself. At twelve years of age she is as capable and gossipy as a New England spinster, and has all the energy of a missionary of the first generation. It is she who superintends the bringing up of the two little princes who are domiciled with her mother, and she is so remarkably successful that her methods ought to be published for the benefit of the mothers' meetings and child study clubs. She has even trained the two lively youngsters to the point of compelling them to sew patchwork and crochet lace for the benefit of her dolls. The little boys, who long to go barefoot, swim, and handle tools, are rescued from her tyranny by the intervention of the good king who happens upon her in one of her disciplinary moods, but they are such gentle, polite, and withal, manly little fellows that they have never thought of making complaint. Mrs. Ross is an excellent representative of her class, part white, but of the best native blood, who, underneath her veneer of civilization, still clings to the superstitions of her ancestors, and is ever on the alert for possible snubs to the old race, while at the same time, gracious and kindly to all. And there are her niece, Emma, whose scowling brow conceals the gentle, shy disposition, and Harry, her silent lover, and the exuberant Bonner girls, slangy, noisy, but capable, and the well known household of Chinese and native origin, the Japanese commissioner, the Russian and German naval officials, the natives, the Portuguese and the Chinese, all making a kaleidoscopic picture of races and colors for the benefit of the girl who has come under such untoward conditions, but whose cloud proved to have not a silver but a golden lining. Despite the cheerfulness of the story it is with a feeling of sadness that one lays the book down, remembering that the little toy kingdom with its tinsel court and its curious assortment of diplomatic attaches is no more, that the national flag is hauled down and the national hymn is heard no more. Mrs. Strong writes out of the fulness of her own experience, having spent a considerable time in Honolulu during the reign of King Kalakaua, who was, perhaps, the only contented monarch in the whole world. Published by McClure, Phillips & Co. —**The Bookworm.**

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STATEMENT

Of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

(A CORPORATION)

And Where Said Assets are Situated

DATED JUNE 30, 1905

ASSETS

1—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is $33,216,584.87

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by first mortgages on real estate within this State ($32,843,584.87), and the States of Oregon ($98,000.00) and Washington ($275,000.00.) Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said corporation, at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

2—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is 470,900.00

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing contracts, owned by said corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by "Northern Railway Company of California first mortgage 5 per cent bonds," "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of Arizona 6 per cent bonds," "Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California Series 'F and G' 6 per cent bonds," "Oakland Transit 5 per cent bonds." "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California 5 per cent bonds," "Park and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent bonds," "United Railroads of San Francisco 4 per cent bonds," "United States 3 per cent bonds," "Pacific Gas Improvement Company First Mortgage 4 per cent bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent bonds," "Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent bonds," "Forty-two shares of the capital stock of the Bank of California" and "One Hundred and thirty shares of the capital stock of the California Street Cable Railroad Company," the market value of all said bonds and stocks being $564,467.25. Said Notes are kept and held by said corporation at its said office, and said Notes, Bonds and Stocks are there situated.

3—Bonds of the United States, the actual value of which is 16,073,978.92

The condition of said bonds is as follows: They belong to said corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are "Registered 4 per cent of 1907 ($12,000,000.00) and 4 per cent of 1925 ($3,020,000.00) United States bonds" and are payable only to the order of said corporation.

4—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is 10,293,469.82

The condition of said Bonds is as follows: They belong to said corporation, and are kept and held by it in its own vaults and are there situated. They are:

"Market Street Cable Railway Company 6 per cent bonds"	$1,121,000.00
"Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent bonds"	340,000.00
"Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent bonds"	150,000.00
"Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent bonds"	158,000.00
"The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent bonds"	82,000.00
"Presidio and Ferries Railroad Company 6 per cent bonds"	25,000.00
"Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent bonds"	6,000.00
"Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent bonds"	145,000.00
"Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California 5 per cent bonds"	100,000.00
"Northern Railway Company of California 6 per cent bonds"	584,000.00
"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent bonds"	384,000.00
"Southern Pacific Railroad Company of California 6 per cent bonds"	866,000.00
"San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent bonds"	111,000.00
"West Shore Railroad Company of New York 4 per cent bonds"	500,000.00
"Spring Valley Water Works First Mortgage 6 per cent bonds"	123,000.00
"Spring Valley Water Works Second Mortgage 4 per cent bonds"	462,000.00
"Spring Valley Water Works Third Mortgage 4 per cent bonds"	1,020,000.00
"The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent bonds"	1,500,000.00
"San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent bonds"	495,000.00
"City and County of San Francisco 3½ per cent bonds"	1,622,800.00
"City of Vallejo 5 per cent bonds"	65,000.00
And "City of San Luis Obispo 5 per cent bonds"	13,500.18

5—Interest on Miscellaneous Bonds accrued to July 1, 1905 ..... 296,734.59

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco ($148,857.32), and in the counties of Santa Clara ($137,315.45), Alameda ($145,871.70), and San Mateo ($13,643.42), in this State, the actual value of which is 445,687.89

(b)—The Land and Building in which said corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is 471,452.76

The condition of said real estate is that it belongs to said corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin, belonging to said corporation, and in its possession, and situated at its said office, actual value... 1,644,840.18

Total Assets $62,913,649.03

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is $59,439,417.52

The condition of said deposits is that they are payable only out of said assets and are fully secured thereby.

2—Reserve Fund, actual value 3,474,231.51

Total Liabilities $62,913,649.03

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By JAMES R. KELLY, President
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
By ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.

JAMES R. KELLY and ROBERT J. TOBIN, being each separately duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said ROBERT J. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President
ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary

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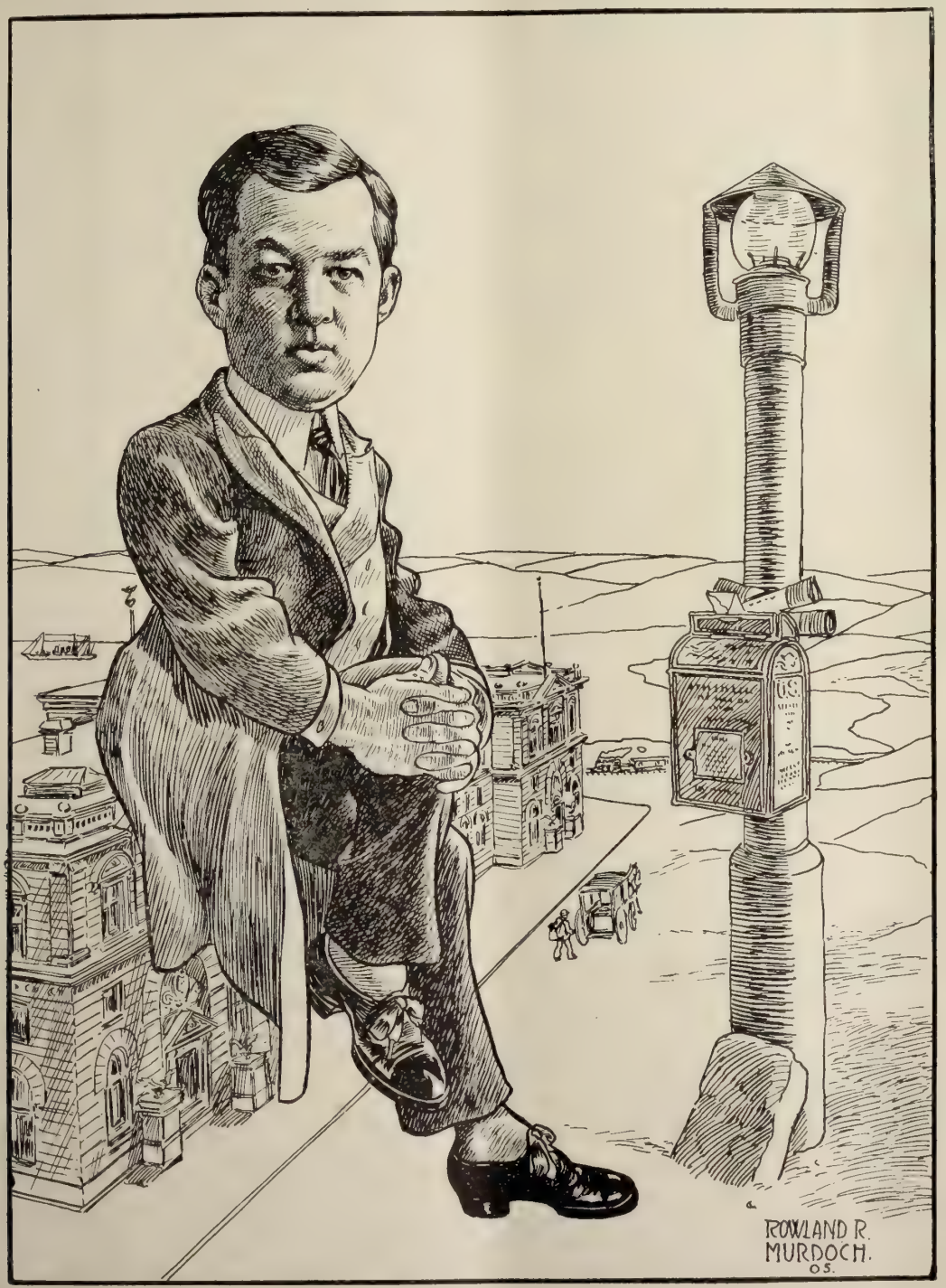
TOWN TALK

Vol. XIII. Saturday, July 22, 1905 No. 673.



No. 4 *Arthur G. Fisk*

Our artist here presents, in reflective mood, Uncle Sam's very active young mail collector. He is as usual at his post of duty. Behold the post! He is in touch, also, as the casual observer may note, with our new postoffice, a building, by the way, that ranks for architectural beauty and finish with the Congressional library. To Mr. Fisk has been entrusted, by President Roosevelt, the task of fitting up the entire building in which is to be housed all the principal Federal offices, and for several weeks he has been handling bids on supplies of all kinds. It is a big task that compels reflective moods, but Mr. Fisk is a man of rare administrative ability, and there are many people in the state who think that it is of the quality needed in the gubernatorial office. But Mr. Fisk is busy attending to the mails and other things just now. In addition to his official duties he is directing the fight for clean municipal government, and therefore he is somewhat preoccupied.

TOWN TALK

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Charles S. Smith - - - Manager
Ralph A. Grover - Manager of Advertising

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Popular Revolt Against Graft

At this moment the grafter appears to be more perniciously active than ever before in the history of the country. The revelations of fraud in political and commercial life are so numerous as to indicate to the superficial observer a general atrophy of morals. The pessimist sees in existing conditions a trend in the direction of the demnition bow-wows. In his opinion the country is drifting to wreck and ruin. This is a despondent view of the future which the situation far from justifies. The grafter is a pest neither new nor unique, nor more pernicious nor more active than he was in earlier periods of the history of this republic. In late years he has been growing bolder in his operations, and the people were viewing his aggressions with a complaisance of evil portent. It was a complaisance born of a diseased civic conscience. Encouraged by the lackadaisical spirit of the times, emboldened by the tolerance of an apathetic public, the grafter extended his sphere of operations, and the species propagating spontaneously in propitious environment, in time infested our political system from the humble township board to the very threshold of the cabinet room and became intrenched in every department of commercial activity. But today the grafter is on the run. He is fleeing before the wrath of an indignant public. The American conscience has been aroused to the iniquities of the financial and political system of which Mr. Rockefeller is the most conspicuous type. Press and public are ringing their alarm against commercial criminality, sturdy American citizenship is everywhere denouncing unclean money as a breeder of moral plague, and the rogues of high finance who have long enjoyed a reputation for ultra-respectability are being classed with the porch climber and sneak thief.

The Roosevelt Stimulus

Instead of being conducive to pessimism the situation calls for universal felicitation. It is humiliating to learn that some of our foremost citizens and highest officials are common grafters, that the ramifications of graft extend all through our system of government, and that some of our most solid business institutions have long been under the control of conscienceless rascals of whom that polished university graduate and advocate of the blessings of higher education, Mr. Chauncey Depew, is the most conspicuous type. At the same time it is delightfully encouraging to know that the civic conscience has been quickened to such an extent that no presumption of innocence exists in the public mind in favor of men of large fortune simply because they are wealthy. How refreshing is the confidence that we have in the Chief Magistrate of the country who has done so much by his preachments and his example to arouse public sentiment against the enemies of the nation and stimulate a sense of the importance of the idealities! With Theodore Roosevelt at the helm of state there need be no misgivings as to the effect of graft on the country's future. No country was ever ruled by a personality imbued by loftier sentiments than those that animate Theodore Roosevelt, and that find expression in the acts of the men by whom he has surrounded himself. To the wholesome influence of his Administration may be traced the quickening of the spirit of patriotism which is manifest in the enthusiastic co-operation of private citizens with those officials who are engaged in the purification of politics. The co-operation was shown in Oregon when Francis Heney secured the conviction of a corrupt United States Senator. It has recently been shown in Philadelphia, and it is being exhibited in New York today where District Attorney Jerome is investigating the methods of life insurance financiering. We are assured of co-operation between the new management of the Equitable with Paul Morton at its head, for the new policy of the company is in line with the most vigorous efforts that even Jerome is capable of putting forth for the disclosure of the whole truth and the punishment of all the guilty. The same spirit of co-operation has been shown in Chicago, where the magnates of the beef trust were indicted on testimony which showed that they held both the beef raiser and the consumer at their mercy.

Administration Ideals

President Roosevelt sounded the keynote of the sentiment that dominates the policy of his Administration when he said that Elihu Root was a type of the men who put the realization of high ideals above any form of money making. It is men of that type that the President is today pressing into the service of his country. Root, Taft and Bonaparte are all types of men whose ideals are as far apart as the poles from those ideals which have in them any taint of what is base or sordid. Mr. Root indirectly expressed his devotion to the same ideals when he gave up probably the greatest professional income at the New York bar, of which he is unquestionably the leader, to accept the portfolio made vacant by the death of John Hay. The enemies of the Administration have seen fit to intimate that Mr. Root will permit himself to be influenced by the great corporations that have employed his legal talent. The suggestion is a gratuitous insult to a gentleman who as Secretary of War performed a prodigious service not only for his own department but for the Government in general. During his term in that office he was recognized as "the strong right arm of the Administration," and during that period there never were intimations that he conducted his department in the interest of his former clients. He has entered the Cabinet because he is in sympathy with the purposes of the President, and is prepared to co-operate in the work of reform, in the crusade against corruption and graft, in the propagation of sentiments such as those which are everywhere responsible for the revolt against the adoration of wealth and repudiation of the high toned exponents of debauchery in public and private affairs.

A Unique Official

Though the public servant who performs his duty does nothing more than is expected of him, so widespread is the notion that public office is a private snap, that the faithful official who conscientiously earns his salary is conceded to be entitled to the gratitude of the taxpayers. The one who, regarding his office as a sacred trust, does more

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than his duty is so rare an individual that when he bobs up he is entitled at least to the tribute of recognition in the public prints. Hence these lines in reference to one John J. Grief, County Clerk of San Francisco, a city popularly supposed to be the most grievously mismanaged metropolis outside of Pennsylvania. Mr. Greif astonished the Supervisors, the other day, by a report showing that he had brought the records of his office down to date by doing the two years' work left undone by his predecessor, and all without calling for extra assistance or pointing with pride to his achievement in the columns of the press. Mr. Grief's industry is no less astonishing than his modesty. And yet we suggest that he be watched, for a man of his character cannot hide his light under a bushel. We need men of his type for the shouldering of responsibilities greater than those of the County Clerk's office.

The Real Alfonso

Until the recent visit of King Alfonso XIII to France and England a very erroneous impression prevailed in those countries concerning the personality of that young monarch. It was an impression derived from humorous newspaper reports of a purely fictional character, in which he was depicted as an exuberant, impulsive, headstrong lad, devoid of the slightest conception of the responsibilities devolving upon him. As it happens he is a young man of considerable dignity, of exceptionally high moral character, imbued with a precocious sense of the duties of his royal office and of the necessity of reviving the industrial interests and restoring the prestige of his country. Therefore the King whom the French and British statesmen met was not the harum-scarum youth they had been reading about. It was but recently that Alfonso XIII was presented to us in his true character. From an authoritative source we learned that he had been violently caricatured in the public prints; that instead of being a perverse, shallow youth, inclined to frivolity, he was a young man of rare mental attainments who had been most carefully reared, and who gave frequent evidence of strict religious training. Indeed Alfonso gives promise of developing into one of the most sensible and gracious monarchs of Europe. To this day his mother exercises a most salutary influence over him; and that the people have centred much hope in him was evident in the great popular enthusiasm that characterized the celebration of his birthday a few months ago. The youth and the kingliness of Alfonso and the confidence that he has inspired have made the loyalty of the nation more conspicuous during the three years of his reign than in all the sixteen years under the Queen Regent.

Sir Oracle Shorter

Commenting on the remark of Clement K. Shorter, that "The Secret Woman" is the first of Eden Phillpotts' novels that he has read, a writer says: "What surprises me more than Mr. Shorter's view of the book is his confession that he has never read anything of Phillpotts before. A critic who pretends to keep abreast of the times in current literature who has never read 'Children of the Mist' or 'Sons of the Morning' has not done his duty by his readers nor himself." And yet Clement K. Shorter is held up to America as a shining light and an example of what a critic ought to be. The plain, simple truth is that a large number of professional critics keep up their reputation by writing learnedly and platitudinously of things they know nothing about. They condemn "best sellers" and popular novels for no other reason than that the majority are pleased by them, and as Macauley said of the Puritans and their objections to bear baiting, it wasn't sympathy with the sufferings of the bears that actuated them so much as unwillingness to see the people enjoy themselves. It is manifestly impossible for any critic to read all the books published, but it is equally manifest that in order to have a proper basis of comparison, a critic is in duty bound to know something of every writer who attracts attention. It is easy to rail against the Caine and Corelli standard and to pitchfork the historical and romantic novels because some one else has said clever things against them, just as it is easy to praise Shakespeare and Milton and Dante in the original, without having read a line. There is a story widely quoted by would-be authorities of the good man who boasted that whenever he heard a new book praised he went and read an old one, a course which is to be as highly commended as that of the old countryman who, on being invited to kiss the one he loved best, bestowed a chaste salute on his cow. "Children of the Mist" and "Sons of the Morning" were, if memory serves, both best-sellers, and consequently, under the ban of condemnation from those who like to consider themselves discriminating critics, but because a book sells well, or is in demand at the public libraries, it does not follow that it is trash. A critic may, if he so elects, confine his attention entirely to one class of writings; he may make poetry, fiction, biography, or anything else his special field, and then he can afford to neglect all outside of it, but he cannot, or at least, he should not berate others for not agreeing with him in matters that he knows nothing about. Mr. Shorter is entitled to his own opinion for private use, as to whether "The Secret Woman" is a great novel and the author worth consideration, just as the rest of us claim the right to revise the views of the ladies' culture clubs regarding the rating of Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the field of poetry, but if he does not consider it worth his while to read modern novels, his published opinions of them are not worth much. Mr. Shorter (Claudius Clear) cuts some figure in the literary world. He is a contributor, under different names, to several of the English literary periodicals, and his remarks are widely quoted. They serve as texts for others to preach sermons from and are paraphrased by the copy-cadgers, for home consumption. Perhaps when he is inclined to make confession again we shall discover that he is so busy writing that he has no

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time for reading, and that he gets his impressions second hand, somewhat after the manner of a certain publisher's reader who acknowledged that in judging the merits of manuscript, if it were clean she concluded that it was the work of an amateur and not worth consideration, but if it showed signs of previous examination she knew it had been rejected elsewhere, and so followed suit, saving herself in either instance, the labor of reading at all.

The Floundering of Briggs

The Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, who recently drifted from the Presbyterian to the Episcopal Church, now appears to be seeking for an excuse to desert that institution and become a Roman Catholic. The *North American Review* has a paper from Dr. Briggs on "Reform in the Roman Catholic Church" in which he pronounces Pius X a reformer, and asserts that Protestant theology has, for the most part, abandoned the high Augustinianism of the Reformation; also that the common doctrine of the present Protestant theologians would not be recognized by any of the original reformers, and that the dogmatic differences with Rome either no longer really exist or are in different forms and concerned with different questions. He adds that "It is of the highest importance that the reform movement has been renewed with so much promise under a Pope of such spirituality, simplicity and openmindedness, a man who impresses those admitted to his presence as being possessed of unusual grasp of mind, insight and real mental power." Such sentiments appear to be significant of a tendency on the part of Dr. Briggs to fetch up at Rome. But the learned divine obviously knows less of the Catholic Church than he thinks. He tells us that "it made an important reform in dogma when Leo XIII directed that Thomas Aquinas should be used as the standard authority in all Roman Catholic colleges and seminaries," and that "if Thomas Aquinas had been the universal standard of doctrine in the sixteenth century" it is doubtful whether there would have been "such an antithesis between Protestant and Roman Catholic dogma." If Dr. Briggs will take the trouble to familiarize himself with the literature of the Catholic Church he will learn that Thomas Aquinas has been a standard of authority in the Catholic Church since the twelfth century, and that in every century since the twelfth Catholics have regarded the authority of St. Thomas as worthy of the highest respect in all that concerns faith and morality. He has been a sublime dictator in matters of doctrine ever since his time, and the Church has long venerated him on her altars. If dogmatic differences with Rome no longer exist it is not because either Leo XIII or Pius X made any reformation of dogma. It is the theory of the Catholic Church that Catholic dogma is unchangeable. If those differences no longer exist it is because, as Dr. Briggs says, "The common doctrine of the present Protestant theologians would not be recognized by any of the theologians of the Reformation," but after reading Dr. Briggs' article we have come to the conclusion that his knowledge of theology is most superficial. Protestant theologians believe today, as they believed in the time of Luther, that all the fundamentals of Christianity are to be found in the Scriptures and that is a theory essentially different from the belief of Catholics.

The Rospigliosi Case

The very much discussed Rospigliosi case has been finally decided by the Papal court, the verdict being against the lady. Whether there will be civil suits as well as religious reviews of the situation remains yet to be seen. Briefly, the facts are these: An American girl, a Catholic, married an unbaptized man. In course of time she applied for and obtained a divorce, and later on, met the Prince Rospigliosi, a genuine Italian noble. In spite of the fact that the Church does not recognize the right of re-marriage after divorce, they were married by civil process, the prince accepting his bride's representation that there were irregularities in the dispensation under which her first union was sanctioned, and that it should not be counted against her. When a child was born to the couple the heir-at-law of the Rospigliosis gave notice that he would contest its legitimacy on the ground that the divorce which separated the princess from her first spouse was not recognized by either Church or State in Italy, and then began a long fight to establish the ecclesiastical integrity of the second marriage on the ground that the first was null and void from the beginning. It was generally predicted in this country that the prince would get a favorable decision from the Papal court. The point made was that the wife had applied for a dispensation for her first marriage from the impediment "mixtae religionis," which means that the persons contemplating marriage are both baptized Christians, whereas she should have applied for a dispensation "disparatus cultus," which applies to a marriage between a Catholic and a person who has not been baptized. It appeared on investigation, however, that though she had applied for a dispensation "mixtae religionis" she was granted the dispensation "disparatus cultus." Her appeal was therefore denied. The Pope not only ratified the judgment of the Cardinals but gave orders that the matter should not be reopened.

Florida's Blow At Higher Education

The Florida Legislature abolished at one swoop all the secondary schools, normal and state colleges and the two military colleges which were supported at the public expense because the cost of their maintenance had mounted year by year until finally it had overtopped the sum spent on all the other schools together. The money here-

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tofore spent on these mansard roofs and fancy cornices of education will be devoted to the primary and grammar classes, and those who desire more, will, for a time at least, pay for it out of their own pockets. It was a protest which was bound to come from some direction sooner or later, and if the Florida legislators will only have the proper degree of nerve to hold out against importunities, there is good prospect that the residents of that state will become, in the course of a few years, the best educated in the whole country. The trouble with our whole system of education is that there is too much put within reach. No one need exert himself to obtain any amount of teaching, if not education, and no one takes any trouble at all. We have a great amount of public speaking about the priceless boon, and all that, but we have little to show for it. We have laws passed to prevent children from going to work, and in some of the states there is an attempt to make the compulsory education law apply to all who have not reached their full legal majority; parents are urged to send their children to school as long as it is possible in order that the funds may be augmented by premiums for a high percentage of average attendance, and the resultant vicious circle is like "the story without end" of the Russian peasant who said he worked harder in order to gain more money to buy more food to get more strength to do more work, etc. Children are kept in school to raise the appropriation for their accommodation, and the parents who maintain them in idleness pay a higher tax in order that more expensive buildings may be erected and more special teachers may be employed, and more children accommodated. The educational system has been growing more and more topheavy for the last quarter of a century, but the quality of the product has deteriorated in inverse ratio to the cost of the production. Little children are herded in cellars and back yards and unwholesome rookeries in order that full grown men and women may have tennis grounds and gymnasiums and free shower baths. We turn out crack football players and basket ball championesses, but we do not produce even fair spellers and the art of constructing sentences so that the predicates and their nominatives are not on the verge of a divorce for incompatibility is as lost as the sybilline leaves. Our colleges and even high schools are filled with "pupils" who are old enough to be the heads of independent families, and more helpless than they were in their early teens in the matter of earning a living for themselves. Everything in this world is valued in proportion to what it costs. Charles Joseph Bonaparte said nothing more than the simple truth when he told his fellow Baltimoreans that free education was just as pauperizing as free food and clothing. The community owes no man an education more than it owes him a fortune. The State owes to every citizen the chance to educate himself and it puts his feet in the right path when it gives him a start in the elementary branches. Then, in the language of the street, "it is up to him to make good." What we need is a system of higher education that will produce good citizens.

That Horrid Boy!

Some schoolmarms of the Middle West were constituted a committee to select a work of art to be paid for by the contributions of the pupils. Their choice fell upon the well-known figure of a nude boy extracting a thorn from his foot, and when the delivery was made they were horrified to discover what they had done. It would never do —never! never! so the unregenerate plaster urchin was speedily returned with a request for something less shocking. Some one suggested that the undraped innocent might be rendered presentable in good society if he were clothed a la Fauntleroy, but the plan was not even considered. No amount of velveteen and sash drapery—no, not even the floating ringlets of the precious little prig would have altered the basic fact that under all the adornments there was still the naked body, albeit but a plaster one, so back it went with the request to send a substitute properly fitted out with all the essentials. As a matter of choice, in selecting pictures, or statuary for school rooms, and for that matter, for many places open to a miscellaneous public, it is the part of wisdom to be guided by the conventionalities. There is always some one ready to be shocked and to run hither and yon to call attention to the depravities which have been sought out. Only last year a number of the local teachers were given some uncomfortable moments because a self-constituted inquisitorial body visited the class rooms and found pictures which gave them a moral colic. They were merely photographic presentations of nude statuary, but even pictures in which wine or some other alcoholic abomination might be sniffed out are a menace to morals. But the amusing part of the rejection of the nude child with his annoying thorn is that the teachers composing the committee made excuse that they had selected from a catalogue, and so were not aware of what they were getting. Where in the world did they grow up that they could plead ignorance of the Boy With the Thorn?

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Marriage and Ornithology

"Marriage seemed a lark at first!"

"Yes?"

"And then came the stork."

The Matron.

"Miss Passay is particularly unfortunate in being both disputatious and sensitive about her age."

"How is that?"

"Well, I noticed last night that when old Prattler was talking about something that happened twenty-five years ago, she knew he was wrong, but was afraid to contradict him."

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In Memoriam

BY HARRY COWELL.

Lately there passed away forever one so great that never again, I verily believe, shall his like be seen on the brief boards of this playhouse planet of ours. Though for years before his death he had been sickly and but little in the public eye, it is none the less hard to realize that he is really dead and gone. Truly, he seemed more than mortal. As I live, his taking off was a feather in Death's cap. His old home, to me one of the strangest bits of architecture ever conceived of by the mind of man, is now fast falling to rack and ruin. In my young days, his name was a household word. Kings stood in awe of it. The other day, however, I spoke it to a group of children at play, and they smiled, as if it were quite unknown to them.

Until patience has become no longer a virtue have I waited for some less ephemeral pen than mine to do his memory, if not justice, at least a semblance of it. But the writers of today busy themselves in making a pother about petty things and let what is momentous go uncommemorated. In default of a more cunning craftsman, I myself must say a word in his behalf.

There; the secret is out. He, being great, had his enemies. But never, my word for it, was genius so much misunderstood and maligned as was he. As a rule, hate halts at the grave. Will it, I wonder, at his?

Of whom, lately dead, do I speak? Of no less a person, dear sir and madam, than the villain in the *Comedie Humaine*, your good friend and mine—the devil.

Friend indeed! The devil! Dead! When? Where? How?

Yes, the devil; and dead beyond the shadow of a doubt this many a day; dead as the doctors of divinity can make him. Yes, he is dead, I say, and his hearthstone is cold. And, what's more, not a single newspaper had the grace to give him even an obituary notice.

And now that you are possessed of the name of the deceased, you will admit that I have shown more artistic reserve than is usual, in speaking of his greatness, status in society, etc. Of what heroic stature he came to be under the none too friendly hands of Milton is well known to all the world. His death is easily the most significant event of a century. In sober truth, I do not know what on earth we are to do without him when the mob becomes fully aware of the fact that he is no more: that of his one-time spacious halls, not a stone is now left standing upon another.

Time was when we could say to ourselves for pleasant unction, that it was the lure of his terrible tongue—no less—that had led us into this scrape or the other. Now we can no longer lay the least of our sins to his door. The devil as a person is dust and ashes; hell as a place is to be found on no modern map. "But life," you say, "seems to go on much the same as ever." *Seems.* Of this, however, some other time.

The devil, having held his own since Adam, dies in our day. This, to my mind, is worthy of a word.

And now that he is dead, let us at last do what for ages we have been talking about—give him his due. To you who are rich my contribution will, no doubt, seem ludicrously small. Laugh it not to scorn, however. 'Tis in fact large as was the widow's mite.

To the devil, then, we owe in the first place, the pleasant art of persuasion, and dress; and the part dress plays in life has been admirably set forth by one Thomas Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus." Now, I will leave it to the ladies—especially to such as have arrived at years of discretion, say fifty, or thereabouts—whether they would give up dress for Eden and—nakedness.

To the deceased we are also indebted, if I err not, for the red rose of love (*rosa diabolica*); at least, for the redness and the thorns, as is admitted by every authority, not a single one dissenting from the opinion of an eminent divine that here there is the devil to pay and no mistake. And where, I ask, would life be, where art, were it not for that thornful flower whose roots strike deep into hell, whose color is the delight of the eye, whose fragrance fills the soul with ecstasy, lifting it higher than the seventh heaven itself? Who would now exchange it for the original snow-blooms of the Garden?

What little knowledge of good and evil is ours we have him to thank for; and there is scarcely an advance in science, scarcely an invention, that has not been ascribed to him, and by his sworn enemies at that. That the typographic art is of his devising is beyond question, seeing that even unto this day every printing office the world over has its "devil." Let the next bookful of joy you drink be to his memory. For not only is letter press of the devil, but he is also accredited with guiding, in person, the pen of old Boccaccio, of Rabelais, of Balzac even; in short, of all writers of forbidden books, those *filles de joie* of literature on whom a two-faced world frowns in public, but whose laughing lips it delights to kiss in secret.

That the devil put the idea of evolution into the head of Charles Darwin, I have myself heard asserted time and again by authoritative lips. This, I believe, was his undoing, the death of him; but our incalculable gain. I leave it to some scientist to estimate what we of today owe, directly or indirectly, to the idea of evolution. For my part, suffice it to say that I am of the opinion that in striving against those very thorns and thistles of the devil's sowing, man will eventually reach an elevation higher than that from which he originally fell. What growth for man was there in the Garden?

But be this as it may, he who caused our fall has, even upon the showing of those who are most bitter against him, done much (wittingly or unwittingly) to raise us to the strange heights whereon we stand today; heights, if one may so speak, for which Providence had never intended us.

Sin, sorrow, struggle, death—these are base words, if you will, the devil's own, but of them Life by a curious alchemy has made golden poetry. They are, as it were, mysterious doors through which man may pass to I know not what perfection. Or, to change the figure once more, this putting in of the devil's oar set the frail skiff, man, upon adventures undreamed of by Heaven. This, to me, I confess aloud, is not unmixed evil. Were I Adam before the fall, 'twould, no doubt, be otherwise. Often and often have I tried to imagine what the world would have been like, had Eve chosen to remain in blissful ignorance of good and evil. And at the risk of having Peter slam the door in my face for saying so, I declare that I much prefer the world as it is. The truth is that every time, as I built up in imagination a goodly garden minus red rose, thorns and thistles, I found myself crumbling into nothingness, and you with me, reader, and you. The thing was shear suicide and wholesale murder. I then felt indeed that I owed my very existence to the fall. Need I say anything more in this direction?

No end of persons (I could mention names, were I so minded) who all their lives were on terms of the greatest possible intimacy with the deceased, are now going about their affairs, dressed in colors, without so much as a bit of

crepe on hat or coat sleeve, leaving me, who never knew him personally, to speak over him the few kindly words which are the meed of the dead. Perhaps, after all, they are not so heartless as they seem. It may be news to them that Old Nick is no more. He was a right merry gentleman, and saw many days. No other character in all history, I hold, had so great an influence upon his times as had he. 'Twill be long felt, too, or I'm no prophet.

To be sure, he had his little failings, but this is no place to speak of them. And, for that matter, who, pray, has not? Whatever wrong he may have done me or mine, I can truthfully say that at this moment I bear him not the least resentment. 'Twould, I take it, be a pretty act on the part of the All-Merciful to forgive him *in toto,* especially since things have turned out much better than was to be expected. Many will miss him; few will mourn him openly.

Requiescat in pace.

The "Pourboire" and "Dance of the Basket-Handle"

BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN.

Between the "Pourboire" and the "Dance of the basket-handle" (so-called), a sojourner in Paris is compelled to put up with the loss of many a dollar per week or per month that he should not be. To be sure, wherever an American travels in Europe, or Asia or Africa—and one is far from being entirely exempt in his own country—the custom of "extracting" fees prevails. You are not quite battered to death with a club if you sometimes attempt to avoid scattering coins among all with whom you come in contact; but there are occasions when disappointeed expectants may and do actually make it quite unpleasant to a person determined upon emancipating himself from some of these exasperating exactions.

I was once traveling in Switzerland, and during the three months of my sojourn there I staid at twenty-odd hotels; and at all these hostelries, from Zurich to Geneva, there arrayed themselves in rows near the vestibule of each hotel, or leading to my carriage, the concierge, one of the elevator-men, room-waiters, hotel-waiters, head-waiters, and all others who had given me a brush or a bow, with hands extended, even if I had "tipped" some of them a number of times. In Belgium, Italy, France and Austria this system of offense is nearly as bad; and in all these countries two men invariably are sent to your apartments with your trunk or trunks and a third with your hand-baggage, which the latter has previously snatched from you. I had a single trunk handled and taxed as follows in one trip: the two men who took it down stairs; the baggage-man who put it on the 'bus; the man who took it off the 'bus; the two men who took it into the weighing and checking-room at the depot; the one who obtained my check for me; the two men who took it from the train to the 'bus, and the two men who "lugged" it up stairs at my next hotel. Now, none of these handlings can be avoided, and you cannot give less than four or five cents each (in our money); and your cost for one trunk, counting, say, fifty cents for to and from the depot, is about one dollar; or, say, double more than it should have been.

But this is only a minimum taxation—as you are seldom or never well provided with coppers—and does not represent more than half the sum. Besides this, there are depot-men who show you to your coupe or a train, and others who assure you that "no one else will be put in with you"; and that "there is a cabinet toilette that has been expressly opened for you";—and they bow and scrape and hang on until you fish out a piece of silver which you deem commensurate to the benefits accrued or to be obtained; but you are so relieved to get rid of them that you would have given double the amount if necessary. This statement presents a fair picture of the "Pourboire" nuisance as it exists all over Europe in general.

But in Paris this nuisance becomes an endless robbery at almost every turn. Of course, I am not unmindful of the fact that tipping is carried on in our own country, and that it is often a pleasure to tip a waiter who has served you cleverly and cheerfully; and also the porter who has rushed your baggage to your room;—and often some others. But in Paris every one with whom you have dealings expects to receive toll; and many restaurants, brasseires, barber-shops, and such, keep large or small metal urns into which you are compelled (by force of custom) to deposit said tolls.

At all the fashionable drinking-places on the boulevards, where you are charged a franc (twenty cents) a drink, the waiter expects half a franc pourboire, and will bestow upon you a look that would penetrate a boiler-plate if you offer him less. Even the garcon at the brasseires, who serves you for thirty centimes (six cents), or cafe et cognac (same price), waits for his poirboire of ten centimes. The clerk who sells a man a hat, and especially the person who measures one for a shirt or a suit of clothes, expects the patron to hand out a silver coin of some account.

But the "Dance of the basket-handle" is a greater feat of highwaymanship than all the others named. This is practiced by servants on their employers who are keeping house—living in "flats" or "apartements," as such domiciliating is called. These servants, as soon as they are installed, levy a fixed percentage of five per cent on the amounts of the bills of bakers, butchers, and grocers, and all others with whom they may have dealings, and they often levy a larger sum on their employers than the amount really paid on everything they buy in the market or elsewhere, which in many households puts much money into their pockets in the course of a year.

In large establishments these servants have otherwise a remarkably good time. They are excluded from the floors occupied by members of the family and consigned to bedrooms built especially for them at the top of the house, where all their kind are relegated—male and female, old and young—and left to their own discretion.

But up there against the sky they often enjoy with their friends fine wines, liqueurs, fruit and cake, and many other good things filched from their employers. Many a high jinks comes off in or above the mansards after all those on the other floors are fast asleep—a veritable "dance of the basket-handle."

Can the Pourboire be suppressed? Never! At least, never in Paris. Like all other deadly pests, it cannot be obliterated. Nearly all the owners of the noted cafes and restaurants of Paris today, such as Mourier of Maire's, Dufour of Notta's, Henry of the Cafe Gaillon, Frederic of the Tour d'Argent, and many others, have been waiters—not cooks or other artists, but plain, low-down, low-browed, thieving, insulting waiters. There are waiters today who pay as high as six hundred francs a month for the privileges of such positions. Those at Maxim's pay much more. Those at Armenonville pay twenty francs each morning to Charlie Mourier, who was, not so many years

(Continued on Page 36)

Quatre Saisons

BY VAL.

Love's Spring buds with promise, Love's Summer bears fruit,
Love's Spring laughs and echoes—Love's Summer is mute:

The leaves of Love's Autumn are stirred with the breath
Of the wind that blows out from the dry teeth of Death—
With many-hued blushings they will flutter and fall
To fatten the earth of another Spring's call.

Love's Winter is nipping, Love's winter is cold—
Though even in winter Love's heart may be bold.
But after the winter, when Spring comes again—
When the warmth and the thaw and the loosening rain
Unfetter the rivers and send on their way
The floes of the ice that was strong yesterday—
It may be that wrecks will be found on the shore,
And that loves that lived yesterday, live nevermore.

The Saunterer

Ruef Outmanoeuvred

The leading spirits of the Republican League have about reached the conclusion that City Treasurer John McDougald is the man they should nominate for Mayor. McDougald looks more like a winner than any other man that has been under consideration, a circumstance to which Town Talk directed attention as early as a year ago. He is the man most feared by Mayor Schmitz, whose judgment in matters political, so far as the local situation is concerned, is pretty accurate. The nomination of McDougald will play havoc with the plans of Abe Ruef, who has been hoping for opposition of the kind that will enable him to appeal forcefully once more to the labor vote. His political agents have been very active in the haunts of Organized Labor, persuading voters that the Republican League was an offshoot of the Citizens' Alliance, and they have succeeded in discrediting that organization in most of the south of Market street districts. To intensify the prejudice already aroused among union men it was intended to cover the dead walls of the south side with lithographs depicting policemen in the act of clubbing workingmen, and announcing that such was the consummation devoutly wished by the leaders of the Republican League. No scheme by which the labor vote might be impressed with the notion that the purposes of the League and the Alliance were identical, was to be overlooked, but such tactics as were contemplated would prove fatuous with John McDougald, Treasurer of the Building Trades' Council, as the joint candidate of the Republican and Democratic parties.

McDougald's Strength

Treasurer McDougald has been a union man all his life. There is no man in higher standing in Organized Labor in San Francisco. He is one of the few leaders whose sincerity cannot be questioned. There is no taint of the demagogue on his person. The callous that comes from toil is on his hands, not on his chin. If there is any political strength to be derived from membership in the N. S. G. W. McDougald should have it, for he helped organize the first Native Son parlor. He was the first treasurer of the order, he walked in the first Native Son parade, and yet he is not a professional native. He doesn't work at it. That he will be endorsed by the Democracy when nominated by the Republicans is now almost a certainty, for there is to be no fight for control of the McNab machine. The Horses and Carts are not going to give succor to Schmitz at the primaries. So Ruef has decided to try to divide the Republican forces, and as he has said that he will vote his delegates for any man but McDougald, State Senator Eddie Wolfe has resolved to seek the nomination.

Signs of an Awakening

The battle for the redemption of the municipal government will soon be on. Next Monday is the last day for the filing of the primary tickets, and two weeks later the primaries will be held. That something has aroused the people to the importance of their civic duty is evident from the unprecedented registration. As early as Monday last eighty-four thousand people had registered for the primary, beating all records by nearly twenty thousand. The highest vote ever cast at a primary in this city was thirty thousand. In the past the politicians have handled the primaries for their own fights, and the people who cast what is known as the "silent vote" took no interest. The big registration is surely significant of an awakening.

A Judicial Plum

There is already speculation in political circles regarding the probable nominees for the District Court of Appeals of this district. As Governor Pardee had to appoint one Democrat and as the district is overwhelmingly Republican, there is going to be a contest among the Republican judges of the Superior Court for the nomination for the third place. Judge Hunt is already being groomed for the position, and Judges Cook and Hebbard are said to be after the nomination. Though nothing is being said of what Judge Sloss thinks about it it would not be surprising if he carried off the prize, and in that event there would be a great rush from the overcrowded

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bar for the vacancy in the Superior Court. Since the salary of a Superior Judge was properly raised from four to six thousand a year some very distinguished attorneys have discovered that they possess the judicial temperament.

Pardee May Retire

The latest tip that comes to me from the Executive office at Sacramento is that Governor Pardee may not appeal to the next State Convention for renomination. This does not mean that he is wearying of the responsibilities of office, or that he has been reading any ominous chirography on the walls of the capitol. The fact is that Governor Pardee's health has been seriously undermined. He has been losing a great deal of flesh, and he has been put on a diet. Unless there is great improvement in his condition by the first of the year he will then announce his determination to retire from office at the end of his term.

"Oh, yes," she said proudly, "we can trace our ancestry back to—to—well, I don't know who, but we've been descending for centuries."

Greenway Hesitates

Here is a startling bit of news: Ned Greenway is in doubt as to whether he will give his subscription dances this year. What would the winter season be without the Greenway dances! Something must be done. The startling news of Mr. Greenway's indecision is authoritative, and therefore I hasten to acquaint society of the prospect. So far he has not given a good reason for considering the advisability of depriving society of its favorite dissipation. He says that his energy is limited, and that he has not recovered from the effects of last season's strenuous campaign. It has been suggested to me that he hopes to make society more keenly appreciative of the importance of his leadership by retiring temporarily, but the suggestion appeals not to me. I happen to know that he was very much worried last season over certain difficult questions that he was called upon to settle, and that he is somewhat fearful of a renewal of the unpleasantness. The questions involved the eligibility to membership of at least two dozen people, most of whom were weighed in the social scales and found too heavy for transportation up the frail ladder that hangs on the smart set rampart, a ladder that has suffered much wear and tear in the escalades of the past.

The Demand for Exclusiveness

In the fullness of his amiable nature the veteran leader gave the much prized countersign to two or three married couples, who, after getting in, were looked at askance by some of their predecessors of the elect. Indeed they were made uncomfortable by the frigidity of the atmosphere and Greenway was pained when asked whether he had thrown down the bars. And now many of our society people who have only got over the threshold of the Holy of Holies are in fear and trembling lest the Czar should discontinue his dances, for they depend almost entirely on those functions for the little glimpses they are vouchsafed of swelldom in action. Two or three have daughters to exploit, and Ned's are the only dances where they may meet the dowagers who might entertain them. Those on the highest rung of the ladder are not all enthusiastic over the Friday Night Club, but a few are loyal to the old guard and wander in about midnight to show that they are still in the game, while others seem to enjoy the spectacle of the lesser lights getting acclimated, a spectacle which they view haughtily. Some of the most influential of our society women declare that the subscription dance is doomed. They admit that Ned handles it as well as any one could, but they regret that the exigencies compel the admission of the climber. The wealthy old pioneer families that treasure the memory of a grandfather are becoming more insistent than ever in their demand for exclusiveness, and such is the complexity of our commercial life that the task of keeping out the most recent *nouveau riche* is becoming harder every day. By the way, neither Mrs. Crocker nor Mrs. Carolan ever appears at a Greenway ball, though their names are always on the list, and as they set the pace, their friends are growing fewer at the Czar's functions. So perhaps Ned thinks it advisable to quit before his prestige is eclipsed.

Customer—"You're cut my hair too short."
Barber—"Shall I put a little of our hair restorer on it, sir?"

They're Not of The Smart Set

Mrs. Gilbert Perkins is visiting her mother, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, at Ross. She came out from New York to attend the wedding of her brother Howard and Leslie Green. As Clara Huntington, Mrs. Perkins was regarded as the only socially ambitious member of the H. E. Huntington family. The other members of the family have always been noted in society for their abhorrence of splurging and their zeal for the more wholesome pleasures of the simple life, but Miss Clara seemed inclined to take the lead in the fashionable herd. At least that was what some people thought, but the impression vanished when she married Mr. Perkins, for the match was not of the kind pronounced brilliant by the shallow-pated of the bored circle. Mr. Perkins had neither wealth nor high social position and his was not the personality to thrill the romantic souled of the skirted sex. He was merely a quiet, intelligent, manly man of studious tastes and good character. There was not the slightest likelihood of his ever encouraging his wife in the indulgence of a passion for swagger social distinction. But today Mr. and Mrs. Perkins are a very happy couple. They are fond of intellectual diversion, and find pleasure in the society of literary people. They are the intimate friends of the Archer Huntingtons, who are of the cultured literary set of New York.

H. E. Collbran arrived at the Palace last week from Seoul, Corea. Mr. Collbran has been engaged with his father, who was formerly general manager of the Colorado Midland Railway, in building railways for the Emperor in the Hermit Kingdom. Mr. Collbran says that Corea is on the eve of a great development era.

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California To Get Some of The Swag

The recent purchase of 5,000 shares of the new stock of the Bank of California by the New York Life Insurance Company is of more than passing consequence to the financial interests of the Pacific Coast. Heretofore the "big three," the New York Life, the Equitable and the Mutual, have been taking at least ten million dollars annually out of California. Less than one-fourth of this sum—about one million, five hundred thousand in 1904—was returned to us annually in policy payments. The balance, over eight millions, was retained in the East for investment in Eastern securities, or "for purposes of juggling in frenzied finance," as Lawson would put it. At any rate, up to this year California was not regarded as a safe and promising field for investments on a big scale. The Equitable systematically sent every penny collected, except the sums paid on policies, to the home office in New York. What was done with it is shown in the reports of the committees now investigating its administration. The two other companies made four big investments here and the choice illustrates what they regarded at the time as gilt edge investments. The New York Life selected some S. P. bonds. The Mutual has one million five hundred thousand in S. P. bonds, six million, five hundred thousand in C. P. bonds and a four million dollar mortgage on the Blythe estate, besides its building. With the recent heavy investment of the New York Life in the stock of the Bank of California, local financiers figure that this old time policy has changed, and that the state will be made the place of investment of a big share of the eight million dollars that has annually been drained from it.

A Question of Words

The question whether in the eyes of Miss Beatrice Ross Winans, American millionairess, Henri Gallard of France, were he not Prince de Chalais called, would retain the dear perfection which he owes without that title, is exercising all Paris—so, at least, says Mr. Hearst's paper for the common people which naturally is nothing of not an authority on the doings of the *beau monde*. Now, will any one tell me in what way a title adds to a man. So far as I have ever been able to see, it adds nothing to his height, to his weight, to his good looks, to his character, his culture, his manners, or his personal charm. It will, I suppose, be admitted that this modern Romeo in question will be just the same rose he is, or the same weed, smelling fair or foul, as the case may be, whether he prove to be prince or "plain Mr." If you observe closely men with titles, you are apt to make the startling discovery that they eat when they are hungry, drink when they are thirsty, sleep when they are drowsy, scratch when they itch, and disintegrate when they die. Young Miss Mucklepennie of Chicago marries the Duke of Menidets, and is accordingly a duchess. I am expected to treat her with a deference which would not be asked of me had she married the man she loved and become Mrs. Jones. Why? What miracle has happened? What new worth has she so suddenly and strangely acquired? She has, it is true, passed from maidenhood to wifehood, no small change indeed, but common enough and not such as to account for the surprising change in the attitude of society towards her. For as Mrs. Jones she would have been wife and probably mother to boot. Today she is childless. For years I have in vain tried to find out even what society thinks has taken place in the case of Miss Mucklepennie or Miss Vodeville when she marries a duke, that it should now do her so much honor. The genesis, however, of this fad of paying so many million dollars for a magic word is not far to seek. The fad, like not a few other fads, is out of Folly by Vanity, a rather poor parentage, as it seems to me. Girls dear, everywhere, with dots or without, there is, believe me, more real magic in a man than in a word.

The Blackmailing of The 400

The sensational story of the blackmailing of some of the most conspicuous representatives of the Newport smart set is not necessarily significant of the vulnerability of the individuals constituting what is known as "our elect." As there are times when people are innocently involved in embarrassing situations and as there are many things of small importance and by no means discreditable which sensitive persons are loth to have published, the inference is not logical that those who suffer extortion at the hands of blackmailers have been guilty of transgressions of the moral code. Nevertheless it is humiliating to be exposed as the victim of a blackmailer, and it is cruel to give publicity to the names of the unfortunates for it intensifies the wrong they have already suffered. This is not the first time that shady New York journalists have been charged with employing methods akin to those said to have been practiced in the Post case. Two years ago the *New Yorker*, a weekly paper published in the metropolis, made the charge and called on District Attorney Jerome to investigate. It was stated that the town was submerged in undigested securities known as stock in the *Smart Set* and that it was commonly reported that people with skeletons in their closets were held up and requested to buy these wares.

There is a Smashup Due

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It was also stated that there was a book in course of preparation at that time and which had been in course of preparation for two years which had cost people in society and business a great deal of money.

They Are Immune

I don't believe that any of those New York society people were compelled by fear of exposure to subscribe for "Fads and Fancies" and "America's Smart Set." The necessity for blackmail is not sufficiently apparent to warrant the belief that they had to be frightened into this scheme. I am of the opinion that they scarcely needed urging. The smart set is always eager for notoriety and always willing to pay the price of any advertisement that will confirm the assumption that they are the real aristocracy of this fierce democracy. Those who may be subject to blackmail are immune by reason of constant exposure in the columns of the sensational daily press, and generally, when the tribute taker comes around they are able to defy his demand with the retort: "I have been published; if you annoy me I will have you arrested." Only the climber who has not yet reached the top of the social ladder is lucrative game for the hyena of the press. The climber must come into the presence of the elect with clean hands. After he has been elected his sins may be as scarlet. That is why the climber is always paying tribute to the collector of blackmail. He is not ashamed of his immoralities; he is afraid that he will not be admitted if he is found out before he gets in.

Expensive Vanity

It was vanity that put money into the purse of the publishers of "Fads and Fancies" and "America's Smart Set." The Real Thing paid because she knows she is the Real Thing and wants everybody else to know it. There is no satisfaction in knowing that you are the Real Thing unless the world is in the know with you. The parvenu paid because she aspires to be the Real Thing and thinks that if she is listed with the established Real Things she will eventually be accepted as such. The vanity of the smart set is insatiable, invincible and impregnable. It is a gold mine for those who know how to work it. If an Able should start out in San Francisco with a subscription list for a local Who's Who he could quit at the end of a week with a bank account of sixty thousand dollars and never deviate a single name from the Eleanor Martin Five Hundred. Many of those who were included in that famous social olla podrida didn't know that they were elected until they received their invitations, and they were so overjoyed that they would willingly pay five hundred or one thousand dollars to be perpetuated, being doubtful if they will ever have another similar opportunity. Blackmail! Go to, thou Ignorant!

The Ambitious Mrs. Mackay

Mrs. Clarence Mackay, wife of the son of the great California and Nevada bonanza king, who is mentioned among the most liberal subscribers to the books used, it is said, as a pretext for sandbagging the 400, is one of the most independent women in the society of New York and Newport, and there has never been any occasion for her to purchase silence, but she likes laudation and wishes to be known as a literary artist. She spends a great deal of time emulating the Duchess of Sutherland and Lady Warwick. She writes books goes in for politics and entertains the poor in the neighborhood of her country home. A week ago I learned from a correspondent that she had discovered a poet in the Bowery, a young man named Owen Kildare. He is called the Kipling of the Bowery. Under the patronage of Mrs. Mackay, he had a few weeks of high society, but one day at a reception the atmosphere revolted him. Turning to Mrs. Mackay he said, "I've stood this as long as possible. I must go back to the Bowery for life, for air, for inspiration." And the poet escaped.

Kosakevitch and His Title

As Queen of the 400 does Mrs. Eleanor Martin claim the right to distribute titles among her retainers? The question has been agitating society since the publication of her now famous list of invited guests, for in that list the Russian Consul was designated as "Count" Paul Kosakevitch. Never before did he figure in the papers as a real, live count. As Czar Nick has been preoccupied with serious affairs of State, of late, the theory that Kosakevitch received the decoration from home is not to be entertained, and as he had no reason to conceal a title about his person it is not unreasonable to presume that he never had one until honored by the Queen of the 400. Thus have the gossips ratiocinated. But knowing Mrs. Martin's democratic temperament as I do, I am inclined to flout the presumption of her arrogation of such authority. Rather should I believe that the consul, being unaware of the American groundlings' reverence of the nobility, dispensed with his title on landing in this country, and that Mrs. Martin, knowing how far a title goes in San Francisco society, insisted on affixing it for the tone it would impart to her list. The average foreigner without title is of no consequence in our smart set, but Paul Kosakevitch is a commanding figure even when unaccompanied by anything of heraldic significance. He is the typical Russian, of polished manner, who reveals something of the Ingomar personality in his somewhat brusque manner, and he has therefore appealed to the romantic temperament of those matrons who like the pictur-

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esque. And now, with the additional glamour of a title, he will be in greater demand than ever at social functions. He is a successful representative of his country for he has won society's sympathy.

His Captivating Calves

Count Peretti de la Rocca is rejoicing in the prospect of remaining with us all through the year. The handsome French vice-consul has proved a very valuable acquisition to society. He is in high favor with the clique dominated by the Hyde-Smiths, and he finds most congenial company in that family, for the vivacious girls are pretty well up in their French verbs, and converse with the count in his native tongue, much to his delight, for like all Frenchmen he is partial to foreigners who appreciate the importance of acquiring a working knowledge of the language of culture. The count made his first great hit in local society when he made his appearance at a fancy dress ball in knickers, revealing a pair of the most beautiful calves that had ever been undraped for the edification of our Quality. I hear that he is preparing for a strenuous social campaign in the fall, and as he will probably sport the only unmarried title in reach of our social push, he will bear watching.

Grimani and Tarbeaux

Count Grimani is soon to return to San Francisco, I hear, en route to Venice, for he is to be transferred to a European post. His friend Jack Tarbeaux, with whom he was very chummy in this city, is now in New York. Tarbeaux was a stage struck young man whom the count tried to dissuade from entering upon a histrionic career. They went to China together, but Tarbeaux returned on the next steamer and joined the "Darling of the Gods" company as a super. He is now in New York trying to get an engagement for next season.

The footlights' glare, I am told, has an irresistible fascination for Fred Hotaling. During the last few years he has been a most industrious vocal student both here and abroad, and his friends believe that he will soon be heard of in comic opera.

How They Jest in London

Anent all this splutter over who was and who was not invited to the Martin reception the London *Saturday Review* is poking a lot of fun at a *Times* announcement: "Mr. and Mrs. —— were unavoidably prevented from having the honor of obeying their Majesties' command to attend the garden-party at Windsor, owing to their absence in ——." The *Review* wants to know how the *Times* found it out. Hosts are not supposed to make public the refusals of their invitations. Only a few friends, at the most, could know, and really and truly, did Mr. and Mrs. —— get a bid; or are they, as Americans say, playing to the gallery, trying to give the impression that they were invited when they were not? Who has seen the card of summons? If their Majesties had published their guest list, as did her Majesty of San Francisco, there could have been no conjecture in the matter of the London ——s.

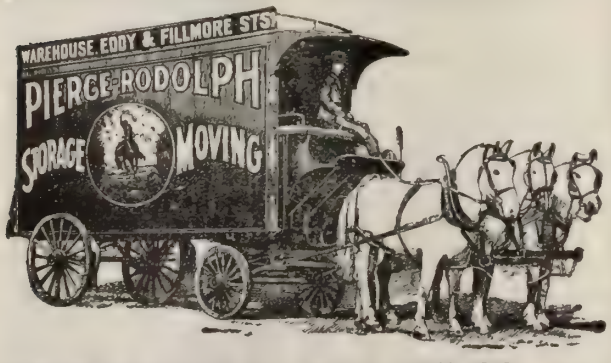
Charley Peters' Broiler

Charles Rollo Peters is a very good imitation of a millionaire these days. He not only sold some pictures last week but he has applied for a patent on an invention that promises to have even better results than Cadenasso's block directory. Like so many Bohemian Club epicures, Peters is an amateur chef, and as with so many good cooks, in watching a steak broil the tears always ran down his cheeks at the sight of all the good juice in the meat going to waste. So he set to work to catch every drop of the juice by contriving a little dish to be fastened to the side of the broiler. It was a grand success and as soon as his friends found out why Peters's steaks were so much better than other steaks they urged the artist to get a patent immediately on his broiler. In the meantime he interested a millionaire in his invention, and as the new broiler is a necessity in every well-regulated home, Peters's patent promises golden results.

Cadenasso's block directory, by the way, was taken up by a Chicago company and the firm recently sold the rights to five states. But in this city a suit is imminent, a rival company having introduced a block directory which the artist considers is infringing upon his patent.

What Matthews Thinks Joullin Needs

For a long time Amedee Joullin has been promising himself and his friends that he would go to Del Monte and stay all summer, and return with forty or fifty Monterey



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sketches. But he has procrastinated and now the most hopeful of his friends fear that he will never drag himself from his club and studio long enough to visit Del Monte. The other day Percy Long took some friends to see Keith at work with his brush and palette and musical gong.

"Listen," said Keith, "hear the storm in that sound?"

Long did not, but the artist did, and that was all that really counted.

"Without that gong," the artist explained, "I could never paint a storm or get its color. Now it isn't necessary for me to leave my studio."

Long returned to the club where he happened upon Joullin.

"Say, Joullin," he said, "Keith has found just what you need. Get a gong. You need never go to Monterey—just get a gong and paint what you hear. You need one."

"No," growled that hard-working, cynical pessimist, Edgar Matthews, who stood near by, "you don't need a gong; you need a club jag."

Charlotte's Ruskinian Romance

Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman, who lectured at the Alhambra this week, has not changed much since her last visit to California. She has "Women's Rights" written all over her, from the top of her neat coiffure to the tip of her flat-heeled shoes. No one would fancy this unromantic looking woman with her common sense attire and generally prosaic appearance to have been the heroine of a romance, yet she figured in a story reminiscent of that of Ruskin and Meissonier. Charlotte Perkins, writer, married Charles Walt Stetson, an impressionistic artist of the first rank. "The people people marry are the queerest folks of all," wrote Charlotte Perkins Stetson once in a poem in the *Cosmopolitan*. It seemed to be so in her own case. In the daily round of domestic life the Stetsons' respective literary and artistic talents failed to blend harmoniously, and Mr. Stetson after awhile concluded he would sue his wife for divorce. In an Eastern court the Stetsons made their troubles public. Charles Walt said Charlotte was not suited for wifely duties, that she attended a "gym" to develop her muscle and consequently failed to sew necessary buttons on her husband's shirts. He said she was bent upon enlightening her sex, but he did not object to that so much as he did to the fact that she insisted on going without corsets, to demonstrate that these frivolous feminine articles of dress were not essential to the enjoyment of life. The Eastern court refused Mr. Stetson's plea, but a few years later Mrs. Stetson came to California and brought a suit in an Oakland court to divorce her from her husband. This was where the Ruskin-Meissonier romance figured. It appeared that Mr. Stetson had fallen deeply in love with his wife's inseparable friend, Grace Ellery Channing, the Pasadena poetess. As the gifted Ruskin magnanimously relinquished his claim to his wife's heart in favor of his artist friend, so the generous Mrs. Stetson divorced her husband that he and her friend might be happy. Miss Channing was the daughter of Dr. Channing, the scientist, and a granddaughter of the great Unitarian, William Ellery Channing. Mrs. Stetson—now Mrs. Gilman, for she married again some time after her divorce—is a niece of Edward Everett Hale.

I hear that several publishers are bidding for Anna Strunsky's novel, to which the author is now putting the finishing touches. Miss Strunsky went to the country to work upon her manuscript and labored busily for eight hours each day. Socialism is the theme of the novel.

The cicona alba winged his flight, last Tuesday, to the home of John J. Barrett, the attorney, and presented the two little daughters of the family with a brother.

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She Was Decorated by Kalakaua

Mrs. Isobel Strong's first novel, "The Girl from Home," lately reviewed by my colleague, *The Bookworm*, was largely based upon her own experiences in Hawaii. It was twenty-three years ago that she went to the Islands, making the trip in a packet-ship, for at that time no large steamships visited Kalakaua's kingdom. Mrs. Strong was a great favorite at court and it was to enable her to give amateur theatricals that Kalakaua had a little theatre fitted up. She played the leading parts in the plays which were always given for a charitable purpose. It was Mrs. Strong, by the way, who designed the coat-of-arms for Kalakaua's kingdom, also the naval flag. The king decorated her with the royal Order of Oceana for a political service rendered the crown. It is likely that if this novel is a successful seller, Mrs. Strong will write other sketches of Hawaiian life during the Kalakaua period, and if so they will be very valuable contributions to the history of that unfortunate little kingdom. Mrs. Stevenson's daughter is a clever artist as well as a writer. Her husband, the late Joe Strong, was also an artist and ranked among the best of our portrait painters.

The Talented Michelsons

Albert Michelson, professor of physics at the University of Chicago, is coming to town soon to visit his father and sisters. He is one of the numerous Michelsons, the most famous of whom is Miriam, the novelist, who has reached such a proud eminence that people now refer to Arthur McEwen as "the brother-in-law of Miriam Michelson." Mrs. McEwen is a Michelson, and it was under the tutelage of the distinguished free lance that Miss Miriam began her career as a writer. Under the same tutelage, her brother, Charley Michelson, began his newspaper career in this city in the eighties. Charley Michelson is now visiting his relatives in town. He was a star reporter on the New York *Journal* for years and is now city editor of that paper. Albert Michelson, the Chicago scientist, is a graduate of the Boys' High School of this city. He has not been in San Francisco for twenty years. He is today recognized as one of the great men of the scientific world and he has numerous European university degrees to flaunt. He was a naval officer for several years, but resigned from the navy to pursue his scientific studies.

Erratic Genius

Herman Whitaker has none of the practical stikativeness of Jack London, who like Zola, always writes so many words a day without letting his moods interfere with his work. The Harpers ordered a book of Whitaker, and he filled the order up to the last chapter. Then he decided that he really must go to Mexico. This was months ago, but he has not yet written that final chapter of his novel.

The Illegible Gertrude

Gertrude Atherton made the landlady of the inn on Tamalpais very happy by giving her the manuscript of "The Traveling Thirds," her *Smart Set* novelette. I hear that Mrs. Atherton received twenty-five hundred dollars for her story, which price did not include the book rights. Mrs. Atherton's handwriting, by the way, being illegible, she always uses a typewriter for even the first writing of her stories. But she writes pen and ink letters to her friends, one of whom wrote to her: "I hope we shall have a nice evening within the month, when you will read me all your letters."

Because He Was Not Moral

Pity the poor author! For him the penalty of achieving greatness is to have some sordid ghoul dig up the ashes of his private past to shock and pain admirers of his genius. After the Carlyle and Stevenson revelations has come an expose of the peccadilloes of the recently departed Bret Harte. The appeal to vulgar curiosity has been made by Mr. H. J. Boynton of London, who has written a biography which is nothing more than a captious girding at the morality of the Californian author. Boynton tells of his debts and his neglect of his family, and he argues that his style lacked refinement as a result of the unrefined character of his nature.

Maren Froelich, one of the most industrious of our artists, is now engaged in revealing to us the beauties of sand-dunes. She appears to have given up her specialty—ballet girls. For two years she was kept busy turning out fluffy-skirted danseuses for members of the Bohemian Club who were her most generous patrons, but now she is spending a great deal of time at the beach doing the dunes.

Giving Them a New Thrill

Mrs. Ailene Ivers Robinson is, I hear, developing a passion for Hawaiian music in Eastern society. She has a very sweet voice, and in a picturesque holaku and to the accompaniment of a ukalali she sings the languorous tunes of the Kanaka. The fashionables of the East being unfamiliar with Hawaiian songs, Mrs. Robinson has been giving them a new thrill. She familiarized herself with the music of Hawaii some years ago when she was the guest of her sister, Mrs. "Billy" Irwin, and like the latter she is a delightful exponent of the graceful accomplishments of the natives.

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THE WU SISTERS

These pretty Chinese damsels are the daughters of Minister Wu, who was Ambassador to this country a few years ago, and who is responsible for the new exclusive policy of President Roosevelt. The picture was taken for Madame Von Meyerinck of this city during her recent visit to Shanghai. She says that they are accomplished girls and of the highest type of Chinese beauty. They are musical and they speak several languages. They took dancing lessons in Paris from Isadora Duncan, the San Francisco girl who has made a sensation on the continent by her revival of interest in the Greek dances. One of the most graceful *pas deux* of the Wu sisters is a Greek dance from Massenet's "Les Erinnges." They appeared at a concert given by Madame Von Meyerinck in Shanghai.

Beating the Boycott

Between Raffles and the Schmitz boycott through the newsboys the *Bulletin* has had a few strenuous weeks. The paper felt the first day of the boycott most because there was no way to gauge the plans of the enemy, but on the second day papers were planted all over town and the boys who had the courage to handle them reaped a rich harvest. A bell boy in a big Montgomery street hotel cleaned up nineteen dollars on the day. Gradually the small boys and their widowed mothers awoke to the fact that these big returns could be made with practically little risk. During one of the early days of the boycott Coll McMahon of Bartlett Springs happened on a newsboy he knew. "Tommy," he said, "get me a *Bulletin;* I'll give a quarter for one."

"Nope," said Tommy, ruefully. "I don't dare to. They'll beat me to pieces if I show one." And he regarded his customer curiously.

McMahon grinned. "Be a sport, Tommy," he said. "I'll give you a dollar for four *Bulletins.*"

"Are you game?" said Tommy, eyeing the big man carefully.

"Sure," said McMahon.

"Then come here," said the boy, and he led McMahon inside a doorway. Lifting his coat he pulled forth a wad of *Bulletins* tied about the small of his back. He skinned off four and handed them to McMahon with the remark, "Dollar, please."

"Anybody else playing this game, Tommy?"

"Are they? Say, don't you go down the street offering quarters for *Bulletins* or you'll get a million thrown at you."

Among the picturesque women that came to the front in the effort to get the *Bulletin* to readers was the sister of Katherine Clemmons, who married millionaire Howard Gould of New York. She selected the stand at the corner of Kearny and Sutter streets and did a rushing business every afternoon despite the epithets and threats of the boycotters. Her explanation of her work was simple. Mr. Crothers, the proprietor of the paper, had been very kind to her at critical times, she said, and when he was attacked she thought she could not do better than stand by him and help him all she could. Some of her society friends regarded her in amazement, others cut her altogether, but she didn't mind.

The Drew Children

In one of the newspaper interviews with Georgie Drew Mendum—I think it was Ashton Stevens'—that lady was quoted as saying that her grandmother, the late Mrs. Drew, was the mother of only three children—John, Georgie and Louise. And yet, I believe, Mrs. Drew went to her grave

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under the impression that Sidney Drew was her son. Sidney Drew is the well-known actor who has played several engagements at the Orpheum and who believes himself to be a brother of John Drew. Indeed, I have always been of that same opinion, and have never heard the relationship disputed. I have understood that John and Sidney Drew are not friendly, but I know nothing of the cause of their strained relations. When old Mrs. Drew played her last engagement in this city, in "The Rivals," Sidney Drew was a member of her company, and it was generally understood that he was her favorite son.

Is It "On" Again?

The tabbies over the bay are saying that when "Bob" Mein was in Oakland visiting his mother a few weeks ago he and Pauline Fore patched up their little difference of opinion and that their engagement was on again. Nobody knows for certain, for Mr. Mein has returned to South Africa and Miss Fore, accompanied by Ethel Valentine, is visiting at the Hewlett ranch in Napa. After the engagement of beautiful Pauline Fore and "Bob" Mein was broken, the latter was reported the fiance of Adelaide Deming, but if they were ever really truly engaged it was a short-lived affair. Miss Fore's friends say that the reason she broke her engagement was that she could not bear to think of deserting Oakland, but that Mr. Mein has consented to let her return every year for a visit, so she has changed her mind.

A French Wedding

At the church of Notre Dames des Victoires, last Saturday evening, Daisy Estelle Rodust, youngest daughter of Madame Marie M. Rodust, was married, by Rev. Father Hamet, to Louis H. Margutti. Only relatives and very intimate friends were present at the wedding. Mr. Margutti's family resides in Paris, but he has been established in business in this city for some time, and intends to make San Francisco his permanent residence. The bride and bridegroom are now touring Southern California.

The Sale of the Flood Home

Great was the surprise of "Jim" Flood's friends when they learned that he had decided to sell his magnificent country residence at Alma in the Santa Cruz mountains. The place has been the pet and hobby of Flood for years past. Not only has he spent a fortune in improving and reimproving it, but all the while he has been adding to his holdings at every opportunity. Every settler near him that let out a hint that he was willing to sell has had his possessions gathered in by the young capitalist. Experts of all kinds have been taken down there and given carte blanche to beautify the place. The result is one of the very handsomest country residences not only in California but in the West, with a hunting and fishing preserve that would entrance the heart of a European nabob. Dr. Harry Tevis has snapped at the rare chance to obtain possession of such a princely place and has already paid a deposit pending the search of title. No one but a Prince Fortunatus with part of the big Tevis fortune at his command could hope to maintain such a property. With his taste and wealth there is no doubt that it will continue to be improved on the same magnificent scale mapped out by Mr. Flood. It already costs a very handsome sum annually to keep it up. The sale of it means that Mr. Flood intends to make "Linden Towers" at San Mateo his principal country home.

The Shafter Howards are visiting with Mrs. Howard's mother in Newport. Shafter Howard is still writing music and is trying to find a good librettist to supply a suitable setting for his compositions. The Howards have been entertaining Daisy Van Ness and the beautiful and buxom Mrs. Milton Pray.

Her Third Trip To The Altar

The readers of Town Talk were not surprised when they read of the marriage of Mrs. Caroline Martin and John Dahlgren, last Monday, for I reported three weeks ago that rumors of the engagement were in the air at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Martin is a woman of exceptionally interesting personality, and her friends who know the charms of her manner and the delights of her companionship are not surprised that her hand should be sought at this comparatively late day. Though she has a grandchild, she is only as old as she looks, and she looks in the thirties. Her first marriage with that elderly bon viveur, Dan Cook, took place when she was in the first bloom of her girlhood. Her second husband was Henry McLean Martin, son of an eminent Boston physician, and her third is a prominent attorney of Washington, D. C., a gentleman of the highest social rank at the capital who became interested in the vivacious California widow when he discovered that she was a woman of rare mental gifts.

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"Fritzi" Caused a Scare

There are two Germans quartered at the Sea Beach hotel in Santa Cruz, and it is rumored that one is a titled nobleman traveling incognito. Consequently he is the object of great interest, and there is no dearth of fair maids eager to assist him in the improvement of his English. Ethyl Hager returned the other day from a flying trip to San Francisco, and shortly thereafter the guests of the Sea Beach were thrown into a state of great excitement because of the disappearance of her beloved dachshund, "Fritzi." Search was made for him under every bureau in the house, but in vain. Just as the shades of night were beginning to fall "Fritzi" put in an appearance. He was a very much disheveled, and a very hungry and repentant dachshund, but he received a most cordial greeting and all the guests heaved sighs of relief.

"Do you read the new novels, Mr. Clever?"
"No, but my wife does."
"How does that benefit you?"
"She keeps me in touch with modern literature. An intelligent woman's synopsis of a shallow book is always better than the book itself."

Mr. and Mrs. Robbins (Alice Ames) are expected in San Francisco this winter from Paris, where they have lived for several years. Their apartment in the Latin Quarter has always been hospitably open to visiting San Franciscans who were numbered among Mrs. Robbins's friends at home. At one of her afternoon receptions there were twenty guests hailing from San Francisco.

The Carolans in London

The friends of the Francis Carolans have heard from them from London. They report having taken apartments at Mayfair, and Mrs. Carolan has referred to the fact that Mrs. Potter Palmer is there. Mrs. Palmer is the socially ambitious Chicagoan whose position in the Windy City corresponds to that of Mrs. Astor in New York and Mrs. Eleanor Martin in this city. Though Mrs. Carolan is one of the crowned heads of San Francisco she is several degrees removed from the throne in Chicago.

Our Exquisite War Veteran

That frolicsome veteran, Col. A. Andrews, of Diamond Palace fame, has been contributing to the gayety of Byron Springs. Though the Colonel has seen more than four score years he still hankers after exquisite sartorial effects. So much time does he yield to his toilet in the morning that he eschews breakfast. At Byron he was "the life of the party"—a regular cut-up. He vocalized, he recited and he took a few oratorical flights. His repertoire includes the speech which he is said to have delivered when he accepted a sword that was presented to him just as he was starting for the Mexican war in 1846. It is a valuable bit of historic literature because it was overlooked when "Gems of American Oratory" was in process of compilation.

The I. O. Uphams have returned from their wedding trip and are at the Hotel Cecil until their new home over the bay is built.

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Mrs. Van Sicklen of Alameda gave a luncheon in honor of her son's birthday at Tahoe Tavern last week. May Belle Greenebaum is visiting her fiance's mother, Mrs. A. Fleishhacker, and Herbert Fleishhacker came up last week.

Governor Carter of the Hawaiian Islands, on his way East for conference with President Roosevelt, stopped at the Tavern, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Walsh of Oakland. Mrs. Ellen Shenill Babcock, mother of Congressman James Sherman of New York, for whom the Indian School at Riverside is named, is one of the Eastern guests. She is accompanied by Mrs. L. B. Moore, also of New York. Walker Salisbury, a relative of James G. Blaine, and who has distinguished himself throughout the country as an amateur tennis player, is visiting with friends at Tahoe City. The Fred Magees are at the Tavern and the Will Magees will be up in August. John Herd, the Chauncey Depew of Market street, is at the hotel now, also the A. Schillings and their family.

The Interesting Miss Patton

Miss Ethel Patton is an object of considerable interest to the guests at Del Monte these days. She goes in for the most strenuous athletics each day and in the evening she appears at dinner as a fluffy bit of femininity in the most dainty imported frocks. Miss Patton has spent the most of her life in foreign travel. She is a sister of Mrs. Leonard Chenery and a relative of the Berrys. At one time she was engaged to a titled foreigner, but when she became better acquainted with him decided to call it off. She is a very cultured young woman and is as well known in Continental drawing rooms as she is here.

Miss Toy Likes Europe

The fascination of Europe has evidently taken firm hold upon Mabel Toy, for she has not yet written a word about returning home, though she has now been abroad a year. She is a frequent guest at the American Embassy in Berlin. The Toys knew Mrs. Charlemagne Tower well when she was Gertrude Smith of Oakland, and Mrs. Tower is always delighted to entertain her Californian friends. I hear that when Mrs. Tower visits California in the autumn the Toys will give a large reception for her.

It Is a Classic Trade

In one of her brilliant resumes of the doings of the summer resorters Lillian Ferguson writes surprisedly of a man at Pacific Grove whose needlework is the delight and envy of womankind. Especially joyous is the note of exclamation in the fair chronicler's announcement that all the women of Del Monte and even the prim puritans of Pacific Grove, where the linnets sing hymns and the converted ducks quack the doxology, are piling in orders on this sewing man. Yet the phenomenon is as old as some of the little hills. I marvel that Mrs. Ferguson did not remind us that Herondas makes use of a wonderful master of the needle in his exquisite comedy "The Gossips," written for the Greeks of Alexandria more than two thousand years ago. Metro, a lady of the higher Egyptian fashion, is "calling" on Kittoro, a climber, and when they have discussed the slave girl question in the manner of the modern club woman who discusses the all-round incompetence of her servants in the presence of sympathizing listeners at the club, Metro says: "I pray you, tell the truth, dear Koritto, who was it that sewed your scarlet baubo?" At first Koritto attempts to evade answering the question, but finally when Metro insists with, "I conjure you, Koritto,

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tell me no fibs, but say who sewed it," Koritto answers, "Law, why do you conjure me? Cerdo sewed it." Then Metro wants to know "What Cerdo? There are two: one is a blue-eyed fellow, the neighbor of Mystaline, that girl of Cylaethis, but he is not fit to sew a bow to a fiddle; the other, who lives near the mansions which belong to Hermodorus, as you go out of the square, once upon a time *was* somebody, but now he's grown old." Koritto's Cerdo, however, is neither of these but a fellow from Chios or Erythrae, bald and short, who works at his own house like the Pacific Grove paragon, and sells on the sly because "every door quakes at the sight of the tax-gatherer now." But the things he makes! They're like Athene's handiwork; you'd think them hers, not Cerdo's, if you saw them. "A cobbler more kindly disposed toward the female sex you could not find if you went a-hunting for one." Then follows some sprightly dialogue descriptive of the processes by which the ladies of fashion two thousand years ago "wheedled" their favorite "cobblers," but there is a limit to quotation from the comedy classics of the second century B. C., as there may be a limit to quotation from French comedy of A. D. 1905. It is imperative that the blushes of the ladies of Pacific Grove who "patronize" this Cerdo who devises and sews the beautiful thread lace of their lingerie, shall be spared.

They May Splurge

Mrs. "Jim" Murray, who has been entertaining a great deal at Monterey this summer, arrived at the Palace Tuesday. The Murrays have taken a home in Broadway, where they are likely to do some splurging. The Murrays are generous spenders, and may yet make things hum in the local swim. Though there are many people with money to burn in our smart set, they are not burning much. We are not yet far enough removed from the generation to whose thrift we are indebted for much of the wealth of the community.

Preaching the "Abundant Life"

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler's recent address to the graduating students at Dartmouth College, in which he dwelt on the "Perils of Riches," attracted considerable attention in the East, where the remarks of college presidents are gravely recorded and discussed. President Wheeler argued along the lines that great wealth tends to break up homes and make the owners its slaves. "They catch the great characteristic disease endemic in all ultra-modern society, pseudo-motion. Those who cannot move intelligently, hustle; those whose nerves have been shattered in the rush of the day, if they cannot work, move hurriedly." The rich take to yachts, to automobiles, to raising dust—but they have no real errand. They are sick with kinetitis, and their vision of purposeful movement towards a goal has nothing in it more real than the snakes of an alcoholic dream. One of the saddest features of these lives pursued by wealth, declares President Wheeler, consists in their isolation from humanity. And he goes on to show that "sound judgment and clear perspective in the motives and movements of human life are seldom found among those people of the caste who drag the golden ball and chain." If you want to know what is stirring in

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the hearts of the American people you cannot find it out in Wall street. The men immured there are wont to underestimate the intelligence of the American people. They recognize that the people have learned that they are paying from twenty to thirty per cent for insurance only when the diminished returns for new insurance comes in, and "they learn reluctantly that Theodore Roosevelt has for his integrity of purpose the confidence of the farms and firesides of the nation only when the votes come in."

The Abundant Life

President Wheeler handles Roosevelt and the Roosevelt ideas like Wolsey toying with the bubble ambition. He closes his address with a preachment on politics, lauding the strenuous citizen who is "johnny on the spot" when the sun rises on election day. "If you are going to effect anything important against the Beelzebub of politics you have got to join the organization and fight him with machine guns, and not with mugwumpian bean-blowers. The canny advice which old business men sometimes give young men, to let politics alone lest it interfere with business and alienate customers, is the advice of small caution that partakes of cowardice. The self-protected type of man that is always looking out for his own precious cuticle and is afraid of bumps will not live the abundant life." And so, close at the heels of Roosevelt, President Wheeler expands on the "abundant life." This being his last official utterance there is every likelihood that the coming semester will be full of football and the abundant life. "Bruises and toil, covered with dust and harsh with publicity, but it is a man's life and the life of red blood, which the cautious, cowering life of private mindedness is not."

Here is his ripest Rooseveltian definition of the aims and objects of education: "If education does not aid us to live more fully and richly, it surely fails. The purpose of all this elaborate mechanism of education cannot be to provide us with recipes or equip us with mystic formulas, or deck us with robes, or make us peculiar beings or members of a caste; its real purpose must be, after all, with all its wastes and mishits, with all its oscillations and mutations of pedagogic theory, to create in man good health, to make red blood flush the veins and fill life to the full with knowing, enjoying, being and doing."

A Prosperous Three Years

Bankers are synonyms for conservatism and the strictly conventional. They are opposed to change and nothing out of the beaten track appeals to them; that is, to bankers of the old school. They go on, year after year, in the same line of work, running their banks after the same rules and regulations in vogue in their grandfathers' time. Only within the past few years has there arisen a new race of wide-awake bankers who do not think it incompatible with the dignity of their calling to display a little enterprise in the management of their institutions. Enterprise is as much of a factor in the success of a bank as in any other business. Some of the old-fashioned bankers have begun to realize this, their eyes having been opened by the success of banking enterprises that bravely broke away from the beaten path and started out in fields and pastures new. The "fields and pastures," to a city banker, mean a new section of the town, the hitherto undiscovered country.

Nothing more conclusively proves that San Francisco's commercial prosperity is not a mere fairy tale, evolved by optimistic newspaper oracles, than the steady progress of the uptown business section. Those men who, by their belief in our city's ultimate growth, established and maintained their stores and offices in the uptown section, may

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now point with pride to the realization of their belief and trust. Take the City and County Bank as an instance. This bank sprang into existence three years ago, and there were then many who foretold that such an institution could not thrive in an uptown location. The corner of Sixth and Stevenson streets seemed as far from Sansome and Front, the heart of the business section, as South Park from Pacific Heights. The City and County Bank was called "the little bank around the corner" when it started in. It has outgrown its nickname. The bank survived the sceptics' prophesies. It became known and speedily recognized by the uptown merchants as a most convenient depository for their earnings. They found it so much easier to place their money on deposit at a bank in the immediate neighborhood of their stores or offices than to waste time in the trip to a down town bank. In the three years of its existence the City and County Bank has paid in dividends to its stockholders $25,000, and its assets have reached almost $1,250,000.

This immense increase certainly denotes prosperity. Last year's profits enabled the directors to declare the semi-annual dividend of $5 per share and still leave a handsome surplus. On July 3, 1905, a large number of the directors and stockholders attended the bank's annual meeting, when the following officers and directors were elected to serve another year: President, A. J. Lowenberg; vice-president, L. V. Merle; cashier, A. Tonn; directors, Matthew Nunan, J. L. Lilienthal, C. A. Malm, Milton Auerbach, A. J. Lowenberg, L. V. Merle, A. Tonn.

The Financial Field

Business in the Stock and Bond Exchange shows a little improvement. Dealings in Bonds show a total of $299,000; in Shares, 4,846, divided as follows: 40 Lighting, 466 Water, 910 Miscellaneous, and 3,430 Sugars. No noteworthy changes were in any line except in sugars, dealings in which show over 75 per cent of all transactions. The unreasonably depressed figures at which they have been selling made them considered an attraction by the investing public and a healthy buying movement took place. Hawaiian Commercial sold up to 85, Makaweli to 36, Paauhau 21 1-2; in fact, the strength of the leaders stimulated the whole line. Raw Sugar has declined to a point below all reason and is expected soon to reach higher figures again, but even at present figures it seems to me the planters have every reason to be satisfied. The demand for bonds continues to be the strongest, N. R. R. leading all others in the volume of transactions.

Business on Pine street was rather dull this week. As a usual thing this time of the year there is never much doing. The outlook for active times in Comstocks, Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog stocks is very good. The news from Ophir continues of a very encouraging nature. They will soon be ready to start active work in the Savage from the Sutro tunnel level. In the Ward shaft they are getting along well towards the resumption of sinking to a point where they will install a new pumping plant. From Tonopah news was received of a big strike in the Montana. As soon as the railroad from Sodaville to Tonopah is broad-gauged and the mines can increase the output better prices are expected in all these stocks. The news from Bullfrog continues good. In the Amargosa they are just beginning to get assays, and they expect to hear news of a strike at any day. Mr. Ralston, the president of the company, is there at present visiting the mine. A very important strike has been made in the Double Eagle about two miles from Tonopah. The company just ordered a gasoline hoist and it looks now as though this company will make an important development there when sinking is resumed. The well known firm of Zadig & Co. are fiscal agents.

—*The Financier.*

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The Stage

LA BELLE ESTELLITA
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The Heart of a Geisha

Mr. Colgate Baker has given the stage another pathetic heroine. When he wrote "The Heart of a Geisha," he must have known that he could not escape unfavorable comparison with "Camille." He is therefore courageous if not artistic, but courage is not to be compared with originality as an asset in the field of activity into which Mr. Baker has boldly plunged. However he has made a pretty good start, for he has written a play that holds attention. Many embryotic playwrights are incapable of that achievement. True, the play holds attention more through the curiosity it excites than through suspense or doubt of climax, but to have your attention diverted temporarily from the stern realities is something for which to be grateful and which doesn't always happen in the theatre. Mr. Baker is considerably better than the average raw hand at dramatic construction. He knows the value of climax and something of the importance of sequential development and zeal for concentration on the main theme. In other words, he has grasped the rudiments of his art, not firmly, perhaps, but they have not evaded him. He has a gift for dialogue and he may develop a faculty for creating a plot, which after all is not to be despised, for to get along without it a playwright must have genius, and Mr. Baker flashes none in "The Heart of a Geisha." An original turn of mind is a fine substitute for artistic genius in any line of work. To be an imitator without growing monotonous requires stupendous tact. But all this is purely academic. Judged from the standpoint of the mob, which after all is the best patron of the theatre, Mr. Baker has succeeded, for he has written a play that stirs the emotions. It bristles with human interest, it is rich in conventionality, it satisfies curiosity and it is entertaining without edifying. It is filled with dramatic skeletons whose bones protrude through garish garments, but they interest. What does it matter if Mr. Baker has been influenced by the prototype created by that weak romancer, Dumas fils, who had the luck to stumble across the dolorous story of a cocotte and symbolized the obvious? Like "La Dame aux Camellias," daughter of Marion Delorme and granddaughter of Manon Lescaut, Kohamma San produces an impact on sentimental nerves and she is therefore worth while as a dramatic personage. I should have been better pleased if Mr. Baker had drawn his inspiration from Japanese surroundings and depended more on dialogue than settings for his atmosphere, but he has given us something in the nature of an exposition of the unmoral ethics and animalistic ideals of the people of Nippon, and therefore his work has not been in vain. His play is a sympathetic study of a geisha and in all probability indicates a faithful observation of life in the tea-houses of the Mikado's realm. The theme could have been treated with greater poetic delicacy, and it could have been made more instinct with the spirit that throbs in the land, but it will suffice as a dim mirror of the social conditions of the country. It could be improved by making it less talkful, the leper could be eliminated without being missed, more delicate and subtle shadings could be achieved for the benefit of contrast, and the brother could be introduced less precipitately, but Mr. Baker is a beginner. He may develop greater technical skill. As at present constructed the play, as I have said, satisfies curiosity, and entertains satisfactorily for an evening. Indeed it aroused the enthusiasm of the first night audience. It went without a hitch, a circumstance that calls for comment, for the Alcazar stage is small and the settings are quite elaborate. As a production it is a notable achievement, and the management is deserving of the highest credit for its enterprise and liberality in behalf of a young and inexperienced playwright. It is a colorful production and it abounds in delightful harmonies. Miss Juliet Crosby's impersonation of the captivating geisha is most artistic. She has caught the spirit of the role, and plays everybody else in the cast off the boards.

Theodore Bonnet.

Romantic Opera

Some old familiar voices are being heard at the Tivoli this week, and on the whole the company is producing a much better quality of vocal melody than has been heard at

The best coffee on the market, and which is preferred by all housewives because of its superior qualities, is Armer Brothers' "Very Best." It is palatable, nutritious and absolutely delicious.

this house for some months. That the management was wise in strengthening its vocal force is evident from the crowded houses that have attended each performance of "Rob Roy," the romantic comic opera which was written for the Bostonians by De Koven and Smith and which has long been on the shelf. "Rob Roy" is an old-fashioned opera but it is susceptible of modernization in the hands of an up-to-date stage manager who knows how to impart nimbleness and animation to the chorus, and who has a faculty for producing color effects. Such a man is Max Freeman who has been kept busy staging musical pieces in Broadway for some years, and who is familiar with all the tricks of his craft. His cunning hand is responsible for all the beautiful illusions that appeal to the senses in the "Rob Roy" production. His deft touch is everywhere discernible, not only in the ensembles, but in the action of the principals. He has put the soft pedal on the boisterous Schuster, and he has repressed the tendency in Teddy Webb to indulge in diagram drawing for the explanation of the librettist's witticisms. The whole performance is instinct with the spirit of the artistic personality behind the scenes, and it is therefore refreshing. Among the old familiar voices is that of Anna Lichter, but hers is only reminiscent. Anna Lichter is still a young, vigorous woman, but her voice has faded, a circumstance due undoubtedly to faulty method. Barron Berthald is another singer some of whose notes have gone to protest but whose voice, though impaired, has its pleasing moments. Arthur Cunningham has returned with his resonant baritone intact, and adjusts his blustering manner to the title role which he rollicks through with characteristic exuberance. Kate Condon, fresh of voice and generous with it, presents a somewhat stately figure in a rich blue gown, but she has not a great deal to do. The new comedian, Frank Hayes, plays Sandy MacSherry with an Irish dialect, but triumphs with his legs which are grotesquely eloquent. The busiest individual in the piece is Teddy Webb, who has once more found a part into which his melted personality appears to have been poured. *Theodore Bonnet.*

The Fiske-Belasco Syndicate

Dave Belasco is writing a new play for Blanche Bates. It will be produced next season and if successful the Californian actress will go to London where Mr. Belasco has secured a theatre. Dave Warfield will probably be the first of the Belasco stars to appear at this house. Belasco having entered into a combination with Mrs. Fiske and the Shuberts, we shall probably hear less in the future of the damnable Syndicate. The new combine will have a string of theatres extending across the country and will be able to present attractions in all the principal cities. The Fiskes, the Shuberts and Belasco are very anxious to have it understood that this combination is not a syndicate, but it differs in no essential particular from the Trust which Mrs. Fiske was so indignantly berating a few months ago. Now that the power of the trust of which she so bitterly complained has been broken, it can no longer be argued that the Frohmans and the Klaws and Erlangers are retarding the development of the artistic drama. Let us see to what extent the Fiskes will go to encourage its development. Perhaps after awhile it will be seen that it is the public and not the Trust that has been exercising a demoralizing influence on the drama, an influence which, according to Oscar Wilde, is as immoral as it is ridiculous and as corrupting as it is contemptible.

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At the Orpheum

It is another good week at the Orpheum. W. J. Talbot won a warm welcome from his old friends upon his return home after a long absence. He began his musical career here, and the confidence his friends had that he would succeed on the stage has justified itself. Talbot sings well and he has a partner, Rodgers, who is also a fine vocalist. Bertie Fowler, the merry monologue maid, is very entertaining and the De Koe acrobats are as good as their press notices said they would be. Figman and Manola repeat their comedy sketch of last week.

John L. Can Act

The feature of "Fast Life in New York" is the sparring turn in which John L. Sullivan figures as principal boxer. But Sullivan does very well as an actor, too, a good deal better than other prize fighters I have known. He is not perhaps so picturesque a figure as beautiful Billy Muldoon was in "As You Like It," nor does he deliver his lines with the touching pathos of Peter Jackson as Uncle Tom. But he grasps his lines firmly and does not let a word get away from him. "Fast Life in New York" is quite a rattling melodrama and gives all the Central players a chance to shine. In the great ringside act the company seems as greatly interested in Sullivan's sparring as does the audience on the other side of the footlights.

KATE CONDON
The Peerless Contralto, Who Is Scoring Such a Brilliant Success as Flora MacDonald in "Rob Roy" at the Tivoli.

Lillian Lawrence bade farewell to the Alcazar's clientele with the final performance of "On Probation." She is not to return next season. Saturday night Miss Lawrence, Miss Woodson, Hilliard and Craig were all called upon for good-bye speeches.

Miller Kent, who will be at the Orpheum next week, succeeded Henry Miller in the original Frohman production of "All the Comforts of Home" and he was last here, I believe, in "The Cowboy and the Lady." He is a great favorite in New York.

Miss Barrymore to Wed?

If the report be true that Ethel Barrymore will wed in the fall, it is not likely that the stage bulletins announcing that she will create the leading role in Barrie's "Alice Sit by the Fire" can also be true. The New York season would be opening about the time she would be sending out cards for her wedding. This is not the first time Miss Barrymore has been reported engaged in London. When she paid her first visit to England, her name was coupled by the bavardes with that of Lawrence Irving, if I remember aright. But later it was said that young Irving and Miss Barrymore had broken their engagement, and he was still later reported engaged to Alice Neilsen. Miss Barrymore's present fiance, according to the despatches, is Captain Harry Graham, formerly of the Coldstream Guards. It would seem fitting that the daughter of Maurice Barrymore, himself of British birth, should wed an Englishman. The Drews are also English. Miss Barrymore is at present at a German *spa*, where she went to rest up for her New York season.

Margaret Wycherly, once of the Alcazar stock company, is to play the leading part in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram" in Chicago. She will then return to New York to be featured in "Devon Joan," a new drama, at the Madison Square theatre. Miss Wycherly is the wife of Bayard Veiller, the former newspaper man of this city and now of New York. When she was at the Alcazar I always considered her work far more artistic than that of the leading lady and when Miss Wycherly occasionally got a good part she did full justice to it. In New York she first came into prominence in the Yeats plays.

Warfield's Future

It is now settled that Dave Warfield will go to London to present "The Music Master." Warfield is now in this city taking his vacation, and is making no effort to keep in touch with the Belasco management. I met him Monday night, at the Alcazar, where he was enjoying the Baker premier. I asked him when he would vouchsafe us the great emotional thrill that he gave New York, and he said he thought he would be sent out next season, but nobody knows how long "The Music Master" will run in New York in its second season, which will begin in September, and as it will go to London immediately after it ceases to draw in Gotham, the probability is that we shall not see it for about two years. Belasco thinks it will run at the Bijou in New York until the spring of 1906 and it is surely good for at least one whole season in London. Belasco has already begun a publicity campaign for Warfield in London and the Britishers are becoming very much interested in the man who was once a burlesque artist and who is now ranked as America's leading character actor.

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ily for whom Hayes Valley was named and he is a nephew of Col. Tom Hayes, the first County Clerk of San Francisco, and Broderick's second in the famous Broderick-Terry duel. The old Hayes home was where St. Ignatius Church now stands.

An Ovation for Cunningham

Arthur Cunningham's reception at the Tivoli Monday night was a boisterous demonstration. The popular baritone was badly missed during his absence in the East, and his admirers took occasion Monday night to express most emphatically their joy over his return. Theatregoers dearly love a conscientious performer and Cunningham is one.

Next Week's Bills

"The Heart of a Geisha" will be at the Alcazar for one more week. White Whittlesey in "The Fortunes of the King" will come next. Whittlesey will be supported by Eugenie Thais Lawton, Agnes Ranken, John Maher, Howard Scott, Ruth Allen, Nera Rosa and other Alcazar favorites, during his annual summer engagement. During his season he will be seen in Mansfield's "First Violin," Henry Miller's "The Only Way," Otis Skinner's "Prince Otto" and many other romantic plays. Ibsen's famous psychological study, "Ghosts," is to be given a special production by Belasco, Mayer and Price, with Harry Mestayer and a special company in the cast. Supporting Mestayer will be Kate Dalgleish, Grace Goodall, Edwin B. Bailey and Robert Wayne. The performances will be given at the California, matinee and night, Saturday, July twenty-ninth.

"Rob Roy" will continue at the Tivoli. It has made a great hit, even greater than was expected.

Herschel Mayall will make his reappearance at the Central next Monday night in the leading role of Joseph Arthur's "Blue Jeans." This bill is one of the best ever offered by the management and should prove an immense drawing card for the week. Agnes Ranken was especially secured from the Belasco theatre in Los Angeles to play the ingenue part of June in the play. Miss Ranken will be remembered as being a favorite at the Alcazar a few seasons ago and her welcome back to San Francisco for a short stay will be a warm one. There will be a big house at the Central Monday night to greet Mayall's return. The attraction is one that could easily draw at one of the higher priced theatres for "Blue Jeans" is a strong play. It was the first of the "buzz-saw dramas" that flitted across the continent.

S. Miller Kent will make his first vaudeville appearance here at the Orpheum in a playlet by Byron Ongley, "Just Dorothy." The Wilton brothers, novelty comedy bar performers, will return. La Belle Estellita, said to be the legitimate successor to Carmencita, will present some of the dances that have gained her fame on two continents, assisted by Signor Gabardon. The Messenger Boys Trio, composed of Thomas Dunne, William Howard and Eugene Howard, and singers and parodists of renown, will be new. In the De Serris statuary Tilden's "The Ball Player" will be shown.

So great has been the success of Bothwell Browne's Japanese musical extravaganza, "Princess Fan Tan," that it will be continued for one more week at the Chutes.

The great success of "Old Heidelberg" has induced Belasco and Mayer to secure through Emanuel Lederer the Pacific coast rights to "Alma Mater," a romantic drama of student life in a small German university town. "Alma Mater" has been translated by the adapter of "Old Heidelberg" and will have its first production at the Alcazar next autumn. It was first performed at the Thalia theatre, Hamburg, last October and proved a record-breaking success there and in Dresden, Vienna, Frankfort,

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Bremen, Leipzig and all the principal cities of Germany and Austria.

Ezra Kendall will appear in his latest comedy hit, "Weather-beaten Benson," when he comes to the Columbia on Monday, the thirty-first instant . From all accounts the comedian has made even a greater success in this play than in "The Vinegar Buyer," in which he appeared here two seasons ago. Kendall is under the management of Liebler & Co.

—The Playgoer.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs last week were: L. Rothenberg, Mrs. J. P. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. Russell L. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Gordon, Mrs. P. Brilliant, Mrs. H. McCarthy, Mrs. A. P. Channot, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. N. McCarthy, E. H. Tyron, Mary Patton, Mrs. E. R. Lillis, Mrs. C. R. Thompson, Miss Frances Thompson, Mrs. S. C. Seymour, Miss Alice Watts, Mrs. W. F. Thompson, all from San Francisco; W. F. Buckingham and B. J. Buckingham, of Chicago; Miss Emma Young and Mrs. H. G. Campbell, of New York.

On Thursday evening, July thirteenth, a vaudeville performance was given at Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond. Vocal and instrumental numbers were given, also recitations by the children, and stories told by Dr. J. Wilson Shiels. The entertainment closed with an original farce written by Lloyd Ackerman (Yale '04) and Dr. Shiels. Among those participating in the program were Mrs. Florence May, Mrs. A. E. Hutchins, Miss Dodge, Dr. Shiels, Miss Katherine Kutz, Miss Clarisse Lohse, Miss Juliet Mitchell, Mrs. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. A. Starr Keeler, Mr. Lloyd Ackerman, Mr. Malcolm Bogue, Margaret Koshland, Mary May, Margery May, Las Shiels, Willie Shiels, Dan Koshland, Bob Ranschoff, and Jim Ranschoff. W. Greer Harrison, J. V. de Laveaga, Mrs. W. M. Pierson and Mrs. d'Ancona were at Rowardennan last week.

Arrivals at Del Monte for the week included Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Dr. and Mrs. MacMonagle, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe and family, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, J. S. Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott and family, Mrs. R. G. Hayne, Robert Y. Hayne, Mr. C. de Guigne, Capt. A. H. Payson.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Capitola included Charles E. Bowen, Mrs. L. Bazet, J. W. Goodwin, P. A. Denicke, E. A. Denicke, A. G. McCarthy, J. M. Sullivan, Mrs. Chas. Reskin, F. J. Young, S. H. Parker and wife, J. W. Carlem, Mrs. Ida Ellis, Paul R. Ruben, F. F. Hemingway, Mrs. Bruno Roman and family, G. C. Sampson and wife and Jas. W. Salz and wife, from San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from San Francisco, included R. M. Smith, Mrs. Linda H. Bryan, H. E. O'Brien, Clem Armstrong, E. T. O'Neill, E. J. Brown, E. H. Bryers, H. Murphy, C. A. Kegeris, Mr. and Mrs. H. Faith, Miss K. E. Whittaker, Miss D. J. MacMaster, L. E. Sawyer, L. A. Naufschmidt and wife, E. D. Bell, S. M. Swing, Mrs. E. M. Ewing and daughter, J. W. Mullen, Miss Mullen, Miss Folsom, C. H. Douglas Fox, E. W. Mulville, S. F. St. Germain, Alex. Fox, H. L. Haehl, Clifford S. Wiley, Joseph Thompson, I. Goodman and wife, Mrs. S. Goodman.

S. T. Meyer and wife, Miss Belle Meyer, Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Lengfeld, Master Lucis Lengfeld, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels of San Francisco are registered at the Hotel Del Coronado. Others at the hotel are S. Lawerance, George Otis Mitchell and Charles Fletcher Scott, all of San Francisco.

GROUP FROM "PRINCESS FAN TAN"
The Japanese Musical Extravaganza, Now Enjoying a Prosperous Run at the Chutes

Hartmann's Romance

BY RICHARD VALENTINE.

Men sat about at little tables on one side of the big hall. Most of them had their hats on, and leaned awkward elbows on the board, drinking occasionally from thick glasses of beer, or from tiny glasses of whisky. Nearly all were smoking cigars or cigarettes.

When Ducey and Brown came in with the officers of the German warship that was lying in the harbor for a few days, the orchestra was playing some dreamy valses, and one of the officers began to hum the words of the opera from which the selections were taken.

"Is this a sample of your music-halls?" he asked, with a slight German accent.

"This is one kind," answered Ducey, "we will show you a different kind later. This is where the ordinaries love to linger."

They sat down at a table, ordered drinks and lighted their cigarettes, while the officers looked about them with curious glances.

"There is quite a European aspect about this place," observed Lieutenant Baron von Hartmann.

"Especially about those girls," sneered one of his brother officers, indicating two young women of the Hooligan variety, with huge pompadours beneath their wide-brimmed picture hats.

"They're not so bad," said Hartmann, for he had an eye for beauty, even in humble garments and ill-arranged coiffures.

He lapsed into silence then, for the beautiful waltzes brought back so many memories of his fatherland that he forgot the scenes before him, and was back again in his own country, listening to Margaretta singing. Margaretta, Margaretta, the music said to him. Where was Margaretta now? It was many a year since he had been in Berlin, for his ship had been in far countries, China, Japan, Oceanica, everywhere but in German waters.

He had not cared, for was it not Margaretta herself who had banished him from her? Was it not better to put miles between himself and that capricious, mercenary beauty, than to live day after day within sight of her, sound of her musical voice, and not be admitted into her heart?

Margaretta was a singer in the opera, and at one time Hartmann had been her favored lover. But he was poor. His divinity loved the luxuries of the world. He could not gratify her whims, and she had cast him off for a nobleman of wealth and power, a diplomat in the Emperor's service. Hartman would have married her. The other never talked of that, but Margaretta preferred to sacrifice the generous man for the one who exacted a price for his protection.

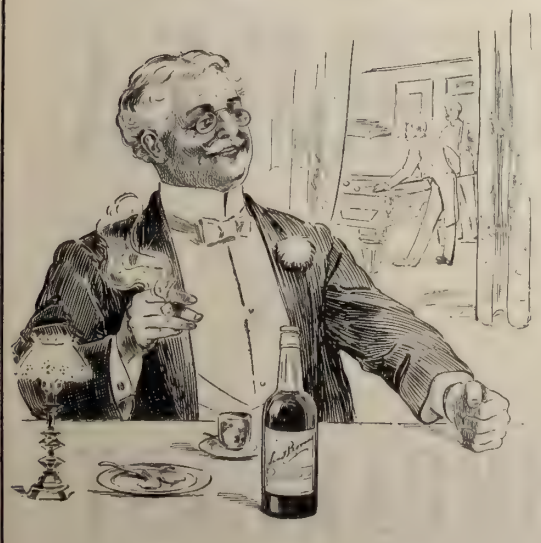
Yet, strange to say, Hartmann had never been able to forget her. He still loved her, and when he heard the music of the opera that she had so often sung in, he would have given everything to see her once more; to kiss her sweet lips, to hold her lithe form in his arms—the memory stirred him strangely.

Some male singers appeared on the stage and rendered quartets. A dancer shook her skirts and tossed her heels in the air. Hartmann did not cast more than a glance at them. Then a woman came upon the boards.

"Gott in himmel, what a caricature," muttered one of

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over **seventy** years ago, **Lea & Perrins** first put on the market a table sauce known as



Lea & Perrins'

Worcestershire Sauce

It has since gained a world-wide reputation; therefore, many manufacturers have used the name Worcestershire, and some even called their crude imitations the "genuine." But the Original and Genuine is **Lea & Perrins'** Worcestershire Sauce.

Take No Imitations! *Do Not Be Deceived.*

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

the officers. "That's right," said Brown.

They were too well bred to laugh at the poor thing, but others in the audience were not so polite.

Ill-concealed smiles and laughs that could not be suppressed greeted the woman's entrance. She bowed unconcernedly. Perhaps she was used to this kind of welcome. All she had to do was to earn her salary and go through her turn.

She was a woman of about thirty, but looked much older. Her make-up was wretched, the paint thrown on as if she had wielded the rouge-rag without looking in her mirror to see the effect. Her thin neck was bare to the bosom, and her gown was shabby finery. When she began to sing, however, the audience gave courteous attention.

She evidently knew her art, for though there were rasping notes in her tones when she reached the upper registers, her low tones were full of music.

She sang "A Summer Night" in German, and the Hooligan girls whose pompadours had excited the officer's derision were melted to tears. They surreptitiously wiped their eyes with their cheap lace-trimmed handkerchiefs.

As the first notes of the old song reached Hartmann's ears he awoke from his revery. How often had Margaretta sung "A Summer Night" to him. He had never been able to hear the song afterwards without thinking of Margaretta.

He looked at the singer. There was something in her face that reminded him of the woman he had loved. Margaretta had those deep blue eyes, that oval face, that long slender figure. Even this poor creature had a grace about her that reminded him of his love.

The party hosted by Ducey and Brown sat near the stage, and directly in front of the singer. As she bowed after the close of her first number, her eyes swept the audience, and finally alighted upon the group in front. She started slightly, and a deep red flush showed even above the rouge. Then the orchestra started the strains of her second selection, and she passed her gloved hand over her eyes as if to shut out some obnoxious sight.

She recovered her poise as her song began again—some foolish rag-time that the audience applauded lustily after the first stanza. She sang the four verses through, and bowed and left the stage. The audience clamored for more. Hartmann alone was silent, though all the others in Ducey's party were clapping hands noisily.

"That woman knows how to sing, doesn't she?" asked Ducey.

But Hartmann could have told him that she had good reason to know how to sing. Had she not been the leading singer in the Berlin opera ten years ago? How came she here? Had her rich protector tired of her? Had she lost her hold on the hearts of the German public? Why, then, had she come to this far city, so many miles from her home?

In that gesture of passing her hand over her eyes, a well-remembered gesture, he had recognized Margaretta. And he knew that he loved her more than ever. Wretched as she looked, with marks of dissipation on her face, low as she had evidently sunk, he would have taken her in his arms and loved her as of old. He must find her, see her, beg her to come back to him. He was a fatalist, and to him it seemed that fate had led him to this music-hall that he might rescue Margaretta from poverty and perhaps worse things.

"I must see her," he muttered aloud, and Ducey heard him.

"See whom?" he asked, and as he looked at Hartmann he was surprised at the pallor of his face.

"The singer," answered Hartmann. "I knew her in Germany."

"Oh, that's easy," said Ducey. "I know the stage manager, and I can fix it for you."

They arose from the table, but Hartmann asked his brother officers to excuse him. He wanted to see her alone. Accompanied by Ducey he went to the stage entrance and the latter sent in his card to the stage manager.

A few moments later they were ushered into the green room, and presently Margaretta, who had been sent for, put in an appearance. At first sight of Hartmann she seemed agitated, but only for a moment. His first impulse was to seize her in his arms, but something in her manner restrained him.

"Margaretta!" he exclaimed, and his voice was choked with emotion.

She put out her hand, and he seized it passionately. She smiled. Then, addressing him in German, which was Greek to Ducey and Chinook to the stage manager, she said:

"Haven't you got over that yet?"

The question staggered Hartmann. But the tears came to his eyes as he thought of the old days and contrasted the lithe and bewitching Margaretta of the Berlin opera with the faded beer-hall singer of San Francisco.

"What are you doing in this wretched place?" he asked.

She laughed: "Singing and helping out my husband."

"Your husband!" exclaimed Hartmann.

"Yes, my husband," was the calm reply. "He owns this place, and we are making so much money that we will soon be able to return to Berlin, and live there like the nobility. Will you have some beer?"

When Hartmann went out into the night he felt as though he had awakened from a dream.

MOORE'S
POISON OAK REMEDY
Cures Poison-Oak and all Skin Diseases
Sold by all Druggists

GERMEA
FOR
BREAKFAST

Automobile Topics

The Grafting Evil

It is not surprising that the "grafting" evil is worrying some of the local dealers, although probably not to the extent that it has in former seasons. The temptation to secure a ride in a speedy, comfortable and smart-looking automobile, without even as much as a "thank you," is too much for some people, and they leave no stone unturned to attain their object at the expense of dealers, who, even if they suspect, are not always able to help themselves. Of course, no one can play the game very long. He or she—frequently these grafters hunt in couples—soon become known, and then it is all up. But any well dressed, smooth-spoken person can work the free-ride graft on half a dozen or even a dozen occasions if he only goes about it right. If anything goes wrong during the demonstration, there is a good opening for another ride. But, if the demonstration is a perfect success and the supposed customer balks at buying, then the knowing dealer smells a mouse and it is his fault if he is fooled a second time.

First Auto Bank

The first automobile bank ever made in the United States is soon to be put into actual use by a Cincinnati savings institution. It is built of chilled steel with double walls, an inch of space between them. In one corner is placed a burglar proof safe, and desk room for several clerks is also provided. The motive power is electricity, the car having a storage battery capacity of fifty miles. It will be used by the bank in collecting from customers, especially from shopkeepers at night.

Great Strides Being Made

As in the days of the bicycle, those dealers in this country who have been importing and selling automobiles are now hastening to take up with the perfected American produce and there is hardly a prosperous agent in any of the big cities in the East who is not endeavoring to secure, or who has not already secured the selling rights for some American machine which has proved itself the equal of anything made abroad. In fact, some of those who a couple of years ago handled only foreign cars are today manufacturing automobiles in this country and are meeting with such success that the time seems not far distant when the sale of other than American machines will be on a par with the sale of any foreign article that tries to compete against the unmatched skill and ingenuity of the American mechanic.

In Commercial Use

A Wisconsin firm some time ago equipped its drummers with automobiles in which to cover their territories. Each man was compelled to keep track of expenditures in the way of repairs and such matters, and at the end of six months it was found that the firm's representatives not only covered more districts at a less cost than during the previous six months, but that there was a wholesale decrease in expenditures hitherto necessary for railway fares; and, to climax the conditions, the firm, by reaching more customers than before had materially increased its business.

Business houses of Sacramento are following in the footsteps of concerns in this city, Los Angeles, San Jose, Fresno and other smaller towns of California, by equipping its salesmen with motor cars. The Produce Store purchased an Autocar for the use of H. G. May and the Pioneer Fruit Company, one of the biggest fruit concerns in that section, purchased a second Autocar runabout last week. Several other Sacramento firms are contemplating getting motor cars for their travelers.

Racing News

The severe test of tires in the Gordon-Bennett cup race has attracted more than usual attention to the matter of tire equipment of racing cars. American drivers had less trouble with the Diamond tires than did any of the drivers of foreign cars and even on Lytle's Pope-Toledo, which ran two hundred and fifty miles with a broken lubricating pipe, finishing twelfth, there was but one change of tires during the race—and this notwithstanding the fact that the flying oil soon covered the tires, rendering them much less impervious to wear and penetration; for oil, being a solvent of rubber, will eventually destroy tires if allowed to come in contact with them.

Automobilists are not yet through talking over the wonderful track record of a mile in 48 3-5 seconds made by the White steamer at Morris Park, New York. When the press notices appeared in the local papers nearly every one thought it

(Continued on Page 34)

The Cleanest Tire Record

IN THE

Gordon Bennett Race

WAS MADE BY

Diamond

Wrapped Tread Construction

Cablegram

From Clermont ferrand, July 6, 1905.

"DIRUBCO"

The Diamond Rubber Co.,

Akron, Ohio.

Best record any other tires in Gordon Bennett race was two complete changes. Diamonds on my car lasted whole four rounds with only one change very pleased.

5:43 PM *H. H. Lytle*

Diamond tires on Tracey's Locomobile and Dingley's Pope-Toledo did equally well.

For the first time in history an American car finished in the great international event.

It marks a distinct victory for the American Automobile industry, and every American can conscientiously take off his hat to it.

And the showing made by Diamond tires in this race was the BEST ever made by ANY tire, AMERICAN OR FOREIGN, in THIS or any PREVIOUS year.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

AKRON, OHIO

San Francisco Branch, 608 Mission St.

When requested the following resorts will send descriptive booklets, folders, etc., giving full information.

HOTEL VENDOME

IT'S AS EASY TO GO TO SAN JOSE
AS TO TAKE A TR PACROSS THE BAY

One hour, 25 minutes by S. P.

Forget business for a few days and spend a week-end at the luxurious Hotel Vendome, surrounded by the most glorious floral park in the City of Roses.

Famous Vendome Swimming Baths
Indoor and Outdoor Games
Linda Vista Golf Links
World-known Lick Observatory

Cool, restful days invite you to the Hotel Vendome, San Jose.

J. T. BROOKS, MANAGER

SAN JOSE

Rowardennan

SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

Reservations may be made upon application to Wm. G. Dodge, Lessee. BEN LOMOND, CAL.

Mt. View Ranch Hotel

And cottages in the mountains near Santa Cruz. First-class table; gas; bath; phone; clubroom; dancing pavilion; swimming tank; bowling; croquet; rates $9 up. Round trip tickets to Glenwood $4.25 including carriage, and to Santa Cruz round trip tickets $4.00. Carriage will meet train on appointment only, $1.25 round trip.

TONY PHILIPPS, Santa Cruz.

Gilroy Hot Springs

W. J. McDONALD, Prop.

Open all the year. Stage daily except Sunday from Gilroy. Long distance phone and Postoffice.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT. This resort has been entirely renovated. New cement sulphur plunge baths, club rooms and office. A gas plant has been installed and the hotel refurnished throughout. Open May 1st.

New Hotel Ben Lomond

Just completed; modern in every respect and up-to-date. In the heart of the Santa Cruz mountains, on the bank of the San Lorenzo river. Good boating, bathing and fishing. 3½ miles to Big Trees: Santa Cruz 2 miles. Two trains daily to and from San Francisco; four trains daily to Santa Cruz. Write for Souvenir Booklets. BEN LOMOND HOTEL CO. F. A. Cody, Manager.

Why not spend the summer in the woods by the sea

Hotel El Carmelo

Pacific Grove, California

"The Little Del Monte." An all-the-year-around family resort near old Monterey and the Presidio Military Post. Low Rates for families

GEO. H. CORDY, Manager.

Own Summer Home in Mountains of Sonoma Co.

CAMP MEEKER

Pure water, equable climate, lots $10 up; cottages built by Meeker, $50 up; stores; restaurant; hotel; post; express; phone; 1200 lots sold; 400 cottages built. Sausalito ferry, N. S. R. R.. M. C. MEEKER, Camp Meeker, Sonoma Co., Cal.

The Grove Lake Tahoe

Half mile east of Tallac on Lake Shore. Rates $2 per day; $10 per week; meals 50c. Good saddle horses and the best of livery; boats free to all guests,

J. E. PARMETER, Prop., Tallac, Cal.

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60 GEARY ST., S. F.

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VACATION 1905

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"VACATION" is issued annually by the

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THE PICTURESQUE ROUTE OF CALIFORNIA

and is the standard publication on the Pacific Coast for information regarding

Mineral Spring Resorts, Country Homes and Farms where Summer Boarders are Taken, and Select Camping Spots.

This year's edition "VACATION 1905" contains 200 pages, beautifully illustrated, and is complete in its detailed information as to location, accommodations, attractions, etc., with terms from $7.00 per week up.

To be had at Ticket Offices, 650 Market Street (Chronicle Building), and Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street; General Office, Mutual Life Building, corner of Sansome and California Streets, San Francisco.

APPLICATIONS BY MAIL WILL RECEIVE IMMEDIATE RESPONSE.

JAS. AGLER, Gen'l Manager. R. X. RYAN, Gen'l Pass'r Agent.

HOTEL BON AIR

NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON

37 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO

Go to the Hotel Bon Air for your summer outing. Bowling, Tennis, Boating, Bathing and Fishing. Escalle R. R. Station via N. P. C. R. R. Ross P. O., Marin Co. MR. and MRS. J. E. MANLOVE, Props.

Agua Caliente Springs

New attractions; open all the year round; nearest Hot Sulphur Springs to San Francisco. Temperature 115 degrees; no staging; fare $1.10. Cures Rheumatism, asthma and kindred ailments. Five Hot Sulphur Springs; tub and plunge baths; largest mineral water swimming tank in State. Accommodations first-class. $2.00 per day; $12 to $14 per week; rates to families, half rates to children. Peck's, 11 Montgomery St. or THEO. RICHARDS, Agua Caliente Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.

We have erected a stone dining room, seats 400 guests.

DEER PARK INN

And cottages, six miles from Lake Tahoe, open June 1st. Ideal place for rest and recreation. Elevation 6507 feet. Fine mineral springs. For further information call at office of Bryan's Inf. Bureau, 30 Montgomery street, or send for booklet.

J. B. SCOTT, Deer Park Inn, via Truckee, Cal.

Beautiful Laurel Dell

The Switzerland of America

Boating, swimming, hunting, Marine toboggan, bowling, croquet, new livery. Dining room seats 300 people. Guests at Laurel Dell will have the privilege of 15 kinds of mineral water and baths at Saratoga Springs. Teams will run between both resorts. The proprietor of Laurel Dell has lately acquired the La Trianon Hotel at the head of Upper Blue Lake, including the famous Black Oak Spring and the Blue Lake Peninsula, 1000 acres in all. Pamphlet at Pecks, 11 Montgomery St. Edgar Durnan, Prop., Laurel Dell, Lake Co., Cal.

SUMMER RESORTS

TUXEDO

The Leading Hotel and Resort Place of the SANTA CRUZ MOUNTAINS

On the main line of Nar. gauge R. R., 7 miles from Santa Cruz. Open April 15. Francis W. Smith, Mgr. Write for Ill. Booklet. Felton P. O.

Camp Vacation

Hotel under canvas on the Russian River below Guerneville in a grove a mile and a half long, skirting the river; tennis courts; 40 new boats. There will be a dam in the river affording four miles of smooth water for boating, bathing and swimming. Adults $2 per day, $10 per week; children under 10 half rates. Special rates for families. Open May 1. Address Mrs. L. C. CNOPIUS, Camp Vacation, "Vacation," P. O., Sonoma Co., Cal.

Klamath Hot Springs

Fishing, hunting and health resort. Procure booklet from Peck's Tourist Bureau, 11 Montgomery street, S. F., or from Edson Bros., Beswick, Siskiyou, Co. Cal.

Garden City Sanitarium

A Sanitarium, cottage plan; not a hospital; Equipped for the scientific application of Water, Electricity, Massage, Tissue Oscillation, Electric Light, X-Ray, Dry, Hot Air, and all minor treatments. Large grounds, 5½ acres, shade, etc. Separate treatment apartments for men and women. Fifteen minutes walk from centre of city; one block from car line. Beautiful scenery. Write for literature.

GARDEN CITY SANITARIUM, San Jose, Cal.

Mark West Springs

Now open for guests; croquet grounds and lawn tennis, billiards, shuffle boards, swimming, pleasant walks and delightful drives. Dancing pavilion. Absolutely free from fogs. Large natural warm sulphur plunge bath, and a new cement bath house are among the attractions of the place. Deer, quail, dove and other game abound in the vicinity. Good trout fishing.

Round trip tickets from San Francisco, $3.75. Single fare $2.50.

Terms: $2:00 per day; from $10.00 to $12.00 per week. Children under ten years half rates. Reductions to families. Table, first class.

Address HENRY KOERNER, Mark West Springs, Sonoma Co., Cal.
Or City Address, Drug Store, 833 Larkin St. Phone Polk 1303.

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The Atlantic City of the Pacific

Not a Dull Moment May to Oct.

Hawaiian Orchestra and Singing Club of Honolulu engaged for the entire season. 13th Inf. Band U. S. A., 3d Artillery Band, U. S. A. and Bennett's Famous Concert Band are engaged continuously. Fireworks, Boating, Fishing, Bathing, Excursions, Completion of Grand Electric Pleasure pier. Beautiful Pleasure Casino and Modern Tented City.

Special Summer Excursion Rates via S. P.

Finest Bathing Beach on Coast

Attention Campers!

If you intend going on an outing we have all the necessities

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C. H. Philpott Co., Prop. E. J. Kaplan, Mgr.

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BYRON HOT SPRINGS

AMERICA'S GREATEST SPA

THE great health and pleasure resort of California. Here you can find rest, amusement and regain your health. The surrounding country is beautiful at this season of the year. The hotel table is sumptuous. It's the only place in the world where you can get a hot mineral bath in porcelain tubs without leaving the hotel. If you can't spend a long period here, take advantage of the week-end excursion, $7.50 all expenses paid, Friday to Tuesday inclusive. Includes railroad fare, two days' board at the hotel, use of mineral waters and baths and hot mud baths, and stage fare to and from station to hotel.

Hotel Del Coronado

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Enjoy California's best climate at the largest seaside resort hotel in the world. Cuisine unexcelled. Every modern convenience provided.

SUMMER RATES: Each person, $3.00 day, $17.50 week, and upwards. Excellent boating, fishing, hunting, golf links, tennis, bowling. Interesting side trips. Ask railway agent or write

MORGAN ROSS, Manager

Coronado Beach, California

H. F. Norcross, 200 South Spring Street, Los Angeles

Take a Rest

A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend days and weeks during the Spring and Summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions — sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society spend their time at Del Monte by the sea. Address GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

At Hotel Del Monte

The TALLAC

LAKE TAHOE

Open for the Season

AMERICAN PLAN ONLY

Resident Physician

For further information as to rates, accommodations, etc., address Peck's Information Bureau, 11 Montgomery St., San Francisco, or 22 South Spring St., Los Angeles.

M. LAWRENCE & CO.

TALLAC

Lake Tahoe, Cal.

Automobile Topics

(Concluded from Page 31)

was a mistake as it seemed impossible for any car to cut the record four seconds at one slash. However the Eastern auto papers have reached the coast and the new record is a fact, made by Webb Jay in a mile against time, and is authentic in every particular. The papers are exceedingly enthusiastic over this remarkable performance. The July eighth issue of "Automobile Topics" puts Webb Jay's achievements on July third and fourth in a very interesting way. It says: Webb Jay in his White steamer was the star on both days. He won three races on Monday and two on Tuesday. He cut the world's record from 52 1-2 seconds to 48 3-5 seconds. He won the Thomas trophy for the Chicago Club and credited himself with four points in the championship contest." Again it says: "Webb Jay with his White steamer was the star performer of the day, scoring three victories and making one mile in 48 3-5 seconds as has been told. Jay won the Diamond Cup race, the heavyweight championship, and the first heat of the race for the Thomas trophy." Speaking of the race on July fifth: "Again Webb Jay, with his White steamer, was the most conspicuous figure. He established a new world's record of 48 3-5 seconds, he won back the Thomas trophy for the Chicago Club, and won the national circuit championship."

A New Record

L. A. Nares in his 30 h. p. Pope-Toledo has eclipsed all auto records between this city and Los Angeles. He left Los Angeles Sunday morning, July fifteenth, at four o'clock, with Burr Frazer, R. Fowler and Tony Nichols and arrived in San Francisco on Monday morning at four-fifty, covering the distance in twenty-four hours and fifty-four minutes. Mr. Nares now states that having gone over the course once he can easily lower the time to twenty hours and thirty minutes, and if any one breaks this record Mr. Nares will make the attempt again. In going over the rough roads into Santa Barbara they broke the rear spring, which delayed them two hours and twenty-eight minutes. They had no further trouble on the road excepting another broken spring coming from San Jose to San Francisco. No mechanical troubles of any kind were experienced the entire trip and it may be many a day before this record is beat.

Local Gossip

Leon Roos, one of our ardent autoists, left late last Saturday afternoon in his big Columbia and headed for Santa Cruz. He returned to this city on Sunday and reported having had a delightful trip. The roads in Santa Cruz county are at present in fine condition, so motoring is at its height.

Edward B. Hinds, a prominent San Franciscan, purchased a model E Queen touring car last week from the Rarig Automobile and Garage Company. The machine is fully equipped with all the latest improvements. After one lesson in the operation of the car Mr. Hinds accompanied by his wife made a fast run down to his home in Belmont last Sunday. The trip was made without the slightest trouble of any kind, and the auto is so simple in its operation that Mrs. Hinds ran the machine fifteen miles of the way, although she had never before even been in an automobile.

The Pacific Motor Car Company has just received another carload of four-cylinder Stevens-Duryea cars.

Dr. M. Herzstein has purchased a Franklin four-cylinder runabout with which to make his professional calls.

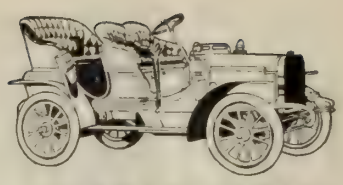
The record of thirty-one hours and thirty-five minutes made by Fred A. Jacobs and three companions in an 18 h. p. Rambler touring car, running from Los Angeles to San Francisco, still stands as the four-passenger record. Mr. Jacobs however is confident he can lower this mark and will shortly make another trial.

In a despatch to the local daily press from New Hampshire regarding the Mt. Washington hill climb, the following interesting item is printed: "Probably the keenest competition from a racing standpoint occurred in Class 3, which was won by R. M. Owen in a little 16 h. p. two-cylinder Reo, which made the climb in fifty-two minutes and thirty-five seconds."

The fastest time made in the Mount Washington event was scored by Charles Soules in a 30 horse-power Pope-Toledo, which flew up the eight-mile mass of rocks and cliffs in 29 minutes, 37 3-5 seconds.

S. F. Neal of Sacramento, in company with a party of friends, ran to this city in his model C Winton touring car and will spend a few days touring the bay counties. Mr. Neal has a record of 5,000 miles in this machine and says the expense has been practically nothing.

L. A. Stevenson, the well known auto enthusiast of Oakland,



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"The climb of Mt. Tamalpais in an automobile has, no doubt, been the dream of a great many automobilists, since the advent of the horseless carriage. There is not a more beautiful trip than this to be found in America," said Mr. R. D. Chapin, of the Olds Motor Works, who, in company with Mr. Thomas (manager of the Tamalpais Railroad) and Messrs. C. B. Kaufman and E. P. Brinegar, of this city, recently made the trip in an Oldsmobile railroad automobile. The trip was made to try out a new car which had recently been shipped to the Mt. Tamalpais Railroad Company, and it has proved a success in every way.

The Pioneer Automobile Company made a recent shipment of two two-cylinder Oldsmobile touring cars to the Hawaiian Islands.

—The Chauffeur.

Music

Music in Scotland

John F. Runciman is contributing a series of articles to the London Saturday Review on "Music in Scotland." In the third paper, headed "Education," he writes: "It is of course a platitude, but it is one in need of repetition when music is concerned, that a man's education only begins after his schooling has left off. The foreign musical student gets through his schooling very quickly and at once sets to work to educate himself. While he is still supposed to be drudging away at his harmony, counterpoint and fugue he has really finished the whole business and is hard at work learning to what fine uses these base subjects may be put. The process of educating himself is not confined to the lectures and lessons of the class-rooms: it is continued in the beer gardens, the cafes, the concert hall and the opera. The studies of the day are not a matter to be got through as quickly as possible nor is the music school a place to be shunned out of school hours; for some years the school is the centre of his thoughts, the general meeting place and the place to go to when there is nothing else to do. It is in this that we find the essential difference between music schools in this country and those of Germany. I dare say the teaching to be had in England is as good as that to be had abroad, but the pupils have not the opportunity of going straight from a lesson and finding its practical application in some piece of music played at a concert. The pupils do not foregather to discuss their art; the professors do not mix with them. The idea seems to be to get through the lessons as fast as possible and then everyone can scamper home, the school can be locked up, and peace and quiet reign. The teacher takes his fees, the pupils get their certificates, and everyone is satisfied. Things are worse in Scotland than in England. Here we have scarcely any musical education and the professors are far too fond of getting through the day's drudgery and running home to write festival cantatas; yet during a great part of the year there are plenty of concerts to be heard and anyone who is in earnest can learn most of what the music-schools never dream of teaching. But Edinburgh has only the weekly concerts of the Scottish Orchestra and Glasgow is just a little better; while as for musical life as one finds it in Leipzig, Frankfort and other German towns, it simply does not exist."

Though Emma Nevada was not well received in Paris, where she recently appeared, in London she was accorded a great reception in "Traviata" at the Waldorf theatre. Of her, a London critic said: "If her voice has lost some of its freshness, her high notes are amazingly pure and full, and her singing in the part of Violetta was instinct with dramatic feeling."

There is nothing doing in the local music world. Nearly all the teachers and choir singers are out of town, or at least preparing to go away for a breath of recuperating country air. The Pasmores are getting their affairs in order for their trip abroad in September, and it will be four or five years, probably, before they return here. Sir Henry Heyman did not take his usual trip south, on account of the illness of his aged mother, to whom he is devoted.

Liszt used to call some of Wagner's compositions "seven-storied melodies," declaring that it was small wonder they were not appreciated, for most musicians had only a one-storied musical education—a remark that has its application in more than one sense.

Fay Templeton is singing this summer in a New York roof garden.

—The Music Critic.

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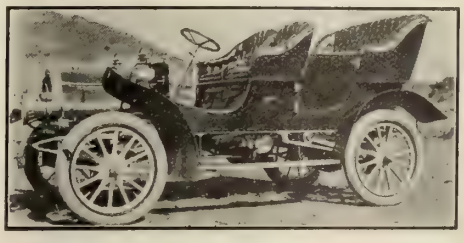

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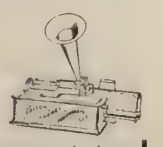

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The "Pourboire" and "Dance of the Basket-Handle"

(Continued from Page 9)

ago, a waiter at Paillard's, but who got rich at the game of Pourboire, married the widow of a former owner of the Pavillon d'Armenonville, runs two other crack establishments, keeps carriages and servants, has a fountain in his garden and a Meissonier in his palace. Even the girls at the Duvals and Bouillons pay from two to five francs each morning for the privilege of waiting.

In our own country up to thirty years ago tipping had been pretty closely confined to the Pullman car porters, baggage-smashers at hotels, and a number of high-priced restaurants, like Delmonico's, the Brunswick and the Hoffman, in New York. Then, twenty years ago, say, it began to spread, so that barbers, oyster-openers, and some others became infected, and a bleakness of countenance could only be removed by the dropping of five or ten cents upon their itching palms. But during the past six or seven years there has been a general revolt against this nefarious custom, and especially on Pullman sleeping cars, where the system was carried out in a sort of polite Claude Duval or Dick Turpin manner. The New York *Times* and Chicago *Record-Herald* have been administering some severe rebukes to the tip-giving and tip-taking fraternity—one of these papers as follows:

"It is our natural disposition not t odemand servility of any man and to recognize that the laborer is worthy of his hire, which should be at a fixed price. The squirming scheme, with its trivial waste of labor upon little nothings, its personal degradation, its evasions of just obligations by employers, who try to get the wages for their help out of the charities of the general public, is repugnant to the training of all but the smallest fraction of born Americans. Most of our people are made intensely uncomfortable by it even after years of partial submission, and if there is to be any general revolt they will be found in the front ranks of the insurgents."

That is an accurate description of tipping as it impresses a civilized white man whose ancestors for several generations back have been neither slaves nor serfs.

So far has the reform progressed that the car porters, hitherto the most successful as well as the most ruthless and persistent of the wretched army of tip-hunters, are meditating a general strike for the substitution of honest wages in the place of alms and blackmail. Their representatives say that, while twenty-five and fifty cents used to be the ordinary reward for their attentions to the wearied and dusty traveler, now the usual donation is fifteen cents —when it isn't ten cents or a kindly but unnegotiable "Thank you." As the porters cannot live on wages alone, while the scale of payment remains as it is, they clamor for an advance from the employing corporations and have suddenly arrived at the conclusion that dependence upon tips is unworthy of real men, black or white. That is the first evidence of reform.

The second comes from Europe, and is to the effect that American visitors, once the "most generous" of tip-givers, have of late manifested a highly economical disposition in this respect, and are now declared by cabmen, porters and hotel servants to be the least profitable of their clients. Let the good work go on. Of course, the new development in American character will excite much rage and scorn in the minds of all those innumerable employers who have been making their customers pay twice—once to the employers themselves and once to the servants nominally in their employ—for all services in the slightest degree personal, but the excitement of these individuals will soon die away and everything will be better all round.

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Letters

Studies of Temperament

Willa Sibert Cather, a new writer, is the author of "The Troll Garden," a volume of short stories. Notwithstanding the title, and the prefaced quotation from Christina Rosetti's "Goblin Market," there is nothing uncanny or other-worldly about the half-dozen tales contained in the volume. They are studies of temperament, the artistic temperament, and the author writes with sympathy and insight. "Flavia and Her Artists" tells of a female lion-hunter who turns her house into a menagerie of strange beasts. In her rage for celebrities she rather despises her husband, and considers him totally lacking in the artistic sense. She is blind to the finer issues of his nature, and when he destroys the vitriolic newspaper article in which Monsieur Roux, one of her guests, shows up her weakness, she never even finds out the treachery of her lion and the true chivalry of her unappreciated husband. The psychological interest of the tale lies in the fact that Imogen Willard understands the situation and leaves the Hamiltons before her mood of pity becomes too deep. "If she goes now, she will get over it; if she stays she'll be wrung for him, and the hurt may go deep enough to last." There is a touch of cynicism in "The Sculptor's Funeral." It depicts the irrepressible conflict between the artistic nature in the person of Harvey Merrick, the sculptor, and the practical as exemplified by the denizens of Sand City. "Paul's Case" is the story of a lad of sybaritic tastes who feels an overwhelming disgust for his commonplace surroundings, and stealing a thousand dollars from his employers runs a brief hot-house career of luxury while the money lasts. When discovery fronts him his mad exploit ends in suicide. The analysis of Paul's character is keen, though morbid. It is impossible to feel entire sympathy with the lad's lying and deception, and it is evident that a weakness of moral fibre, quite as much as an aesthetic disgust at yellow wall paper and zinc bathtubs, lay at the root of his digressions. Published by McClure, Phillips and Company.

Another Story of the Wild West

If there is any one whose varied experience ought to have qualified him to write a story of wild, free, western life it is Roger Pocock, for it would be hard to mention any form of roughing it which this adventurer has not tried a hand at. He is the hero of the longest journey ever made on horseback, which extended from Fort McLeod in Canada, to the City of Mexico, and this, in addition to his experiences as prospector, cowboy, railroad surveyor, captain of a mule train and member of the Northwestern Mounted Police, has furnished him with an abundance of good material. "Curly," his latest book, is a stirring narrative of the early days of Arizona, that is, comparatively early, for the events which transpired in the southwest corner of the United States had their roots away back in Ireland, in connection with the land-league disturbances. Lord Balshannon, who had not then succeeded to his title, had resigned his commission in the British Army in order to come to the assistance of his father, who was experiencing the common lot of the Irish landlord. Chief amongst the disturbers was one George Ryan, who had been a playmate of the young heir, and who might therefore, have been counted upon to show a spirit of fairness and be open to reason. Ryan, however, was not of that type. Being of a treacherous nature himself he chose to evonsider his narrow escape from apprehension by the constabulary as the miscarriage of a Balshannon plot, and when he made his escape to America he carried his ill feeling with him. All of which is preliminary to the story, which is told by one "Chalkeye" Davis, hero or scalawag, as circumstances demand. "Chalkeye," who received his name because of a defect in one of his eyes, was a Texan, a cowboy by birth and choice. He had lived in the interior all his days, but, fired by the stories told by his companions of the ocean, which was bigger than all the prairies, he had started to make his way to the coast, bent on seeing for himself and having wonders of his own to relate around future campfires. It is while on this expedition that "Chalkeye" met with an adventure which delayed the fulfillment of his desire, but kept him too well employed for some years to have time to regret it. While pursuing his solitary journey he came, most unexpectedly, upon an outfit beleaguered by Apaches. An effective rear attack by the redoubtable cowboy put the savages to flight, and an investigation revealed the desperate plight of the travelers. The teamsters and horses had been killed, and the owner of the outfit badly wounded, the only other member of the party being his little six-year-old son. "Chalkeye" had enough of the plainsman's knowledge to assure himself that the

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Indians were but a stray band, and with the assistance of some of his confreres whom he rounded up, they made the travelers comfortable and escorted them to their destination, the Holy Cross Ranch, lately acquired. The new owner proved to be Lord Balshannon, driven from his ancestral estates in Ireland by the land troubles, and anxious to establish a new home for himself and his. George Ryan, who might reasonably have been expected to have forgotten his animosity, in the face of his own prosperity, was, however, a resident of the same section, and had evidently kept close track of the fortunes of the Balshannons. He set himself to work to undermine his erstwhile landlord, to ruin his fortunes and discredit him in every way, and his success was only too pronounced. There are adventures enough to suit the most exacting seeker after excitement, and the result is that "Curley" is one of the few stories of wild western life which can be mentioned in the same breath with "The Virginian" without owing apologies to the latter. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

"The Little Hills"

It is not until one has reached the end of the one hundred and seventieth page of Nancy Huston Banks' "The Little Hills," that the significance of the title reveals itself. It is then that John Wood, "the new minister," speaking of naturalists, says: "They live to celebrate the turning of a pollywog into a frog, and to ridicule man's gravest climbing over the little hills of life." Nathaniel Hawthorne said, "The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove himself a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom is to know when it ought to be resisted and when obeyed." Poor Phoebe Rowan had no doubt on her own part, and she heroically resisted all the remonstrances of her friends and neighbors, and in the end proved herself to be both fool and heroine, while the outcome of her Quixotic philanthropy is a delightful chronicle of village gossip. Phoebe was one of these apparently soft and tractable girls who in reality are more set than granite in their ways. They listen to all the advice and admonitions but water off a duck's back is a mild simile to apply to them. She was an orphan, living in a little Tennessee village in the middle of the last century. She had made her home with an uncle, an invalid during his last years, and had devoted herself to nursing him, and at his death she was left with a tiny cottage an infinitesimal income, and no occupation. Directly opposite to her was the village parsonage, and when the minister, a bachelor, and newly installed, devolped a quick consumption, nothing was more natural than for Phoebe to fall into the position of chief nurse. It is only William Roman's ghost which stalks through the pages, but he seems to have been a worthy son of his stepmother, for he proposed marriage to his attendant, and was refused, but as it was inexpedient for Phoebe to cease to do her part and thus invite the inquiry of her neighbors, he succeeded in commanding her pity where he could not win her love. It really would be unfair to Miss Banks to repeat a single one of her good stories, of how Arabella kept herself in pork, or how she acquired a cow, or how or why that tea party was provided for or how she added to her personal attraction by the aid of "plumpers." Neither should a hint be given of how the children were automatically amused and taken care of, nor the scandal of the yeast jar, nor Anne Crabtree's revolt, nor "the veil," nor the tombstone, nor half a dozen incidents and occurrences, all related with a delightful humor. But all the time that these comedies were being presented at the back of the stage, Phoebe's tragedy

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grew blacker, until all at once, when it semed as if the last straw had been added to the burden, the whole load suddenly tumbled off her young shoulders. The farm which "he" had bought with Mother Rowan's money suddenly turned out to be valuable oil land, and then there was haste and helter-skelter to get away on their part, and to get them on the part of the daughter, so that what promised, at first, to be an insurmountable obstacle for Phoebe, turned out to be but a little hill, while her lonely life was thereafter to be shared by companionship far more agreeable than that of the adopted strangers. Published by the Macmillan Company.

The opening of the Lewis and Clark Exposition has brought a demand for the late Noah Brooks' "First Across the Continent." Mr. Brooks was himself one of the first across the continent, having come across the plains with the first rush of the gold-seekers. He made the trip partly a-foot and partly by wagon, and his first-hand knowledge enabled him to give a sense of individuality to his historical account. It also furnished him with the materials for a boy's story, "The Boy Emigrants," which is worthy of the attention of the new generation.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell has officially denied that he is the author of "The House of Cards," which has been put forth as the work of John Heigh, a name assumed for present purposes only by the writer of the book, who is evidently a veteran hand with the pen. It deals with the corruption of Philadelphia, and if guessing is in order, one might as well name Lincoln Steffens as any one else who may be presumed to know all about it. It really makes no difference, though, who writes a good book. The main thing is the book.

—The Bookworm.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. , No. 97049.

Virginia Bachelder, Plaintiff.
vs.
Lindner F. Bachelder, Defendant.

Action bought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

L. G. CARPENTER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to: Lindner F. Bachelder, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful neglect and desertion, and for the custody of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1905.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

DELINQUENT NOTICE.

California Book Binding and Printing Company, a corporation.—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE.

There are delinquent upon the following described stock upon assessment No. 1, levied on the 8th day of May, 1905, the several amounts set opposite the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certificates.	No. of Shares.	Amount.
J. F. Lynas	3, 9 and 11	1500	$150.00

And in accordance with law and an order of the Board of Directors, made on the 8th day of May, 1905, so many shares of said parcel of stock as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction, at the office of the Company, No. 109 New Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 7th day of Aug., 1905, at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, to pay said delinquent assessment thereon, together with cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

A. M. THYES, Secretary.

Office:—109 New Montgomery Street,
City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7, No. 96,820.

Myra Beck Winny, Plaintiff.
vs.
Franklin Turane Winny, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Franklin Turane Winny, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN; under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN F. BARNETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 9, No. 30,016.

IN THE MATTER OF THE GUARDIANSHIP OF THE PERSONS AND ESTATES OF CATHERINE POWER, RAYMOND POWER, WILLIAM POWER AND MARIE POWER, MINORS.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 13th day of July, 1905, in the matter of the estate of Catherine Power, Raymond Power, William Power and Marie Power, minors, the undersigned, the guardian of the persons and estates of said minors, will sell separately, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 31st day of July, 1905, all the right, title and interest and estate of said minor, Catherine Power, and of her estate; of said minor Raymond Power and of his estate; of said minor William Power and of his estate and of said minor Marie Power and of her estate, in and to the following described property:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-four (134) feet, eight (8) inches northerly from the Northerly line of Ridley street, runniug thence northerly along said line of Devisadero street twenty five (25) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and twenty five (125) feet, thence at right angles southerly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and twenty-five (125) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition, Block number Five Hundred and Twenty (520).

Offers or bids must be in writing and must be for the undivided interest of each of the said four minors separately and will be received at the office of J. J. LERMEN, Attorney for Mary E. Power, guardian of the persons and estates of said minors, Room 607 Kohl Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., July 29, 1905.

MARY E. POWER,
Guardian of the persons and estates of Catherine Power, Raymond Power, William Power and Marie Power, Minors.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIII. Saturday, July 29, 1905 No. 674.

No. 6 *His Excellency*

This is not a puzzle picture. It is evident that our artist wishes to convey the impression that our Governor utilizes his surgical skill in the performance of his State duties. The "Bolo King," as he is lovingly called by his friends of the Legislature, is here depicted in the act of applying drastic treatment to a piece of legislation. It appears that in such operations he abandons the pick-handle and takes up the cleaver.

TOWN TALK

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Baiting the Snobocracy

The arrest of a young man in New York for blackmail has served to expose the silliness of many of our richest leaders of fashion. It has been shown that catering to the whims of society men and women, and exploiting them as aristocrats, is more remunerative and entails less risk than the purveying of gold bricks. Not only did men and women fall over one another in their rush to exchange fifteen hundred dollar checks for a write-up of their whims in "Fads and Fancies," but it developed that the promoters of the book actually returned checks of fifteen hundred dollars apiece because those who sent them were not regarded as sufficiently "high up in society" to be worthy of a place in the volume. To prevent the tone of the book from being lowered Charles W. Schwab, "Gas" Addicks and two United States Senators were turned down, much to the disgust of the solicitors, who were working on commisson. Perhaps in some instances the solicitors resorted to blackmail, but that it was unnecessary to do so is evident from the eagerness of a host of snobs to get in among the so-called elite. It has been shown that there is much profit to be made in coining the spirit of snobbishness that is characteristic of the vulgarly ambitious people who wish to be included in that ostentatious circle of society known as the smart set. This spirit, offensively inconsistent with a democratic organization of society which contemplates the exaltation of intrinsic merit only, is promoted in New York by several journals devoted exclusively to the dissemination of news of the doings of people of wealth who are given to social display. In these papers favored ones are boomed and the vices of the unfavored are either hinted at or laid bare. There has grown up a body of men and women, predatory journalists, who prey on the social aspirations and weaknesses of the vulgarly ambitious, and it is under these conditions that such enter prises as that which has for its object the publication of "Fads and Fancies" have become highly lucrative. The most discreditable feature of American journalism today is its fawning attitude toward the preposterous rich of the so-called smart set whose lives are devoted to the realization of an ambition that is contemptuous of the spirit of democratic government. The silly pretensions of our pampered plutocrats offer a fine and perennial theme for satire and ridicule, and Town Talk believes that American journals which take that view of the matter exercise a salutary influence.

Corey & Phillips, 600 Mission. Mercantile Lunch is served between 11 and 2, 15c.
Cedar Brook Whiskey, formerly W. H. McBrayer—10 years old.

Roosevelt on Wood

President Roosevelt has once more been defending his friend, General Wood. He compares the services of Wood in cleaning and disinfecting Cuba with those of Lord Cromer in the administration of Egypt. And he regrets that "we have not been able to reward Wood in anything like the proportion that service such as his would have been rewarded in any other country of the first rank in the world." He adds that "there has been no meaner or more unpleasant manifestations in all our public history than the feelings of envy and jealousy manifested toward Wood," which he ascribes to the fact that the military officer was a doctor. Town Talk is reluctant to take issue with our worthy and gallant President. Our admiration for him is so great, our sense of the grandeur and nobility of his achievements is so lively that we are reluctant to chide him for those practices which are inconsistent with his professions. We do not look for perfection in our President. It is because he is tremendously human that we love him. We refrained from criticising him for his forbearance toward Mr. Morton because we like a man who sticks to his friends, and because we consider Mr. Morton a man worth sticking to. We should not object to his sticking to General Wood or going to great lengths to promote that gentleman's interests, but believing that he went too far in that matter, we now object to his charging anybody with maliciousness for deprecating his intemperate zeal for his friend. General Wood deserves great praise for performing his duty creditably in Cuba, and he should have been rewarded, but not by jumping him over the heads of a great many officers who were thought to have better claims on preferment than the distinguished surgeon and hygienic reformer. In that matter President Roosevelt carried loyalty too far to the detriment of the army. Dr. Wood was not entitled to the commission. Though he had proved his skill in the use of disinfectants he had not shown that he possessed the ability as a military officer to qualify him for the unusual promotion. In that case the President was guilty of rank injustice to many men who were entitled to the gratitude of the people, and he set a very bad precedent. He should be eager for the nation to forget it.

Blundering Andrews

The *Examiner* exploded with righteous indignation the other day when Mr. Andrews, foreman of the Grand Jury, gave out for publication a document containing a list of Mayor Schmitz's delinquencies about which he had been questioned within the sacred precincts of the jury room. The *Examiner* charged that it was a political circular issued for campaign purposes, and Mr. Hearst's smart paper was in all probability correct in its conclusions. Like all civic reformers who have not enjoyed the advantages of a training in the school of practical politics, Mr. Andrews blunders egregiously whenever he attempts a coup. His record as foreman of the Grand Jury has been marked by a series of blunders. He started out as the champion of clean government to bring the evil doers of official life to justice, and as he had the support of a virtuous jury the public expected great achievements. His term is drawing to a close and he has accomplished nothing. The offenders against the elective franchise who are now in the penitentiary were indicted by the predecessors of the Andrews jury. The only evidence of graft that has been uncovered was that which was brought to light by the Lilienfield jury. Maestretti was the Administration man indicted by Andrews and his associates and he was acquitted. It was the Lilienfield jury that showed up all that was rotten in the Administration, and Andrews has done nothing but promise sensational developments. We

GROOM, THE HATTER,
906 Market St., between Stockton and Powell.

are far from sympathetic with Mayor Schmitz, and our principal objection to the Andrews circular is that it gives vraisemblance to the Mayor's affectation of injured innocence. The whole city knows that Andrews has been searching for evidence upon which to indict Mayor Schmitz, and by that circular, on the eve of his retirement from office, he announces that he has nothing but innuendo to discharge from his pop-gun. Now it is not proper for a grand jury foreman to besmirch an official, by suggestion, be he ever so bad. It is by such conduct that the grand jury system is brought into disrepute. If it is the privilege of a grand jury foreman to sling mud at a delinquent but unindicted official through the medium of an unofficial circular, it is also his privilege to besmirch any citizen of the community. But what we regret most in this matter is the opportunity given to Mayor Schmitz to summon the unsophisticated to witness the mendacity of the representatives of capital. It seems that every time Schmitz is overboard some Andrews throws him a rope. The Andrews circular gave the *Examiner* the opportunity it was looking for, for Mr. Hearst's paper is not in sympathy with the non-partisan movement for reform, and the *Examiner's* influence with the labor vote is still greater than that of all the other San Francisco dailies.

Ryan for the Senate

Mr. Thomas F. Ryan, the distinguished fiancier of Wall street, who has come into prominence in connection with the new management of the Equitable company, is a resident of Virginia, and it is reported that he is a candidate in that state for the United States Senate. According to John Skelton Williams, one of his fellow citizens of the Old Dominion, he is eminently qualified for the position, being a man of the very newest type of American statesman. Mr. Williams tells us that he "has tendencies which, if his lines had been cast in a humble and contracted sphere, probably would have made him a kleptomaniac." It appears that "His strongest impulse is to acquire money, and his one robust passion is to keep it." He takes a cynical view of morals and ethics, "realizes their occasional value, but never allows them to hamper, impede or embarrass him." And to cap the climax of his qualifications, "he has no scruples that I can discover," says Mr. Williams. Mr. Ryan would add tremendous weight to the great, conservative force in the upper house of Congress which safeguards the interests of our big commercial enterprises. He would undoubtedly work in harmony with the immaculate Chauncey Depew, and he would show as much respect as Mr. Mitchell of Oregon for the criminal statutes. The probability is that his skill as a financier would enable him to keep out of such difficulties as those that beset Mr. Dietrich of Nebraska who was indicted for a crime but escaped trial on a technicality. Mr. Rockefeller, who has more interests to conserve than any other citizen of this country, and almost as many as any single state, would not object to the election of Mr. Ryan.

The Bennington Disaster

The calamity visited upon the navy through the explosion of the Bennington's boilers and the consequent loss of many lives called forth a cry of horror throughout the country, and immediately thereafter followed stern demands for an investigation which should place the responsiblity for the disaster where it belonged. At this time it is pretty generally believed that if the inspection service had done its duty there would have been no disaster. If it should be found that the inspection was a mere perfunctory matter the people responsible should be punished. If on the other hand, it should be shown that the inspectors reported a weakness, and that no heed was paid to the report by officials higher in authority, the delinquents should be exposed and their punishment should be severe. Punishment is for example as well as for reformation, and no false sentiment of mercy should obtain lodgment in the breasts of those whose duty it is to prosecute the guilty in the present case. It has long been suspected that there are many incompetents connected with the navy bureau at Washington. Perhaps before the investigation of the *Bennington* disaster is ended there will be some very important revelations of negligence on the part of men who are charged with the duty of safeguarding our warships.

Yale's Succession of Sorrows

Retribution has followed quickly in the wake of Yale's acceptance of a million dollars in tainted money from John D. Rockefeller. Immediately thereafter Chauncey M. Depew, a trustee and graduate, was exposed as an arrant hypocrite and unscrupulous manipulator of trust funds. A little later the solons in charge of affairs at Yale shocked all New England, and raised a storm of disapproval by an order permitting mixed or co-ed bathing in the swimming tank. The feeling of horror that seized sedate and respectable New England when that unholy order was issued had scarcely passed away when one of the awful things which it was predicted would happen as the result of such a shocking deed came to pass; a professor of the summer school faculty was arrested in the streets of New Haven for parading in female attire he had stolen from one of the dressing-rooms at the tank. The news of the abandoned professor's horrifying conduct caused the moral and righteous living residents of the town to shudder as they discussed the degeneracy of the once model university. Perhaps it may develop that Mr. Rockefeller blights everything that he touches with his tainted money.

The Morganatic Marriage

There is a lot of sympathy being poured out over the sad fate of "Miss Seymour," the morganatic wife of the Prince of Wales, who died recently in British Columbia. There is no particular occasion for it, since women who marry royalties do so with their eyes open. They know

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perfectly well the chances they are taking and if they are willing to assume the risks they have only themselves to blame when they are discarded. Miss Seymour was the daughter of Admiral Seymour; her mother was dead, and it is probable that her father did not suspect the trend of events until too late. At all events, the marriage was a secret one and concealed as long as possible. The admiral was not pleased. On the contrary, he stormed and raved, and demanded an instant separation. King Edward, who was then Prince of Wales, was appealed to, but he took the affair very coolly, and permitted the menage to continue. He advised the couple to get as much happiness out of the affair as they could, and arranged matters so there would be no scandal. It is possible that had Prince Edward, the Duke of Clarence, lived and his marriage with the Princess May taken place, some arrangement might have been made looking to the permanency of the establishment, but there is no use in blaming either Prince George or Edward VII for the separation because, whatever might have been their personal feelings, the matter was one entirely beyond their control. Royal marriages are arranged for by act of Parliament, and though Queen Victoria might have intervened, there was not the remotest likelihood that she would have done so. Prince George might have renounced his succession, but that would not have legalized his marriage. He simply bowed to the inevitable. The sad fate of Miss Seymour is nothing more than she might have expected and in reality was not as bad as it might have been, for she kept her children, was amply provided for during her life, and escaped all the scandal of a divorce trial such as is too often the lot of the woman whose husband simply grows tired of her and sees some one he thinks he would rather have. To Americans, who are theoretically all equal before the law, the discarding of a morganatic family sounds like a monstrous wrong, but to Europeans, brought up in the belief of the divine right of kings, and the distinction of classes, it is another thing. They understand perfectly well that unions of royal blood and that of plebeians will not be recognized. They are regarded as illicit and the woman who enters into such relationship is reprobated almost as severely as though she had adopted the badge of shame.

Appealing to the Inconsiderate Sex

Dorothy Dix has been throwing bricks at the wicked women who live on the tainted money brought to them from race tracks, gambling rooms and factories run by sweated labor. It is true that women, as a rule, do not give themselves much concern about how or where money is accumulated, provided that it is there in sufficient quantity to supply their wants, but when it comes to trying to arouse them to a sense of responsibility by telling them of the under-paid factory hands and saleswomen, it must be remembered that women themselves are the hardest taskmasters. There is a periodical hue and cry over the unsanitary conditions of factory work. We have laws to compel merchants to supply seats for their clerks, and tenement house commissions to inquire into the manner of the housing of the poor, yet, if the reports of investigators into the conditions of domestic servitude are to be accepted, these same commissions would do well to look into the homes of the rich. Instances are cited of women employing two servants who have required them to sleep on the dining-room table, and of others who provided for their servants sleeping accommodations in quarters of a most unwholesome character. It is also known that servants in some homes suffer through lack of proper nourishment. There is quite as much truth as comedy in Clara Kingsbury, the Boston heiress who figures in several of W. D. Howells's early novels, a young lady who obliged her household help to accept the smallest wages she could get people to work for, and expended her "savings" in providing salt-water baths for tenement-house children.

A Perennial Discussion

The married teacher question is apparently one of the things that will not down. Hitherto the discussion has been altogether on the theoretic basis, that there is nothing in the mere ceremony of marriage to detract from a teacher's efficiency, that those who are themselves mothers are more likely to understand children, and that the point at issue is not that of whether one household establishment should have two incomes and some one else go without, but the efficiency of the school department—in a word, that the best teachers should be obtained, without reference to anything else. The principals of some of the Eastern schools have been interviewed on the subject, and almost unanimously, those who were willing to express an opinion are against the married woman in the school room. The consensus of the heads of schools is that the wife is less reliable than the spinster; she is more often absent and out on leave of absence, with her class in the care of a substitute, and her home affairs are constantly distracting her attention from her class room work. This is especially the case where there are children. Teachers who sit up at night beside their own sick babies are tired, nervous, distracted, and often "cross" to the children entrusted to them and entirely unfit for the work for which they are being paid. Their financial and household affairs sit more heavily on their shoulders, and they would be more than human if they did not "take it out" on some one or something. Some of the New York principals go so far as to state that they will not have married teachers under them. If there is not a resignation there must be a transfer. It all comes down to this in the long run, that no man can serve two masters. No one can carry on two occupations simultaneously and make a success of both. One or the other is neglected or else both are half-manned.

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The fact that Repsold wines are absolutely pure has much to do with the flavor, but more to do with the healthfulness.

A Word to the Unwise

By Harry Cowell.

For women, wisdom, millionaires, and wit,
U. S., that's us, so we, you see, are it;
A unit while the stars run in their courses
(In our United States are no divorces).
Accept, O Comic Muse, then, these libations,
And let's ne'er be the laughter of the nations;
Though virtuous vultures—my, but it is funny!—
Scent from afar the Beef Trust's "tainted money";
Though nostrils none too nice sniff every bean
For traces of malodorous kerosene;
Though Thomas mouth with ardor unabated
The monstrous crimes of the Amalgamated.
U. S., are we the sort to make a fuss
O'er peccadilloes petty Lawsonous?
Now, lest the Devil should leave us in the lurch,
Let's build a library, a college, or a church;
Patch up betimes these little family quarrels,
And mend our manners, for we can't, our morals.
Come, kiss all round, united sons and daughters,
And throw John D. upon the troubled waters.

Young America

BY HARRY COWELL.

Of late, an old fellow, a foreigner, who is in the habit of dropping in upon me at all times of the day and night, to treat me to his impressions and opinions on every possible and impossible subject, has been holding forth at great length against Young America.

As for me, I let him have his say; for, in the first place, I am very tolerant, even of those who tread on the pet corns of a patriotism that will not listen to a word—especially a true one—against this country, young or old; and, in the next, I find old-fogyism highly diverting and instructive. While I am hearing how much better things were in bygone days—neither detail nor illustration being omitted—I am thinking how much progress the world has made, and patting myself, my day and generation, on the back. Again, nothing can be more conducive to an exalted love of one's own country than to hear aliens extol the absurd customs of their native lands.

This fault-finding old graybeard began his abuse of us by telling me that he had traveled much and was as free from bias as a foreman of one of our own grand juries, "and never," says he, "in all my travels have I met with a country that has so good an opinion of itself as has the United States."

"You will admit," said I, "that everything here is on a scale unheard of elsewhere."

"Notably," quoth he, "folly, vulgarity, and lack of respect for what is venerable."

I kept a golden silence. Well I knew that, if I gave such senility its tongue, it would trip itself up in less than no time. The fact is, the old fellow had not got as far as half a dozen phrases than he fell into the most ridiculous inconsistencies. One minute he would be railing against Young America in his second-childhoodish way; the next, declaring that what most he had against it was that there was no Young America at all; nothing but "little old men and women, worldly-wise in the womb, hopelessly sophisticated in the cradle—a frivolous lot bent on petty pleasures, and therefore incapable of enjoying life."

He went on to bewail bitterly the absence of romance among us. With Young America, he declared accusingly, marriage is a thing of the head, not of the heart. "What," said he, "out of courtesy to my mother's sex, and because of your well-known gallantry, I will call your 'young ladies,' are coming more and more to look upon possible husbands solely in the light of bread-winners." "By bread-winners," he hastened to explain, with that delightful logic of his, at which I have hinted, "I do not mean bread-winners but winners of all sorts of luxuries such as queens of my day would not dream of asking for."

In the mind of the poor old dotard, every girl was, of right, to use his own words, "a vestal virgin for the safeguarding of Romance among men"; and this unromantic mating on the part of those "on whose baptismal certificates the ink was not yet dry a score of years," he called by a name that my pen absolutely refuses to write.

In a little while he gave an example of the impartiality he had boasted of. "Your so-called young men," said he, looking me full in the face (I pleaded my thirty-odd years)—"your so-called young men," he repeated, "commit every folly under the sun, except the follies of youth. There is not enough ingenuusness in the length

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and breadth of the land to get the least sophisticated of you into a decent scrape. Self-possession is nine points of your one law."

"And that is?" said I.

"Never mind," said he.

"Commercial success," he continued, "is your heaven. On the outside of the door thereof, inscribed in bold letters on a plate of brass, is the word 'PUSH'; on inside, on a plate of gold, the word 'PULL.'"

For hours he went on in this vein, at this rate. You never heard such a diatribe in all your life. He kept it up—and me—until midnight and after. Then, as he rose to go, he said blandly: "I should very much like to talk with you (at you?) of the religion, the art, of Young America, only—"

"Only there's no time," I put in, none too politely.

"There's lots of time," said he, not in the least put out, "only Young America has no art, no religion."

"What! no literature?" I cried, catching him by the coat-sleeve, and letting religion shift for herself as best she might.

"No literature," he insisted; "a work that is characteristically Young-American, is unquestionably anything but art."

"My dear sir," said I, "you are much mistaken; Young America is far from artless."

"And that is the very reason," he interposed, "that it has no art."

"But George Ade," I retorted proudly, "makes a hundred thousand dollars a year."

"That reminds me," he began, put to it for a rejoined, as was plain to be seen, "of the criminal and the insane of this curious country of yours. Permit me to say—"

"Some other time," said I.

"—Good-night," said he.

When the body is sick, or weary from overwork or want of sleep, or otherwise weak, the mind of the most modern of us comes strangely under the dominance of the past. I was very tired and sleepy, and no sooner had my visitor gone out into the dark then I went to bed; but his preposterous words, which I should have at once dismissed and thought no more of, somehow came between me and my rest. Was it because of my very weariness? Or is there, even for the sanest, something singularly impressive in the combined effects of midnight and old age? I know not. Certain it is that the vaporings which I have here recorded, and many others more senile yet, sank deep into my heart as if weighty with much wisdom, becoming, when at length I fell asleep, an incubus upon my breast. My, what a mare was that! A topsy-turvy United States, wherein everything—notably folly—was on a scale unheard-of outside of dreams, run at the sweet will and pleasure of a Young America sans morals, sans art, sans religion, was sitting upon me with all its might—upon me speechless, horrified, gasping for breath.

With the dawn came respite, common sense, the sanity of the sun. I saw America Jr. up betimes in the morning and at his usual devilment, lusty as the young of his own eagle, with as little concern for the future as have they, as little fear of the abyss, kicking the dust of dead days from his care-free heels, well able and right willing to take care of himself, teaching his grannies to suck eggs with that inimitable *sangfroid* of his.

"That for old-fogyism!" cried I, snapping my fingers, bouncing out of bed, and whistling "Hail, Columbia!" down the winds of dawning. By daylight, it was very evident to my mind that the respect which youth nowadays demands of old age is nothing more than its due. World progress presupposes that each generation is, on an average, wiser, better, more beautiful, than was its predecessor; and there is no denying that man was once beast, then savage, and finally the semi-civilized being we find him today. Laudation of dead days is epitaphic, to be taken with a grain of salt. Hear toothless Vanity's "the world and I were at our prime together!" and weep, or smile, as best suits your mood. What! The world at its prime before you were born? Absurd! Charles Lamb a greater wit than George Ade; Thomas Hood than Wallace Irwin (thus the silly old fellow)! The idea! Did any one ever hear the like? And to think that but a few nights ago, I, Harry Cowell, listened not altogether disrespectfully for hours to the babblings of one twice babe, and foreign born at that! I feel humiliated, ashamed of myself, unworthy of my times, my place. Young America would, I am sure, have laughed right in his face, shown him the door, told him to go way back to his own country and sit down, called him a "has been," an "also-ran," or something equally witty. See. I have the presence of mind to think of these things the next morning. How un- Young-American!

The truth is that, to save my soul, I cannot become one with America Jr. And yet the thing is as easy as reversing the ten commandments; and what could be more simple than that? For instance: Thou shalt have no other god but me, Young America. Thou shalt kill, commit adultery, steal. Honor thy sons and thy daughters that thy days may be long in the land. Etc. etc. That's easy. Equally so, I assure you, is the other. Indeed, 'tis so identically easy that I cannot possibly do it. Ah, me! A few years, and I shall be forty, fatal age! And then a drop or two of chloroform self-administered, and more elbow room for Young America—more power to his elbow.

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BY DEMOCRITUS.

With child-like dependence on their superior wisdom and devoted faith in their infallible judgment, I have hitherto followed, without question or carping doubt, the scientific and philosophical leadership of those eminent pundits, moonshees and learned Thebans who minister to the knowledge and the spiritual longings of the populace, under the names and titles of Professor Edgar L. Larkin, Professor Garrett P. Serviss, and Dr. Thomas P. Gregory.

I have wandered, delighted and awe-struck, with Professor Larkin through the sidereal universe from the cluster in Hercules to the belt of Orion, listening to his siren song of science as we kept step to the music of the spheres; I have penetrated deep into the warm bowels of the earth with Professor Serviss, traversing vast eons of geologic time as we rooted through the fossil lair of the heavy-winged pterodactyl and traced the bioplasmic origins of post-tertiary existences back to their monads in the antepliocene ages, charmed the while with Servissian melody of Memnonic hymns greeting the dawn of human intelligence gleaming faintly athwart the dusk of chaos; I have whirled away on pinions of thought with Dr. Gregory into the dark backward and abysm of metaphysical speculation and I have fairly wallowed in the depths of his psychology, lulled to soulful repose by the wind-harps entuning the Gregorian chant that seemed an echo of angelic hosannah flung earthward from the jasper battlements of the eternal city.

I have pinned my faith to these scientific gents as a rare specimen of coleoptera is pinned to the classification card of a student in the university Bug Department. I have believed in them with the implicit confidence that differentiates the humble attitude of the neophyte from the pedant emeritus. Had a college of scholiasts declared in elaborate commentary that these learned men were mere empirics and charlatans, I would have still believed in them. But my faith has been shattered, my ideals have been destroyed, my idols have been thrown down and their feet of clay are crumbling to dust. By their own confession these teachers are as blown bladders that sound portentously responsive to the impact of other blown bladders, but are otherwise empty as the argument of a politician, and vain as a social pretense.

Professor Larkin has said that he has not the slightest conception of time or space; he thinks he knows how far it is to Capella, but his mind can not grasp the immensity of the distance. He is sure that light is the result of ethereal vibration, but he is willing to accept any other theory. He calculates the speed and direction of the eleven motions of the terrestrial sphere, but he says he doesn't know why the wind blows. He has access to a telescope whose veracity has never been impugned, but he can't tell me whether the marks on Mars are irrigation ditches or cracks in the obsidian. After all these years of pretentious scientific investigation and almost daily exposition of his "discoveries" he finally tells me that he is only a Guesser —and a poor Guesser at that.

And to think that I have hitched my cart to this Star!

Dr. Thomas P. Gregory is authorized to use the letters of the alphabet unreservedly in corroboration of the various philosophies and sciences that he has mastered in the theological seminaries. He is a doctor of many philosophies and a bachelor of all the arts; his science goes hand in hand with his theology, like a pair of lovers in an apple orchard; and he is generous in the giving out of his learning and knowledge—the radium of his intellect is apparently inexhaustible and always at highest voltage.

I have always depended on Dr. Gregory for my arguments in my efforts to reconcile science and religion. Dr. Gregory's science is so akin to his religion that they have frequently been mistaken for brothers-in-law. Dr. Gregory's religion is so permeated with his science that a chemical analysis is often necessary to separate them. In science Dr. Gregory is as wide as a barn door and in religion he is as deep as a well—as catholic in the one as Bacon, as liberal in the other as Voltaire.

It was the thought that here was a fellow who would have burned beautifully at any stake of Middle Age bigotry, that first attracted me to Dr. Gregory. I pictured him roasting for his science and I imagined him grilling for his religion. I congratulated him on his narrow escape from martyrdom—only nine generations of Gregorys have elapsed since it was the custom to convert heretic Gregorys into grease spots in the plazas of Seville and on the public squares of Paris.

Recently, however, Dr. Gregory has knocked the props from beneath my faith in his infallibility—he is no longer my Pope Gregory. The other day he discussed the gas theory of human life—the scientific postulate that man was evolved from gas and that he resolves to gas; the interim of this gas to gas process being temporarily interrupted by congelation and the accidental product of something that we call "identity." Dr. Gregory did not dispute this hypothesis, but he insisted that the nucleus of each expression of the highest development of the Gastrula in another gas called "the soul." When Dr. Gregory handed out that mouldy biscuit of scientific theology, or theological science, as he may be pleased to label the ancient product of the Platonic ovens where science was half baked and theology overdone, I covertly chucked the Babylonian brick to the house dog, chalked a cabalistic warning on the gatepost for the information of other hobos, and tramped wearily onward to the next ranch.

Heretofore Dr. Gregory has been giving me fresh food for thought; palatable viands concocted from original recipes, hot from the griddles and pans of his intellectual kitchen, spiced with variety, sauced with learning, savored with Attic salt, flavored with extracts of Gregorian musings, piquant with the essence of fruit from the Gregorian tree of knowledge. Now, alas, he cooks on a second-hand gas stove and his porticos shall know me no more forever—I am for Pythagoras or Zeno, or Diogenes, or any other of the old boys who transmigrated the soul, or denied the existence of the soul, or proclaimed the immortality of the soul —better the peripateticism of Aristotle than the gas wagon

(Continued on Page 29)

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The Saunterer

The Impending Contest

There has been a good deal of nervousness in this city over the political situation, caused, to a great extent, by a sense of the acute stage that has been reached in the conflict between capital and labor. The newspapers have not had much to say on the subject, for the press has become timid. It is fearful of offending the labor unions. The proprietors have found that it doesn't pay to discuss industrial topics from the standpoint of the employer. Mr. Hearst demonstrated long ago that the most profitable paper is the one that appeals to the laboring class, for it is that class which the advertiser seeks to reach, and now the rivals of the great Yellow Journalist are emulating his example. Consequently we don't get all the news, and that which is vouchsafed us relating to strikes and the activity of labor leaders in politics is far from complete. There is considerable reticence in the Fourth Estate. "The diffusive gentlemen of the press," as John Morley calls them, are not very diffusive in matters pertaining to industrial disturbances. One of the worst joints in the harness of the dwellers on the Olympus of journalism is marked by a discreet concern for circulation. They may continue to prate ponderously and oracularly of the tremendous power of the press, but in the exercise of it they are curiously and pusillanimously cautious.

The Unprecedented Registration

A French writer, unfamiliar with American journalism, has said, "Grant that a State may be disturbed by what the newspapers say, yet it perishes if they are allowed to say nothing. In San Francisco they appear to prefer to say nothing about some matters in which the public is interested. Their favor that once spelt life, their frown that once was fatal, they now discreetly withhold. Their Jove-like prerogatives, exercised in the long ago for the swaying of masses of men, have been chloroformed. Their sympathies are with capital and their columns with labor. But, to come to the point; notwithstanding the attitude of the press, the people deprived of its enlightening agency have not been in ignorance of the gravity of the situation. When nearly ninety thousand people register for a primary election, over a third more than ever before, there must be widespread concern for something. What is it? The press has not been sounding an alarm. Have the people sat up and taken notice of the branding of the Mayor as a glutton for graft? I doubt that such circumstance alone was responsible for the stampede.

The Labor Sentiment

And now that there are nearly ninety thousand people on the register there is a feeling of greater security in the community, notwithstanding the acute stage that has been reached in the rivalry between the Citizens' Alliance and organized labor. The situation no longer seems propitious for the hopes and aims of Mayor Schmitz and his astute mentor, Abe Ruef. To believe that the re-election of Mayor Schmitz is inevitable because of the distrust aroused in the minds of workingmen by the aggressiveness of the Citizens' Alliance is to contemplate a forbidding prospect that should make the average citizen wish for a plague on both the warring houses. To concede that such is the prospect, as outlined by dolorous prophets of evil, is to assume that in a very large element of this community the guiding sentiment is prejudical to the ideals of sound government; that in sublimated selfishness the vivifying spirit of patriotism has been absorbed. This would be a most discouraging view to take at this time, for all over the country the quickening of the civic conscience is the task of the hour, and it is the plain, unpampered people that are being depended upon to effect reform. There is no misconception in the labor unions of San Francisco of the character of the Administration. The argument in favor of the re-election of Schmitz is based on the theory that he holds the whip-hand over the employers of San Francisco, and that he stands ready to exercise his tremendous power in behalf of the unions whenever it shall be invoked. Yet we are told that if he purposes to misuse that power it is no concern of theirs; that so long as he safeguards their interests they care not to what extent he transgresses the rights of others. It is incredible that such is the guiding sentiment of unionism. There is no doubt that Abe Ruef, as the prophet of unrest, has by cunning shifts and sinister persuasions sought to delude workingmen into the notion that Schmitz is their patron saint without whose fostering care and benign ministrations redemption from capitalistic greed is not to be achieved. It is a siren song that he has been singing, but it is not the most ravishing of melodies.

The Strength of Labor

However, he has beguiled some of the demagogic labor leaders, and hopes through them to influence the great body of workingmen, but there are followers of Mr. Gompers in San Francisco as sincerely devoted as he to the cause of unionism, and who believe with him that the only safe course for organized labor to adopt is one of absolute noncommittal to any political party. On the other hand, there are many union men so fixed in their perversity that they will insist that the only opposition to Schmitz is that of the Citizens' Alliance, and they will support him in any event. The Citizens' Alliance has so complicated the situation that it will be hard for the politicians who are fighting Ruef to break into the labor ranks. Knowing the prevalent sentiment in labor circles, Schmitz's followers are quite jubilant, and instead of admitting that the unprecedented registration forebodes evil to them they assert that it means that the union leaders have been more active

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than ever, and have rounded up all their voters. The most experienced politicians estimate the labor vote at fourteen thousand. The records of past elections show that it does not exceed that number. Schmitz's big vote two years ago was due to the dissension that existed in both the Republican and Democratic parties. He also received a solid vote from the tenderloin, and up to that time the scandals of his Administration were comparatively few. So say the politicians who have undertaken the crushing of Ruef, and who contend that as Schmitz is weaker than he was two years ago, a candidate having the united support of the Republican and Democratic parties should win easily. There is hardly any doubt but that the two parties will unite. The opposition to McNab that has been started is merely for the purpose of keeping him busy so that he will not be able to lend any assistance to the Republican League. He is for McDougald and against the Citizens' Alliance.

Metcalf to Stand Pat

There has been a good deal of talk of friction in the President's Cabinet, and it has been hinted that Secretary Metcalf would soon be returning to private life. The supposition was that he had clashed with the President over the latter's announcement of a change of policy in the matter of Chinese immigration. Since Mr. Metcalf's return to his home his friends have learned that he has no intention of quitting the Cabinet, and that his relations with the President ars as friendly and confidential as ever. He had hopes of being appointed to the Navy portfolio, and though he was disappointed when it was given to Bonaparte, he feels that Mr. Roosevelt did what he thought best. Mr. Metcalf has brought out the news that the President has no desire to make it easy for the Chinese to swarm into this country. He is mainly desirous of improving the treatment of those who were born in this country. He thinks that Chinese equipped with native son certificates should be treated with the courtesy to which every American is entitled on returning to his country. One of the purposes of the extra session of Congress, by the way, is to get an expression of sentiment on the subject of Chinese immigration. But of course the main purpose of the President is to get railroad rate legislation well up to the front so that it cannot be too long delayed by dilatory tactics. It is now understood at Washington that the railroad magnates are willing to concede everything but the power to fix rates arbitrarily. It is on that point that the fight is to be made and it is predicted that it will be one of the most bitter fights in the history of the country.

They Braved Dangers Together

There was not the slightest political significance in the round up of Federal tax-eaters, including Secretary Metcalf, at the Palace Grill the other day. The occasion was a luncheon and the motif was of somewhat sentimental nature. After the lapse of many years the whirligig of time had brought together two old cronies of an exciting place and period, and the reunion was signalized by a luncheon. The host of the occasion was Lou Martin, Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of California, and the guest of honor was Frank Sargent, Commissioner General of Immigration at Washington, D. C., out here on a visit. Many years ago they were respectively conductor and engineer of the same train crew in Arizona. In those days crime was rampant in the territory. It was the abode of lawless men and train robberies were of frequent occurrence. So frequent were they that the engineer who found himself bulletined at headquarters for a night run out of Tucson felt that in all probability he was going to his death. It came to pass that Martin was elected to the Legislature, and he was called upon by the railroad company to introduce a bill making train-robbery a capital offense. He did so, and while the bill was pending he received a number of anonymous communications informing him that if the measure passed he would be killed if ever he set foot in Tucson. The bill became a law and when the Legislature adjourned Martin came to this city, and obtained a run in California. Sargent wandered East, took a hand in politics, and was appointed by President Roosevelt Commissioner General of Immigration.

"Do you think anybody will ever marry Miss Bigrocks for her money?"

"No, I don't think she has enough."

Hearst to Retire

From a friend in whom Mr. Hearst has confided I learn that the *Examiner's* owner intends to retire from Congress at the close of his term. This is in line with his determination, announced some months ago, to give rein no more to his political ambition. He has come to the conclusion that he was not born to achieve greatness as a statesman, and that yellow journalism isn't the best route to take to the Presidency. He will continue to pose as the friend of the plain people, but not in the hope of keeping himself to the front as an available standard bearer. With him out of politics his editors will have less difficulty in persuading their readers of the sincerity of their utterances, and they will not have to placate any stubborn politicians.

Not Eager For a Fresh Insult

Because the *Examiner* has been restored to the files of the Bohemian Club, it has been inferred that the representatives of that journal who resigned from the club at the time of the banishment of the Hearst paper are going to return. They have no such intention. Ever since the *Examiner* was stricken from the files the members have been ashamed of the silly action of the directors by which a gratuitous insult was offered to several newspapermen, and they welcomed the request of Dr. Goodfellow, made a few weeks ago, that the club again become a subscriber. But the insulted newspapermen feel no kindlier toward the club now than they did when the indignity was ruthlessly visited upon them. If they were inclined to swallow the insult it would have been safer to do so while the paper was under interdiction, for with it on the files there is always the chance of another kick being administered. The exclusion of the *Examiner* was a costly piece of tomfoolery, for it resulted in the organization of the Family Club, which has taken a good deal of trade away from the Bohemian bar.

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Her Undisputed Sway

There has been a readjustment of social status in our provincial aristocracy since the memorable function at which Mrs. Eleanor Martin read her title clear to the throne of the elect. Though Mrs. Martin had long before manoeuvred successfully for the leadership of the set composed of the latest arrivals, she was looked at askance by the Blingumites of earlier vintage. As one of them expressed it, she was too partial to cheap army people, but some of them viewed her continuous performance indulgently and advised that the dear old lady be permitted to have her way, she seemed to enjoy her social activities so much. But now she is taken more seriously. Indeed she takes precedence over Mrs. Henry T. Scott who was, not long ago, several pegs above her daughter's mother-in-law. The whole horsey set of that suburban burg, which has lately been fenced off from the common herd, now kow-tows to Queen Eleanor. She is treated with the same deference that was formerly shown Mrs. Will Crocker and Mrs. Carolan by the lesser lights of the little colony of humorless swells.

A Community of Interests

It has been explained to me, as though it were a matter of great importance, that though the Walter Martins make their home with Mrs. Eleanor Martin there is never any conflict in their social doings. They have separate days at home and give dinner parties without ever clashing. Mrs. Walter Martin being more exclusive than her mother-in-law, does not meet all the latter's friends, a circumstance that fretted a lady climber who attended one of mamma Martin's functions expecting to meet the daughter of the dignified Mrs. Scott. She was sorely disappointed. This community-of-interests plan has caused some speculation in society. For instance, there are persons obsessed with curiosity who wonder where the Walter Martins dine when Mrs. Eleanor Martin is pulling off a function. There is an awful lot of vulgar curiosity in society. Sometimes it reaches appalling proportions.

She Helps Them Shop

Susie Blanding having returned from Paris with a large supply of evening dresses, the tip is out that if you have any shopping to do when you go to the gay metropolis coax Mrs. Breckenridge (Addie Murphy) to become your cicerone. She knows as much about the Paris shops as does the average French woman, and she has given several of her San Francisco friends the benefit of her valuable experience, and secured for them some very fine bargains, which is more than is said, I am told, for a certain San Francisco woman who knows her Paris, having lived there many years. She always knew the best modiste, the best masseuse and the best milliner, and she received many fine presents from rich Californians for her kindness in steering them in the right direction. But in time they became suspicious. Somebody suggested that she was getting fat commissions from the trades people, and then her avocation was gone. Mrs. Breckenridge has the confidence of her friends.

The Coming Borel Ball

The next grand event in society will be the Borel ball, which is to be pulled off just before the departure of this interesting family for Europe in October. The ball will be given in their new home in Washington street, and will serve for the formal introduction of the youngest daughter, Lupita. The launching of a Borel is an event of more than ordinary interest to our 400, for the Borels do things of a social character with considerable pomp and ceremony. And the coming out of a daughter means that there is another heiress to be reckoned with. But Miss Lupita will not be seen in society this winter for she will accompany the family to Switzerland. The Bovets will remain here. They occupy a cottage on the Borel estate in San Mateo, and I hear that another cottage will be built for the Aylett Cottons.

They Evade the Bavardes

The country home of the Horatio Livermores has been the scene of a great many house parties this summer. The Livermores demonstrate that it is possible to be rich and in society without being subjected to newspaperiety. It is evident that they do not keep in touch with the gushers of the social columns, and that they have no desire to pose with the ostentatious performers of fashion. Yet they are the most hospitable of our society people, and do a great deal of entertaining. The present Mrs. Livermore was a Miss Eells. She is the mother of Beth Livermore, who made her debut last winter. She devotes a great deal of her time to charitable work that does not entail publicity. Much of her work is done among the poor of the North Beach district. Beth Livermore is a Vassar girl, and she is one of the most genuinely popular girls in society.

Made a Hit With Anecdotes

Kate Douglas Wiggin, who left the narrow confines of a little kindergarten here to go East and find fame as an

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authoress, has made several hits this summer as an after-dinner speaker among literary folk in London where she is visiting. At a dinner given a fortnight ago by the Whitefriars, a club of literary men and women, she responded to the toast of "The Ladies," and started a gale of laughter with some of her American stories that illustrated her points on the sex. One was of a darkey who wished to enter the holy bonds of matrimony and asked his master to purchase him a license on his Saturday trip to the neighboring town. The master being in haste forgot to ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook. He concluded that there could be no mistake in having the license made out in her name.

"There's your license to marry Euphemia Wilson," he said to the darkey that night. "You're as good as married already and you owe me only a dollar."

The darkey's face fell. "But, massa, Miss Euphemia ain't de right lady. Dat time I didn't mean any more dan a little flirtation. Miss Georgiana Thompson's de lady I'se gwine ter marry fer keeps."

"Oh, well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time. "There's no great harm done. I'll get you a new license tomorrow, but it will cost you another dollar, of course."

The next morning the darkey came out to the carriage as it was starting for town and leaning confidentially over the wheel, he said, "Massa, you needn't get me dat odder license. I'll use de one I'se got. I'se been thinking mighty hard all night an' I'se got de judgment dat der ain't a dollar's wuff of difference between dem two ladies."

Another anecdote was anent Roosevelt's famous utterance in regard to "race suicide." The question was being debated to a rag in an Eastern village till at last it aroused the ire of a certain spinster who believed that men, in point of numbers, were in the great minority in the state, that there were not enough to go round. So she wrote to the President: "Dear Mr. President, if you would talk a little less about children and provide more husbands, some of us would quickly settle all this bother about race suicide."

Five Seas in One Poem

I welcome, with hospitable ax, to a gory grave, another fresh-laid poet. This one comes in such questionable shape that I will call him a melancholy Dane, for he sings under the name of Karl von Herrmann, and if he sang by any other name he would probably sing as badly. Poet Karl dirges of the *Bennington* and casts his threnody into that dump box of the muses, the daily newspaper. He tells us that the ship will sail the seas no more and in three following lines of the stanza itemizes the kind of seas that she will not sail—the sun-kissed seas that break in milky foam; the angry seas lashed by the whistling gale; and the seas that moan farewell or shout of home. There are other kinds of seas but Poet Hermann is economical of his material and only used five of the seven that have been allotted by his brother poet, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. They are the old, familiar seas, however, and have served the poet since Homer sang and Ulysses sailed —sun-kissed seas, angry seas, moaning seas; but the shouting sea is a new one, suggested possibly by the bellowing sea. In the next stanza the poet speaks, inaccurately, of "the far horizon's rim," which, in fact, is not more than ten miles from the hurricane deck of the biggest ship. Then he calls the "flag of flags" a "harbinger of peace" and compares it to a "sheaf of thunderbolts in battle hurled." In his third and last stanza the poet discovers another sea—"the sodden Sea of Tears." This is the limit. A sea of tears so hot that it boils is too, too much, and I will not stand for it—the license of Poet Hermann is hereby revoked.

A Catch-as-Catch-Can Poet

Another poet whose singing has recently disturbed my peace is one Jane Carr who took a fall out of the Tentmaker the other day and left him for dead on the mat. This is not the first time that Jane has tried her jiu-jitsu hold on the wearer of the parsley and laurel, but never before has she so completely floored her antagonist, never before has she celebrated her victory so stridently. I am convinced that old Omar was drunk when he came to the scratch, and I am sure that Jane was in her finest fettle. I am not so much concerned about Omar as I am about Jane. I fear that she will tackle all the poets from Anacreon to Bliss Carman and that she will cackle her triumph over them all. I wish Jane would confine herself to prose. I don't need to read that.

A Prayer to Rockefeller

Speaking of poets, I am reminded that Ella Wheeler Wilcox is on her knees to the "great God of opulence" asking for "recompense" pounds and shillings for "blessings" which she has "lovingly bestowed on needy stranger or on suffering foe." Ella is evidently hinting for some of that "tainted money" we have read so much about during the past few months. May Rockefeller hear her prayer and hearing respond as generously as this reformed singer of passion deserves. She assures the God of Opulence that she will not give any of his money to "acquaintance intimate" and she asks to be guided "away from misdirected giving." In other words, Mrs. Wilcox promises Rockefeller that she will not squander his bounty on those whose breath smells of beer or on the hobo who comes to her door with that old, old tale of woe that has so often won pie at portals where fierce dogs should have greeted the lying pilgrim. This is the first hint of parsimony that I have

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discovered in the poetry of Mrs. Wilcox, and I am grieved more than I can adequately express. I hope she doesn't mean what she sings. I hope she will take old Rockefeller's money and throw it to the birds—that would be better than throwing it to the missionaries.

Ella Speaks for Herself

Mrs. Wilcox is not only a philanthropist by proxy and a poet for hire, but she is an egotist of magnitude. Her Prayer to the Great God of Opulence contains twenty-four lines and fourteen pronouns in the first person singular number. The nub of her Prayer to Rockefeller is to the effect that if on carrying winds her name be blown to any land or time beyond her own it is her wish that it shall not be as one who gained the day by crowding others from the chosen way, because "day" rimes so nicely with "way"; but rather as one who missed the highest place, pausing to cheer spent runners in the race, because "place" and "race" are better line endings than "case" and "base." Ella need not be alarmed: her name will not be "blown" to any land or time beyond her own; but I will do all that I can to "blow" it out like Othello's brief candle, or "blow" it up like a balloon. I promise Mrs. Wilcox that I will miss no opportunity that she may afford, to give her a "good send-off." I'll do all I can to "spur her laggard soul" and I'll help her, as far as lies in my power, to keep her from "crowding others from the chosen way." I wish, however, that she would resume her old Passionate Utterances—those wild cries of an unsatisfied soul seeking its affinity. I am tired of her vapid prosing and platitudinous moralities; I long for the eroticism of Ella's youthful imagination; but I fear that I shall have to wait for its maturer expression from the reincarnated muse of her second girlhood.

The Heart of the Geisha

Why is it always the "heart of a geisha" that is broken? And why is it always some vagrant American or wandering Englishman who performs the cruel and contemptible office? The question is pertinent in connection with a Japanese play now on the local boards, emphasizing this phase of the Americanized "Japanese drama" as expressed in "Madame Butterfly." The writers of these plays have lived in Japan and they know that the heart of a geisha is never broken for love of her foreign lover. She is his hired mistress, nothing more—as truthfully delineated in Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthemum"; and when the temporary American or the successive Englishman has departed, Madame Wistaria, or Madame Plum Blossom, or O-Kohamma san sits on her mat biting the money of the final payment to test its genuineness—just as Loti describes. I suppose an American audience would hoot a play that depicted the heart of an American or an Englishman breaking for love of a geisha; yet such a play would be no more absurd in our eyes than are these so-called "Japanese plays" and magazine stories, in the estimation of the Japanese and those who know Japan. The magazine writers are, of course, ignorant, for they are usually women globe trotters who have "stopped over a steamer" in Yokohama; but there is no other excuse for Luther Long and Colgate Baker than that which embodies a subservient conformity to the conventions of the American and London stage induced by the fool ideas of American and English audiences.

Her Escape was Narrow

A paragraph, dated from Tahoe, in one of the daily newspapers announces that Mrs. Carter, wife of the Governor of Hawaii, "had a narrow escape in that she intended to take the trip on the lake and could not get on the boat because it was loaded to its capacity." As those who did "take the trip" all came ashore safely, the question naturally arises: Wherein was the "escape" of the wife of Governor Carter "narrow"? Would the additional weight of her importance have capsized the boat? or was the paragraph inspired by the lady's disappointment at not being "among those present" in this summer resort social disaster? Some of the "news" that is coming to us from these places where "our best" are resorting is fearfully and wonderfully made by the chaperons and bavardes who camp on the trail of the resorters.

A Warning to Burbank

Persistent announcement is made that Luther Burbank is receiving letters from crowned heads. I don't suppose Mr. Burbank regards his correspondence with a crowned head as more important than similar correspondence with an ordinary American fellow citizen, but the honest chronicler who serves the daily press of San Francisco with information concerning Mr. Burbank is of other mettle, and whenever a crowned head writes to the famous gardener the fact is hurled at the fierce democracy of our city without fear and without reproach. The correspondent omits, however, the most important item of his news: he never tells us what crowned head has written to our esteemed fellow townsman. It is impossible, therefore, to decide whether this correspondence between our distinguished citizen and the crowned heads is proper. There are some crowned heads that are not fit associates for decent American citizens and their letters would not be re-

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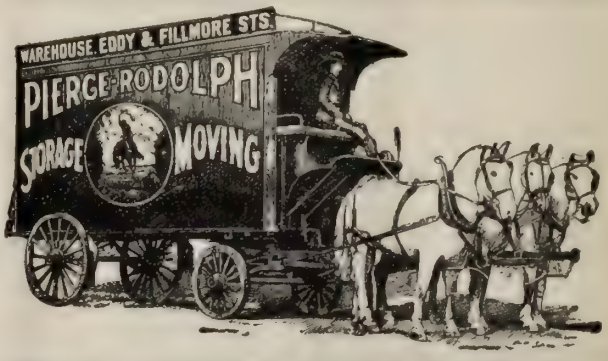

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ceived in our best society. It would be gratifying to know that the disreputables of the crowned headed are not encouraged by Mr. Burbank.

A Kangaroo or a Centipede?

Others besides the crowned heads are writing to Luther Burbank, and the correspondent informs us that "the stream of correspondence is increasing by bounds and strides." That is the most remarkable metaphor that I have ever seen in print. Picture a "stream of correspondence increasing by bounds and strides"! Yet, they say, the primary schools of Santa Rosa are as thorough, and the teachers as competent, as those of any other city in California!

How the Negro Convict Scoffed

A Jesuit priest told me a very good story the other day illustrative of the predisposition of some newspaper men to erroneous impressions when dealing with sinners. He related that while attending to the spiritual welfare of the convicts at San Quentin he made the acquaintance of a negro under sentence of death. The man was in a very repentant mood, and wanted to become a Catholic. The priest thereupon entered upon a course of instruction in the principles of the Church of Rome, and the negro made remarkable progress, soon becoming a most devout Christian. After admitting him to the sacraments of the church the priest used to make almost daily visits to the condemned cell to talk with the convert and seek to reconcile him to his fate. One day he told the prisoner that the last words of a distinguished Cardinal of the Church were: "I feel like a boy going on my vacation." The words greatly impressed the poor negro and thereafter he frequently repeated them. They were his last words just before the trap was sprung. The reporters heard them and the next day they related in the newspapers that the man died a hardened criminal, and that he scoffed at death, and sneeringly said something about going off on a vacation.

Crocker's Back Down

The most indignant body of men in town this week are the members of the Typothetae who recently clashed with the Typographical Union by proposing that the printers work nine instead of eight hours a day. The printers declined to stretch out their work-day and went on a strike. The employers accepted the situation and banded together under an agreement that contained a forfeiture clause. No employer entered more heartily into the scheme to force the printers into submission than did Mr. Charles Crocker of the H. S. Crocker Company. Mr. Crocker has never been very warmly in sympathy with the printers' union, and he was generally regarded as one of the staunchest members of the Typothetae, and one that could be depended upon to hold out until victory was achieved. Imagine the surprise of his associates Sunday morning, when they read in the papers that he had made terms with the Union on Saturday afternoon. They did not believe the report until it was confirmed by Mr. Crocker, who explained that one of his employes, acting for him, had entered into an agreement with the Typographical Union without his consent. The members of the Typothetae, who are very much disgusted at the caving down of the Crocker firm, have not accepted the explanation in an amiable spirit. Indeed, they talk as though they believe they were treated outrageously. But the printers have been quite jubilant. It was a great satisfaction to them to see dissension among the employers, for they felt that Crocker's change of front meant the collapse of the movement for longer hours. Negotiations for a compromise speedily followed the Crocker twist, but the settlement of the strike is likely to be followed by an investigation by the Citizens' Alliance, with a view to ascertaining all the circumstances of the Crocker compromise.

An Exciting Chase

Santa Cruz was greatly excited over the third matrimonial venture of Mrs. McLean Martin. Soon after the arrival of the bridal couple they sauntered up Pacific avenue, writes my correspondent, and the tall, athletic groom, hatless, was the object of much interest. The couple went into Tanner's drug store, the rendezvous of the elite of the seaside city, and while the Dahlgrens ecstatically sipped phosphate the local swells flocked in to make small purchases, and were in no hurry to be waited upon. One society matron spent a very strenuous half hour in pursuit of the pair. Arriving at Tanner's too late, she purchased a bottle of freckle lotion and resumed the chase. A bystander directed her to a hardware store, but again her visit was in vain. Doubly armed now with a saucepan and the freckle lotion, she again set forth, this time for Leask's dry goods store. Breathlessly hastening through the door in her mad career she nearly upset two people who were coming out. The saucepan, catching the spirit of the moment, fell to the floor with a loud clatter and coquettishly emerged from its paper wrapping. Very much embarrassed, but still on the scent, she questioned a clerk. Immeasureable was her chagrin to learn that the couple with whom she had collided and at whom she had not cast a glance were the object of her search.

Mr. and Mrs. John Richard Cole are back from their wedding trip, and have sent out cards "At Home after August first" at 2305 Scott street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Lynham Shiels are at Haywards.

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The Clark Operation

In the despatches we have been told that United States Senator William A. Clark of Montana, father of Charley Clark of Blingum, and relative by marriage of the Tobins of San Francisco, has recovered from his operation performed two weeks ago, and that he was doing nicely. From a private source I learn that the old gentleman is far from being in robust health. The operation was of a far more serious character than was revealed in the despatches. The surgeons ripped out a circular piece of his skull one and three-quarter inches in circumference, the brain was invaded one and a half inches, and a surgical spoon scooped out the pus. Though he rallied after the operation, and convalesced rapidly, the disease is of such a nature that there is strong probability of its recurrence. Senator Clark is sixty-five years old, and the operation was an unusually severe one for a man of that age. His condition is being watched with a great deal of interest, for it is pretty generally understood that his death will be followed by great financial complications, and perhaps a very bitter will contest.

As a Goddess She Won Him

The children of Senator Clark did not view complacently his marriage, last year, to his ward, Anna La Chappelle, of Butte. The rich old Senator has been as active in the lists of love as he has been in the arena of politics. Three years ago he was sued for breach of promise of marriage by Mary McNellis. She demanded one hundred and fifty thousand dollars damages. She alleged that she met him in Chicago in 1896 and that after a series of champagne dinners he promised to marry her. The suit was not fought to a finish. The Copper King's courtship of the impoverished doctor's daughter who is now his wife began ten years ago, when he was given a great public reception at Butte on the Fourth of July, on which occasion Miss La Chappelle appeared as the Goddess of Liberty. Her beautiful physique aroused the interest of the old man, and thereafter he made her his ward. In the spring of 1904 they went to Paris together and thence to Algiers, under chaperonage. On their return to Paris Senator Clark started alone for this country and on his arrival broke the news of his marriage to his daughters, who had joined him in New York, and who left the next day for New Marlboro, Massachusetts.

His Rise to Wealth and Position

Senator Clark has led a strenuous life. Up to his twenty-fourth year he tried many things and failed at every one. In the sixties, after mining unsuccessfully, he drove a bull team from Salt Lake City to Butte, and about that time his commercial instinct asserted itself. He got a corner on all the baking powder in Butte and made a little money. For a long time thereafter he was known as "Baking Powder Billy." Then he opened a general store, made money and put it into mines. Everything he touched developed richly. He paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the Mayflower mine, and in six months took out one million five hundred thousand dollars. For years his ambition was to become a United States Senator and his battle for the place was the most celebrated of all such struggles, and more prolific than any other of disgraceful bargaining. The strongest opposition that he encountered was from Marcus Daly, an Irishman, well known in this city, who had worked on the Comstock, and who was the first to interest Haggin and Tevis in Montana mines. The famous Clark-Daly feud started over a mining deal, which was followed by a quarrel over water rights. Daly controlled the politics of Montana and beat Clark for Representative in 1888, and in 1890 he beat him for the Senate. In 1893 he was elected but was unseated on account of the methods by which he won his fight.

His Remarkable Mansion

As early as 1899 the wealth of Senator Clark was estimated at sixty millions. He has more than doubled it since that time. Since his election to the United States Senate he has been making a fight for social position in New York, and he has been making slow progress. He built a palace on Fifth avenue which is recognized as the most remarkable architectural monstrosity in the United States. It is a combination of feudal castle, fortress, citadel, armory and city dwelling. It has been under construction four years and today it is one of the show-places of New York. It is not yet habitable, but looks as far from completion as it did a year ago.

Young Compromises With the Demon

The people of Honolulu, writes my correspondent, are very much amused over the conversion of Mr. Alexander Young to the convivial cause of intemperance. Mr. Young and his family are well known in Oakland, where they have a handsome residence in which they have resided a part of each year for many years, and he has many friends on this coast who will be glad to learn of the broadening of his mind. Mr. Young was one of the early American settlers in Honolulu, and he made a fortune in the islands in sugar. As the missionary spirit has always been strong in the islands, church going has long been a habit there, and among the devout for many years was Alexander Young. He belonged to the Congregational flock and his

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name plate is still to be seen affixed to a pew of the Central Union church. When the boom was on in Honolulu Mr. Young erected, as a monument to himself, the Alexander Young Building, and when the boom collapsed he turned the upper stories into a hotel to get some interest on his investment. It was thus that he got into the hotel business and he liked it so well that he bought a controlling interest in the Moana hotel. And now the Royal Hawaiian is the only first-class hotel in Honolulu in which he has no interest. When he first embarked in the business, he resolved, like a conscientious Christian gentleman, to bar a saloon annex. He thought the Alexander Young hotel could get along very well without the presence of the Demon Rum on the premises.

His Conversion

The manager of the hotel, however, insisted that a bar was essential to the comfort of the guests, and he finally convinced Mr. Young that it would be fatal to neglect provision for a thirst. Now Mr. Young is largely interested in the retail liquor business. There are two bars at the Young hotel, and the one at the Moana is the most profitable department of the hostelry. For months past the Moana has enjoyed immunity from the Sunday law prohibiting the desecration of the Sabbath with alcoholic wet goods. While the Young and the Hawaiian closed their bars, and served only guests of the hotel with liquid refreshments, the lid was off at the Moana, much to the delight of the throngs that worked up a thirst in the surf at Waikiki Beach. The Moana was the only bar open in Honolulu until a new sheriff came into office with a conscience and insisted on enforcing the law. The bar has been closed, but Mr. Young has given notice of intention to test the validity of the statute. Hence the gayety of the unregenerate.

Redding's Finances

Joe Redding having returned to San Francisco to live, some of his old friends are wondering whether financial reverses made it expedient for him to quit New York. The purblindness of the vulgar is amusing. When Joe Redding went to New York some years ago it was because he felt that he could engage his talents to more profitable advantage in that broader field of complex activities. He announced at the time that if ever Fortune smiled upon him and drudgery was no longer imperative, his footsteps he would retrace out of the maddening rush and bustle of the feverish metropolis back to the restful city of soothing gray fogs. Well, Fortune's favor came with the death of C. P. Huntington. Redding was the attorney for Princess Hatzfeldt and secured for her a good portion of the estate, at the same time winning a fee expressed in six figures. After that followed wise investments. Out of the sale of a coal mine in Virginia, Joe Redding made considerable money, and now he is enjoying his ease and the companionship of old friends in San Francisco. If he were short of cash, he wouldn't stay here, for he has proved to his own satisfaction that money is to be made easier and quicker in New York. Men of Redding's exceptional range of talent are more appreciated in New York than in San Francisco.

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From Obscurity to Fame and Prosperity

Harrison Fisher, the young San Francisco artist who has made such an enviable name for himself through his illustrations for New York periodicals and books, is back here on a short visit to his parents in Oakland. Mr. Fisher's career has been remarkable in many respects. Eight or nine years ago he couldn't get a position as artist on any one of the local dailies. Shortly after Hearst went East to carry his ideas into the eastern field through the *Journal,* Fisher followed, thinking he could find employment there. He was unsuccessful and things began to look a very dark blue for the young Californian who had dropped so unceremoniously into the eastern field with a view to hustling his bread and butter. But Mr. Fisher had the right stuff in him and he stuck pertinaciously to his task of improving himself in his art work. He peddled what few sketches he could and carefully studied his field. By chance he was thrown in with Jules Pages, the young Californian who has recently been so successful in the Paris salon, and Stanlaws, who made a great hit with his individual style of drawing till he dropped it to go in for play-writing. All three lads were hard workers, straining for success with all the buoyancy of youth. In common they rented a cheap little studio in lower New York and clubbed together to hire what few models they could afford. In this wise they sailed blithely on their frail bohemian craft.

The Trio on Top

And now Pages is living in Paris, having attained a pension, a position from the French government and a high place in the world of art through his paintings. Stanlaws is in the same gay city writing plays that command good prices, and Fisher is in New York ranking with such illustrators as Taylor, Christy, Russell and Gilbert. You will find his work in the first-class periodicals and season's "best sellers." What is more, he receives such handsome prices for it that he is obliged to employ an attorney to look after his contracts and copyrights and a press agent to check up on publication and to watch his rights. All this means a swelling bank account, something he hardly dared dream of eight years ago, when he tramped from publication office to publication office through the grimy New York snow, looking vainly for some one to buy his sketches. In these happy days the orders come to him unsolicited and, as he says, he could keep a dozen artists busy with filling them. While out here Mr. Fisher will do a double page for *Collier's* on "Society at Monterey," make a number of sketches in Old Mexico for *Scribner's,* and gather some "character" material for a "best seller" that is to be brought out in the spring. One of the latest books that Mr. Fisher illustrated was "The Pioneers," by Geraldine Bonner.

The Rise of the Essingtons

The Chamberlain sisters, whose recent book "Mrs. Essington" is attracting so much attention just now in the East, are very well known here in the literary set. Lucia Chamberlain was the first to take to the pen and it gained her an entrance to the eastern magazines some five years ago. At that time she was living on Russian hill with her aunt, Mary Curtis Richardson, the portrait painter. Her house is one of the picturesque show places on the hill. In that day the literary and art atmosphere hung heavy in that locality. Just opposite the Richardsons lived Gelett Burgess in the original little "goop" house. Near by Wallace Irwin stabled his Pegasus on a diet of jingling rhymes, oaten reeds and whimsical verse. The trails leading up the hill to these houses were worn by the blithe feet of the Bohemians who used to dine in the Latin quarter and climb skyward later to drink black coffee with Burgess and Irwin. In this atmosphere Lucia Chamberlain contracted the literary fever and was among the first of that set to flit East to try her fortune with the muses that nurse the magazines there. Her success was such as to spur her married sister Esther, Mrs. McNamara, to follow her and between them they turned out a number of joint stories which gave them a solid footing in the new field. "Mrs. Essington," the most ambitious of the lot, is the first to attract widespread attention to the two Californian girls.

A Boost For Our Smart Set

The story has to do with "smart" people, but the Chamberlain sisters treat them from a new point of view and illustrate their points by describing some typical California society people, the kind that enjoy a hearty, vigorous life in the open air. All this is in contrast with the effete Newport set. Lucia Chamberlain's ideas on the sub-

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ject run along the following lines: "They are a naive lot out there on the coast. They have as much money as they want, many of them are quite as rich as the Newport millionaires, and they don't mistrust people because they appreciate art or literature more than money. The wealthiest smart women in society in California entertain artists and writers just as well as they do society people. I am told that there are some smart houses in Newport where such people would be quite an unpleasant surprise. Our smart set in California is smaller and its heart is not so wrinkled or tired as the heart of society seems to be in the East. One of the Crocker girls said to me that when she attended her first big ceremonious affair of fashion in the East she almost froze to death, it was such a cold and heartless gathering."

The Prosperous Jingler

Since his advent into the New York literary set Wallace Irwin has discarded the sombrero and taken to the silk hat. He is running easy in the set that trains according to the arts and crafts, and every member must look the literary swell after the canons fixed by Richard Harding Davis. His "Mondays" at his apartments in Fifth avenue are frequented by the laurel crowned literati of the hour; his invitation list looks like the names on the table of contents in *Scribner's, McClure's* and *Everybody's*. Wallace himself is turning out his tuneful jingles on timely subjects and the New York editors delight to pay his piping bills.

Society Was There

There are many more society women here interested in women's suffrage than I had fancied. At the lecture given by Susan B. Anthony and Rev. Anna Shaw on Monday night, the audience was decidedly a fashionable one. The up-to-date advocates of equal rights are not of the frump order. An appreciation of style is not inconsistent with zeal for political equality. Mrs. A. A. Sargent, widow of Senator Sargent, was on the platform with the speakers, as were Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs. A. Krebs, who is a champion whist player as well as a believer in equal suffrage. Mrs. William Keith, the artist's wife, was also of the committee having the lecture in charge, and Mrs. Austin Sperry presided and introduced Miss Anthony.

A Good Reason

The President and his race suicide theories were being discussed in Susan B. Anthony's presence not long ago, and she exclaimed:

"What does Mr. Roosevelt know about motherhood?"

"Quite as much as Miss Anthony does, and with a better excuse," was the quick reply from one of the President's adherents.

The Parrotts at Del Monte

The Parrott clan made Del Monte its own last week. The whole clan and its retainers bore down on the hotel, and you couldn't look in any direction without seeing a Parrott, for the family is a very large one. The Vicomte and Vicomtesse Tristan, who have come out to witness the marriage of brother Philippe and Josephine de Guigne, were the honored guests of the family. The vicomtesse is a comely woman with much of that subtle and pleasing chic that distinguishes French women, and the vicomte is a most affable Frenchman with all the grace of manner characteristic of the polished Parisian. Mrs. Abbie Parrott, the head of the family, is, I hear, very much pleased at the prospective alliance, as are the Jack Parrotts, also, for the Jack Parrotts are partial to foreign suitors. The nuptials will take place about the middle of next month, and will be marked by that elegant simplicity that is characteristic of the Parrott functions.

"Did he have a good time at the springs?"

"Did he? Well, he used to walk himself into collapse every day, and if you could see the blisters on his feet and the way his nose is peeling you wouldn't ask any such foolish questions."

An Unusual Honeymoon

The Clarence Carrigans have returned to Fort Baker after a pleasant visit to Bolinas. The Carrigans are among the most delightfully unconventional of the army set, and they are also among the most popular. Mrs. Carrigan, who was Anna Sperry, is the same unaffected, sprightly and good-natured young woman that she was before her marriage. One of the funny stories told about her is that when she married she insisted on taking her pet shepherd dog with her on her wedding trip. Being reluctant to separate from her family she wired them to join her and her husband at the place where they were stopping. With the members of her family and her dog, to say nothing of her husband, she spent a rather unusual honeymoon.

Son: "Oh! look at the Billy-goat eating the newspaper!"
Father: "Yes, he's getting 'inside information.'"

What Tevis Contemplates

The report is out that Dr. Harry Tevis intends to rival his sister-in-law in the house parties that he is going to give at his new country home, which he purchased from James Flood. Dr. Tevis is easily the most hospitable bachelor in town, and he contributes more than any other to the gayety of the smart set. But he has no silly craving for exclusiveness. He has a great many friends who are not of the haut ton, and for whom he entertains a great deal. He is one of the few Californian millionaires who inherited a fortune without the sordidness and parsimony that have been the heritage of so many of the scions of the money-grubbing builders of this commonwealth. Dr. Tevis spends most of his time in living.

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Golf Week at Del Monte

There will be a great gathering of golfists at Del Monte in September, beginning the fourth and including the ninth. The events will include the Del Monte cup for men with trophy for the runner-up; Del Monte cup for women. There will be handicap match play competition for the trophies, presented by the Pacific Improvement Company, mixed foursomes and consolation events for both sexes.

The Benders

Margaret Bender has been visiting Mrs. Emory Winship at Ross Valley since her return from Boston, where she took a course in elocution. She also visited her aunt, Mrs. Sloat Fassett, in New York. Miss Bender's sister, Cherry, has been benefited in health very much, I am told, by the "outdoor cure" in Santa Barbara and San Diego, where she spent the past year.

With the Artists

May Mott-Smith Bird has almost entirely given up her miniature work, she is busy making new jewelry designs. She has recently exhibited some of her designs in Honolulu, and is getting ready to send an exhibit in the fall to the Institute of Arts and Crafts in Boston. She is also planning to send some of her work to the circuit of the Society of Western Artists.

Marie Thompson will return from Tahoe Tavern, where she has been spending the summer, about the tenth of August.

Latimer never sketched so busily as he did this summer, and he has already started on the elaboration of two of his redwood scenes, for the fall exhibition. He has some bits of Russian river scenery that are better, I think, than any gathered by him in that section of California in previous summers.

That other Columbian building artist, Latimer's neighbor, Joe Greenebaum, has finished his fine portrait of his mother, and is now sketching in the outlines of a full length portrait of a tall, slender lady in gray, for the fall exhibition. Greenebaum has been painting over at Belvedere a good deal this summer and has done some sketches of the bay from that point. He has made a number of studies of a female head, and he would have to look far to find another model so charmingly chic as this little brunette. Her features lend themselves easily to the most exacting pose.

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Miss Harvey's Fish

All of the "oldest inhabitants" agree that fishing on Lake Tahoe was never so good as this season. Nearly every party that goes out comes back with amazing catches. Charles Sutro holds the record, but his laurels were put in jeopardy the other day by Anita Harvey, Mrs. Eleanor Martin's granddaughter, who is the guest of the Kohls. Miss Harvey's trout was caught with rod and reel from the Kohl launch, and weighed ten pounds. It occupied Miss Harvey's attention for an hour and a half.

A Bold Climb

There are several new trails in the mountains about Tahoe this year, accessible to equestrians as well as pedestrians. The other day Mr. Bernard, a New York capitalist who has been staying at the Tavern, made the ascent by one of these new trails to the top of Twin Peaks, eight thousand nine hundred and forty-four feet above sea level. He was most enthusiastic in speaking of the view to be obtained from that height.

At the Tavern

Governor Carter of Hawaii had to tear himself from Tahoe, and go to Oyster Bay to visit the President, but he left his family at the Tavern on the lake and will return there himself later on. Governor Carter's resignation had a string to it, I am told. Any number of Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog people are at the Tavern this year. Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Tripp, D. D. Lefevre and N. N. Gilbert of Tonopah and W. H. Ferguson and wife of Goldfield have apartments. There is also a Carson party headed by H. H. Yarrington and a number of guests from Reno, among whom is George D. Lyman. Dr. Herbert Moffitt, Dr. M. Hertzstein and Dr. Barkan represent the medicos at the Tavern, and among the railroad and steamship men are A. D. Kerrell, D. R. Sessions and S. F. Booth. Prof. Keating of Palo Alto is the dean of the savants at the Lake.

Mrs. E. F. Adams gave a card-party one afternoon last week, and Monday night another moonlight ride on the lake was enjoyed by a party of sixty-five, guests of the Van Sicklens of Oakland.

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147 PRESIDIO AVENUE

Heard on the Piazza

One of our venerable society women, a dowager of some importance in the Southern set, amused a little coterie on the piazza at Del Monte last week. She and a contemporary were indulging in reminiscences of social affairs in the early days of San Francisco. The dowager was quite sleepy but she kept just sufficiently awake to keep in touch with the trend of conversation and prevent the dialogue from expiring. Presently the unfortunate but popular Nellie Gordon became the topic. Her exceptional modishness was discussed and just as the dowager was about to float away into dreamland she murmured: "Yes, Nellie was chick; she certainly *was* chick."

Fire Called Them Home

The John F. Merrills are not the only ones to hasten their homecoming from abroad, owing to a fire in their home. There was a fire on the Horace Blanchard Chase place in Napa recently, and the owners will cut their continental trip short and hurry home. Stags' Leap, the Chases' home, is one of the finest country-places in California. Mrs. Chase's brother, "Addie" Mizner, laid out the grounds and it was due to his artistic taste that many of the beautiful landscape effects were attained.

Preparing for Her Debut

The willowy Elsa Draper has a younger sister, Dorothy, who will be among the autumn debutantes. Dorothy Draper has attended a few dances, in Sausalito, where the family lived before coming over this side of the bay, but she has not yet made a formal "first appearance" in the swim. The Drapers are in Oregon now, where they have a country-place.

The gardeners of Dr. Harry Tevis, George Pope and other rich raisers of flowers are coaxing their blooms for the fall exhibition of the California State Floral Society. November is a long way off but the florists, professional and amateur, have to begin early if they expect to carry off any prizes for the exhibits. Premiums are offered for various exhibits, including best collections of chrysanthemums, roses, dahlias, rex begonias and ferns.

The Butters Are Coming

I hear that the Henry Butters' family of Oakland are threatening to become residents of this city. If they do they will certainly liven things up a bit, for they are not pikers in the social ring. They have done much toward elevating Oakland above the rank of a village, for they have pretty nearly educated the benighted of that burg out of their provincialisms. They have been summering at Napa where they have entertained the Count de la Rocca. Now the count is distinctly a San Francisco lion. But that circumstance cuts no ice with the Butters family of Oakland. Mrs. Martin has no social lien on the count. Several Oakland girls who are guests of the Butterses at Napa met the count, and now they feel that their visit was worth while. But the count was not the only personage of interest at the Butters home. There was that popular and highly esteemed young millionaire, Mr. Edward Davis, who, I understand, has—innocently, of course—excited fierce competition among our society girls. The Butterses number among their acquaintances many prominent San Francisco society people, and from them I learn that the distinguished Oaklanders are contemplating a triumphal entry into this city next winter.

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She's No Title Hunter

I am informed by a somewhat indignant correspondent that I am absurd in my remarks about the worship of titles in San Francisco society. My correspondent thinks that I have "put Mrs. Martin in a false light" in suggesting that she sought to give tone to her reception by arbitrarily encumbering with a title a consul who comes from a country where titles are so common that in its princpal city there is a hotel every waiter of which is a *bona fide* prince. "If Mrs. Martin was so eager for titles on her list that she was impelled to invent one," says my correspondent, "she would have dragged to her reception Sir Henry Heyman, knighted by His Majesty, King Kalakaua, deceased monarch of a defunct kingdom. She would also have invited the Count de Parc, who used to grace nearly all our swagger functions, but who has lately been overlooked by the leaders of fashion because of his predilection for the society of the American peasantry." I had almost forgotten that the Count was still amongst us. He is happy in oblivion. I understand, for it is expensive to splurge, even in provincial society, and the game that bores isn't worth the candle.

An Augean Task

Ambassador Reid and Ambassadrix Reid have announced that they intend to cleanse the West End of London of undesirable Americans who have managed to sneak into the British aristocracy on a false pretense that they belong to the Four Hundred of New York. The chief function of an American Ambassador to the Court of St. James is to protect the British aristocracy against the polloi of American society. Assisted by her ladyship the Ambassadrix, Envoy Reid will perform this diplomatic service to the Queen's taste. Under the Choate regime a lot of American nobodies contrived to butt into the drawing room and thence into the salons of the London nobility unquestioned by the footmen and unchallenged by the butlers. When our new Plenipotentiary and his lady heard of this they nearly had a conniption. "Lawsie me, Whitelaw," says her ladyship; "what on earth are these Chicago trash a-doing in the rare and radiant atmosphere of Belgravia? "Search me," says his lordship; "I suppose they're friends of old Choate—he was always traipsing round with the common herd." "But what are we going to do about it?" persists his lady. "Search me again," retorts the successor of Horace Greeley; "I reckon we'll have to do some fine knocking." "To be sure," rejoins the purse lady of the legation. "We can't let these Denver tenderfeet drive herd with the Southdown merinos and the Devonshire shorthorns; and as for those Sent Louie mavericks—well the sooner they're branded and shipped the better it'll be for the British range and the home ranch." Of course Ambassador Reid and his Ambassadrix didn't talk like that, but what does it matter how they said it? Elegance of diction is not always a guarantee of high living or high thinking. So it comes to this: The American who is not credentialed from the Four Hundred of New York is persona non grata at the American legation in London. He must have money to burn and he must carry, attached to his letter of credit, a receipt from the Secretary of the Social Editors' Association for his subscription to "Fads and Fancies," "America's Smart Set," and "America's Foremost Families."

Milk Chocolate Creams—another original candy creation at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

News from Los Angeles

Writes my Los Angeles correspondent:

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was in the South last week, spending a few days as the guest of Captain and Mrs. Cameron E. Thom of Santa Monica. The Thoms and Mrs. Martin have been friends since pioneer days. Mrs. Martin came South not long ago to receive with the Thoms at a brilliant reception and later the Thoms journeyed north to be present at the function which Mrs. Martin gave for the Taft party.

Mrs. Mark B. Lewis, the most beautiful and gracious fiesta queen who ever ruled a court, has returned to Los Angeles on a visit to her parents, the R. H. Howells, and society is all a-flutter over her arrival. Queen Mildred is content to share the homage of her numerous devotees with a little daughter who is the replica of her beautiful mother

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and who made her advent after the Lewises moved to their Alabama home.

Dr. Henry Walter Gibbons of San Francico is visiting at the Sierra Madre home of his fiancee's mother, Mrs. J. C. Noonan.

Mrs. Everett Grimes and her daughter, Miss Gertrude Macfarlane, left this week for Southern California. They will visit the Yosemite before returning home.

Book Agent: "Uncle, I'd like to sell you a new cyclopoedia."
Uncle Hayseed: "Wa-al, young feller, it's no use. I wouldn't put my life in danger by getting into one of them infernal machines."

A Religion of Vibration

Mrs. John Vance Cheney—or rather, Mrs. Abbey Cheney, for the poet-librarian has married another wife since his divorce—is writing a book on "The Art of Right Thinking." Mrs. Cheney and her new religion are quite a fad in the East. She is not a Christian Scientist, in her creed the body counting as well as the mind—"glorified common sense" is her explanation of it. Mrs. Cheney says: "Everything is vibration, one rate of vibration expressing itself in the rock, another in the soul of man; brain cells are being made constantly by this vibration, a famous physiologist having established that new ones may be produced in a rabbit in sixty minutes; through concentrated thought, good or ill, brain cells are developed which, transmitted in power along the nerves, correspondingly affect every tissue of the body; abnormal agitation, as worry or fear, changes the weight, temperature and measurements of the body, as experiments in the laboratory of Yale prove, and, moreover, the breath analyzed at such times is found to contain poison which, if administered to an animal, causes intense suffering, if not death; such physical ills as gout and rheumatism are the result of a poison churned through the system by evil emotions."

"Is Millions trying to live up to his father's reputation?"
"No, he's trying to live it down."

They Resent Her Independent Spirit

Florence Whittell is numbered among the Del Monte guests this month. Miss Whittell is one of the most exclusive young women in the Burlingame set. I hear she cares not a whit about meeting anyone outside her set, but I have also heard that she greatly favored the much talked of match between her brother and that winsome, independent girl, Pearl Landers, who roused the ire of the Blingumites by declining to enter into the holy of holies through the matrimonial gate, though two opportunities were offered. Miss Landers seems not to appreciate the sacred character of the other side of the Blingum barbed-wire fence.

The Mayor's Joke

Score one for Gene! But perhaps it is to Abe the credit is due. Well, for whomsoever the credit is due for that deft bit of political strategy by which Treasurer McDougald was punctured between the ribs—score one! The Mayor is not always so felicitous in his manipulation of material for campaign purposes. But the smooth irony and telling smash of his latest effort is irresistible.

Maud—I thought it wasn't the proper thing to have a man's portrait in your dressing-room.
Ruth—Oh, it doesn't matter; he's looking the other way.

"The Heart of a Geisha" is to be taken East, and Juliet Crosby will play the heroine in the New York production.

The Repsold wines find their way into those homes where health is valued and taste selected. Inspection invited. 420 Pine St.

Miss Condon to Play Carmen

The Tivoli is going to put on "Carmen" after "Rob oy," I hear, to give Kate Condon a chance in the role for which she believes she is temperamentally adapted. Professor La Villa is coaching her for the role. Miss Condon is a very ambitious young woman and her work in the "Toreador" showed that she was very fond of the role of the saucy Spanish senorita. There may be some doubt, however, as to whether she will be able to score vocally as Carmen, for though there are no great difficulties to be surmounted in the Bizet score we have recollections of some most artistic renditions. However we stood for Collamarini, who though she could not sing, played the part in a way that made us almost forget the inartistic character of her vocalization.

The Financial Field

The volume of business transacted on the local Board broadened somewhat under an active demand for Bonds. Dealings amounted to $492,000, Bonds, and 6,378 Shares, divided as follows: 2,365 Lighting, 915 Water, 482 Miscellaneous, 91 Banks and 2,525 Sugars. San Francisco Gas and Electric advanced to 62, the highest point for some time, subsequently settling back to 61 1-4. Various rumors were in circulation. One of them was to the effect that the company had bought the California Gas and Electric Company; another one that the California Gas and Electric Company had bought the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, and still another that an Eastern syndicate had acquired control of both companies. None of the rumors has thus far been verified, and it might be well not to stake too much on such reports. The condition of the company is highly satisfactory. Its earnings—or perhaps I should say collections—show large net profits, far in excess of dividends. There have been no notable changes in any of the other classes of stocks except Sugars, which have followed their upward trend, all of them showing slight gains. —*The Financier.*

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The Stage

Huneker and the Drama

If you wish to get a quick and comprehensive knowledge of the contemporary drama read Mr. James Francis Huneker's "Iconoclasts, a Book of Dramatists." Mr. Huneker is one of the most entertaining essayists of the day. He is entertaining because he has a well developed instinct for news. It was developed during his career as a dramatic critic of the New York *Sun,* when he learned the importance of holding the attention with information of current interest while impressing his views with enticing argument, graceful phrase and delicious epigram. He never bores with the abstract, nor does he moralize profoundly. Nevertheless he is one of the most serious dramatic critics of this country, and though not indifferent to the public's viewpoint he aims insidiously at improving the public taste His latest volume is significant, inasmuch as it deals with not a single American playwright and with only one Englishman—Bernard Shaw. Dealing as he does with the drama as literature, he probably felt that it would be ridiculous to include an American playsmith in his gallery of dramatists. He opens with Ibsen, "the great moralist of the century, Tolstoy not excepted," in whom "there rages the thinker, the artist, the critic," Ibsen whose plays "are a long litany praising the man who wills" and who "blazons our moral maladies that we may seek the cure." He tells us of Gerhart Hauptmann, who "began his artistic life as a poet-sculptor, and who has been modeling human souls ever since." He analyzes the plays of D'Annunzio, the "spoiled darling of the Muses," the "poet of the fleshly, albeit an interpreter of its beauties." Maeterlinck, Sudermann and the other geniuses of the drama are revealed to us in all the glory of their art, and we are told of their plays, their meaning, their messages and their purposes, but not one word does this most cultured of our dramatic critics say of Fitch, of Thomas, of Belasco, or of any other Yankee engaged in catering to the theatregoers of this country. If he were asked the reason why he would candidly tell us that dramaturgically we are not on the map. And if asked to explain he would probably say that our dramatic writers have made the mistake of accepting what they believe to be the public standard instead of realizing their own. They write entertaining plays that please the lovers of the obvious, but there is no soul in their work; it lacks form, finish and imagination. That there is a goodly proportion of theatregoers who appreciate art is evident from the success of the Shaw plays wherever produced in this country, and of the interest aroused whenever one of the familiar Ibsen dramas is presented. I have long been inclined to the opinion that a small stock theatre devoted to the production of the plays of the contemporary artistic dramatists would prove a profitable institution. It would surely be hailed with delight by those lovers of art who have withdrawn in disgust from the ranks of theatregoers and by those who still patronize the playhouse in the hope that a refreshing accident may happen.

Scene from Ezra Kendall's production of "Weather Beaten Benson" next week at the Columbia

WHITE WHITTLESEY
The favorite romantic actor who will appear at the Alcazar next week

A Yiddish Lear

The Yiddish Players who are now at the Grand found it necessary, owing to many requests, to repeat one of the very best plays in their long repertoire, "The Jewish King Lear." The same motif is used as in the Shakespeare masterpiece, filial ingratitude, and nearly all the characters in the great old play have their modern counterparts in this new version. The scene is laid in a small Russian town in the seventies. Lear is a rich old merchant with three daughters, two of whom mistreat him when misfortune comes, the youngest, like Cordelia, remaining true to him through his adversity. As a counterpart to the famous fool we are given a buffoon servant who supplies most of the comedy of the piece. Glickman as David Moshele, the rich merchant, does a splendid bit of character work. The transition from the sleek, well-fed prosperity slowly down to misery and blindness was most skilfully portrayed both in his acting and make-up. One is left with a desire to see him in Shakespeare's Lear after witnessing his excellent work. Miss Katz as Estelle, the scheming first daughter, gave a very artistic rendition of the part. The others in the cast whose work in this piece is of a high order are Miss Abramson as Gitelle, the second daughter, Miss Kinkelstein as Lear's wife, Clara Raffalo as Tabelle, the youngest daughter, David Schoenholtz, M. Goldberg, J. Weisman and Bernard Schoengold.

Strine will Represent Bernhardt

Charles W. Strine, who so materially helped the Conried grand opera season's success here, is now in St. Louis, where he is associated with his brother Robert in the management of the Alps, a one million dollar proposition and the first *al fresco* resort of its kind in America. As it is ninety-six in the shade in St. Louis now, the *al fresco* resort will likely coin money all summer. Strine has been engaged by the Shuberts and W. F. Connor as general representative in the tour of Sarah Bernhardt next year which

MME. CELINA BOBE
The Xylophone and Violin Virtuoso, who will appear at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

tournee will cover every large American city, Canada and Mexico. At the close of Bernhardt's tour Strine will engage in the management of great musical artists and operatic tours, operating from New York headquarters. There is no man that I know of better qualified for such work.

The Divine Sarah

The forthcoming American tour of Sarah Bernhardt is to begin in Chicago, where the great French actress will succeed Richard Mansfield on the stage of the Grand Opera House. Madame Bernhardt will open on a Sunday, and Mr. Mansfield, realizing that he will be in town that night has already written to the management of the house, enclosing his check for a box. By purchasing his seats four months in advance, the American actor has the distinction of paying to Madame Bernhardt the first money made on her farewell visit to the United States. Sarah, by the way, recently wrote a play, a revised version of "Adrienne," which she produced in Paris and in which she may be seen here during her tour. It was received in Paris, I have been told by a correspondent, with cordiality. Her "Adrienne" is radically different from the "Adrienne" of Scribe and Legouve, and surpasses the work of the collaborators in several scenes of stirring dramatic power.

The Whittlesey Season

Effie Bonde, who learned the rudiments of her art in a San Francisco dramatic school, and whom Alan Dale pronounced one of the best little ingenues seen in New York last season, will return here to be in the White Whittlesey company during its Alcazar season. Whittlesey opens on Monday night in "The Fortunes of the King," one of Hackett's fame-producers new to us. The scenes are laid in England during the period following Charles II's defeat by Cromwell. Ernest Glendenning is also of the cast. He has had considerable experience on the stage in the East, playing principal juveniles with John Drew in "The Second in Command," with Annie Russell in "Mice and Men" and with Mrs. Pat Campbell in "The Sorceress." Whittlesey will have "The Only Way" for his second offering, and Will R. Walling will have a role in this. Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest" is one of the plays in the Whittlesey repertoire.

Favorites with Ezra Kendall

Ethel Brandon and her daughter, Polly Stockwell, will be warmly welcomed at the Columbia next week. They will be in the support of Ezra Kendall. It is many years since Ethel Brandon appeared in this city, once her home and the scene of her earliest successes. It was in this city, too, that Polly Stockwell made her debut. She married Arthur Warde, Frederick Warde's son and the treasurer of his company, during her first season on the stage, but the marriage was not harmonious. The coming of Ethel Brandon and her daughter reminds one of the old days at the Alcazar, when Ethel's husband, L. R. Stockwell, was associated with George Osbourne in the management of the stock company, and when Daly's comedies were features of the weekly bills. Young George Trader was also of the company; he has since become a metropolitan favorite.

Harold Russell, who is also of the company, was formerly in John Drew's support, and that of other Frohman stars. He was with Richard Mansfield for some years, also with Mrs. Fiske when she was Minnie Maddern, Cora Tanner, Kate Claxton, and in the Augustin Daly company. He has been in San Francisco before.

At the Central

"Blue Jeans" used to be played at the higher-priced theatres. In its first production in this city Lillie Lamson, Nance O'Neil's sister, had the role of June. Agnes Ranken has this part in the Central production of the Arthur play. Miss Ranken has developed into a very charming actress, and in her hands June develops naturally from the wild little tomboy into the lovely, refined woman. She is active enough in the first act, and shows that she can saw wood rather better than do the lady sawers at the Chutes on amateur night. "Blue Jeans" is a rural drama with a buzz-saw attachment, and its only approach to sensation is in the mill scene, where the millionaire hero is rescued from a frightful death by June. There are many characters coming and going through the five acts and there is not one that has not its significance. Mayall is the millionaire hero; Nicholls, a village politician; Shumer, the mill engineer who would kill his employer; Miss Ellsmere, the sprightly, jealous little village belle; Webster and Miss Leavy, the kind-hearted old village cobbler and his wife; Mrs. Raymond, the amusing German cook. Dix does some clever club swinging as the drum major of the village band. Boardman and Miss Selwyn have an interpolated song which, though good, might better be omitted, since the play is long enough without additions. Miss Elliot and Corrigan furnish the comedy as Samantha Hankins and her big calf of a son. Isaac is ridiculous in his scene where he follows out instructions and imitates the millionaire's table manners and other actions, but the very absurdity of it catches your risibles.

A Stock Actor's Recompense

I was not there on Monday night to see the reception Herschel Mayall received, upon his return to his old position, but I am told it was something tremendous. After all there is something in being the leading man of a stock company. John Craig explained to Ashton Stevens partly why an actor is willing to forego Broadway triumphs for a "provincial" city. But he said nothing of the comfortable

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feeling it gives the stock leading man when, after some weeks of absence, he returns to his old place and finds he is as secure as ever in the affections of his audience. Mayall knows he can play other things than melodrama. He knows we know it, too. Did we not see him in Shakespeare at the Grand? Did he not play Scarpia to Florence Roberts' Tosca? So he can be very well content to remain the idol of the Central's clientele, learning a new part every week, and getting occasional chances to do a good role like Robert Emmett, D'Artagnan, Armand or Monte Cristo.

At the Orpheum

The success of "Just Dorothy," the one-act sketch S. Miller Kent is giving at the Orpheum, proves that it is quite possible to make a monologue of this kind interesting. For the sketch is really a monologue, the Chinese servant being merely an accessory or "feeder" to the principal character. "Dorothy" is not present in person, but her lover describes her so well that we soon come to know her intimately. Kent is not so much like Henry Miller as he used to be. I remember when every inflection of Kent's voice, the part in his hair, and his walk were modeled upon Miller. "The Messenger Boys' Trio" sing popular songs and their comedy is clever. La Belle Estellita gives some graceful, seductive Spanish dances, and the agile Wiltons mix some amusing grotesqueries with their comedy bar feats.

Next Week's Bills

The California will have a strong attraction, this Saturday afternoon and evening, when Belasco, Mayer and Price will present Harry Mestayer and a special company in Ibsen's famous study of heredity, "Ghosts." Last week at the Belasco theatre in Los Angeles, "Ghosts" was played before a remarkable audience that filled the theatre to its capacity and hundreds of people were unable to secure admission to the theatre.

The prices during the Kendall season at the Columbia will range from twenty-five cents to one dollar and a half. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," with Madge Carr Cooke in the title role, will follow the Kendall season. The amusing Ezra, late of "The Vinegar Buyer," will appear in "Weather Beaten Benson." The original scenes and effects will be brought here unchanged, including the great rainstorm, which is described as the most realistic downpour ever seen on the stage.

The White Whittlesey season opens at the Alcazar, the star appearing in "The Fortunes of the King."

There should be some society people, or at least some representatives of the San Francisco Riding Club, at the Central Monday night, to see Herschel Mayall, as the hero of "A Cattle King," ride upon the stage on the back of Irving Rosenblatt's thoroughbred horse. The animal is well-known among the equestrian beauties of the Park, and he should make a handsome picture. Matt Snyder, the Central's new stage director, promises some splendid effects in "A Cattle King."

James J. Morton, monologuist, will make his reappearance at the Orpheum Sunday afternoon. Smith and Campbell, "the men of quality," rapid-fire conversationalists, will return; the Patty brothers, head to head balancers, will be seen for the first time here. They come direct from the London Hippodrome. Madame Celina Bohe, Parisian xylophone and violin virtuoso, will be new.

At the Chutes will be Schepp's dogs and ponies; Carlisle and Baker, "the colored aristocrats," and ragtime pianists, composers and vocalists; Mr. and Mrs. James P. Lee and little Madeline Lee in their playlet, "Thou Shalt Not Steal"; Hallen and Hayes, black face singing and dancing duo; Ed. Cressy, the "rube" monologuist, and Briseno, wire walker.

"Rob Roy" continues to draw crowded houses at the Tivoli. It will enter on its third week Monday night, and will probably continue for several more weeks before the demand for seats slackens.

Don't forget that for a light, refreshing luncheon no wine can be more acceptable than the Repsold vintage. 420 Pine St.

The best coffee on the market, and which is preferred by all housewives because of its superior qualities, is Armer Brothers' "Very Best." It is palatable, nutritious and absolutely delicious.

The program of Glickman's Yiddish Players for next week will be: Monday night, "Joseph in Egypt"; Tuesday night, "The Interrupted Wedding"; Wednesday night, "Rabbi Osher in America" (by request); Thursday night, "Kol Nidrey" (by request); Friday and Saturday nights, "Jacob and Esau"; Sunday night, "King Solomon." For the Saturday and Sunday matinees "The Little Rabbi" will be presented. The company has been strengthened by the addition of the Yiddish actress, Madame Bertha Tanzman.

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WHITE WHITTLESEY
In the first San Francisco production of J. K. Hackett's great success
"THE FORTUNES OF THE KING"
Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c
AUG. 7—WHITE WHITTLESEY
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Third Week BEGINS MONDAY NIGHT of
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ROB ROY
KATE CONDON, ARTHUR CUNNINGHAM, ANNA LICHTER, FRANK R. HAYES and a great cast.
Production Staged by Max Freeman
Only Matinee Saturday
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O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets

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MONDAY—"JOSEPH IN EGYPT"
TUESDAY—"THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING"
WEDNESDAY—"RABBI OSHER IN AMERICA"' (by request)
THURSDAY—"KOL NIDREY," (by request)
FRIDAY and SATURDAY—"JACOB AND ESAU"
SATURDAY and SUNDAY MATINEES—"THE LITTLE RABBI"
SUNDAY NIGHT—"KING SOLOMON"

Charley Ulrich, formerly of this city, has switched off for a time from the construction of melodramas, and has just written two vaudeville sketches, one for Robert Downing and one for Emmet Corrigan. Ulrich's home is now in Chicago.

Dorothy Dorr, Harry Dam's wife, who was leading lady at the Alcazar a few seasons back, will support Blanche Walsh in her new play, "The Woman in the Case." The famous Mrs. Osborn of New York designed the costumes for this play. —The Playgoer.

The Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond, is very gay this summer, with something doing socially nearly all the time. Last Saturday a tallyho party was given by Mrs. Dodge to the children at Rowardennan. The drive was to a beautiful spot on Bear Creek, where a lunch was served. Among last week's arrivals were: Mrs. G. M. Wood, Mrs. R. K. Belden, Miss Belden, Samuel D. Mayer, Miss Triest, T. Nichols, Mrs. Soloman, Mrs. Henry J. Smith, Cesar Bertheau, William Greer Harrison, Judge and Mrs. John Hunt.

Arrivals at El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, included: Jack Keller, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Johnston, P. W. Henry, Lieut. Knowles, E. R. Baldwin, F. H. McMillan, M. Hennessy, Mrs. M. W. Peaslee, J. P. Thorn, E. T. Jones and wife, M. C. Rocca, E. J. Brown, C. J. Dodd, R. E. Reid, O. T. Reischenbach, A. W. Smith, M. B. Asmel, Mrs. J. C. Franks, R. M. Tripp, J. N. Clay, P. A. Zingerfus, J C. Kraft and wife, Miss Mabel Kraft, F. Bangs, F. H. Greene, J. H. Murphy, J. H. Nuhrenberg and wife, Mrs. E. E. Boyd, Miss Elsie Kraft, E. R. Berg, C. R. Hansen, Mrs. Winter, T. M. Rumsten, H. C. Hand, Mr. and Mrs.. E. W. Parr, Miss Maynard, Mrs. E. Gunz, H. H. Pierce, F. A. Greenwood and Geo. DeLong.

The average noon temperature at Hotel del Coronado last week was fifty-eight degrees. Dr. and Mrs. William Watt Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. James Watt Kerr and Ivan L. de Jough of San Francisco are registered at Coronado.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included Mrs. Whittell, Miss Whittell, Miss Gertrude Joliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Lipman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell Shorb, J. A. Donohoe, Mrs. E. S. Rothschild, Alfred L. Murstein, Mr. and Mrs. T. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. E. H. Howe, Mrs. Hamilton Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Owens, Miss L. B. Owen, S. P. Josselyn, George Andrews, F. Meyerstein, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. P. Braslau, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dernham, Miss Dernham.

When the Zephyrs Gently Frisk

There was a young maid of Frisc-o!
Who loved the winds to whisk-o!
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—*The Haberdasher.*

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It may interest you to know that White Steamer No. 67 in the St. Paul tour was equipped with Diamond wrapped tread tires and that they ran through from Chicago to St. Paul without attention of any kind. The run was made over very rough roads.

WALTER C. WHITE, July 5, 1905.

I drove the Rambler pilot car in the St. Paul tour. The roads were the worst I ever experienced. Our car was equipped with Diamond tires which gave absolutely no trouble.

ARTHUR GARDINER, July 8, 1905.

In the recent Chicago-St. Paul run my Packard car was equipped with Diamond tires. I made the entire trip with absolutely no tire trouble, and the tires showing hardly any wear whatever.

F. J. PARDEE, July 10-05.

All the way from Chicago to St. Paul in a Reo touring car equipped with Diamond wrapped tread tires without inflating a tire! They are right and we like them. The roads were the "fiercest" ever encountered by an automobile. The tires are practically as good as when we started.

ANNA M. ANDREWS, July 10-05.

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Wanted—A New Scientist

(Continued from Page 9)

of Gregory; better the gas house of Socrates than the gas kitchen of his disciple.

I have discarded Professor Serviss for the same reason that I discarded Proctor and Flammarion—because he is too "popular." His scientific guesses are too obvious. Professor Serviss seems to be rehashing all the astronomies from Ptolemy to Copernicus and mixing his guesses with those of Tycho Brahae, Kepler, Newton, and Rose Halloran until the concrete result is reduced to the consistency of a nebula in Perseus. Why should I accept the guesses of Professor Serviss when I can guess as accurately on the sane basis as he does. What I demand in my scientific authority is something abstruse, something caviare to the general. I don't want to load myself up with a lot of probabilities and hypotheses and find that I don't know any more about it than the scavenger who empties my ash bin. Professor Serviss writes science for babes.

When I began to read Professor Serviss he was obscure enough to impose upon any academy of sciences—Professor Holder himself couldn't beat him for nebulosity of treatment. But latterly he has taken to words of two syllables and he is altogether too easy for me. As he writes now, I find that I know more than he can teach me. Of course it is not the fault of Professor Serviss that he does not write science scientifically; as the kept scientist of a yellow newspaper he is subject to the scientific theories of a managing editor who knows about as much science as Professor Larkin admits he doesn't know and as little science as I have found that Dr. Gregory does know. I am not finding fault with Professor Serviss—I am only serving notice on him that I cannot prowl around through space with him any longer. Moreover, I cannot promise that if Professor Serviss reforms I will resume my faith in him; I feel that I have been deceived, and once bunkoed always cautious.

I am now looking for a scientific gent who knows his business and who stands pat on his guesses. This gent must have a new theory of the soul and must avoid the gasses. This scientist must write in a manner that is difficult to understand and he must not let a single scientific term pass him in the night. He must be able to conceal his ignorance from casual observation, and he must be up to date all the time and ahead of it most of the time.

What I want is an exact scientist, a positive scientist, and a scientist who not only knows a hawk from a handsaw, irrespective of the direction of the wind, but one who can square any theology that he may happen to expound, with any science that he may pretend to profess.

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Music

Nobody Knows the Reason

If you happen to have a little musicale some night and a picture should come falling from the wall or a statue tumble from its base when one of the soloists reaches a high key," remarks a writer in the "Brooklyn Eagle," "don't be alarmed or regard the incident as an evil omen. It is only a freak of music. Several thousand years ago a similar occurrence took place, only, of course, it was on a more extended scale, and made a great deal more talk than the falling of your picture or your statue would make. The occurrence in question was the falling of the walls of Jericho when Joshua's soldiers marched around them and blew their trumpets. A good many people class this as a miracle, but scientists say it was simply one of the many phenomena caused by musical notes. They refer to a parallel case that happened not long ago at Heiligenstart, near Leipsic. A music master of that place was organizing a brass band. One day, as usual, he gathered his musicians for practice in his garden, which was situated at the foot of the ancient walls of the city. Suddenly, while the trumpets had reached their highest notes, the city walls fell with a terrific crash and the musicians scattered in a panic. There is some scientific reason for this, but nobody seems to know just what it is. It is not the forceful vibration of air currents, for the detonation of cannons does not have the power in this respect that is exerted by light musical notes. There is some peculiar combination of the notes that causes the ruin of the walls—some unknown force that is as powerful as a blast of dynamite. It is not an unusual thing for a glass to be shattered in a room where a musicale is being held and for other remarkable mechanical effects to be produced. But the mechanical effects are not the only curious results of this unexplainable combination of notes. So many wonderful things have been produced by music that it may be rightfully classed as one of the mysteries. Numerous investigations in different lines of endeavor have been made as to its power and capabilities, and in nearly every instance the results have been startling."

Music Education

A new course of instruction in music is to be instituted at the United Arts and Crafts of which Dr. Orlof N. Orlow is founder. Calvin Brainerd Cady will deliver a course of lectures on Music Education. He has been called to Berlin and at the conclusion of his lectures here and in Boston will go to Germany. The course is in the nature of a summer normal, and includes instruction for pianoforte, kindergarten and public school teachers of music. Mr. Cady was in Chicago in June and early July. His course here opens next Monday at the Arts and Crafts, 147 Presidio avenue, continuing to August seventeenth. The object of this summer course is to outline a complete system of music education as a basis for intelligent and expressive interpretation of music.

M. Gertrude Judd has returned to town after a pleasant vacation and has resumed teaching at her studio, 785 Geary street.

The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood are at home in Oakland, after several weeks' sojourn in the Sierras.

This has been quite a home-coming summer for Californian singers. Mrs. Grace Morei-Dickman is at the St. Francis, Mrs. Beatrice Priest-Fine in Oakland and Miss Anna Miller Wood arrived last week. Mrs. Dickman sang at St. Ignatius church on Tuesday.

Mrs. Marriner-Campbell is at home from her Southern trip.

—The Music Critic.

Recent arrivals at Aetna Springs, from San Francisco, included: A. Fisher, Mrs. M. Brant, Miss C. R. Brant, Miss Lavenson, Miss Edna Brown, Sylvan Blum, Harold Brown, Frank Solomon, Miss E. Sahlein, Mrs. Geo. Hufschmidt, Elvira Hufschmidt, Mrs. Brown, Alice Jost, Emily Jost, B. Jost, Mrs. Jost and G. S. Gleason. Mrs. Dewing and children are among the many Oaklanders at Aetna.

Last week's arrivals at Gilroy Hot Springs from San Francisco included Mrs. O. Hildreth, Miss E. Arrison, Miss L. McCarthy, Miss Ruth Keys, C. M. Yates, H. E. Smith, Mrs. E. A. O'Brien, Jas. Collins and wife, Miss A. Collins, Miss M. Butler, Miss K. Enright, Willis Bass and wife, Tim McGrath and wife, Theo Niebour, Mr. F. O'Brien and Miss K. O'Brien.

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A Tragedy of the Back Stairs

BY O. L. BLAKE.

In the matter of money Mrs. Lawrence Hoadley was altogether at her ease. She had enough and to spare. In the matter of a husband she felt that there was no occasion for complaint. Hoadley was a fine looking young man, attentive to business, and devoted to his pretty and interesting wife. Indeed, Hoadley was what is conventionally known as a model husband, but he was not a model husband in the conventional sense. He not only loved his wife, but he respected her. All his love to the limit of his capacity was for his wife.

Mrs. Hoadley was convinced that such was the case, and she would have been supremely happy in the pleasing conviction had she not been morbidly inclined to borrow trouble.

Such is life with its infinite imperfections. If it were otherwise, it would not be worth living so monotonous would it grow. If the rich man were not affrighted by visions of the Poor House, his wealth would give him but little satisfaction. If the woman with a loving, faithful husband did not believe that it was important for her to guard against untoward happenings she would die of ennui.

But as Mrs. Hoadley had never analyzed her nature, she was ignorant of the real charm of her existence. However, she never harassed her husband with her misgivings. He never knew why she objected to his employing a female typist. He did not know the cause of her prejudice against house maids, or why she always employed Chinese servants.

When she broke her rule and took into the house a girl of German descent to do the chores he was astonished. He mildly protested, not because he had any prejudices against female help, but because Louise—that was her name—was so unprepossessing. She was positively repellant, so coarse were her features.

Mrs. Hoadley smiled inwardly, and she confided one day in her chum, Mrs. Wright:

"It is no doubt foolish for me to have any such misgivings. I have absolute confidence in Lawrence, but I have read of the deviltries of girls employed in families, and I have a horror of scandal."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Wright.

"I mean that there are so many mendacious ones among them, and that it is within their power to do great injury through misrepresentation."

"But you need have no fear if you insist on good references and inquire as to antecedents."

"That is what I have done in this case. If she did not come with the highest recommendations I should not have employed her, for my impulse to guard against scandal of the sort that I fear amounts to a mania."

"But she is so homely," said Mrs. Wright.

Mrs. Hoadley smiled. "That is one of the reasons why I employed her."

"But think," said Mrs. Wright, who possessed a sense of humor, "how humiliating it would be if your husband flirted with such a homely girl. It would be such a shocking commentary on his taste."

"I have no fear on that score. I am apprehensive principally of misrepresentation, and I think that Louise has an honest face."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wright, musingly, "I presume there is no face that hasn't some merit."

When some months later Mrs. Hoadley made a trip

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to New York to visit relatives, Louise was still in her employ. She had proved an excellent servant, and Mrs. Hoadley had become very fond of her. So faithful and amiable was she that Lawrence Hoadley gradually became reconciled to her incongruous features. Louise took charge of the house during Mrs. Hoadley's absence, and looked after the creature comforts of Mr. Hoadley, who in his letters to his wife invariably assured her that Louise took good care of him and that he was getting along nicely.

When Mrs. Hoadley returned after an absence of two months she suffered a great shock . She felt that her worst fears were about to be realized. Then did she berate herself for having taken any chances and for having stifled her morbid misgiving.

In the seclusion of her boudoir she was overcome with horror at what she regarded as the inevitable. Her first impulse was to discuss the matter with her husband, but on second thought she deemed it advisable to await developments, and in the meantime seek to win the confidence of Louise.

Lawrence Hoadley had not the slightest inkling of the mental distress of his wife. Being a man, and therefore devoid of the instinct which is most useful to women, he was in complete ignorance of the state of affairs that was threatening his wife with nervous prostration.

Mrs. Hoadley was not long in satisfying herself that he knew nothing of the situation, but that did not lighten the burden of her concern. Her whole thought was of what might happen should Louise be inclined to cause trouble. At times she thought of discharging the girl, but was restrained through fear that such an act might prove disastrous. She preferred to pursue a conciliatory course and she was pursuing it most industriously when one afternoon she had occasion to enter the kitchen just as the man with the milk made his appearance. He was a stranger who had never before brought the milk to the Hoadleys.

"What has become of the man who used to come with the milk?" asked Mrs. Hoadley.

"He committed suicide yesterday," was the reply.

A plate crashed on the floor, and Mrs. Hoadley, startled out of her senses, looked around and beheld with amazement Louise, the picture of despair, her eyes starting from their sockets, an expression of awful terror in them. In another moment she collapsed and reeled to the floor.

Important Realty Deal in Piedmont.

An important deal in real estate has been recorded, whereby a large and desirable property in Piedmont will be offered to the public for building purposes. The land in question, transferred by the H. and W. Pierce, Incorporated, and Pope Estate Company to Wickham Havens, is located at Moss and Piedmont avenues. It consists of thirty acres on which are handsome oak trees, and because of this fact will probably be named "Fair Oaks." It is nearer to the heart of Oakland than any other tract now on the market and can be reached from San Francisco by the "Key" route at the commutation fare of five cents. Among the advantages to be derived by a purchase in this tract is that of its accessible location. It is within a few minutes' ride of Oakland, and the climate is beyond criticism. The property will be subdivided into building lots and offered to the public at reasonable prices. The work of cutting streets, laying water supply and general improvement of the property will begin at once. While there are many valuable properties at present offered in the real estate market this particular location has always been deemed one of rare excellence for residences. Shade trees abound in the vicinity and as soon as sewers are laid and proper drainage completed real estate men consider that it will not be surpassed. Within two weeks it will be placed on the market. The tract will be devoted exclusively to a residence section, the houses to be erected ranging in cost of construction from two thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars. Plans are under way setting forth the location of the property, the intersecting streets and detail of the surrounding land.

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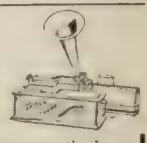

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Automobile Topics

BY THE CHAUFFEUR.

Mechanical Sharps Meet

The most interesting of all the monthly meetings of the Mechanical Branch of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers was the July session, the subject of which was "Carburettors." A striking feature of the affair was the frankness of the mechanical sharps in discussing their devices and ideas, and the freedom there was from jealousy and captious criticism. There was splendid harmony and all agreed that great progress was being made. It was seen that although the experts, by working together, might develop some fundamental principles upon the great value of which there might be unanimity, yet each would work out the details and apply the principle in a different way.

Hunting With Autos

The practicability of the automobile as a sportsman's conveyance will be quite fully demonstrated with the opening of the deer season next week. To some the connection of camp and touring car is no new one. Many a local sportsman during several summers past has found his gasoline car a ready and reliable means of getting back and forth, sometimes attaining mountain fastnesses that at first blush would appear inaccessible to anything but a burro. The speed and ease with which the automobile whirls its passengers over the ground appeals strongly to that busy class which can afford to own its garage, but can not spare the two weeks' vacation that falls to its poorest clerk. To such sportsmen, three days is about the limit of the annual deer trip, and something that will beat train time going and coming is the desideratum.

Exit the Cow Pony

A traveling man tells of the passing of the pony in the ranching regions of western Texas, where the ranchmen are taking up the automobile. He is authority for the story that on several large farms in that section of the country motor cars are used in rounding up the herds. The ground there is level or slightly rolling, making it almost ideal for the use of the automobile. The drummer claims that all along the Southern Pacific to the west and the Texas and Pacific and Fort Worth and Denver railroads, dozens of automoiles are to be seen from the car windows standing at stations where the buggy and the ranch wagon used to be.

Eastern News

"Automobile Topics" for July fifteenth publishes a full-page picture of eight of the ten White cars which participated in the Glidden tour. One of the White cars is driven by Mrs. John N. Cuneo, the car carrying five passengers. She met with a serious accident but pluckily staid with the trip and to the wonder of all who saw the accident the car was practically uninjured and able to proceed.

The Chicago Commercial Manufacturing Company of Harvey, Ill., manufacturers of gasoline and freight trucks of five ton capacity, and passenger cars and buses with a seating capacity of from sixteen to forty people, have appointed the Pioneer Automobile Company as their Pacific coast agents. It is expected that a large number of their machines will be placed on the coast during the next few months.

The Auto in Business

Mr. Rose, traveling representative for the Fairbanks-Morse Company, has just returned from a twelve hundred mile trip in his Oldsmobile French type touring runabout. In a trip which has heretofore taken him fourteen days to make, Mr. Rose cut the time down to nine days, saving about one-third. He left again on Thursday night for a trip through the San Joaquin valley, and expects to cover another thousand miles before returning to San Francisco.

O. McHenry, president of the First National bank of Modesto, is a firm believer in the use of the motor car as a commercial vehicle. Mr. McHenry was in this city recently and told me that his manager in Fresno uses an Autocar for business purposes with entire satisfaction. He also has one in Modesto for the use of the officers of the bank and is much pleased with the economy of the use of the cars.

The White garage at Los Angeles recently sold to the city of Los Angeles a White touring car to be used by the water department of that city. Los Angeles ought now to be able to get some lessons in water economy, the White performance in that line being something remarkable. In this connection, it might be added that the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company also has a White touring car which is kept busy traveling around the city on inspection trips of the officials.

Foreigners Like American Cars

Evidently the royal heads of Europe are coming around to the conviction that American automobiles are preferable to the foreign product. Crown Prince Constantine of Greece a few weeks ago bought a Columbia machine, the order being placed through Count S. Bisconcia of Paris. This order, following almost immediately upon one from King Alfonso, the youthful monarch of Spain, indicates that the American motor car is becoming an important factor abroad.

Local Gossip

Mrs. Ramsey of Berkeley, whose husband struck it rich in the gold regions of Nevada, a few days ago came to this city to spend a few days shopping, and before she returned to the University town had purchased a Columbia car. Her auto is fitted with a Royal Victoria body. Mrs. Ramsey entered into the sport of the self-propelled by taking a trip to San Jose and return last Sunday.

Charles C. Moore, in company with a party of friends, made a trip around the bay on Sunday last in his new model B Winton.

Messrs. John and Cassady, of Sisson, last week purchased an Oldsmobile two-cylinder touring car from the Pioneer Company.

The Queen car, for which the Rarig Automobile and Garage Company, occupying the extremely spacious and handsome building on Folsom street near Fourth, are agents, seems to be making friends rapidly. It is a neat-looking automobile and is not only unusually powerful, but very reasonable in price.

Samuel C. Hammond's model A Winton arrived in San Francisco Monday last and is attracting a great deal of attention. This machine is painted in colors selected by Mr. Hammond. Mr. Hammond's daughter will take the machine on a ten days' tour at a very early date.

Costigan Leaves for the East

A. B. Costigan of the Pacific Motor Car Company has just left for the East in order to be on the ground to look over the Packard and Stevens-Duryea business for the coming season. The Pacific Motor Car Company is doing a flourishing business with its four-cylinder Stevens-Duryea touring car. The first of the week they received a carload of three machines; one they shipped to Portland to R. H. Pease of the Goodyear Rubber Company; another was shipped to Tonopah to be used in touring from one mining camp to another, while the third car was delivered to P. George Gow.

A despatch from The Hague, Holland, says: "After several weeks of figuring scores, the sports committee of the Automobile Club of Holland has announced the awards for the recent automobile reliability trials, which were run May 29, 30 and 31, the total distance covered in which was about 525 miles. Ten cars of the twenty-two which completed the trials scored the maximum of 900 points; among them was a White steamer. Another White was among the six cars which scored 899 points, and a third White scored 890 points. The showing of the White steamers was quite unexpected as it was not generally known that a steam car could make good in so long a contest, especially against gasoline cars of world-wide repute."

Motor Mites

"Snellpaardelooszoonderspoorwegpetrolrijtung" is said to be the nearest names of the automobiles and authorities agree that "Red Rover," "Drab Devil," "Blue Blazes," and even "White Whizzes," are outclassed. The unpronounceable is of Flemish derivation, and comes from "snell," which means rapid; "paardeloos," which means horseless; "zoonderspoorweg," meaning without rails and "petrolrijtung," which implies that a thing is driven by petroleum.

Love laughs at locksmiths, but a Yale lock attached to each door of a side entrance tonneau will sometimes prove a deterrent to the chauffeur who wants to take out a party of friends. To be sure some "lady frien's" may climb over the doors, but when they ride in borrowed cars, they are not seeking notoriety and that method of entrance and exit is not always convenient in a public place.

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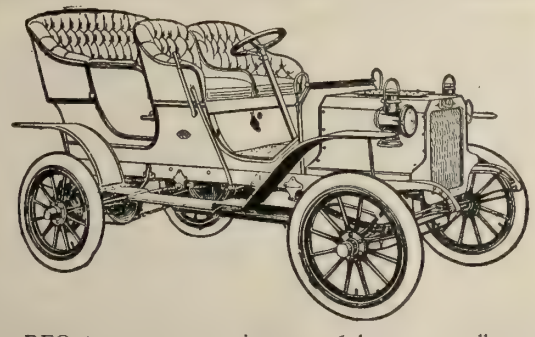

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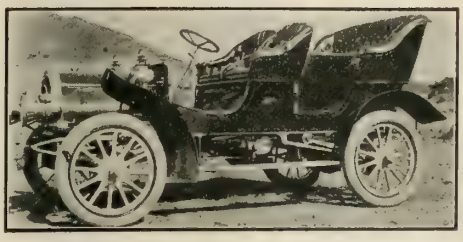

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	Price	H. P.	Time		Price	H. P.	Time
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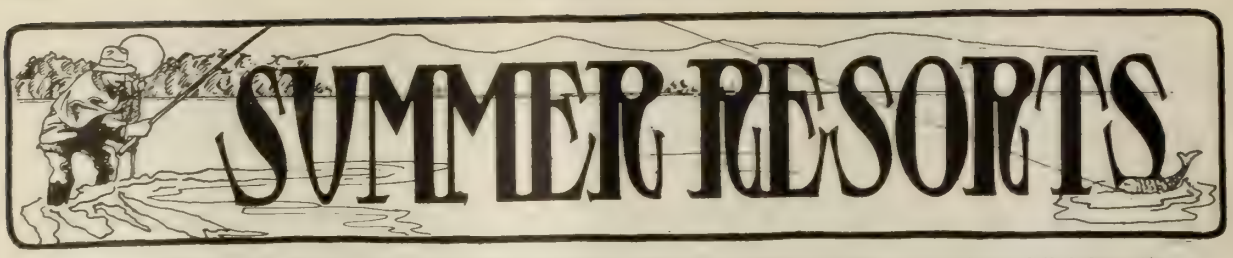

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Letters

Another War Story

"The Storm Center" is another contribution to the fiction of the Civil War period, and makes use of all the familiar situations, the discovery of old family friendship between men who are ranged on opposite sides of the struggle, the poverty and privation of the Southern aristocrats, as an outcome of the war; the faithful negroes, who remain with their former masters in spite of the Emancipation Proclamation; the flirtations of the young ladies who, notwithstanding all the horrors of the time, still seem to think that officers on both sides are provided solely to furnish them amusements; the Southern soldier stealing home for a surreptitious visit and narrowly escaping capture; the painfully conscientious officer, and the inevitable love across the lines, ending with a vision of orange blossoms and tulle. The changes have been rung so often that it would be impossible for any writer, however gifted, to introduce much novelty, but Charles Egbert Craddock has managed to give a new direction to her narrative by leaving out most of the obvious and providing a glimpse of the daily life of a household placed literally in "the storm center," and three delightful little girls, humorously designated as "the ladies" by their boyish uncle, serving in the Confederate army. These little folks, twins of six and an elder child of eight, a deaf mute, have their morning lessons with their cousin Leonora in the library, pick lint for the Sanitary Commission at the meetings of the sewing circle, play "Old Maid" very seriously with their grandfather's guest, the Union captain, and are as genuine and unaffected as little girls ought to be. Captain Baynell, it must be confessed, is something of a prig, and when his devotion to duty has convinced him that he must report the sequestration of a horse belonging to his host in order that it might be confiscated for the cavalry, our patriotism, at this late day, is not sufficient to cause very great grief when circumstantial evidence practically established the fact that he must have known of the presence of Julius Roscoe in his father's house. The lad had stolen home on a visit, and made his entrance safely, only to find the Union officer quartered in the house and a sentry pacing the porch. His presence was carefully concealed from any but Judge Roscoe and the solitary negro servant, whose irresponsible chatter was the means of furnishing information turned to good account later on in a disastrous attack on the Union forces, and needing a scapegoat on whom to lay the blame for the surprise, Captain Baynell was selected for the unthankful place. The three little girls had caught a fleeting glimpse of the secret visitor, and the twins, Adelaide and Geraldine, affected by the superstitious gossip of the negroes, reported that they had seen a ghost. Lucille, the little mute, was certain that it was no supernatural apparition. The elders paid no attention to the remarks of the infants and the whole affair passed out of their minds until all of the members of the household were subpoenaed to testify at the court-martial. There is a dramatic climax to the story when the little eight-year-old mute gives her testimony in the sign language, not only contradicting the elders, but adding information unknown to them, and all without a realization of the importance of her action. She was delighted to find among the officers who composed the court one who had been an instructor in a school and capable of conversing fluently in the only language which she knew, and told the literal truth which had all the force of a direct lie because of the subtle missing links, the things which she did not hear and the other things which the rest did not know had been really seen and not imagined by the two little sisters. If there are any appreciable number of readers who are not satisfied with war stories, "The Storm Center" should find favor, but the whole subject has been threshed out so often and told from every possible point of view, that it is worn threadbare. Published by the Macmillans, for Charles Egbert Craddock.

Phebe Estelle Spalding, of Claremont College, Los Angeles, has in preparation for fall publication, through Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco, "Womanhood in Art," a volume of essays in appreciation of The Venus de Milo, Eve, Mona Lisa, Madonna of the Chair and The Sistine Madonna. The view-point is in analysis of the aesthetic interest and the ethical message to woman of these noted art expressions rather than technical art criticism. The publishers announce that the volume is to be a generous sized page set in large-faced Primer Caslon Old Style type and is to be illustrated. Another art work, "Impressions of Ukiyo-ye," by Dora Amsdon, recently published by Paul Elder and Company, has been very favorably received and will soon go into a second edition. A work of a different type—"Prosit, a Book of Toasts," is on the press for the third edition, each of the preceding having been of several thousand copies. A portion of the new edition will be bound in flexible Spanish leather for holiday purposes.

Two useful additions to the library of ready reference books have been made recently: "Who Said That?" compiled by Edward Latham, and "Who Wrote That?" by W. S. W. Anson. Both are of vest-pocket size and, consequently, available for the immediate settlement of controversies.

An Eastern editor queries: "Does any one now remember the once-popular "House with the Green Shutters"? Rather, is any one who read it ever likely to forget the gruesome story?

—The Bookworm.

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HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR AUGUST

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIII. No. 675. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., AUGUST 5, 1905 PRICE 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIII. Saturday, August 5, 1905 No. 675.

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No. 7 ***William F. Herrin***

At this moment the chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Company appears to have the ear of the court. At any rate, his attitude is that of a man who believes that he is receiving some attention, and who is quite convinced of the importance of the point he is elucidating. From the number of books by which he is surrounded it is evident that the court is up against a pretty stiff argument. It was Mr. Herrin's skill in legal debate that won for him the high position he now holds, and by virtue of which he is believed to exercise great influence in the politics of this state. Men of his mental force exercise great influence in whatever sphere they operate. Mr. Herrin is now enjoying a vacation in Europe.

Bowie's Japanese Memorial Tablet

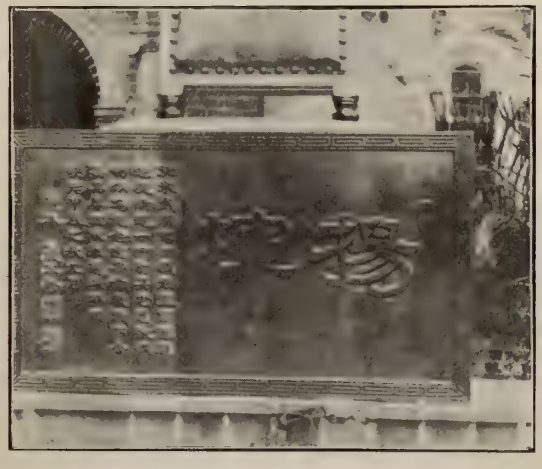
BY PAUL G. CLARK.

North American Bowie, Esquire

Henry P. Bowie of San Mateo is a great admirer of the Japanese. During a long residence in Japan he developed a warm affection for the people. Like Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn and many other wanderers from the Occident into Chrysanthemum Land, he became deeply impressed with the temperament, the manners and the customs of the little brown men, and though he was not assimilated they threw a spell over him that has ever since held him thrall. In his beautiful home in San Mateo Mr. Bowie has created an atmosphere that is deliciously redolent of Japan. The architecture and the interior decoration are distinctly Japanese. Japanese art has found expression in almost every feature of this country-place. Some time ago Mr. Bowie erected a Japanese gateway of ornate design, and soon he is to affix thereon a memorial tablet in honor of the Japanese, commemorative of their victories. The tablet is of great artistic value, having been designed by a distinguished Japanese scholar who is a warm personal friend of Mr. Bowie. It is of bronze and bears an inscription written by Iwaya Ichi Roku, a member of the House of Peers, a famous poet, and universally recognized as the greatest living exponent of the art of writing the Chinese characters which have been appropriated by the Japanese. No member of the Imperial family is more honored than Iwaya. He is revered by the people, and whole communities frequently acclaim his genius. Mr. Bowie was Iwaya's pupil in Japan and learned from him the art of writing in the Chinese characters. At the same time he studied painting and some of his work is now in the Imperial gallery.

The main inscription on the tablet consists of two huge characters, Yo Ki, meaning valor perpetuated. It also contains other characters which translated literally read: "North American Bowie, Esquire, desiring to celebrate the continued conflicts followed by continual successes of our forces in the war between our country and Russia, has built lately at his residence a gate constructed upon the exact line of Japanese architecture; and for the purpose of perpetuating the memory of our successes has requested me from this distant land to write an appropriate tablet. I, warmly admiring this noble thought, with much pleasure have conceived and inscribed this tablet." Then follow the date, the signature and the seals of Iwaya.

Mr. Bowie says that to properly appreciate the tablet one must know something of the importance of the art of writing in Chinese characters. "Those who dedicate their lives to their country," he says, "are the Sho Ka. The ordinary writing of Chinese characters as taught in schools differs considerably from the writing of the same characters as practiced by professional artists. The art has votaries among the most distinguished men of letters, and in the largest cities of Japan it amounts to a cult. There are different schools of writing as there are also different kinds of writing of the Chinese characters. The art takes a vital hold on popular interest in Nippon. During certain seasons of the year the Sho Ka give public receptions. These take place in the banquet halls of the large tea houses. They last all day, and are thronged with people from the opening to the close. The scene is interesting; artists sit in the various alcoves around the vast room, and they are continually occupied in writing for all who request poems, inscriptions, maxims, and literary extracts on silk, toshi, fans, and other material. Labor and talent are bestowed without the slightest charge. The fine art is practiced for the cultivation of the beautiful among the people. The enthusiasm of the people is beautiful to see. They crowd around the gifted writers and when the greater artists appear, the scene is like a Patti night at the opera. Much of the wonderful dexterity the Japanese possess is largely attributable to the influence of the art of writing. A Japanese begins to learn drawing and the use of the brush at the age of five. From early times it has been the custom of the gentlemen of Japan to adorn their apartment with short inscriptions—written on silk or Chinese paper, framed and suspended from the wall. Thus is the writing of an inscription in Japan a matter of exceptional interest. Iwaya has so many orders ahead that, should he live many years, it would be impossible to execute them all."



The Memorial Tablet Designed by Iwaya Ichi Roku

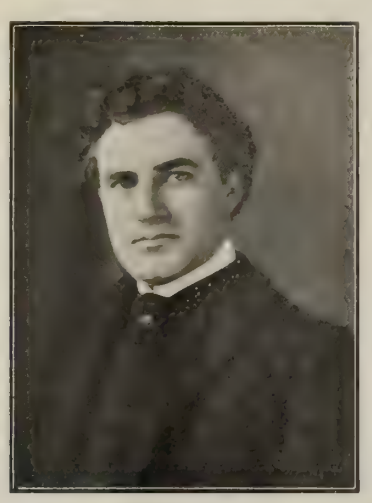
The Bowie tablet will be dedicated when peace is declared.

Algeria and Tunisia

BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Morning brought the dark green coast of Africa over the blue sea-tract which all night long had rolled in phosphoresence, and a few hours later came Oran. The city leaned against the hills, an Arab fort stood formidably high in air upon a lofty hill, below it the harbor lay packed with craft. Islam's crescent and the bulbous domes of mosques rose above the houses and the towers of Christian churches aspired with the cross.

Oran, like the other cities of Algeria and Tunisia, is half French, half Arab in population and in architecture; the tree-lined boulevards of Paris are here with their flat-faced houses, while in the steep, winding, narrow lanes of the Moorish quarters all is richly and reekingly Oriental. These cities seem prosperous, the European increases in numbers, the crescent belies its name and falls into a lingering blight, modern houses arise and ships come more



Herman Scheffauer

and more. Africa seems even now to open wide her arms to all the crowded nations of Earth, a brown, brave mother whose strength is still unspent, whose riches still lie locked in her hills and plains.

Alger, the metropolis of Algeria, much resembles Oran, a truly splendid city with a great trade and handsome quays. I saw here, among many other things interesting and picturesque, the embarkation for Mecca of a thousand Arabs. The pilgrimage was to last three months and the passage cost three hundred francs. Whence the ragged beggars (for most of the pilgrims seemed to be ragged beggars) obtained this considerable sum was to me a mighty mystery. They crowded the quays, making a great noise, they lingered about the steamer *La Savoie* until the last moment, in expectation of a reduction in the price of the trip, and altogether it was a scene of infinite and artistic disorder. The vessel was aflame with flags and the white-gowned Musselmans aboard held clamorous converse with friends on the pier and drew up with ropes the strangest lot of things eye ever saw—cooking utensils, old rags, stools, wine-skins and praying rugs. Bent figures were everywhere, bare, brown legs and arms, scarred faces, pitted with small-pox or grooved with foul disease, all clad in dirty yellow-white tunics, with sandals slopping in the mud; many wore old jute-sacks. I stepped from a pile of full grain bags upon what appeared to be another grain bag. It was an Arab, huddled in prayer. May Allah forgive me if Mustapha did not, Allah whose prophet is Mahomet, whose city is Mecca, whose children are this motley crew! Many fine types were there, likewise—tall, bearded men of haughty mien—many richly clad in thin silks of palest tints.

I crossed many mountain ranges dark with the peculiar African green, and many elevated wastes of snow, and there was much rain. Frenchmen say that even in Winter Algeria is "la fille du soleil." Yet this winter snow lay heavy in the streets of Alger. Railway stations with Arab names abounded, such names at Bordj-bou-Arreridj! The language smote my ears unpleasantly, a harsh, grunting, gargling speech.

Constantine is one of the strangest cities in the world. it is surely the weirdest of all. It is an island in the mountains; the island is one solid cliff, the isolating water is replaced by air, a dreadful abyss ribbed with rock down to the roots of the hills and filled with blue-black shadow. In the depths resounds a torrent, the Rhumel. Pigeons dart into the void and fade from sight. The houses upon the edge of the chasm rise straight upon the wall of rock, and do not crumble to pieces in terror as one expects them to do. From the profounds at times white vapors rise like spirits of the Brocken. Such is the "Ravin," a fearful, awe-inspiring sight. I thought of Rider Haggard's tales and wondered that no novel-writer had yet robbed it of its "local color" (as is the weak habit of the unimaginative novel-writer these days)—at least, none known to me. The city is most ancient; a massive Roman arch still leaps in a noble span across the gorge. The Arab life is curious here, in the streets, the workshops, the bazaars, the markets and the coffee-houses. Each trade has its quarter; that of the tanners is reared upon the pricipice's brink.

Thus I loafed along into Tunis, superb city of the sun, bright with its pallid houses and brilliant skies, fair avenues of palms and cafes French and Moorish. The streets and dim arcades with shops overflowing with costly silks, brocades and carpets, the metal and leather workers lustily at work, the veiled women tripping by with eyes that revealed more than veils concealed, Jews in gabardines with long ringlet curls, and Jewesses in tall sugar-loaf hats, a light silk scarf flowing from its peak and red silk pantofles upon their feet. Muftis and spahis there were many.

I made my way to Carthage, Afric's queen of old, whose greatness "once held the world in awe"—whose glory was never to diminish. There it lay, city upon city, the Roman upon the Greek, the Greek upon the Phœnician, and today a few wretched hovels upon them all. It was a wicked day. The sea beat in upon the ponderous ruins of Roman baths along the shore, a wild wind tore over the desolation, a dread region of despair, littered with fragments of marble temples that stood here stately long ago. Under the sad spell, I sat down in abstraction upon a broken shaft and mourned like Marius for Carthage that was,—missing thereby the greater part of the description of "Mahomet l'Algerien," my guide, and a good opportunity to purchase various ancient coins from ragged children who searched for them amidst the earth and ashes!

Ancient gods, to whom Carthaginians prayed, ye were weaker than the wearing weather and destroying wars—what availed your favor? and what is Carthage now? "Pulvis, cinis et nihil"—as it stands graven upon a floor slab in the cathedral at Toledo, and of its mighty people, in the sublime words of George Sterling one must say:

"Dust are the brains that bore the prayer
And dust the yearning lips that cried."

Tunis, Africa, 1905.

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The Labor Movement in Local Politics

The president of the American Federation of Labor has declared that "the labor movement has for its purpose the securing of the best possible economic and social conditions for the masses, and the attainment of these with the least possible friction." The attitude of some of the labor leaders of this city today does not tend to convince the public that the objects and aspirations of unionism lie in any such direction. On the contrary, it has a tendency to disseminate and establish in the minds of their followers ideas and beliefs which can result only in exciting bitter and intense passions. Of course the men who have assumed this position, the leaders who say that the opposition to Mayor Schmitz is dictated by the enemies of labor, and who scoff at the demands of honest citizens for honest government, are not eager to conserve the interests of the workingmen of this city. They have adopted a course which is speedily converting those who would be the friends of unionism into active and aggressive opponents. A pursuance of this course is bound to sound the death knell of unionism. Indeed, at this moment, so great is the indignation of decent people at the sentiment expressed by certain leaders of the labor movement, that even were an avowed enemy of labor nominated for Mayor, the probability is that he would be swept into office by the votes of an aroused populace. The politicians, however, are inclined to conciliate the labor vote which, in ordinary circumstances, is tantamount to the balance of power, but which would be really not worth considering were the people persuaded that the sentiment of the anarchistic leaders is the sentiment of their followers.

The Business Man in Politics

That was a pretty severe grilling the *Bulletin* gave a Von Rhein the other day. We are not quite sure that it was not an outrageous grilling, for to a certain extent it was in the nature of a challenge of the right of an eminently respectable business man to put money in his purse. It was at least an unprecedented rebuke to a private citizen, and it is significant of the growth of journalistic effrontery. Yet despite our conservative policy this revolutionary roast does not altogether meet with our disapprobation. We have always approved the throwing of journalistic bricks at corrupt politicians whose practices were prejudicial to the security of our civic institutions. Why should we not applaud the kicking of an eminently respectable private citizen of the business community for aiding and abetting crimes against the government? To be candid, we are more than half convinced that the politics of the country cannot be purified until the Von Rheins of the Republic are compelled to mend their morals. Pulpit orators and newspapers love to tell the public what a wicked class of men the politicians are, but the politician is as good as his environment. His faults are the faults of the people and his virtues are his own. In business competition is corruption bred. Business morality is at a very low ebb. Lying and cheating are essential ingredients of successful business principles, whereas to be a successful politician a man must deal squarely with his associates. An act of treachery such as that said to have been practiced by the head of one of our largest business houses would bring the career of a politician speedily to its close. The low standard of ethics in commercial circles is largely responsible for the corruption in politics, for the looseness of our civic affairs. The business men who clamor for the reformation of one civic regime are participants in the graft of the next. If Mr. Ruef were not the client of Mr. Von Rhein the latter would probably be out howling for reform, and many of the business men who are now ululating virtuously have been identified with the crooks of past administrations. It is hard to be sordid and honest, and to be in business and free from sordid taint is miraculous. The Babylonian politicians were wise in their generation, for to safeguard themselves against demoralization they relegated the shopkeepers to the outskirts of the city.

In the Twilight of His Life

The *Examiner* reported last Sunday that Thomas C. Platt, senior Senator from New York, had recently made the statement that although he had accomplished much in his life it had not been worth while; that if he had to live it over again he would do many things he has not done, and his record in some respects would be different. Mrs. Platt, on her return from Europe, took occasion to contradict her husband. She said his life has been worth while, that he is a great politician and has been very successful throughout his very long life. We quite agree with Mrs. Platt. It is to be regretted that in the seventy-third year of his life the Senator is not enjoying the profound mental and moral serenity so enthusiastically depicted by Cicero in his "De Senectute." But it would be surprising were he not to take, at this late day, a melancholy view of his past. Cicero to the contrary notwithstanding, old age has ever been a time of galling impotence, of vain regrets, of bitter memories. Those writers who depict the serene joys of old age, the immunity from searing passions, the freedom from acute disappointments and depressing disillusionments, are not convincing. None of us can look back over our past without seeing, in the light of our maturer knowledge, years that were wasted. And so it is with Platt. But the aged Senator has much to be proud of. Though he has frequently been held up to public execration as an unsurpassed type of political wickedness, yet there has never been a time when his worst enemy has even hinted that he was a grafter, or that he had used for his own pecuniary profit his limitless power as head of the Republican organization of New York. It has never been suggested that he prostituted public office for his private gain. What a wide difference there is between the record of this professional politician, this Republican boss, and that of his associate in the Senate, the distinguished busi-

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ness man, college graduate, church-goer and advocate of the highest ethics, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew of the Equitable Company!

The Study of English

Because of its unfairness, we were impelled to resent Henry James' criticism of our untidiness of speech, but we should be grateful to him for having aroused the interest of our professional educators in a subject which has been very much neglected in our colleges and universities. It has long been apparent that English, as taught in these institutions, is not all that it should be. We do not allude merely to grammar, to the agreement of the noun and its verb, or the nominative or objective of the first and third personal pronouns, but rather to the employment of language for the purpose of expression. Nor do we wish to insist on the importance of the purity of language after the manner of the author of "The Queen's English." If the purists had their way it would be dangerous to open one's mouth. We believe that we should be guided by instinct as well as by logic, and that therefore instinct should be properly cultivated and developed to the end that facility for graceful expression be acquired. The avoidance of split infinitives is of less importance than a knowledge of the differences and shades of meaning. There was a time when men wrote English creditably without other training than that which they got in the study of Latin. Nowadays there are rhetorics galore in the primary schools and various experimental systems of instruction, but the results are far from satisfactory. It is refreshing, however, to report that since Henry James lectured us on our delinquencies, educators in many institutions of learning are advocating the abandonment of the new-fangled methods, and the return to the old groundwork of solid instruction.

Another Dispensation Wanted

Right on the heels of the decision of the Vatican denying the right of remarriage to the American woman who became the Princess Rospigliosi after having divorced her first husband, comes the announcement over the Associated Press wire that the Duke de Valencay, the divorced husband of Levi P. Morton's daughter, is going to marry the daughter of a Marquis as soon as the Pope annuls his first marriage. We are continually hearing of powerful influences brought to bear on the Vatican in the interest of some divorced person who wishes to remarry, and invariably we are told that the petitioner is confident that a favorable decision will be rendered. The Associated Press always assumes that the Pope stands ready to grant the desired dispensation, and the newspapers that publish the despatches always treat them as though the thing were settled. From the tone of the press there appears to be nothing easier than to persuade the Pope to sanction the remarriage of divorced communicants of the Church. Yet the fact is, the granting of a dispensation by the Pope to a divorced person is an extremely rare occurrence. The laws of the Church relating to dispensations are quite explicit. The granting of a dispensation does not depend on the Pope's favor. If he were to make fish of one and flesh of another he would soon have trouble on his hands. Unless it can be shown that the first marriage was null and void *ab initio* there can be no second marriage under the laws of the Church. In other words, a person who has contracted a marriage in accordance with the laws of the Church is forever debarred from a second marriage during the life of the other party to the contract, unless it can be shown that the latter was incompetent to enter into the marital state. The Duke de Valencay may be entitled to a dispensation, but if his application be denied no mention of the fact will be made in the despatches. As in the Rospigliosi case, the denial will be overlooked. The Associated Press takes note only of applications for dispensations and vague rumors of intention to make application.

Some Psychological Observations

It is a truism of psychology that man is the simple sex, woman the complex. Men's methods are clumsy, blunt and direct, woman's studied, unveracious and devious. The why of this is as interesting as the fact itself. Woman has had to adapt herself to the ways of a master. Men choose, women are chosen. If not chosen, she is "left," and heretofore that state has been the badge of inferiority, of not coming up to the standard. Men being socially and economically independent, have always been able to set up and maintain their own standards, and women have found it necessary to conform or to pretend to do so. The woman who is bold enough to have her own standard does so at her peril. No matter what she thinks or what she would like to do, she must follow the crowd and obey the laws laid down for her or have an uncomfortable time of it, as pioneers in every line always have. Most women conform, outwardly if not inwardly, and not daring to use direct means to do as they please employ indirect ones, or as the current phrase expresses it, succeed by winding the man "around their finger." The drama of Merlin and Vivian is not an unusual one in real life. If on the other hand conditions were reversed and women were the choosing sex, we should see them forcing their ideals upon men, who, in order not to be "left" would of necessity have to conform to them. Not only would a queer change in social conditions be the result, but men would have to put on some of those complexities which are supposed to belong to woman's real nature, but which are more often a cloak to hide it.

Another Holiday Wanted

A *Harper's Weekly* correspondent has just made the discovery that we are in need of another holiday. He thinks that September seventeenth should be set apart and duly honored as Constitution Day. A very good idea, but what we principally need in this country is a change of temperament that would cause us to take kindly to holi-

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days. Before legislating for a Constitution Day we should amend the Constitution making it obligatory on people to enter into the spirit of the days they celebrate. We should be doing very well if we merely observed our holidays by quitting the mad chase for the dollar, and enjoying a little relaxation, but we hate to stop the wheels of commerce. Our solid business men feel that they are outraged every time the Clearance House, the august Temple of Mammon, is closed, and few are the employers in these days of Organized Labor who would think of paying one of the union nobility for a day on which he did not toil. Such holidays as we have are, as a rule, misspent. Memorial Day, originally set apart to commemorate the nation's dead, became, in the course of a few years, the special occasion for bicycle tournaments, and Thanksgiving is now devoted to football. Except a few New Englanders, nobody now knows when Bunker Hill Day comes round. Just as soon as the small boy is denied the pleasure of burning his fingers annually, Independence Day will follow it into oblivion. The forty years of effort to place Lincoln's birthday side by side with Washington's have not resulted in any general recognition of the date, nor have people taken seriously the proposition to place Carnation Day on the calendar in memory of McKinley. There was a time when it was proposed that we should make the firing on Fort Sumter and the surrender of General Lee pretexts for cessation from toil, but the bloody flag was never a popular rag. Maine Day and Dewey Day did not survive to their second year, and as for a Constitution Day, despite the fine sentiment that would be involved in its celebration, the probability is that it would only increase the irritation that is now felt in the marts of trade whenever business is brought to a standstill to permit the people to give vent to their patriotic exuberance.

When the Death Penalty Is Obnoxious

There are five women in the United States under sentence of death at the present writing, but there are not five individuals of any rank, station of condition who can more safely count on a long lease of life, barring accident, than these same five convicted murderesses. Every safeguard of the law is thrown about them. They are free from the ordinary mishaps of a working life, isolated from contagion and infection, almost under the eye of a physician and guarded from the possibility of making away with themselves. They are fed and clothed without exertion on their own part, regularly exercised, and in short, except for being confined within a limited area, their lives are as tenderly guarded as though the fate of nations hung on their preservation. Yet the very, bald fact that a woman has been convicted of a crime is almost conclusive that there was not a shadow of doubt of her guilt. The evidence must have been overwhelming and every conceivable technicality must have been brought forward to delay sentence and defeat justice, but invariably the tender-hearted philanthropists, the woman's rights advocates, and the professional sentimentalists of the yellow journals flock to the protection of the petticoat. We are treated to daily doses of gush over her poor old father and mother and her poor young family and her poor self. She has her photograph taken at every meal and her costumes described and her biography paraded, and next we have the monster petition circulated. Every corner grocery and cross-roads store has a section of it, and the newspapers print coupons which we are importuned to fill out. All for what? Not because of the innocence of the defendant, but because we have scruples against the hanging of a woman. Now if popular sentiment is prejudicial to the infliction of the death penalty on the female murderer, then why go to the expense of these mock trials? We believe that the hanging of a woman is repugnant to most communities, and we have no criticism to make of those who not only through sentiment but from their conception of the constitutional imperfections of the sex strongly object to capital punishment for women. But since the law which is habitually ignored is worse than no law at all, why not exempt women from the death penalty? Let us declare that the murderess shall be subject to no severer punishment than imprisonment for life, and then there will be less pretext for gush and for sensational exploitation and silly sentimentality.

Our Standard Literature

In view of the fact that "literature" is taught in every school in the country from kindergarten to college, and lists of hundred bests and of books-that-have-helped-me vie with the advertisements of wrinkle eradicators, not to mention the multiplication of libraries or the cheapness of really good books, it is always instructive to take up one of the home-and-fireside periodicals and note the quality of the premiums offered for club subscribers, and the requests which are voiced through the exchange columns. There is no use in trying to make water rise above its own level. In spite of all the "reading circles," and lectures and advice, the call is still for the same old rubbish—Mary Cecil Hay, Bertha M. Clay, May Agnes Fleming, The Duchess, and Charlotte M. Braeme. It is "Sundered Hearts," "The Bride of an Hour," "Beauty's Marriage," "Wedded, yet no Wife," and others of kindred titles, which are in demand. The best fiction of the last generation, copyright expired, is just as easily available, and at the same cost, in better type and more desirable form, and the remainder sales of recent books put nearly everything within reach, but these busy housewives, and mothers, and school girls in their late teens have no craving for Thackeray or Dickens or Sir Walter Scott. Their minds are not attuned to Bacon or Emerson or Carlyle, nor even to the best-sellers of six months ago. No, they want their forsaken brides and missing bridegrooms, their abandoned heiresses and mysterious marriages, and their three hun-

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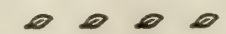
dred pages of persecution, with a coronet in the last chapter. Go into almost any rural town where the children have had the advantages of the district school library, or even where they have been to academy or college, and you will find tattered and dog-eared copies of sensational trash set up on the shelf beside the Bible and the "doctor's book." What little time there is for reading is devoted to "Queenie's Lovers" and short stories based on practical jokes. All the teaching and preaching of the schools and the literary critics will avail nothing, for as soon as the pupils who have been taught "literature" return to their homes, they revert, like the Indians, to the condition from which they have been temporarily removed. You may make these intellectual paupers read good books under compulsion, but you cannot make them like anything but their natural mental diet.



Latter-Day Living

BY HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

A new era in domestic life in America comes in with the widespread demolition of dwellings on Manhattan island, and the rise skyward in their stead of office and merchandise buildings, hotels, flats, clubs and apartments, for New York sets the fashion for most things in this country, the influence of our superior methods of living likewise extending to European capitals. Tearing down and building up is characteristic of the time. Square miles of solid block houses above Washington square are swept away, the business belt widening along Broadway and Fifth avenue, while majestic structures for housing humanity spread over the best residential quarters round the park to Washington heights, and on the side streets off Fifth avenue, not to mention Kingsbridge, Fordham park and Spuyten Duyvil. Upper Broadway, Columbus and Lexington avenues have taken on of late years an apartment house tone, increasing in size and elegance as new ways are discovered for spending more money on them. Along Riverside drive, intended in the late improvements for costly dwellings exclusively, whole squares of stately apartment houses are now seen; in other squares they are interspersed with elegant private houses, neither being considered a detriment to the other. And as in Manhattan so in Brooklyn and Bronx, only in the latter places the new buildings are more of a residential and less of a business character.

Twenty years ago nine-tenths of those whose names were in the New York Social Register lived in private houses, hundreds of miles of which, with the everlasting brown stone fronts, strung themselves out from river to river; now fully one-half of this society class make their homes in hotels, flats and apartment houses. And at the present rate of destruction it is only a question of time when a private dwelling on the island will be a rarity.

A similar condition of things exists elsewhere, though in a less intensified form. Of the six hundred million dollars' estimated cost of new buildings in the United States for the year 1905 less than one-tenth goes into private dwellings of the better class. Million dollar houses are no longer built except one now and then by a night-blooming Schwab or a too ambitious Yerkes, who when it is finished finds himself as far from the inner circle of metropolitan society as ever. Few live long in such houses after they have built them, even if they do not hasten away to their mansion in the skies, which seems to have become a habit with them.

Scattered over the country are hundreds of abandoned dwellings, palaces beautiful, built by men compelling fortune but unable to vanquish death; also less luxurious but more comfortable homes are likewise in the hands of caretakers. Look at our own Nob hill, for example, where are houses which cannot be given away unless the giver provides means for the payment of taxes.

Under the new regime houses without end arise on every side, all sorts of houses for all sorts of people—the modest hostelry and the mammoth caravansary for the quickly departing, the common boarding-house for the vulgarly gregarious and the residence hotel for the elegantly exclusive. There are tenements for the poor, flats for housekeeping for the poor and rich; apartments where cooking in rooms is done, and children play in the halls, and dogs and parrots and talking machines are permitted; houses exclusively for bachelor men, for bachelor women, for children, even for babies, from cheap shelter and charity schemes to the Colony Club organized by wealthy society women like Miss Astor, Miss Morgan, Mrs. Harriman, Mrs. Mackay and Mrs. Whitney, for the purpose, among other things, of giving members a pleasant home in the city.

It is not a question of expense, but rather one of convenience which determines modes of living in these days of great and growing wealth. The New York residence hotel is patronized chiefly by people of means, sometimes by an ultra fashionable set. Mrs. Anne Walker, one of the world's richest women, pays fifteen thousand dollars a year for an apartment of fifteen rooms in the Fifth avenue estates building, having for her neighbors on the floors above, Miss Faith Moore and President Newman of the New York Central Railroad, while private houses in the most exclusive quarters may be had for five thousand to eight thousand dollars. John D. Rockefeller is renting his Fifth avenue dwelling, furnished, at twelve thousand dollars a year. But the ruling rates in first-class New York residence hotels, unfurnished, by the year are from seven hundred and twenty dollars for one room and bath to three thousand dollars for five rooms and two baths.

Thus it is, whether for better or worse, whether from social limitations incident to household duties or from the ever-increasing insolence and exactions of "help," as the serving class would now be called, or because an increase of comforts and luxuries can be obtained elsewhere for less money, with freedom from care and time and conditions for greater enjoyment and the gratification of special tastes, or from all these and other reasons combined, the fact remains that the old method requiring a house for every home is gradually going out.

The tendency of the age is more and more toward luxurious living. Nothing is too good for the man who can pay for it. The king on his throne fares no better, is not better fed, or attended, or commands more luxuries than do thousands of the occupants of our best residence hotels. With many it is all of life, and they propose to make the most of it. This cannot be so perfectly attained, they think, in a personal way, where one alone must keep up the high standard reached elsewhere by the contributions

of many. To the gastronome of ordinary resources a private culinary establishment on lines of those of the best cafes is obviously not practicable.

The talk of preachers and professors about the detrimental influence of hotel and boarding-house life, as tending to race-suicide and divorce, is mostly rot. Artificial life, they call it, though why artificial, one more than the other? Home in the residence hotel is as sacred, its influence as pure, its inmates as exclusive and refined, as is family life elsewhere. The residential fad need not seriously disturb American domestic matters. There are already people enough in the world, considering their quality. Besides, the charge is not true. Of the four thousand New York births per month more than half are in the east side tenement houses, the smallest number proportionately being in the private houses of the rich.

The Saunterer

Vicious "Fairy Tales"

A publishing house has issued a book of "Fairy Tales Every Child Should Know." Among these "tales" are the stories of Aladdin, Tom Thumb, Blue Beard, Cinderella, Red Riding Hood, and Ali Baba. Why should every child know these tales? They are all romances based on evil deeds inspired by the worst passions in human nature—they are stories of avarice, envy, vanity and murder in its most hideous aspect. I have not the slightest doubt that such men as John D. Rockefeller, H. H. Rogers, the manipulators of the beef trust, and the Equitable bunko gang, obtained their first knowledge of business chicane from their reading of the story of Aladdin. I am convinced that the infant Rockefeller pored over the character and methods of the wicked old uncle of that "fairy tale" until he had resolved that when he should grow to be a man he would be like that shrewd and unscrupulous old reprobate; the incident of the exchange of new lamps for old undoubtedly laid the foundation of all the iniquities of Standard Oil. Tom Thumb is a blood-and-thunder story more depraving in its effect on the minds of babes than The Headless Horseman of the yellow-backed period of literature or the Deadwood Dick series of the Nickel Libraries. The example of Tom Thumb has probably sent more boys to the penitentiary than any other story of crime vociferously and persistently denounced by the conservators of juvenile morals. Blue Beard is one of the horrors of infant literature. In this "fairy tale" a husband cuts the throats of his wives and hangs the corpses in a closet to be found by his latest and youngest wife, whom he had forbidden to enter that morgue, although he had given her the key to the room and knew that being a woman she could not resist her curiosity.

The Other Unwholesome Classics

Ever since that melodramatic story was published wife murderers have been called "Bluebeards," but the parents of little boys and girls are not permitted to read the details of these modern crimes as they are printed in the daily newspapers, although many of them are commonplace in comparison. Cinderella is a "study" in feminine depravity. Cinderella herself is a consummate coquette, incarnate of vanity, pride, extravagance, duplicity and social ambition. She finally sells herself to "The Prince" for fine clothes and glittering jewels. The wicked sisters are mean, selfish, arrogant, designing, contemptible from the tip tilt of their high sniffing noses to the heels of their big feet. The "fairy godmother" is the type of the chaperon who "looks the other way" and is a foil for the shafts of slander. The story of Cinderella is the worst that could be put into the hands of a child beginning to read words of three syllables. Red Riding Hood is a horrible tragedy masquerading as a "nature study." A wicked old wolf eats the grandmother of little Red Riding Hood and disguising himself in the clothes of the poor old woman lies in wait for the little girl, whom he also eats. A nice story to scare little girls with just before the lights are put out! Ali Baba is the story of forty thieves and a murderess. I would as soon give my child the story of Jack Sheppard or Dick Turpin or Jesse James. Is it not possible to find clean, wholesome "fairy tales" for our children? Is it necessary that their minds should be debauched by tales of murder, larceny, evil passions, and unspeakable horrors? Must we accept this miserable stuff merely because some fool commentators have insisted that they are "the classics of childhood"?

The Virility of Markham

Some weeks ago I commented on Editor Bailey Millard's announcement of the fact that Hoepoet Markham had written a love lyric for the August *Cosmopolitan,* the magazine shortly before purchased by Mr. Hearst. Mr. Millard appeared to be laboring under the delusion that the literary world, being apprised of Markham's belated recognition of Venus, would be plunged into a state of nervous expectancy. I took occasion to allude to the poet's age and shortly thereafter I received this letter:

Tribune Building, New York, July 16, 1905.

Editor Town Talk,

Some of us Californians are reading your interesting weekly in far-away New York. In your issue for July first, I find an erroneous comment on our Edwin Markham, the author of the Hoe Poem. Your contributor, the Saunterer, calls attention to

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the announcement of Mr. Markham's "Virgilia," a poem in the August "Cosmopolitan"; and he speaks as tho the poet is a doddering old man. This of course was a slip of the pen, and you will be glad to learn that Markham is only fifty-three years old and in the prime of his powers. I find his age given at fifty-three in "Who's Who" and other books of reference. The poem "Virgilia" seems to several of us one of the finest things ever written in this country.

Sincerely yours, GEORGE ROY JONES.

The letter impressed me as having been written in jest until a few days later I received this one:

New York, July 19, 1905.

Editor Town Talk,

Your Saunterer doesn't know what he is writing about. Mr. Edwin Markham, the greatest poet of the age, is in possession of all his faculties. He is a man of unusual virility, physically and mentally. Wait till you read his "Virgilia."

Very truly yours, LOUIS F. MOODY.

And last week I received the following:

Los Angeles, Cal., July 30, 1905.

Dear Sir,

As a reader of Town Talk, I write to ask why your "Saunterer" spoke some time ago of the poet Edwin Markham as being on "the verge of senility"? If "Saunterer" were a poet, I would think those words were wrung from him in a spasm of envy. But as I have no reason to think him a poet, I must think his words the result of ignorance. I happen to know Edwin Markham, and I can safely say that he is not much over fifty.

Yours, etc., A. KEYS.

I have come to the conclusion that Mr. Markham either has a press agent, or is regarded by the Philistines as a joke.

The Foot-Note and the Poem

Naturally my correspondents aroused my interest in "Virgilia." I was put on the *qui vive,* and my curiosity was intense when I opened the *Cosmopolitan* and before reading the poem glanced over this foot-note, which appears on the first of the four pages devoted to Markham's iambics:

Aside from its indubitable lyric value, this song is of special literary significance by reason of the fact that it is Mr. Markham's first love-poem to appear in print.—Editor's Note.

Now how, I asked myself, does the lyric derive special literary significance from the circumstance of its happening to be the first Markham love-poem to appear in print? Has Mr. Markham written other love-poems that were unfit to appear in print? The editor sayeth not. He gives us no tip to enable us to appreciate the literary significance of this premier publication. He utters himself dogmatically, and after the manner of oracles, somewhat equivocally if not ambiguously. Evidently we are expected to accept his word for the literary significance of the lovepome. I have read the verses carefully and am obliged to confess my inability to grasp their literary significance, notwithstanding the portentous hint given by Mr. Millard in his foot-note. Indeed, after reading the poem I felt that I had been buncoed, for after all the advance notices I had read I expected something amorous in the Pierian strains of the Californian odesmith, but I found that Virgilia was a very tame wench, suggestive of the wife of Corialanus only by reason of the duration of the thrill she imparted. The gallant Roman's Virgilia gave him a kiss long as his exile and sweet as his revenge. Markham's Virgilia gave him an embrace that caused his soul to stand up (a queer thing for a soul to do since it has no feet), "like a god adorning his body with bright arms." And Edwin will remember that embrace until "the springs of the seas run dust." Fie! fie! Edwin.

The Poet's Failure

But candidly, Edwin's love-poem is a tame performance. It is scarcely worthy of being anointed with the oil of cedar or kept in the well-polished cypress. It is probably significant of a disappointment in love, but that is all. There is in it too much of the staidness and sobriety of age and none of the exuberance of adolescence or even the full-blown passion of vigorous maturity. The artistry of the poem is not to be questioned. I leave that task to more captious critics. It has sweet melody, and vibrates with the sonorous tones of the sea, but of the sensuous beauty of the true love-poem it is devoid. Mr. Markham should stick to economic polemics and bid Venus go whither the soothing prayers of youth invoke, the while pleading that he has become too hardened for soft commands. Though no poet and but a poor jingler, the reading of this first love-poem inspired me to the scribbling of a paraphrase of the epitaph written for himself by one Ovid, who knew not only the art of love but how to write about it:

Here Markham lies, who tried of love to sing,
But failed—his passion was too dead a thing;
So of true lovers I now make request,
As you pass by to say, "May Markham rest."

Robertson's Latest

Of far greater literary significance than the first love-poem of Edwin Markham is the poem written for this week's Town Talk by Louis A. Robertson. Mr. Robertson is one of the greatest living masters of the technique of poetry, and he has been writing love-poems all his life. Several volumes of them have been published and are out of print. It is easy to love the poetry of Robertson because he himself was a lover, and in his pretty rhythms he has realistically depicted moods and emotions that are familiar

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to all true lovers. His "Thunder Tune" is one of his few poems that do not throb with amorous passion, and it is to be the title poem of his next volume of verse, which will in all probability be brought out in London, where his work is much admired by the cultured literary set, a set that knows Markham only as the man who interpreted a famous painting.

The Browning Club Shocked

The members of the Browning Club were dreadfully shocked at a recent meeting by one of the ladies who read, in connection with her very erudite paper, a poem from the pen of Oscar Wilde. From his "De Profundis" we have learned how terrible was the mental anguish the unfortunate poet suffered in consequence of the scorn that his sin brought upon him, but I am sure that were he to learn in his grave of the effect of his memory on an assemblage of Browningites his exquisite sense of humor would take a new lease of life. No lover of Browning should fail to read Wilde's opinion of that cryptic poet. Wilde was one of Browning's most enthusiastic admirers, and the delicious cynic dearly loved to berate the Browning Society faddists, of whom he once said that they seemed "to spend their time in trying to explain their divinity away"; that, "Where one had hoped that Browning was a mystic, they have sought to show that he was simply inarticulate; where one had fancied he had something to conceal, they have proved that he had but little to reveal." But he explained that he merely referred to Browning's incoherent work which seems to appeal to the faddists. Wilde considered Browning "the most Shakespearean creature since Shakespeare," but a bungler in the use of language, "the most supreme writer of fiction, it may be that we have ever had," a poet who "used poetry as a means of writing prose," who "turned language into ignoble clay." He ranked the creator of Fra Lippo Lippi, Mildred Tresham and Ben Ezra as the greatest creator of character next to him who made Hamlet. "Had he been articulate he might have sat beside him," and he added, "If Shakespeare could sing with myriad lips, Browning could stammer through a thousand mouths." Was ever critic more just or more epigrammatic?

The Mecca of the Climbers

By the way, I hear that this cultured Browning Club, which includes among its members people who are shocked by the reading of a poem written by one of the sweetest, purest and holiest of poets, is being literally swamped with applications for membership. The climbers consider it a stepping stone to the best society, but the line is occasionally drawn. A rather pathetic case is that of a certain fair climber who has been trying to break in almost ever since the club was organized. She was turned down ostensibly because she did not know her Browning, and she has lately been studying so hard on the Complete Works that it is a wonder she has not had an attack of brain fever. She probably knows as much about the meaning of the poems as do the leading lights of the club, but she cannot talk about them with sufficient incoherence to vindicate her appreciation of their subtleties.

Does Wilde Live?

George Sylvester Virbeck contributes a curious letter to the *Critic*, in which he advances the theory that Oscar Wilde may not be dead, but living possibly as a recluse in some religious order. The arguments which he advances are not very convincing. Briefly they are based on these circumstances: First, a whisper, between the acts at a theatrical performance from a lady high up in literary circles, (name not mentioned) that Wilde was "dead to the world only," but in reality living in a Spanish cloister; next, an effort to find a copy of "The Duchess of Padua," and in the course of the search for the desired volume a repetition of the lady's remark to the unusually intelligent clerk who, apparently taking Mr. Virbeck for one of the select few in possession of the tremendous secret, admitted that he himself had met Wilde in the street in New York within the fortnight and conversed with him for ten minutes, but the clerk, on being pressed for further information, not only refused to proceed, but showed by his manner that he regretted having admitted anything; third, in "De Profundis," the expressed intention to write hereafter only such books as would justify the author and the artistic temperament. There has been a "boom" in the reception of Wilde's best work, and at the same time it is almost impossible to obtain such books as the author himself would have liked to see suppressed; an indication, according to Virbeck, that a master mind (the master's?) is behind the whole revival of interest.

A Serious Sentence

Then there is one sentence in the German edition of "De Profundis" which is omitted from the English for apparently no reason; "As a revenant, in the French phrase, as one whose face has become gray and distorted with pain, I return. Terrible as are the dead when they arise from their graves; the living that come back from the grave are far more terrible." And finally, there is Wilde's love of paradoxes, the unexpected, the sensational. In a word, would not this apparent death and burial, with a future re-appearance, be exactly like Wilde? As to the possibility of the thing itself, there is no great difficulty. At the end of his life Wilde had new friends around him

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and none of his family. A few francs for bribery and a few trusty accomplices could have managed that part of it. It is not the possibility, but the probability that is doubtful and when it comes to a question of actual proof, there have been so many of these "revenants," Marshal Ney, for example, and quite recently the Crown Prince of Austria. Mr. Virbeck's arguments are about as substantial as those which are used to establish the authenticity of ghosts.

The Stampede to McDougald

A little over a year ago Town Talk pointed out that John McDougald was the logical candidate of the Republican party for Mayor. Some weeks ago I reported that he would in all probability receive the nomination. Up to that time he had not been suggested by any of the prophets of the daily press as an available or desirable standard-bearer for the cause which has for its purpose the redemption of this municipality, but by the familiar process of elimination I reached the conclusion that McDougald would be the choice of his party. He was obviously the one man in whom all elements antagonistic to Ruef and Schmitz could repose confidence. Now that the *Call, Chronicle* and *Bulletin* have virtually come out for McDougald by confessing their belief in his strength and refraining from adverse criticism, I am inclined to point with pride to the accuracy of my judgment. Those papers have taken up McDougald because they know that there is a strong sentiment in favor of his nomination, and for the further reason that it appears to be a foregone conclusion that he will be nominated by the Republicans and endorsed by the Democrats. There are some people so indignant at the attitude of a few of the subsidized labor leaders who have joined the Ruef-Schmitz staff, that they are in favor of making a clean-cut issue between capital and labor by nominating a man active in the commercial world, feeling confident that he would be elected. And they are not dreamers. But the politicians of the Republican League have been advised by conservative business men that the interests of the city will be best subserved by the nomination of McDougald. They don't want a Mayor who will be likely to tread on the corns of labor. They are weary of strikes and rumors of strikes. They want industrial peace and they know that though McDougald's sympathies are with labor, and that he could never be induced to put policemen on the trucks in a teamsters' strike, he will not promote discord.

Ruef's Brilliant Tactics

As soon as McDougald began to loom up as Schmitz's probable opponent, that brilliant strategist, Abe Ruef, proceeded to attest his apprehension by planning a few master strokes in restraint of the treasurer's ambition. He set his puppets in motion and McDougald soon found himself a storm centre, but the virulence of the attacks only emphasized the fact that Ruef was alarmed at the prospect. If he believed that McDougald could not split the labor vote, surely he would not be eager to scare the Treasurer's Republican backers. Schmitz's only hope is to hold the labor vote; and to prove, before the convention meets, that McDougald cannot get it is obviously a tactical blunder, for if the unions are opposed to the Treasurer of the Building Trades' Council, then Schmitz should hail him cordially as an opponent. It is significant, however, that the night Ruef rushed through his resolution at a packed meeting of the Building Trades' Council, he did not dare oppose the re-election of McDougald to the office of treasurer of that organization. By the way, it was not long ago that McDougald was elected treasurer of the Anti-Japanese League. Whenever the union men have any money they want taken care of they give it to McDougald. And yet Ruef hopes to make people believe that McDougald will be repudiated at the polls by organized labor.

The Executive Committee

So far Ruef has had it pretty nearly all his own way, for as McDougald has not been nominated no systematic effort has been made to meet the attacks to which he has been subjected. Next week the primaries will be held, and thereafter it will be seen that all the labor leaders are not for Schmitz. As soon as the campaign is opened it will be made clear that the Citizens' Alliance has no connection with the Republican League. There is not a member of the Alliance on the Executive Committee. That committee consists of John D. Daly, the dairyman, John Lackmann, ex-sheriff, State Senator Dick Welch, Dave Rich, the real estate agent, E. J. Bowes of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., Daniel Ryan, an attorney, and Fairfax Wheelan, the reformer.

A Talk with Harriman

Now that E. H. Harriman is on the coast and all the daily papers are aware of his presence, I wish to call attention to the fact that three weeks ago I told of his coming en route to Japan, and that up to that time the news had appeared in no other paper in the United States. That it was considered of some importance is evident from the fact that the Associated Press wired it all over the country last week. Mr. Harriman is today the greatest constructive financier in this country. He has taken the place that was occupied a few years ago by J. Pierpont Morgan. He represents a powerful combination of interests. Morgan was toppled off his throne because Rockefeller and Rogers

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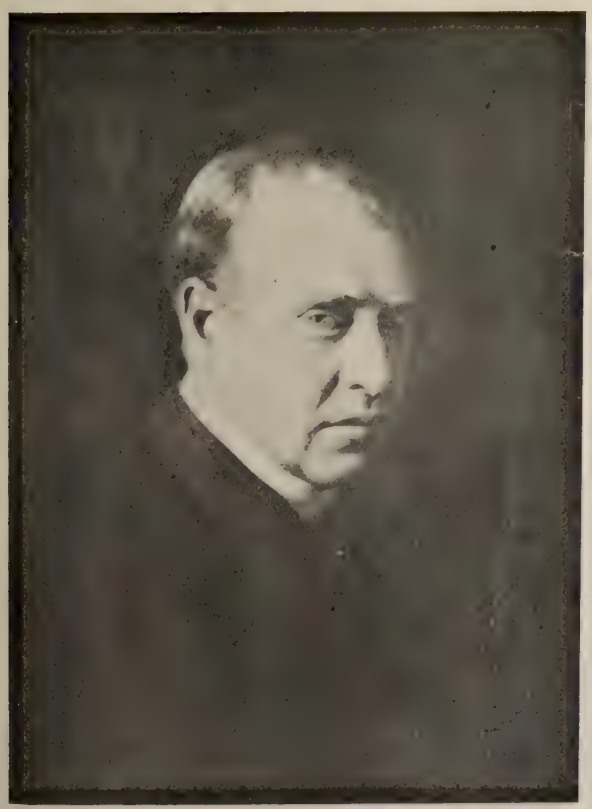
thought he was getting too strong and too self-centred. And now it is predicted that before long they will do the same to Harriman, but that shrewd financier is pursuing the even tenor of his way, becoming stronger every day. His enemies sought to besmirch him in the Equitable scandal but failed. He was talking about it with a friend the other day, and he said that he was one of the fifty-two directors of the company and attended the quarterly meetings, but was not a member of any committee nor active in the management. The row was started by an attempt on the part of the Alexander faction to oust the Hyde faction. "It was during the contest," he said, "that I became informed for the first time of the prevailing methods of conducting the company's business by both those factions. When the Frick committee was appointed I was made a member, and in the report I freely expressed my views, and that report brought about the new policy which is bound to lead to a correction of the extravagant methods of the old management." Mr. Harriman says that he will stay over one steamer in Japan and get back here in October, when he will meet Mr. W. F. Herrin, who will return from Europe by that time.



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NAT C. GOODWIN, CAPITALIST

Our Histrionic Capitalist

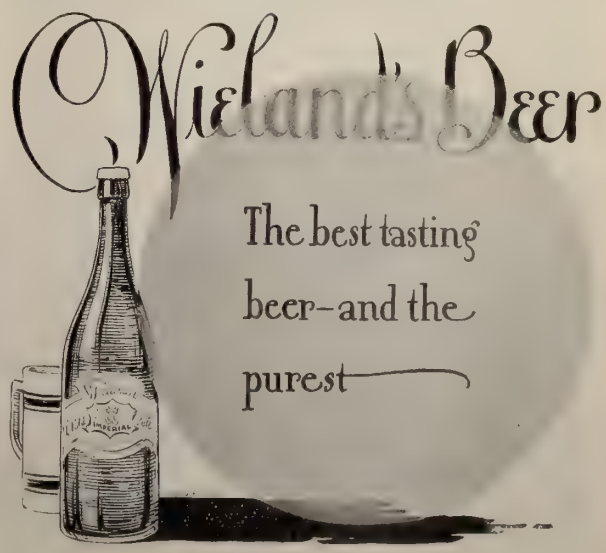
Nat Goodwin is the latest cosmopolite to discover that more of the joy of living is to be had in San Francisco than elsewhere, and that it is a city of special charm for the man of artistic temperament. Like Hermann Oelrichs, Joe Redding, Tom McCaleb and Edgar Saltus, he has sounded all the dips, spurs and angles of existence in all the gayest centres of population, and like them he has found that in none are there so many stimuli for the jaded Hedonist as in the picturesque provincial city by the Golden Gate. So America's premier comedian has decided to call this his home. Only during his present visit to San Francisco did it become known that America's premier comedian combined with his highly profitable sense of humor a very fine commercial instinct. Goodwin is probably the richest actor in the world, but he did not make all his money on the stage. He has been a shrewd investor in Wall street and in real estate. He owns property in New York city, in Boston and in East Milton, Massachusetts, and at one time he was the owner of a magnificent estate in England, known as "Jackwood" in Kent, that was for a long time the home of Lord Penzance. This property he recently sold, and then he began investing in San Francisco real estate. While in training at the Ocean Beach he became impressed with the character of property in the Sutro Heights district, and he invested twenty-five thousand dollars in lots out there. Then he decided to secure some income-paying property, and through his brokers purchased the Lafayette Apartments, the price paid being in the neighborhood of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

His Debut

Though most theatregoers think they have known Nat Goodwin ever since they began patronizing playhouses, and therefore consider him a very old man, the fact is that he is only in the early fifties. His first appearance on any stage took place in Providence, where he appeared as a juvenile villain in a melodrama. He had designs on the heroine, and his first line was, "So I have you again, my sweet beauty!" The heroine uttered such a scream that she scared all his other lines out of the villain's head. The next day he fled to Boston and went to work in a store, where he remained for two years. When he was again seen on the stage it was as a "variety actor."

Fisk's Block of Patronage

Postmaster Arthur Fisk hasn't been telling his friends about a little joke on himself, but it is too good to keep. Some months ago he learned that the Treasury Department at Washington was going to appoint a custodian of the new post office, and that while there was no salary attached to the office it carried with it considerable patronage. There were janitors, elevator men and laborers—about fifty in the aggregate—to be appointed. In these civil service days such a large block of patronage is worth having, so Fisk went after it. He took Senator Perkins into his confidence, and that gentleman, whose pull at Washington is considerable, agreed to urge Fisk's appoint-



ment. The Senator's urging was quite effective, for Fisk received news of his appointment early in June, and then he proceeded to make a list of the men whom he purposed favoring with appointment. One July first he had his list nearly half completed, but on that day he was notified by the Treasury Department that all the new jobs had been put under civil service, and that he should apply to the commissioners for the necessary material.

The History of "Garryowen"

President Roosevelt has said that "Garryowen" is the best fighting tune in the world, as well it may be, for in all probability it was first used as a battle song, though in a war that would be unlikely to meet with the approval of a President of the United States. A correspondent has recited for me the history of the song. Garryowen, which means simply John's Garden, is a name which was applied to an entire suburb of Limerick, an historic battle ground, for it was here that Fort Irefon stood, from which the city was bombarded during the six months' siege in 1651. Forty years later the same fort was held for awhile by the Irish against the Williamites. However, it was neither of these events which gave origin to the song. The original city of Limerick had on its outskirts a number of public parks and gardens to which the people were in the habit of journeying for recreation. Garryowen was one of the most popular of these places, but whether named from the founder, whose title was in time applied to a whole district, or whether it was the reverse, and the park called after the parish, no one could now decide. In the course of time the older parts of the city became too congested to suit the tastes of the inhabitants, and, as happens elsewhere, they removed to the west end, leaving their mansions, and likewise deserting the parks, which became the resorts of a lower, and finally, the lowest class. Thieves, robbers and depredators generally took up their abode there, and speedily accomplished the destruction of the district. But there was another class, young men who belonged to respectable families, and whose ideas of fun were akin to those of our pampered college students. They went about at night, in gangs large enough to terrorize the few feeble old watchmen, breaking windows and lamps, battering down doors, and drinking more than was good for them. They became known as the "Garryowen boys," and their names and deeds, woven into verse in their bacchanalian song, gave birth to the air of "Glarryowen." One verse of the original song runs:

"Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale,
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
For debt no man shall go to jail,
From Garryowen to glory."

The "brown ale" was the production of the celebrated Garryowen brewery, owned by the "Johnny Connell, tall and straight," whose name is perpetuated in the song. Connell's brewery was probably the mainstay of the district, since

"Garryowen has gone to wreck
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork."

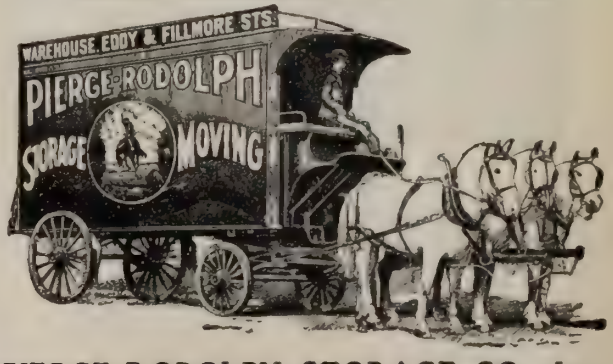
"Garryowen" was translated into both Latin and Greek verse, and innumerable English versions have been written in English. The one which best deserves perpetuation was written by a British officer, a native of Limerick, while serving in the Peninsular war in 1811. It is written in a strain eulogistic of the military glory of Limerick's sons, and the virtues of her daughters, instead of being the drinking chorus of a band of law-breakers.

Macfarlane Prostrated

My Honolulu correspondent writes me that Walter Macfarlane, son of the F. W. Macfarlanes, was suddenly prostrated with brain trouble last week. He was married a little over a month ago to Miss Alice Campbell, sister of the Princess Kawananakoa, and daughter of Mrs. Sam Parker. The wedding was a great social event in the islands. It took place in the Roman Catholic cathedral, and was a very swagger affair. The young people went to the Macfarlane ranch to spend their honeymoon, and two weeks later they took up their residence in a handsome cottage in Beretania street near Punahou, the centre of a fashionable district. It was there that Macfarlane was suddenly afflicted. His friends have been very much alarmed over his condition.

Homemade Antiques

Emery Pottle's short story in a New York weekly, telling how two young couples were fleeced by a New York dealer in antiques, has a local counterpart. Great was the surprise, I am told, of a San Francisco society woman, the other day, to see in the window of a small shop near the City Hall exact replicas of some of her friends' choicest antique Italian furniture. She untactfully voiced her discovery to her friends, who cried "Impossible!" until they went to see for themselves. I hear that this little shop supplied a prominent furniture firm (now out of business) with almost all its "imported carved furniture." Several of our mansions are filled to overflowing with these "antiques" and the owners are now endeavoring to differentiate the genuine from the bogus. One woman was so pained by the thought that she had some doubtful antiques that she is going to refurnish her entire house, and this time she will select all her furniture in Europe, where they make antiques while you wait.



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Industrious Miss Smedburg

I hear that Cora Smedburg is going to make a life work of book-binding. She has fitted up a little bindery in her house, and so interested has she become that she cannot be lured away from her leather and tools by the most attractive social functions. She hopes to become the Mrs. Chatfield Taylor of San Francisco. Mrs. Taylor opened a shop in Chicago and joined the union. She received many orders, one, by the way, from Mrs. Frank Carolan, but she succumbed to spring fever and went away to Europe, leaving the unfinished work with an assistant. When the people who had sent in orders heard that their books were to be bound by a craftsman who had no social standing they revolted and countermanded their orders. I haven't heard whether Mrs. Carolan was among those who objected to bindings done by a plebeian.

Blaine's Grandson

Truxtun Beale and his first wife met last week in a court-room in Augusta, Me. They appeared before the court to have determined the question as to how often Mr. Beale should be permitted to see his child, Walter Blaine Beale, grandson of James G. Blaine. The boy is nine years old. Mr. Beale recently purchased a summer home on the east shore of Cobboze Couthe Lake and his boy spent some time there this summer. The father is very devoted to his son and lavishes princely gifts on him. He recently deeded to him property in Washington, D. C., valued at three hundred thousand dollars.

The A. W. Wilsons will leave for New York on the twenty-fourth of the month, to meet their daughters, Bessie and Bernice, who are returning after a two years' absence abroad. While in New York Mr. Wilson will inspect the new features of some of the wonderful apartment houses recently erected there. He is much interested in the growth of our city and intends, on his return here, to erect on one of his various real estate holdings an apartment house that will astonish San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dohrmann, accompanied by Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen, left Bad Nauheim on the fifteenth of July. They will visit Baden Baden and Badenweiler in the Black Forest before going to Switzerland.

Big Fish Catches at Tahoe

Unless you fish you aren't in the Tahoe swim this year. The big catches from the lakes are what everybody talks about. You may be the prettiest girl at Tallac but if you haven't succeeded in landing a — pounder, you will be passed by in favor of a homely woman who is an expert with rod and reel or line. The largest trout ever caught in Tahoe waters was captured at Tallac the other day by E. L. Heller of New York. For forty-five minutes he chased the speckled beauty which was a Mackinan weighing twenty-eight and a half pounds. John Herd of the fascinating whiskers, aided by his son, made a large catch of Eastern brook trout in Granite lake. A. L. Bocqueraz, H. L. Hill, John Gallois, with some others from San Francisco, visited the Angora lakes last week and brought home a catch of one hundred and fifty. Mrs. L. Sloss and Mrs. E. R. Lilienthal made the largest individual catches of the season. The Northams of Los Angeles caught forty-six brook trout at Eagle lake on Wednesday. Nat Goodwin and Jimmie Britt have had remarkable luck with their rods. On Tuesday they were out only a few hours but brought in thirty fish. With all these catches, there are lots of fish in the lakes. The State Fish Commission has over nine hundred thousand fish in their hatcheries at Tallac, Glen Alpine and Tahoe, which will soon be distributed in the small lakes in the vicinity of Tallac.

Mrs. Martin's Sensible Stand

Mrs. Eleanor Martin having announced, through the public press, that she has no intention of issuing an edict against the divorcees of society, some of her friends feel very grateful. But there are comparatively few matrons with a past in San Francisco's smart set, and judging from the harmony which prevails, and the tone of society, there are fewer acquiring one. Whatever else that may be said of our new-rich they are not fast. In flouting the fatuous scheme of the silly Daughters of the Faith who purpose indulging a species of bigotry for the elevation of society, Mrs. Martin echoes the sentiments of intelligent Catholics all over the country. As a matter of fact Cardinal Gibbons is not enthusiastic over the plans of the Daughters of the Faith, and in discussing them he let the ostentatiously virtuous ladies "down easy." He looks on "the evil of divorce as a greater evil than corporate corruption because corporate corruption rights itself by its wrong"—that is, it provokes publicity, exposure and humiliation. However, he questions the practicability of the plan of social ostracism of the divorced. The Cardinal is no rainbow-chaser.

The Ashes

The Porter Ashes are occupying the home of Porter's sister, Mrs. Norman McLaren, while the McLarens are in San Rafael. Betty Ashe still keeps up her enthusiasm for her settlement work. Some of her girl friends are also interested in the work in a blonde sort of way, and there are times when Miss Ashe's place on Telegraph Hill looks like a scene at the Grill.

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A Power in World Politics

Dr. Morrison, Peking correspondent of the London *Times,* will be in attendance at the peace conference between Russia and Japan. It is a simple announcement, but it conveys to those who know something, more than the mere information that the most influential newspaper in the world has ordered one of its representatives to journey ten thousand miles to report an event in the history of nations; that was a commonplace in the routine of the Thunderer when Warrington called the attention of Pendennis to the midnight lights gleaming out over the Strand and spoke of the Power whose ambassadors were in every court—whose couriers were on every road. Dr. Morrison is not "assigned" to this trysting place of imperial envoys and plenipotentiaries, in whose hands are the destinies of nations, entirely because he knows the superficies of the diplomacy these proxies of emperors will traverse. The presence of Dr. Morrison at this conference means more to the English-speaking world than a newspaper report of the obvious proceedings even though that report is written by a journalist who is also a diplomatist. It is not what Dr. Morrison will report to his newspaper that will count in the final result—it is what Dr. Morrison deduces from the facts as they develop.

Covering a Big Assignment

No man in the newspaper service is as well informed in his specialty as is Dr. Morrison. He knows the Far East more thoroughly and more intimately than any Englishmen except, perhaps, two others—Sir Ernest Satow and Sir Robert Hart. From these men he has absorbed much that only their long residence in the Orient could impart, and in addition he has made himself conversant with the men and motives of every modern phase in the great game of Far Eastern politics; he has learned all the gambits that are being played on that vast chess board; he is on as intimate terms with the players as our local newspaper men are with the politicians of the City Hall, the Federal offices, and the State administration; he has talked with Witte and Rosen and Komura at their own homes while the samovar steamed or the choice was his to discuss the politics of Japan under the stimulus of Scotch and soda or hot sake. Dr. Morrison's "news district" covers an area enclosed in an equilateral triangle the "sides" of which are a thousand miles long, extending from Peking to Tokio, thence to Hongkong, and back to the Chinese capital. Since the war began his territory has been enlarged to include all that lies north of the Great Wall as far as his sub-correspondents are permitted to penetrate. All that the London *Times* can know of the Far East, and much that the British Government is eager to know because it could not be otherwise known, comes from Dr. Morrison. It is not what actually happens at this conference that will occupy the attention of Dr. Morrison; and the value of his report to the *Times* will be in direct ratio with the importance and magnitude of the ultimate intention of those immediately concerned.

Diplomacy that Failed

When Miss Mae Perkins, daughter of Senator Perkins, was in the Orient a year ago, all the matchmakers of the legations and the consulates were eager to assist in making Dr. Morrison as happy as he deserved; but Miss Perkins thought that if it was her duty to make anybody happy it ought to be a deserving American. So this international affair did not happen as it had been arranged by the ladies of the legations and the wives and chaperons of the consulates.

The Queen of the Navy

One of the interesting bits of news brought out in connection with the "Fads and Fancies" scandal in New York is that one of the men at the head of the enterprise for the promotion of vanity is the husband of Clara Morris, who was formerly the wife of Dr. Biddle of the navy. Clara Morris is a woman with a picturesque past, and she was once very well known to residents of this city. She came from Los Angeles where she was quite a belle. After her marriage with Dr. Biddle she was known as the Queen of the Navy. She led the doctor quite a merry pace. Some years ago she created a big sensation on an Atlantic liner by reporting that she had been robbed of her diamonds. Later on she gave Parisians a thrill. She had a brother, Sig Morris, who was a reporter on the Los Angeles *Herald.* He was afterwards involved in the famous directory swindle by which people all over the country were defrauded. The swindlers had an ingenious form of subscription blank which they submitted for the signatures of people who wished to subscribe for the phantom directory. With the aid of a printing press the blank could be turned into a promissory note. The country was flooded with these notes before the swindle was exposed.

"Fighting Bob's" Pertinent Query

As soon as Secretary Charles J. Bonaparte was inducted into office the commands of all naval stations, fleets, squadrons and vessels were notified by cable. A navy officer who recently returned from Manila told me the reason why. He said that shortly after Paul Morton entered the Cabinet "Fighting Bob" Evans, who was in command of the

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Asiatic squadron, received an order from Washington signed "Morton." He immediately cabled back the inquiry, "Who the hell is Morton?"

How He Got His Name

The narrator of this incident astonished me with the statement that Robley D. Evans is fast becoming a back-number in the navy, and that he is far from popular in the service. "Do you know," he asked, "that 'Fighting Bob' is something in the nature of a mythical hero?" I confessed my ignorance. "Well," continued the officer, "a name goes a great way toward creating an illusion. Most people imagine that Bob received his nickname because of his rare fighting qualities. Let me tell you how he got it; it's a joke in the navy but few landsmen ever heard it. One day several men, including a few officers, were seated at a table in the Metropolitan Club in Washington. One of the officers picked up an evening paper and read an account of Evans's bluff at Valparaiso shortly after the *Baltimore* affair of 1891, when he told the Chilean officials that he would arm the boats' crews from his vessel, the gunboat *Yorktown*, if any more stones were thrown at the men. 'Well, well!' said one of the party, 'old Fighting Bob! looking for trouble.' And it has been 'Fighting Bob' ever since, and people think that he is always thirsting for gore, and that he has a record for heroism in numberless hard-fought battles."

His Commonplace Record

"Well, hasn't he?" I asked, much to the evident disgust of the iconoclastic officer.

"Well, hardly," he replied. "He has a game leg, the result of a wound received in the civil war, and it is his principal stock in trade. Evans has done very little fighting in his long naval career. He, with hundreds of others, was in the battle of Fort Fisher, in 1865, where he was wounded, and in the battle of Santiago, with hundreds more, in 1898. Those were his only two fights, and neither is ranked among the sanguinary conflicts of history, and in neither did Evans do more than his share of the fighting."

And the officer left me, seemingly well pleased with himself for having shattered another idol.

The Recruiting of Blingum

Porkopolis and Burlingame are getting closer together every day. There was a time when all Chicago smart setters looked forward to their admission to Newport society, but the traffic has been diverted westward. First came the daughter of the Pullmans, followed by the daughter of the Cudahys, and then came the Clagstones; and now the Houghtellings, the family of Margaret Newhall's fiance, threaten to join the Blingum colony. They were so charmed with Mayo Newhall's residence that they are thinking of building near there. Miss Newhall left this week for Chicago to visit the Houghtellings. She says that after her marriage she will spend every summer in San Mateo.

Among the June brides who are to make their home in San Francisco is Mrs. Philip Bancroft, who was Miss Eldred of Coronado. The Bancrofts have been enjoying an equestrian tour of the Yosemite valley, a mode of travel far more pleasurable than stage coaching. When they settle down here in the autumn their home will be at St. Dunstan's.

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MRS. R. GREENEBAUM.

Joseph Greenebaum's portrait of his mother, which he has just finished. The portrait is to be given by the artist to his sister, Mrs. William Haas, on her silver wedding day, this week. Mr. Greenebaum is one of the younger Californian artists but his work is rapidly becoming known. He studied in this city; in Munich with Carl Marr; in Paris with Jules Lefevre and Toni Robert Fleuri; portraiture in Paris with Humbert. About two years ago he returned here and established a studio.

Newport Deserted

Fancy gay Newport boarded up for the season; conceive, if you can, "the most beautiful summer resort in the world," as the loyal Ward McAllister dubbed it, filled with the blight of lifelessness, yet that is what a Californian matron visiting there writes me. She declares that the Newport old-timers declare that this is the dullest season the Summer Capital of Fashion has experienced in the past quarter of a century. Half the great houses have not been opened at all this summer. For the first time in history Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry and his family have staid away. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr. have gone abroad for the season and will not make use of their lease of John Jacob Astor's magnificent place, Beauleau. The Frederick W. Vanderbilt place is boarded up and on the market for sale. Ochre Court, Mrs. Goelet's beautiful chateau, is likewise boarded up. Mrs. James J. Van Alen is abroad and will keep Wakehurst closed. The O. H. P. Belmonts will remain away; so will the Osgoods and the Cushings, the Mackays and the Whitneys. Very few of the "old guards" are putting in appearances. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is in Germany and she has not entertained for several years. Mrs. "Stuyve" Fish will spend most of her time at her country place on the Hudson. Good lady Astor will be at Beechwood, but her entertaining will be pruned more than ever this year. Like the H. Mortimer Brookes, she is getting too old for frivolities. What few old timers are left to keep alive the ancient traditions of the place will depend on young Mr. Elisha Dyer and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lehr. Some ingenious merry-makings may be gotten up by these lieutenants of the old set, but the great, the magnificent entertainers are not on hand this year to maintain the glories of the place. Will the old set ever return?

Too Much Publicity

That is the question Society is asking. Many think they are gone for good. The public prints, in their accounts of the monkey dinners, routs, alleged scandalous escapades of the smart set and the doings of the frou frou divorced, have imparted an odious notoriety to the famous old resort. The Newport set at its summer outing has become the laughing-stock of the world and the signs of the times indicate that the first families there think that it is time to quit the place. That is why so many of the famous dwellings are boarded up this season and their owners are abroad or enjoying quiet rural life at their country homes in the Adirondacks, or in European waters on their palatial yachts. Oddly enough, a phalanx of nouveau riche have taken advantage of their absence to try to break into this holy of holies. Already sharp action is being taken to purchase the several famous old time places that are up for sale. The tradesmen and real estate men are opposing the change with all their might, for they know that the success of these invaders means the tombstone on the glories of old Newport. While these forces are at war the reputation of the place is in the hands of Elisha Dyer and Harry Lehr as entertainers. What an opportunity for our own "Addie" Mizner! Napoleon looking across the bridge at Lodi never contemplated a greater prospect.

The Simple Life

One of the young society women who, according to Madame Bavarde, is spending the summer months in flitting from summer resort to summer resort, is really doing nothing of the kind. At the opening of the season mamma discharged the overworked cook and maid, closed the shades all over the house, and with her daughter has since been leading the simple life. They do not answer either the 'phone-bell or the front door-bell, and no doubt they are enjoying a very much needed rest. The mother does the marketing at night, but the daughter never ventures out. She will get all the recreation she wants in about one week at Del Monte. I imagine that she is now improving her mind.

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ENGAGEMENT PRESENTS

In Restraint of Mourning

Governor Hoch of Kansas has expressed his opinion, officially, as far as he is able, in favor of white instead of black as mourning for the dead. He says that the gloom which is typified by black is unbecoming in people who profess a belief in the apotheosis of their friends. And a Catholic priest in one of the mill villages of New England has spoken from his altar against the use of flowers at funerals, as they typify festivity, rather than grief. Both Governor Hoch and his clerical contemporary are pleading for greater simplicity and less ostentation in the methods of advertising the loss by death of a near relative. The question of the color or style of garmenture can now be left to the common sense of the individual or the family, but it was not always so. Many people now content themselves with the temporary addition of a band of crape and as a rule, only the adult members of the immediate family consider it necessary to make any change in their dress, but in the middle of the ninteeenth century there was no latitude permitted. Public opinion was the arbitre, and there was a recognized gradation from "full crape" to "black without crape," and later white collars and cuffs with black borders were worn, then grays of varying shades, and at last, purple, lilac, lavender, and blue, after which one was at liberty to wear what one pleased. It was an axiom that if one once "went into mourning" there was no ecape, and small wonder, for there was a prescribed period during which each modification had to be adhered to, and custom demanded "mourning" in some degree for even remote family connections. At the same time, people were expected to seclude themselves and to decline all invitations. Even quiet home gatherings were forbidden; and formal calls and church services, relieved by visits to the cemetery, were the only relaxations of the orthodox.

The Tendency Toward Simplicity

The clerical opposition to floral displays at funerals extends to other things as well. The pastor explains his attitude by saying that most of his parishioners are mill workers, and with their small earnings and large responsibilities very few of them are able to accumulate even a modest bank account, yet they have a passion for expensive burials, and it frequently happens that the whole sum which is in the bank, or which is paid by a fraternal society is wasted in unnecessary display, while the family does not know where the next week's food is to come from. There is emulation between neighbors and relatives, and often the dying person will give specific directions which are carried out to the letter. Hundreds of dollars are spent for flowers, for carriages to lengthen the cortege, for expensive caskets and silver trimmings and for stones and monuments. Having failed to influence his parishioners by advising them as a friend, he had fallen back on his official capacity and exhorted them as a priest. Reforms generally come slowly and as a matter of private conviction rather than public proclamation. It is becoming fairly common for people nowadays to leave directions not for elaboration and ostentation, but for simplicity. "Interment private. Please omit flowers," has become a matter of course at the close of the announcements of deaths, and the family of the late John Hay set an excellent example of reticence in not giving out for publication the telegrams and notes of condolence which they received. There have been from time to time, both in this country and in England, burial reform societies organized with a view to encouraging simplicity in connection with funerals, but quite apart from these, good taste and common sense have exercised a wholesome influence.

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With the Artists

Blanche Letcher, who has gone abroad with her cousin to pursue her art studies, has only of late years had visions of a Career. She was just like all the other girls in her set, fond of parties and dancing, and drew pictures only for fun. She had quite a gift for sketching faces offhand, and one of her friends persuaded her that she ought to go ahead and study art. So she did. She was one of the first members of the Sketch Club, that clever little group of women artists. After Miss Letcher had made some progress in her studies she took a position in the *Examiner's* art department, and a year or so later went to New York, where she has been ever since, working upon *Vogue* and other journals.

To Go To England

We are soon to lose the Frank McComases, for the artist has announced his intention of going to England to live. He likes London, which also likes him, judging by the way he sold his paintings there last year. McComas, however, does not intend to live in London. He will buy a country place, and no doubt his English oaks will in time become as well known as his Monterey cypresses. There are lots of Parrotts in England, some in the upper middle class, and some in aristocratic circles, so Mrs. McComas need not be lonesome so far away from San Mateo.

Gertrude Boyle, who is visiting the Portland exposition, will go thence to New York, in which city she intends publishing her new magazine, "Ability." Although Miss Boyle was financially very successful at sculpture she seems to have wearied of modeling and will probably never take it up again. It was the late Professor Le Conte, I believe, who called Miss Boyle the "Poet-Sculptor." He probably discerned poetry in her sculptures for there is none in her verse; at least, there was none in the verses published in her magazine.

A Rival Club Threatened

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White is not to be caught napping. In her collection of saws "The early bird catches the worm" holds first place, so she has already begun to make arrangements for her next winter's dances. Mrs. Shorb has been threatened with competition and that is probably why she is losing no time. Two or three proud but poor young society women whose cupidity was aroused by stories of the profits of subscription dances, have been canvassing the local field, hopeful of encouragement. They would like to emulate the example of the late Mrs. Salisbury, and they have criticised unfavorably the White dances. They suggested that there should be a more exclusive club, but they did not receive many nods of approval. It is pretty generally known in society that Mrs. Shorb is Queen Eleanor's protegee, and there are not many people with the courage to offend the distinguished leader. None of Mrs. Martin's friends would consent to become patronesses of a rival organization so the plans of the ambitious ones failed to mature. And now Mrs. White is going ahead with the situation well in hand.

Autumn Weddings

Two early fall weddings will be those of Hazel Noonan of Los Angeles with Dr. Walter Gibbons of this city, and Dr. Gibbons' cousin, Elsie Dorr, with Lieutenant Brigham. The latter will be a quiet affair, I understand, but the former, which is to take place in Los Angeles, will be on an elaborate scale. The Huntingtons are expected to turn out in a body at the Noonan-Gibbons nuptials, for they are intimate friends of both families.

Josephine de Guigne will marry the Viscount de Tristan on the twenty-third of this month. The Catholic church at San Mateo will be the scene of the interesting ceremony. I hear that only the relatives (a host in themselves) and a few intimate friends will be invited. Marie Christine de Guigne will be the bride's attendant.

The marriage of Pearl Sabin and Captain Bjornsted will, I hear, be a very brilliant affair. It will probably take place some time in the fall and, if present plans are followed, will be a house wedding. It's a foregone conclusion that there will be a long guest list.

Not a New Rumor

The rumor that a match is to be arranged between Miss Reid, the daughter of Whitelaw Reid, our Minister to England, and Lord Brooke, the Earl of Warwick's son, is not a new one. I remember recording the rumor a very long time ago that Lork Brooke was a suitor for Miss Reid's hand. That was when he was visiting in New York and Newport, and when Miss Reid was scarcely out of her debutante season. Miss Reid is not a great beauty but she is a wholesome looking girl with refined features and a manner more English than American.

Sweet Tunes Jangled

The Twentieth Century Musical Club is not dead: it has simply been enjoying its vacation. It is to give its first invitational concert about the end of September. This club is the most fashionable musical club in town. Though some of its members have seemed to rank social position above musical talent, the club has really done a great deal toward promoting musical culture in this city. It includes a little coterie of people whom Huneker would call melo-

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maniacs. They never talk about anything but music. They have violent discussions about the art, and at one time a feud was on that nearly led to the resignation of three women. Yet the quarrel arose over such a simple thing as whether Handel or Bach was the greater composer. It is still such a ticklish subject in that particular clique that the other members carefully refrain from mentioning Handel or Bach in their hearing.

When Her Mother Was Her Age

Carmen Selby, in engaging herself in her first season, is but following her mother's example. Mrs. Percy Selby was Elena Atherton, and, like most girls with Spanish blood in their veins, she ripened early. Her beauty attracted the eye of Captain Macondray, who proposed for her hand. They were married, and had two children, Fred and Ynez, and in course of time Mrs. Macondray, was left a rich widow. When her daughter was about of age to enter society, the widow married young Percy Selby. She was still beautiful and fascinating, but of course there was a great difference in the ages of bride and bridegroom. Nevertheless the wedded life of the Selbys has been beautifully harmonious, and now they have a daughter old enough to be married.

A Fortunate Youth

Frank Johnson, who is to become Carmen Selby's husband, is the son of Frank Johnson of San Rafael by his first wife, who was the sister of Thomas H. Williams. If Tom Williams had not married and become the father of a son, young Johnson would have been one of the richest catches hereabouts, for he would have eventually inherited the vast fortune left by old General Williams, his grandfather, which fortune now has to be divided. "Franky" Johnson, as his friends call him to distinguish him from his father, is a very popular youth with both sexes. He is a fine musician, and is one of the most fearless riders that ever rode in a San Rafael paper chase. Lately he has given up riding and driving somewhat in favor of motoring, and is becoming an expert chauffeur.

It Was a Surprise

The engagement was a great surprise to most of our society folk, as it had already been rumored that Miss Selby was likely to be won by another golden youth. Miss Selby is the second debutante of importance to become engaged this year, Ursula Stone being the first. She has spent most of her girlhood in the country and is far more fond of outdoor life than of drawing-room functions. She is an intimate friend of the Parrott sisters and like them is convent bred.

The Trouble At Tait's

Though Tait's mammoth cafe has been running only a few months, there has already been friction in the management. Usually when such a thing occurs it is due to the failure of the enterprise to come up to the expectation of its founders. At Tait's it has been quite a different story. This enterprise prospered from the start. It created a big stir in San Francisco, and not altogether on account of its spectacular features. Owing to the big rent—three thousand a month—there were many people who predicted that it would be a failure, but at the end of the first month the directors found that their net profits aggregated eight thousand dollars. They had expected to run along for months without making a cent. The success of the venture astonished them. It also caused trouble, and the story of it is worth telling, for it has a moral, and besides the establishment having become a show-place that tourists marvel at, the public is more or less interested in its affairs.

How The Money Flowed In

At the end of the first month the directors declared a dividend of one dollar a share on a capitalization of twenty-five hundred shares. At the end of the second month an-

TILLMANN & BENDEL, SAN FRANCISCO, Pacific Slope Distributors.

other dollar dividend was declared and at the end of the third month, another. Meanwhile the surplus was growing and the directors held a meeting to determine what should be done with it. It was decided to put it into a sinking and depreciation fund which would be maintained for a period of ten years. At this Mr. J. H. Tait, the manager, demurred. He was a small stockholder, and he was receiving a salary and he had a contract calling for five per cent. of the net profits. He wanted to know about his five per cent. He was told that it would be paid him out of this sinking fund at the end of ten years. He replied that he did not know what might become of that fund at the end of ten years. He preferred his five per cent. as he went along. The directors didn't care very much how Tait felt about it. They had probably come to the conclusion that to his personality very little of the success of the place was due. Perhaps they reasoned that the central location, the grand stairway, the fountain and other spectacular features insured the success of the place under any old management. Perhaps they felt that it succeeded in spite of Tait. But whatever were their feelings they didn't try very hard to hold him. They paid him his five per cent., he sold his stock and now Tait is no longer at Tait's.

The Friend of The Epicure

It will be interesting to watch developments if only to learn to what extent location and freak features count. When Tait's opened there was a big slump in the business of all other after-theatre cafes. Several of them threatened to go out of business and Zinkand's was closed for "alterations." Tables at Tait's were at a premium. Many people, especially club men who knew Tait, attributed a large share of the success of the place to his clever management. He had been steward at the Olympic, University and Pacific-Union Clubs, during which time he met nearly every *bon viveur* of note that visited the city. He was always on the *qui vive* for new gastronomic wrinkles, special dishes that appealed to jaded palates, subtle concoctions for captious epicures, and when he opened Tait's gourmets flocked there for their feasts. Tait was always on hand with his glad hand, and in the cuisine was his prize chef, a genius skilled in his art. Tait had revolutionized the cooking and the service of the post-theatre cafe, but he wasn't worth five per cent. in the opinion of Charles Carpy, the banker, and the other directors who have since installed as manager Baron von Schroeder's private secretary, R. Halton. Mr. Halton is a steward of mushroom growth. A few years ago when the Hotel Rafael was left without a manager, and the baron had to become a boniface, he put Halton in charge. He has been the baron's personal representative ever since. A short time ago he learned that von Schroeder was negotiating for the sale of the hotel to a San Francisco syndicate, and as he had visions of himself out of a job, he was glad to fill the vacancy at Tait's.

The Swaggerest Of Them All

As soon as Tait sold his stock a proposition was submitted to him to take charge of Zinkand's, and he accepted, and that place will be opened under his management in October, but it will not be the Zinkand's of old. It will be the very swellest cafe in San Francisco, and will be conducted after the style of Sherry's famous New York restaurant. The partition between the two dining rooms is now being removed and there will be one large hall sumptuously decorated. Tait says that the service will surpass that of any restaurant in this country, and those who know him predict that when he opens Banker Carpy and his associates will put in a new fountain and add another fiddler to the orchestra.

Judge Frank Kerrigan and William F. Humphrey, the attorney, returned from a trip to Tahiti last Monday. Wednesday night they entertained a party of their friends at a Tahitian dinner.

Goffey Getting Rich

My Los Angeles correspondent writes me that John Gaffey, statesman and political strategist, is rapidly getting into the millionaire class. Gaffey has long had great faith in the future of San Pedro, not because San Pedro promised to become one of the great harbors of the world, but because John Gaffey owned some land down there. The development of San Pedro has been very slow but Gaffey was ever patient and perennially hopeful. It was not, however, until he got close up to H. E. Huntington that he showed genuine elation. Huntington is the Midas of the Citrus Belt, and the people are always at his heels prepared to invest wherever he threatens to apply his wand. A few weeks ago he bought the Redondo hotel, and Redondo town lots doubled in value in a day. They quadrupled before the end of the week, and while they were still soaring Huntington unloaded enough to add a million to his fortune. The boom is still on, but Huntington has transferred his attentions to San Pedro for the benefit of his friend Gaffey, and property is changing hands two or three times a day. Somebody gave out that Huntington had decided to connect Redondo and San Pedro by a scenic railroad, and now Gaffey is waiting for the speculators to exhibit symptoms of a lucid interval and then he will unload. Things are surely coming John's way.

A Chapter from Dreamland

Now that the boom fever is once more infectious in the Citrus Belt, shrewd operators are planning all sorts of schemes to interest people afflicted with the speculative craze. Tourists who imagine that all California is within the boundary line of Los Angeles have been so greatly ex-

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cited over the tales of riches acquired in a night by the enhancement of real estate values, that they are crazy to invest, and they expect new cities to spring up over night in every direction, and are fearful that unless they are very vigilant some fine get-rich-quick chances will escape them. Such is the temperament of the people that I have no doubt they will fall over one another in their efforts to get town lots from the Dana Burks Syndicate, which has been organized to found a small empire along the tide flats west of Long Beach, between the Southern Pacific and Salt Lake railroads. Dana Burks was in town this week explaining the details of the gigantic enterprise. He says that the syndicate, which has available capital in the sum of fifteen million dollars, has purchased seven hundred acres of tide flats, and purposes converting them into town lots. Running through these flats, from the inner harbor of San Pedro, are immense sloughs which are to be made navigable. One of them is to be three hundred feet in width, and six miles of water frontage will be created. The best engineering skill in the country is to be employed in this enterprise, and a fine city is to be laid out. The promoters expect to make not only a great commercial city out of it but also one of the finest pleasure resorts in the world, that will combine all the best features of Venice and Coney Island. This is not a fairy tale. Where the people are all coming from to inhabit this new metropolis which is not yet completed on paper, I do not know, but the promoters are not worrying about the people who are going to buy lots. They are already clamoring for choice sites.

The Dixons

Ex-Congressman and Mrs. Dixon of Montana have come to San Francisco to stay throughout the remainder of the year. The Dixons are people of great wealth, and have been conspicuous in the social life of Montana and Washington, D. C. As they were on the Martin list formulated for the Alice Roosevelt reception, they will find the social way all velvet in San Francisco. Mrs. Dixon is a niece of General Sturgis. She is a stylish woman, and wears some very stunning gowns. The Dixons are at the Palace.

Blanche and Richard

Since the return of Blanche Bates the rumor of her engagement to Dick Hotaling has once more been revived. Both decline either to deny or affirm the report, but they enjoy very much the curiosity of their friends. They are at present being entertained by Dr. "Russ" Cool, the dentist, at his Los Gatos country home where impromptu vaudeville entertainments are pulled off nearly every night. Blanche Bates entertains with imitations a la Cissy Loftus. Dick Hotaling gives Shakespearean readings, and Doc Cool tells funny stories. The best in his repertoire are anecdotes of warm, voluptuous Tahiti but they are usually reserved for the coffee and cigarettes and are purely for stag consumption.

The Fairmount

Nobody in this city appears to know whether the negotiations for the lease of the Hotel Fairmount have been completed. It is pretty generally believed that the Sharon estate will secure the lease, if it has not already been signed. Work is still in progress on the building, and I have heard that Mrs. Oelrichs has spent several months in Europe buying magnificent furniture for the hotel. Her friends say that she intends making it the most beautifully furnished hotel in the world.

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The Regillus Apartments

A notable addition to the handsome structures that evidence the development of the artistic taste of San Francisco architects is the Regillus apartments in Pacific avenue, near Franklin. This is not only a graceful structure, pleasing to the eye, but it is also an expression of the most modern ideas in apartment house construction. Indeed, as a San Francisco enterprise it is unique, there being no other like it. The name was derived from a lake in Rome. The style of the arch over the entrance is Roman. Roman pressed brick is used in the construction of the building and all the finish and ornaments are Roman in style. It is designed for those people who desire the privacy of a home life with all the luxuries that are to be had in a first-class up-to-date hotel. The situation of the Regillus is one of the finest in the city, commanding a

splendid view, and convenient to car lines. There are one six and one seven room apartment on each floor, each very delightfully arranged, appearing to one on entering to be a modern house with reception hall. Each apartment contains a reception-room, living-room, dining-room, sleeping-rooms, kitchen, tiled bath-room, and servant's room. These apartments are rented unfurnished and are supplied with heat, hot water, electric elevator and janitor service; in fact, a complete hotel service goes with them. The view from these apartments is a marine one, a panorama of the country surrounding the city—a bird's-eye view of San Francisco. Everything known to modern architecture and building has been effectively utilized in the construction of this beautiful building. It is patterned after similar structures in Paris and New York, and there is nothing else of the kind in this city. These apartments can be seen now and are for rent. E. J. Vogel, owner. Apply to Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., agents.

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The Thunder Tune

By Louis A. Robertson.

There was music mingling with the thunder when the lightning's
o'er Olympus flashed,
And the gods who slumbered 'round their Master waked and
heard the harmony that crashed

From the clouds that later hung o'er Ilion and the dirge of her
destruction roared,
When her thronging hosts with those of Hellas for the beauty of
a woman warred.

There was music mingling with the thunder, but it was the music
of a dream,
And, perchance, had passed away in silence—lost forever—but by
Meles' stream

There was born a child, around whose cradle all the Muses met, to
whom they brought
From Latona's son a silver-chorded harp to which in after years
he taught

The melodious and majestic measure that a world with rapture
ever hears,
For the dreaming soul of sightless Homer saw the vision that to
few appears;

Heard the music mingling with the thunder, and the paean of the
cloud-throned choir
Caught the meaning of the clamoring chorus, taught it to his
ever-living lyre.

Few as he controlled the chords that summon back again the dust-
dimmed days of old;
Few e'er decked the dead in richer raiment—turned their faded
garments into gold.

Then within the clouds the music slumbered; near a thousand
years it silent slept,
Till the graceful melodist of Mantua waked and struck the strings
that Homer swept.

Then again we heard the calm Aegean ripple into rapture as
his lyre
Sent its silver strains across the waters, crimsoned with the red,
reflected fire

Of the flaming, falling towers of Ilion, ere Aeneas unto Carthage
came,
Where for him the love-defeated Dido gave her faultless body to
the flame.

Then there came a seeming endless silence, gleamings of the light-
ning, but no more,
Till the lean-lipped, melancholy Tuscan, wandering exiled by an
alien shore,

Dreaming of old Portinari's daughter, saw the levin leap across
the skies,
Heard the deafening thunder tune that followed, saw the Man-
tuan's guiding shade arise;

Trod with him the circling scenes of Torture, heard Hell's captives
curse in frost and flame,
Garbed the spectres with a ghastly glory, shrined them in an
everlasting fame.

Then the sleeping thunder-freighted fleeces drifted North and over
Stratford's stream,
Hovered there in silence for a season, ere they flashed the great
prophetic gleam

That foretold a measure more melodic than the dirge that Dante
heard in hell,
Or the verse that Virgil made Aeneas, or the hymn that Homer
sang so well.

Little had he of their graceful Latin, less—or nothing—of their
grander Greek,
But his soul had listened to the sermons that the stones, the
brooks, the breezes speak.

Nature's mystic voice for him grew vibrant, in its tones her
mother-tongue he heard;
Then she gave him his unclouded crystals, made him master of
the wizard word.

Through his clear uncompromising lenses, Life is seen denuded,
undisguised;
In the glowing spectrum of his genius, all its tints and tones are
analyzed.

Pictured on his panoramic pages, strange imperishable scenes
appear;
Through the gamut of his glorious music, wondrous cries and
cadences we hear.

In his songs the shrieking Saxon saga mingles with the matin
of the lark,
And the midnight plaint of philomela lends a golden glory to the
dark.

'Neath didactic Touchstone's masking motley; 'neath the 'guising
garb of Rosalind,
All the lore of Love and Life is hidden, all their foibles and their
faiths we find.

Never had a king a better kingdom than the banished duke in
Arden found;
Little mourned he for his stolen sceptre, when he heard those
leafy lanes resound

With the chorus of his comrades, chanting that Fate's quiver holds
no hurtling dart,
That may not be blunted, bent and broken 'gainst the shield of a
contented heart.

Hark! here comes the prince of pot-house heroes; watch the vine-
born valor, wit and craft
Rise and break like bubbles on the surface of the seas of sack
that he has quaffed;

O'er that tide he steered with well-trimmed canvas—every breeze
that blew was fair for him,
And with Hamlet, Shylock, and Othello, Falstaff hath a fame
Time cannot dim.

Hear the protest 'gainst the quick quietus, when the demon whis-
pered to the Dane,
And then listen to the larger logic of the fervent phrases that
contain

Such a creed, that Death's loud, sudden summons, or his faint
procrastinated call,
Wakes no fear in those who face the darkness with the words,
"The readiness is all."

Woven with the figments of his Fancy, 'mongst the many fibres
there is one
Which a woman's white, ambitious fingers to a cord of cruel
crimson spun,

Then she laid it on Fate's flying shuttle, where it blent with
paler woofs and warps,
Till upon the loom the longed-for fabric faded to the graveclothes
of a corpse.

She had hoped to wear the royal raiment that the witches' wiz-
ened lips had vowed,
But Revenge and swift-winged Retribution turned the promised
purple to a shroud.

For the phantom dagger found the fingers of the faithless Lord
of Dunsinane,
And the Wood of Birnam proved its portent when the King was
murdered by the Thane.

Hear the lonely lips of Mariana sigh for those that sweetly were
forsworn;
Listen to her lute-strings as they tremble, learn the deathless
lyric that was born

Of a Love that faced the darkling distance, as a Rose a lofty
Star will woo,
Till it falls into her fragrant bosom, mirrored in a drop of mid-
night dew.

All his airy nothings are eternal; when in after ages—naught
remains
Of Earth's proudest piles and fairest fabrics, not a vestige of her
vanished fanes,

When her sacred moss-grown shrines surrender unto Time, who
ever on them glowers,
Man shall see Titania in the moonlight crown the Weaver with
her fadeless flowers.

August, 1905.

His Father's Son

By Harry Cowell.

Obadiah Dixon sat alone motionless before a sickly log fire in what he still called, misnaming it as of old, his living-room, a barn overfilled with beautiful things, his daughter Ruth having just left him at his request, with instructions not to let him be disturbed until dinner time, yet two hours distant. Although it was already black as despair without, the clock had not gone five.

During the fire's brief periods of convalescence Obadiah might have been taken for a statue of Prosperity, were it not for the patent fact that who sits behind the horseman was perched after the fashion of Poe's raven upon his pale brow, eyeing askance a faded photograph which he held in his hands. Care had seen by firelight—always by firelight—the selfsame photograph held in the selfsame way a hundred times or more during the last two years, and knew the face by heart. It was that of a young man dressed for the part of Hamlet, and looking for all the world like a blonde Booth. Care could foretell that in a little while Obadiah would mechanically turn the face downwards and gaze, motionless as before, at a signature in a unique, unmodern hand written across the back of the picture: "John McCullough Montgomery."

The windows rattled ominously. The sound seemed to startle the dying fire and the dreaming man; for both shivered into life on the instant; and Obadiah Dixon took one step further than he had yet in a little one-act drama which he had made up his mind at least a thousand times to play out then and there to the drop of the curtain. He put the hand with the likeness of the fair young actor right over the flames which leaped up as if hungry, while a strange expression of fierce spiritual pleasure and physical pain spread over his now resolute countenance.

Yet he did not let the bit of cardboard drop, as he thought he would. What was the use? Though neither artist nor expert penman, he could draw that face in the dark and forge that signature. Nevertheless he did not withdraw his hand, though the heat was intense. He might never get so far again.

The room which for twenty-five months not even a servant had entered, seemed full of mocking demons. Obadiah tried to work himself into a fury over the mild defiance of the beautiful pictured eyes and the nonchalant boldness of the signature; and his inability, as of a nightmare, to let the accursed thing drop into the fire's maw, nearly drove him insane.

A knocking on the door awoke him from the black sleep and turning he saw as in a dream one standing before him holding out to him a salver and thereon a card. Then recognizing Peter, the old family butler, he frowned, remembering his orders, but took the card without a word and, turning it to the firelight, read the words: "John McCullough Montgomery."

For a moment he thought that he had gone mad, and was looking at the back of the photograph. But no; there it was in his other hand. Obadiah kicked the fire the better to compare the two signatures; the flames sprang up, filling the room with fantasy rather than light. He had a desire to laugh outright, to call his daughter, to run away; he even went so far as to make a step or two towards the door, but stopped abruptly, uttered a strange noise, half cry, half groan, and stood still, holding his head between his hands. There in the open doorway, framed as in the photograph, only draped from head to foot in a long black cloak, stood—John McCullough Montgomery.

"Mr. Dixon," said he, advancing. The enunciation of the two words was startlingly distinct, in a tone strangely tremulous and hollow.

"The writing, the face, the voice of the dead!" breathed Mr. Dixon, the last word being but a whisper. Then he laughed a laugh not pleasant to hear.

"You knew my father, sir?" questioned the young man, holding out his hand. "The likeness is extraordinary—I never saw him myself, he died before I was born—so long before that I seem but to be carrying on his life. I have often felt that—especially so tonight. Tonight I play Hamlet—his Hamlet."

His father's son paused, appearing to forget where he was, and the presence of Obadiah Dixon, who answered not a word, nor held out his hand in return, nor even seemed to have heard, though his soul had heard, and was sane.

"Yes," the young man continued, speaking as to himself; "tonight my father will play Hamlet, and the people will applaud me—who but fulfil his interrupted destiny."

Again he paused; then suddenly, facing the still speechless Dixon: "Sir, I come to ask you for your daughter." The manner was not of one asking a favor, but of one demanding a right.

At the word "daughter," the old man found his tongue.

(Continued on Page 47)

The Financial Field

The week's business as far as it relates to Bond transactions might be called satisfactory; transactions in shares have been very light. Dealings in Bonds aggregate $675,000, in Shares, 3,284, divided as follows: 945 Lighting, 558 Water, 691 Miscellaneous, 90 Banks and 1,000 Sugars.

The demand for Bonds remains very strong and the evolution from the class doubtful to A I is taking place rapidly. The limited business in shares precluded any big changes though quotations are quite firm and the little which was done was at slight advances. Gas and Electric reached 62, the highest for some time, the rumors of consolidation being revived persistently. Sugar stocks were quite strong but dealings light.

Business on Pine street continues very dull in spite of the good reports from Ophir. The returns from what ore the mine is shipping are certainly very good and it looks as though Ophir will be a dividend payer again. Work is progressing in all the other Comstock mines and it appears now as though the old Comstock is coming to life again. Tonopah and Goldfield were also neglected. The news from Tonopah continues good, and now that the railroad will soon be broad-gauged large ore shipments are expected from all the producing mines. A good strike was reported in the Double Eagle, a property between Tonopah and Gold Mountain. They expect to be starting in shipping ore for there next week. —*The Financier.*

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The Stage

Stephen Phillips' Play

The critics of London have been having great fun with Stephen Phillips, who had the courage recently to produce at the Adelphi theatre a play which he wrote at the age of nineteen, called "Aylmer's Secret." Max Beerbohm tells about the play as follows: "We are not expected to laugh at 'Aylmer's Secret.' The story is one that could never be told to us except in deadly earnest. Aylmer is a scientist. He has fashioned in his laboratory a human form. Fibre for fibre, cell for cell, the organism is perfect. It awaits only that elixir which shall endow it with life. Elixir in hand, Aylmer is torn between two emotions: pride in his achievement, and terror in having usurped God's prerogative. . . . The creature comes to life, and kneels to its creator, who shrinks away in horror. Aylmer has a daughter, whom he loves well; and his revulsion from his unnatural son is intensified by fear that these two creatures, so different, yet so akin, should come into each other's presence. He rushes out into the night. His son follows him. . . . .Aylmer comes home, and finds the creature gone. Henceforth he will abjure his occult experiments. He will lead a happy and natural life, devoting himself wholly to his daughter. Time passes, and his mind is at rest. But, one night, he comes and finds, in his daughter's presence, his son. Spurned by the world that he had wandered into, the creature has crept back to its creator, and has stirred pity in the heart of Aylmer's daughter. Aylmer curses the creature, and bids it begone. The creature, and the girl, plead with him. He is merciless. The creature falls down dead. Its heart is broken. 'Who was he?' asks the girl. 'He was my child,' says Aylmer." According to Beerbohm the story is too fantastical for theatrical exploitation. He wrote: "I have no patience with persons who, witnessing such fantasies as Maeterlinck used to write, have so little imagination that they can take the incidents only in reference to actual life. Still less patience have I with them if they titter, for lack of the good manners that would make their mistake inoffensive to other persons. I should blame anyone for tittering in the course of 'Aylmer's Secret.' But I should marvel at any who were not, throughout, sorely tempted to guffaw. The impossible rooted in the actual: that is the formula on which Mr. Phillips wrote 'Aylmer's Secret.' Strange, that he did not foresee the sure consequence. True, he was only nineteen years old: I cling to the play's date. But sense of humour is not usually so late in development, is it? * * * * One *is* crude and childish at the age of nineteen. My only quarrel with Mr. Phillips is that 'Aylmer's Secret' is one of the childish things that he should have put away with him —put away under lock and key—put away in a manager-proof safe."

———

Langtry and Potter

Lily Langtry having decided to appear in vaudeville in this country, the despatches now tell us that the managers are after Mrs. James Brown Potter, who needs the money, too. Family objections, however, restrain her from taking the vaudeville bait. She has made no concealment of late of the fact that she is in pressing need of money, and it comes particularly hard on her just now to be barred from her most lucrative field by the sentimental whims of relatives who at this day care far more for the dignity of their name than they do for the actress herself. If she were to come to this country she would lose her allowance, which it is said comes to her from the Stillmans and her former husband on the condition that she remain in England. The lot of the actress in the last year has been distressingly hard. She met with three monumental dramatic failures, and has suffered the humiliation of being forced to tell in the merciless light of a law court of her financial embarrassment. Last season did not reveal one bright speck for her. Still, through all her trials she has maintained a brave heart, and her first thought always has been for the minor workers in her companies whose mites of wages mean mere existence or absolute want to them. There was something noble in the woman when she admitted that among the documents she signed was a bill of sale of her own property. "Yes, I signed it," she cried. "I signed it because I thought it better that I should suffer myself than that one hundred and fifty persons who were earning, some of them only thirty shillings or a pound a week, should go hungry." The actress did not hesitate to hang thousands of pounds over her country home, Bray Lodge, in Maidenhead. Her Coliseum engagement hardly did more than provide her with current expenses and she is more unfortunate than Mrs. Langtry in that she does not know what she shall turn her hand to next season. I wonder if in these bitter days Mrs. Potter ever ponders what it has cost her to cast aside her husband's home, wealth and social eminence to chase the phantoms of the stage? Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry are the two pathetic figures of the stage in England today. With their beauty slipping away they are finding it harder each season to retain their grip on the public, and is there anything in the world so productive of sadness as a woman, whose face was her fortune, falling victim of gray hairs, and wrinkled, withered cheeks? Time has made only slight alteration in either

(Continued on Page 32)

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147 PRESIDIO AVENUE

Advice to a "Hack"

BY OLIVER WHITE.

When your mind is dull and foggy
And your intellect is groggy
And the question of the "Candle and the Game"
Arises in your think-box,
And you close the bloomin' ink box
And confess yourself the foolish dupe of Fame,
Don't despair, my ink-stained hero,
If your spirits droop to zero
And you feel your mind is slowly giving way.
Just corral a pad and pencil,
Or some other crude utensil,
And begin to write the Syndicate a play.

If your moral sense is battered
(As if morals really mattered)
And your etiquette is rusting in its grave,
Write a novel analytical,
And make it very critical,
Correct the world and tell it to behave.

When your brains have gone completely,
Don't give up, just bow discreetly
To the will of Fate, and firmly grasp your pen.
Just remember there are many
Like yourself, who haven't any,
But who pass as very literary men.
Grasp your pen between your fingers
But if some idea lingers
In the words you write, don't let the thing be seen.
Then indite a deeply mystic,
Carministic, symbolistic
Set of verses for a monthly magazine.

August, 1905.

Among the arrivals at Byron Hot Springs the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. Thomas H. Holt, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. James Woods, William McMurray, Dr. Washington Dodge, Dr. D. W. Montgomery, Dr. Jas. Monloney of Honolulu, Maxwell McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Eaton, Col. A. Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. D. A. Proctor.

John F. Cunningham, lately appointed manager of the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank Safe Deposit Vaults, was for twenty years connected with Levi Strauss and Company in a confidential capacity. He is a prominent member of the Olympic Club and many fraternal orders, and his many friends join in wishing him success in his new place, and all predict that safe boxes in the Crocker-Woolworth Vaults will be at a premium a year hence under his management.

Artistic Furnishings at the Pleasanton.

Beautiful new furnishings are being installed in the Hotel Pleasanton, which will be the most artistic hostelry in San Francisco when it is finished. The special work is being done for the Pleasanton by Mrs. Shaughnessy, who recently arrived from New York to take up this line of interior decoration. Nearly all of the suites are being done over after the newest art-designs, the walls, ceilings, furniture and carpets blending harmoniously, in one color effect. A bridal suite is being done with the walls in two shades of gray, the woodwork in white enamel. The furniture is in Rose du Barry pink, and the draperies and carpet are in the same tones of pink. The writing desk and tables are of mahogany, and the chandeliers are of old iron. The bathroom enters into this scheme of beauty, being tiled and white enameled. Another suite is in the same style, with the only difference that blue instead of pink is the color scheme.

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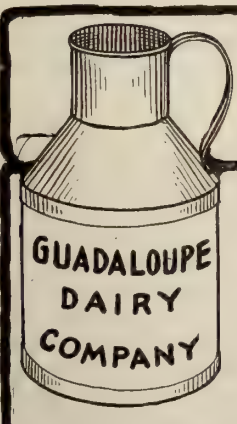

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of the women, but the impress of creeping age is just enough to breed suspicion. And what power of art can combat this subtle growth in the public mind? "Oh, she looks young and all that," they say, "but she's not real!" With their loveliness showing an autumnal glow, what are Mrs. Potter and Mrs. Langtry to do? It is a portentous sign, this buzzing of the variety promoter around the two stars.

If Lily Would Tell

Mrs. Langtry is keeping a smiling face turned toward the public, and for all casual observation might tell she is as free from care as when in the first flush of her enchanting youth. But what if one could see behind the smiles, could know what thoughts turn ever in her mind? If we could only stand behind the actress and read her when she surveys her unadorned self in a glass! Ah, pity these fading beauties! There is a tale told in Mrs. Langtry's plans for the future. Her dip into vaudeville means that we are at the beginning of the end. It would not be strange if already some cruel publisher has approached her with a view to a biographical volume. The book agent has been after Irving, and why not after Langtry? In the matter of years there is not a lot between them, and does any one suppose that the actor could tell the more interesting story? We never have learned all the details of the chip of ice that either accidentally or deliberately was sent on its slippery way down the spine of the Prince that now as King has become known as "peacemaker." What a series of experiences there is to speculate upon! How about that little, half-forgotten mansion in New York, the farm out here in Lake county, the friendship of Freddy Gebhard, and how about the steam yachts, the horses, the hundred varied whims of the lamented Squire Abingdon? Unlike past years, the summer has brought Mrs. Langtry no rest. She is flitting about the country on a "reciting tour," receiving three hundred and fifty dollars a performance. In November, instead of making a bid for London favor, she will sail for South Africa, to appear there in her old role in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." Isn't it too bad that beauties grow old?

Whittlesey's Return

It is good to see White Whittlesey again. He is back from his long road tour with his good looks intact. He probably added materially to his scrap book by that tour, and increased his list of giddy adorers, but one thing he lost somewhere on the road for which I feel sincerely grateful—that old dancing-master walk. He carries himself with manly grace, and there are few leading men now who can beat Whittlesey in pulchritude. His admirers were out in such force on Monday night that I couldn't get inside the doors, and on Tuesday night there was another big and enthusiastic crowd. There are no parts of importance in "The Fortunes of the King" except Charles Stuart who, like the scenery, is picturesque and beautiful. It's a part to make any star happy, for there is no other to dim its brightness. There's a villain, Captain Devereaux, done to a turn by Scott, but he cannot do much to bonnie Charlie, who is successful all the way round. Eugenie Thais Lawton, as royalty's sweetheart, was charming. She has improved so much that one would scarcely know her for the same Eugenie who played in melodrama at the Central. But I recognized the brown velvet habit of Jane Lane as the same habit worn by Miss Lawton the last time I saw her at the Central. If not the same, 'twas its twin sister. Whittlesey will have a much stronger vehicle next week in "The Only Way." Remembering how well he did Henry Miller's role in "Heartsease," I have no doubt he will show us something good as Sydney Carton.

A Play By Jack London

It is announced on the authority of the publishers that Jack London's new book, "The Game," is to be dramatized and will probably be put on the boards during the coming winter. His "Sea Wolf" was dramatized some time ago, for Richard Mansfield, it was said then, but according to the latest advices it is to be produced by young Barry-

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Coming—DENIS O'SULLIVAN

THE PASMORE SISTERS
Mary Broeck, Suzanne Nicholine and Dorothy Bickford, Who Have Just Returned from Concertizing in Oregon

more. Then there was "The Scorn of Women," under way for Ethel Barrymore. Surely one of them should be ready for production before long. In the meantime the Alcazar will have the distinction of producing Jack London's first play, "The Great Interrogation." Ada Lee Bascom, a San Francisco woman who is well-known in New York and London as a playwright, has collaborated with London on the dramatization of this—one of his best Klondike tales. It tells the story of a white man and an Indian girl, and its locale is near Dawson City. The play will have its first presentation upon any stage within the coming month, during the engagement of White Whittlesey, who will appear in it.

Next Week's Bills

Ezra Kendall will remain at the Columbia another week.

"Rob Roy" will continue at the Tivoli.

The Central will have a fine bill in one of Theodore Kremer's newest melodramas, "No Wedding Bells for Her." It is a story of the coal mine strike in Pennsylvania with a labor conflict as the motif. Mayall and Edna Ellsmere will have the leading roles.

For White Whittlesey's second week at the Alcazar he will appear as Sydney Carton in "The Only Way," which Henry Miller produced here during two of his Columbia seasons. Will R. Walling has been engaged for Darnay, and all the other members of the company will have congenial roles. "Prince Otto" comes next, with Whittlesey in the title part, originally played by Otis Skinner.

Colonel Gaston Bordaverry, the world's foremost marksman and sharpshooter, will make his first appearance in San Francisco at the Orpheum, coming direct from the New York Hippodrome. The sketch writer and actor, Edmund Day, who made such a hit here last year, will return, with his latest comedy success, "The Sheriff." Oriska Worden and Adele Archer, assisted by Lucille Georgi, will present their dainty conceit, "The Queen's Fan." Les Parisiennes, Cecile and Francois, in a potpourri of comedy, globe running, tumbling, cake-walking on the wire dance, will be new.

At the Chutes will be: Harper, Desmond and Bailey, the trio of colored singers and dancers, who were at the Orpheum recently; Crawford and Duff, knockabout comedians; Bingham and Thornton, comedy sketch artists; and Conkey, a comedy juggler.

O'Sullivan's Return

Denis O'Sullivan returned home Sunday night after an absence of a year in the British Isles where he was one of the greatest successes of the past theatrical season in his new play, "Peggy MacChree." Mr. O'Sullivan will open at the Grand Opera House Sunday matinee, August twentieth, in "Arrah Na Pogue." He will follow this with "The Colleen Bawn" and will also produce for the first time in America "Peggy MacChree."

Ethel Barrymore will be back from Europe in a fortnight, and will tour westward in "Sunday." Her two brothers are to appear with her in "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire" when it is produced in New York. In this play Miss Barrymore has the role of a woman of forty.

Ruth White will, with Oscar Figman, head the cast of "The Tenderfoot" in the Chicago production of the musical comedy, given under Richard Carle's direction. Miss White has had a varied and very successful career since she made her debut in this city. She was a vocal pupil of Marie Withrow, and when "Trilby" was first presented here she was engaged to sing "Sweet Alice Ben Bolt" behind the scenes. Later she was given the part of one of the studio girls in the same play, and went East with the company. It was only a few years later that Miss White was singing a leading role in "The Burgomaster."

Their Peerless Qualifications

What a significant announcement from the Alcazar management! "The Alcazar's four new leading people for the next stock season, commencing in October, will all be young, unmarried, and free from any entanglements prejudicial to their artistic work or personal popularity."

Wise Mrs. Wiggs

When "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" comes to the Columbia, it will probably, as "The Old Homestead" did, draw from the church people who rarely attend the theatre. Mrs. Wiggs is as good as gospel to a large class of readers, and these will all want to see her on the stage. Here is some of the good old lady's philosophy:

"I jes' do the best I kin where the good Lord put me at, an' it looks like I got a happy feelin' in me 'most all the time."

"It looks like ever'thing in the world comes right if we jes' wait long enough."

"I hold that it's wrong to keep ever'thing bottled up inside you. Yer feelin's is like ras'berry vinegar: if you're skeered to use 'em an' keep on savin' 'em, first thing you know they've done 'vaporated."

"I've made it a practice to put all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile."

"It's sinful to fuss."

"Some folks goes right under when trouble comes, but I carry mine fur an' easy."

"It ain't never no use puttin' up yer umbrell' til it rains."

Little Cecil Cowles, Hugo Mansfeldt's pupil, gave a delightful piano recital last Thursday evening in the ballroom at Hotel Rowardennan, Ben Lomond. On Saturday evening a pleasant masquerade party was given at the hotel for the children and their invited guests. The ball-room was filled with juveniles in costumes fearfully and wonderfully gotten up and prizes were awarded as follows: The cake walk, Lawrence May as Black Mammy; first prizes to little Florence Winifred Ackerman and Dan Koshland, as Fairy Queen and Ballet Dancer. Dr. and Mrs. Belden were voted the prize as the best dancers among the grown-ups.

The Yiddish Players

The Yiddish players have not drawn very large houses during their engagement here, but those who have been once to hear them have not failed to go again. I met one man who, though he does not understand a word of Yiddish, has been three times, and he considers these Chicago people great actors. Their plays are old-fashioned and do not appeal to those who like short, snappy dramas that run to situation rather than dialogue, but they are all so sympathetically and impressively carried out that the auditor cannot fail to become interested. These Yiddish players throw themselves heart and soul into their work, so that their personality is wholly merged into the role. Bertha Tanzman, Clara Raffalo, Schoengold and Glickman were all in the spirit of the Biblical characters portrayed in "Joseph in Egypt." This play, to a student of the Scriptures, is of particular interest.

A Horse Is the Star

It was well that Mayall returned to the Central in "Blue Jeans," in which no one could dispute heroship honors with him. The hero of "The Cattle King" is not the Cattle King but his horse. This thoroughbred equine is the cleverest thing on four legs that has starred on the stage in many a day. There have been some brave specimens of horseflesh on San Francisco stages, too—Porter Ashe's Geraldine, Rignold's "Henry V" steed, the winning mare in "In Old Kentucky," Sheridan's galloper in "Shenandoah," and others. Norris's educated ponies are not better educated than "The Cattle King's" equine star, which is as intelligent as a human—more so than some humans I have met. Mayall's role is that of a brave, warm-hearted ranger who loves as he rides, with courage and confidence. Edna Ellsmere has the leading female role, and statuesque Genevieve Kane is back with the company.

Not for Dreams This Week

There's nothing conducive to somnolence on the Orpheum bill this week. It's a bill to keep you wide awake. There's Morton, the talk-man, who tells his stories in a way to interest even the woman in the audience who "hates monologists" and never listens to one if she has something else to distract her mind. The Patty brothers do some things that other acrobats cannot do, and Madame Bobe is a strenuous but good time-keeping xylophonist. Smith and Campbell are of the usual type of knockabout comedians. On the whole, the left-overs are still the program's stars, particularly Miller Kent and his "Dorothy," and La Estellita of the generous smile.

Blanche Walsh's new play, "The Woman in the Case," is by Clyde Fitch and is said to be on the Henry Arthur Jones order.

"Rob Roy" is as popular as ever at the Tivoli. It is one of the strongest of the summer attractions.

A play suggested by Winton Churchill's novel, "The Crossing," and written by Mr. Churchill and Louis Evan Shipman, author of "D'Arcy of the Guards," will be produced this season.

White Whittlesey in scene from "The Only Way" at the Alcazar

ORISKA WORDEN
Who, with Adele Cercher and Lucille Georgi, will present "The Queen's Fan" at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

"Weather Beaten Benson"

Ezra Kendall's unlimited supply of jokes has long been the wonder and admiration of the theatre-going public. His half hours in vaudeville probably contain more witticisms to the minute than those of any other comedian in the business. 'Tis true that many of his drollatics are of ancient vintage but he always manages to fashion enough new ones in the interim to be more than acceptable. In "Weather Beaten Benson," his latest vehicle for exploitation of his mannerisms, he proves that his powers are still unimpaired, for he has added abundantly to his copious stock of gleeful monologue. In fact, the play is a sort of elaborate monologue in which all the characters are subservient to his part and act simply as foils for his raillery. The play is crudely constructed, the situations are trite, and little of the dialogue except that of Benson is above the ordinary. One cares very little about the plot, however, when the star is on the stage—which, by the way, is most of the time. When he makes his exit the piece drags until he puts in an appearance again. This difficulty will probably be obviated shortly, however, for I suspect that San Francisco comes pretty nearly being the dramatic bow-wow of the play. Kendall as the kind old bachelor down on his luck has even a better part than as "The Vinegar Buyer." He plays it with infinitely more art than he did the former role, delivering his dull lines in a quaint and quiet way worthy of a Sol Smith Russell. His jokes are new and of good quality. Unlike those of his vaudeville days, they do not border on the vulgar and with impunity might be labeled "Will Not Offend the Most Fastidious." One of the best bits of acting in the play is done by Edith Taliaferro as Little Miss Moses. She makes a charming child, very sweet and rarely natural. Edith Brandon and Mary (Polly) Stockwell were given a hearty reception by their old friends in the audience, but the parts were disappointingly small and they had no opportunity to show what their progress in their work has been since last we saw them. The play has been carefully mounted and probably pictures consistently the period of the historical Oklahoma Rush of 1889. A very realistic rain storm adds greatly to the fun of the piece.

Craig Investing Here

Nat Goodwin is not the only Eastern actor who has shown his confidence in the possibilities of San Francisco by investing in real estate here. John Craig, who has just returned from Tonopah, has been investing money in Sunset District property. Craig is to spend the summer in the White mountains, after which he returns to Boston, where he expects to receive a warm welcome. He was for many years leading man of the Castle Square stock company. But in spite of the fact of his long residence and popularity in the Hub, Craig has become very fond of San Francisco, and is anxious to return here next year.

—The Playgoer.

ETHEL BRANDON
With Ezra Kendall at the Columbia

Feline Amenities

BY IRENE CONNELL.

When Betty Baxter returned from her trip east she called at her husband's office one day and saw a new girl at the typewriting desk. She noticed a bunch of violets, too, which she felt sure were Jeff's selection. She knew his violets very well, and she had already had her suspicions aroused, and there was something odd in the way the girl regarded her.

"You never told me you had a new typewriter, Jeff," she remarked that evening at dinner.

"Never thought of it," was the careless answer.

"What was the matter with Miss Ray?"

"We had a little difference of opinion. Miss Ray was getting to be a crank."

Miss Ray was a drab spinster of forty. The new girl was sweet and twenty, pompadoured and white shirt-waisted.

"How do you like Miss—what did you say her name was?" Jeff, by the way, had not mentioned her name. "Is she efficient?"

"Deficient, you had better say. She can't spell by nature, and she can't learn to punctuate. But they are all alike, and she is as good as the average."

"Why do you keep her, then?"

"Oh, I can't be changing all the time." And Jeff made haste to change the subject.

A day or two later Betty resumed her attack. She found out that the girl's name was Miss Latimer, Lindora Latimer. A foolish name, Jeff had called it.

"Don't you think she is pretty?"

"Oh, yes, if you fancy dolls; I don't."

"He protests too much," mused Betty.

The Baxters had been married three years and were still in love with each other. Betty was a little suspicious and a little jealous but was too wise to make a scene. She had been called east to see her dying father, and had remained away some months while business matters were in course of settlement. It had annoyed her greatly when Kitty Emmons, one of her particular friends, in the course of an afternoon call had detailed a lot of gossip about her husband. Although she professed to discredit the rumors she was uneasy. She took occasion to visit the office and studied Miss Latimer with some attention. Then she began to work out her plan. She conceived a sudden and violent friendship for Miss Latimer, whom she patronized immensely. She made her presents of hats and waists, took her driving, called for her on off days and carried her away to lunch and the matinee, much to the detriment of office work.

Lindora was weak, but not of a bad sort. If she had been flattered by Baxter, she was completely carried off her feet by his wife. He was now quite out of the running. Dinners and automobile rides proffered by a man were no great novelties in her world, but to be noticed by a society queen, a "beautiful and elegant lady" like Mrs. Baxter, argued some special merit in the one thus honored.

Betty's friends were amused, but her husband was disgusted. He could not account for her queer taste, she who was an aristocrat by birth and inclination. It was all very well for him to notice the girl, but for Mrs. Baxter to do so was a very different matter.

Betty played innocence. "I am only trying to bring a little pleasure into the poor girl's life, Jeff."

Jeff growled something inaudible. The truth was that the girl was beginning to get on his nerves. He hated her flat, drawling voice and the way she had of patting and smoothing her hair. Her lapses in grammar began to drive him frantic, and once when she forgot herself and answered "Yeh" he nearly jumped out of his seat. He despised her for letting herself be patronized by Betty.

The climax came when Betty insisted that the girl should have a two weeks' vacation in order to visit them at their bungalow at Hillcrest. Betty was really sorry for poor Lindora. The girl made a brave show with her two poor frocks. She was strong in the matter of white shirt-waists, but her efforts stopped there. Her means and knowledge fell short of the niceties of a rich woman's toilette, and beside the exquisitely gowned Betty she looked poor and common. Her assurance and glibness of speech deserted her, she could not join in the small talk of the party, she could neither ride nor golf.

Baxter hardly noticed her. He was annoyed at her being there and thought she should have had better sense than to accept the invitation. Betty was satisfied. Her plan had worked to her entire satisfaction. At the end of Lindora's rather uncomfortable visit, she was surprised at being discharged from Baxter's employ and at the same time dropped by his wife. Poor Lindora, she was sure she did not deserve such treatment from either. She married a clerk in a shoe store, and Mrs. Baxter made her a wedding gift of a set of silver spoons and forks. "I *did* behave like a cat," she said to herself, "but I simply *had* to. After all it was not worth while to hate the poor thing."

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AUGUST SUNSET

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Public attention is being attracted to the Westgate apartments at 614 Taylor street, now receiving the last touches of completion, its owners being the Starr Estate Company. The building is a representative modern structure in every respect, designed in the style of the French Renaissance by the architects, William Mooser and Edw. G. Bolles, and supplied with every modern convenience known to make housekeeping a pleasure.

The exterior is laid up with a base of granite and sandstone, with a superstructure of red enamel bricks trimmed with cream enamel terra-cotta quoins and bays. The roof is a Mansard covered with slate surmounted by an iron railing. Entrance to the building is through an open court, set off with palms, guarded by ornamental wrought iron gates, affording privacy thereto. The main vestibule is finished in marble and weathered oak, its doors being of metal and plate glass; the vestibule gives access to four apartments on the first floor, and a stately marble staircase, flanked by the elevator, leads to the upper floors. The apartments consist of unfurnished suites of five and six rooms, and embody in their arrangement the desirable feature of isolation for kitchen and servants' quarters from the other rooms.

The sanitary scheme has been most carefully worked out, and the plumbing is of the most improved type from the J. L. Mott Co. of New York City, installed by Ickelheimer Bros. of San Francisco. Electric dumb-waiter service attaches to each suite.

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Open September 15th, 1905

Almost a Tragedy

BY O. L. BLAKE.

Reginald Rash lived up to his name. He was a very impulsive young man who was frequently carried away by his emotions. It should be stated, however, that he was emotional only in the society of fair women.

He was always apologizing for indiscreet observations. He could never learn the value of thinking twice before speaking once.

This constitutional impetuosity almost proved fatal this summer at Santa Cruz, where Reginald was the object of a great deal of interest, for be it known Mr. Rash was regarded as a "catch." He had money to burn.

Reginald was a fine swimmer and he was a regular devil in the breakers. The girls thronged into the surf when it was known that Mr. Rash was donning his bathing suit, and the one that had been chosen for his companion on the excursion through the briny to the raft was very much envied by all the others.

On the fatal July day when the untoward incident that almost ended in a tragedy occurred, Miss Dolly Plover was the lucky damsel. Dolly was a fine swimmer and very daring. She wore the prettiest bathing suit that had ever been seen in Santa Cruz, and Mr. Rash admired it very much. He also admired Dolly. Indeed, the gossips thought that he was very much in love with her. But Dolly was a demure maiden, though she was a daring swimmer. Her parents were Christians of the old school, very puritanical and great sticklers for the conventions.

Dolly had the courage of her convictions, but they were not such as to jolt the proprieties. She was becomingly modest, but no prude. During their brief acquaintance Reginald had managed to restrain his impetuosity. He wouldn't have shocked Dolly for the world.

But this day he was badly rattled, for when it occurred he was somewhat dazed. Anybody who has ever been "rolled" by a Santa Cruz breaker knows how long it takes to regain one's senses.

Dolly and Reginald were rolled simultaneously, and they were in deep water at the time. Both struck out ex-

THE SUMMER GIRL'S PERPLEXITY
OR
AFTER THE SEASON IS OVER

citedly, and Dolly received a kick that took the wind out of her. She opened her mouth and swallowed a pint of water. When she came to the surface she looked like one who had been strangled. Presently Reginald rose to the surface near by. He looked at her aghast.

"Did I kick you?" he gasped, the cold perspiration minging with the salt water on his brow.

What would be the use of denying it? Dolly blushed down to where her corsage begins on State occasions.

"I should say you did," she exclaimed.

"Did I?" he groaned, turning very pale; then in an agony of anxiety: "Where?"

"Sir! ! !" she ejaculated.

Then they both went to the bottom and a few moments later the people on shore became cognizant of the fact that two people were in great distress. Fortunately there were some fine swimmers in the neighborhood of the contretemps, and the pair were rescued.

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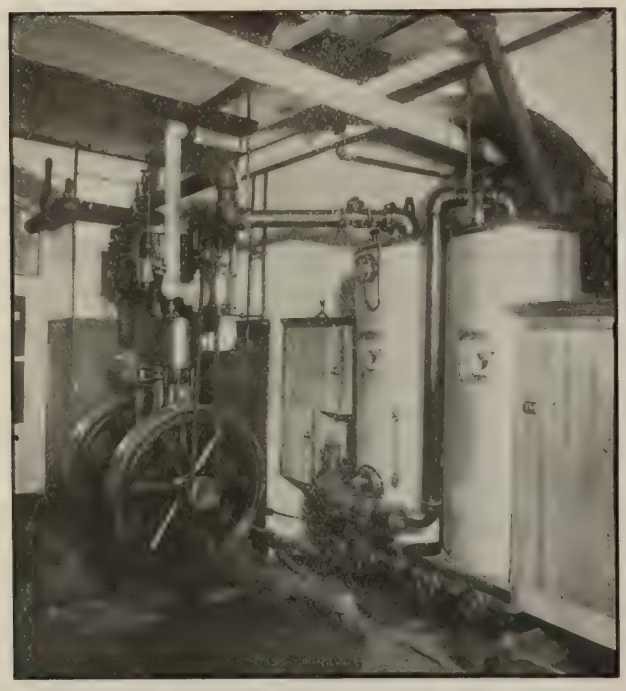
The Mechanism of a Big Hotel

Few people realize the magnitude of the working parts of a metropolitan hotel. They see everything going smoothly: the clerk answering questions from the many who see in him but an information bureau; the bell-boy springing with alacrity to answer a summons from the top floor; the admirable service in the dining-room; the presence of every needed article in the bedrooms. They note that everything is clean as well as luxurious, but they do not stop to think what it entails to have all this perfection an everyday matter. The Palace Hotel, in this city, has in its own family over six hundred people to feed. This with the guests, who average from eight hundred to one thousand a day, and the number of outside people who dine there, makes over seven thousand meals to be prepared every day. One can scarcely realize the amount of labor necessary in catering for this vast company. Take one dinner as an example, and imagine yourself shelling peas to satisfy the appetite of this vast concourse of



Sanitary Compressed Air Cleaning Department, Palace Hotel

hungry people. You couldn't do it, of course. But the Palace has its way of doing everything in the best and quickest manner. It owns the only pea-shelling machine on the coast, and a bushel of peas is shelled while you are looking at them. The house uses approximately per year about one million eggs, one hundred and seventy thousand pounds of potatoes, one hundred thousand gallons of milk, eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty pounds of coffee, seventy-three thousand pounds of fish, one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds of mutton, two hundred and sixteen thousand pounds loin beef, one hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds ribs beef, seventy-five thousand pounds of butter. The six hundred employes are fed in special dining-rooms, with food cooked in special kitchens by a special corps of chefs. There is a school for waiters, who are given a lecture each week. Mr. Victor Reiter takes the bill of fare and illustrates its service and the aspiring garcons listen, learn, practice and finally graduate as waiters.

The Palace is supplied with water by two Artesian wells under the hotel, operated automatically by separate engines. The steam used in heating is made a block away, under the branch post office, oil being the fuel used. The Palace has its own machine shop, blacksmith shop, cabinetmakers' establishment, carpenter shop, plumbers' establishment, electricians' department, silver plating establishment, ice plant, beside coffee mills and various other labor saving devices. Recently a sanitary compressed air cleaning plant has been installed, run by a ten horse-power engine, which is situated in the basement. There are six sweepers, by which the dust is thoroughly taken out of the carpets in halls and dining-rooms and by suction conveyed through pipes into the machine in the basement. It requires eight China-boys and two white men all of the time to keep this big hotel cleaned of dust and dirt with this improved apparatus. The steam heating plant is one of the latest improvements, every room having a radiator as well as an open fire place, giving people the choice. Some people prefer an open fire and do not like steam heat. In this respect the Palace is far ahead of the houses of modern times because those houses have only steam heat and are generally without the open fire places.

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Interior View The Cecil, 960 Bush Street

Society's Bowlers at the Jefferson Square Club

A few years ago women who desired to try their skill in the bowling alley had to go to San Rafael, or to one of the other resorts where bowling was numbered among the permissible feminine sports. Men of course had their bowling alleys in town, but they were not open to women visitors. When the Jefferson Square Club was established, it was a great boon to women, and they speedily took advantage of the privilege accorded them to become expert bowlers. There is no more exhilarating and beneficial exercise than bowling, and it is a healthy amusement, less fatiguing than tennis or golf, but quite as good for muscular development. Many morning, afternoon and evening bowling clubs have been formed to take part in this popular game.

Lately, owing to the game's popularity and the increased membership of the Jefferson Square Club, the management has added four more bowling alleys to accommodate its members, so that now the club has the largest and best equipped bowling alleys and amusement place in the world. Twelve bowling alleys offer accommodation to many parties at a time, and there is no tedious waiting before one can get a chance to play. The Jefferson Square Club is located in the Pioneer Automobile Company's building, opposite Jefferson Square, at the corner of Golden Gate avenue and Octavia streets. The club quarters cover the entire second floor of the large building. The bowling alleys are in charge of a professional instructor, and alleys are reserved for ladies between ten and twelve and two and four o'clock every day, when free instructions are given. Alleys for individual clubs and private parties may be reserved in advance. New automatic pin "spotters" or setters are to be placed in a few days. These clever inventions were used in the East, at the National Bowling Congress held at Milwaukee not long ago. It is always important for a player to have his pins set quickly, on the right spots, for upon speed and accuracy in pinsetting largely depend the player's success. These new automatic "spotters" do the work far better than a man could do.

For the club's fall season have been planned some prize tournaments, in which players of both sexes will take part.

Interior Views of the Jefferson Square Club, Golden Gate Ave., Opposite Jefferson Square

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Music

The Pasmores Concertizing

The Pasmores have returned from a very successful season at the Southern Oregon Chautauqua Assembly held at Ashland, where they attracted very large and enthusiastic audiences at each of the concerts. Their programs are in a way object lessons for those musicians who are afraid to play anything that they think will not "take," for they contain almost entirely the names of the great masters—Beethoven, Haydn, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Rubinstein. Accompanying the Pasmores on the trip were Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Miss Grace Needham, Charles Trowbridge and Milton Lawrence, all pupils of Mr. Pasmore, also Miss Lillian Spink, violinist, who pleased immensely in her solos. Mrs. Gardner's numbers ranged from the florid Italian arias to the "Stabat Mater" solos, and she was particularly praised by the critics, and applauded by her audience, for her rendition of the "Inflammatus." Ashland, for its size, is a great music town. It can upon occasion gather together an audience of forty-five hundred, a chorus of sixty, an orchestra of twelve, a fine vocal quartet (each member a soloist) and three musical directors, presenting satisfactorily works of strictly classical character such as the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini and Jensen's "Feast of Adonis." These works were produced under the able direction of Prof. Irving M. Glen, dean of the Conservatory of Music of the University of Oregon. Since their return, the Pasmores have been busily preparing the program for their farewell concerts, shortly to be announced. They have also given a musical service at the Unitarian church at Berkeley, where they attracted a congregation that overflowed into the Sunday-school rooms. Miss Aldanita Wolfskill, contralto, was the vocal soloist, rendering Dvorak's Biblical songs.

Eula Howard in the North

Eula Howard, Hugo Mansfeldt's young and highly gifted piano pupil, is winning great praise from the Oregon press for her recitals. She has appeared at the White Temple, Portland, at the Chautauqua Assembly and in Festival Hall at the Lewis-Clark Exposition. On the evening of July twenty-sixth she gave an entire Chopin program in Festival Hall, appearing on the official program. Eula Howard was born in Oregon—at Grant's Pass—so it was quite fitting that she should star before an Oregon audience. It was only about three years ago that she came to San Francisco to become one of Mansfeldt's pupils. Miss Howard is accompanied in her journey by her mother, Mrs. John W. Howard, and they expect to go to Southern Oregon in August, returning to San Francisco in the autumn. The Oregonian of July twenty-seventh said of this young girl's recital in the big exposition auditorium: "Miss Howard played with a dash and brilliancy peculiar to her style alone. She has an abundance of vim and vigor, and throws her whole soul into her playing. She is a natural musician and has remarkable talent."

Musicale at Niles

A very interesting musical evening was given at the Belvoir, Niles, last week in honor of the birthday of Edna Sharpe, Mrs. Chittenden's granddaughter, and Emelita Mayhew, whose birthday came upon the same date. Among the guests at the hotel taking part in the program were Mrs. H. Mosher, Professor Joseph Roeckel, Miss Xena Roberts, Miss Sharpe, Evelyn and Elsie Clifford, Mario and Maria Roeckel, Bertha Roberts, Mrs. Seward Oliver Higley, and Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel.

Samuel Adelstein has returned from a very pleasant and extended vacation spent at Skaggs Springs, Camp Meeker and in the Santa Cruz mountains. At Camp Meeker he was the guest of F. Dellepiane, organist of Plymouth church and Past President of the Musicians' Club.

Hother Wismer has returned from his vacation and will resume teaching about August eighth.

Mrs. Grace Morei Dickman and Clarence Eddy were entertained at a charming "studio evening" at Mrs. Ada Romer Shawhan's last week.

Manfredo Chiaffarelli, whose Italian band is now touring the Middle West, has an unusually large library. It includes manuscript arrangements of the standard operas and classical music. Chiaffarelli arranges a good deal of his own music and he is not averse to playing ragtime.

Charles B. Dillingham, during his brief trip to London and the Continent, closed deals for two new musical plays for Fritzi Scheff and Lulu Glaser to see the light of day in New York in the autumn of 1906.

—The Music Critic.

Near the Summit, California Northwestern Railroad

Mysterious Caves near Byron Hot Springs

"The Caves" near Byron Hot Springs Hotel

His Father's Son

(Continued from Page 28)

"Never!" he cried, "never, never! You could not get the mother and now you come back for the child."

John McCullough Montgomery looked taken aback, perplexed, mystified. Was her father a madman?

"You could not get the mother," the old man repeated, defiantly; "she was mine—mine, I say! God in His mercy saved her from marrying a rascally play-actor."

In an instant the face of the young man was transfigured with understanding and delight; then it darkened into a defiance deeper than that of the face opposing it.

"The daughter," he said dramatically, as though he were reading the lines of the play; "the daughter is mine, the son's, on earth; the mother is his, the father's, in heaven."

Whereupon mystification was written large and plain upon Obadiah Dixon's every feature; then understanding sudden and terrible; then fierce jealousy; then, appalling helplessness.

"No, no, no!" he protested, weakly, evidently fighting an idea that was too strong for him, "Marriage is forever and ever."

"Until death do us part!" interrupted his father's son, in the voice of the dead, a voice seeming to come from afar. The strange tones which in the lighted theatre were wont to give women "the shivers," as they said, were now no less moving than if they had in very truth come from a mouth that had been dust for a quarter of a century.

There was silence. The fire suggested a deathbed scene. It seemed struggling for life. Now it lost consciousness, as it were; then the forms disappeared; and again it regained consciousness, and showed them facing one another.

"Until death do us part." The words seemed to come from all parts of the room at once. Obadiah Dixon, who had the greatest possible reverence for an oath, would have sworn that the lips of the young actor had not moved. The fear of the supernatural again laid hold of him.

"Until death do us part." The tones were now no longer terrible, but kissing sweet, expressive of joy, passion, prophecy—so sweet that the fire, so to say, came to life to hear them.

And now the words were so distinctly echoed from the doorway that the two occupants of the room turned in the direction like puppets moved by the same wire.

Already in the room, dressed in shining white without a touch of color, a gas-lighter in her hand, stood Ruth Dixon, delighted, dismayed, ashamed, her love confessed in spite of her.

With his back to the fire, in one hand, the visiting card; in the other, the photograph, the father. Near the door, as described, or rather, indescribable, the daughter. Between them, the lover.

Without a word, the father looked from daughter to lover and from lover to daughter; without a word, the daughter looked from lover to father and from father to lover; without a word, the lover looked from daughter to father and from father to daughter.

Oh, it's going out!" rehearsed Ruth, and, as if she were acting a badly learned part, ran with little stagey steps until she was underneath the chandelier. With her back to both lover and father, fumbling painfully the while, she lighted gas jet after gas jet until the room was all ablaze; then she turned and faced them, and all three breathed deeply.

"Sir," said Destiny, in the guise of the young actor, "I have come to ask you for your daughter—she loves me," he added, boldly; and—proud as Satan's self—"tonight I play Hamlet."

"O, John!" said the daughter, reprovingly; and "O, father!" imploringly.

Never!" said the father, defiantly—it was only in the dark that he was a child—"a play-actor fellow like this other"—holding out the photograph—"never!"

"Then," spoke up the play-actor fellow, "I shall take her without more words."

"Take her; take her!" foamed the father: "you can't, you can't—she promised her dead mother. Take her; that's what the other rascal wanted to do."

"Have a care, sir," said this rascal very quietly; "you speak of my father."

Mr. Dixon muttered something under his breath.

"Father," asked Ruth, "what have you against Mr. Montgomery?"

"This," he hissed, giving the green serpent voice at last; "this! I found it on her heart—after it had ceased to beat—her two hands over it."

Ruth glanced at the photograph, trembling, terrified by her father's manner.

Her hands went up; she gasped; then turned towards John,

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her head averted, and motioned him out of the room, away from her forever.

But John did not budge. He merely said: "My father."

Ruth's face lighted like a prisoner's reprieved. Then "O, mother!" she cried brokenly, and fell to sobbing.

The lover's look softened, and he made a step towards her; the father's look softened, and he made a step towards her; then both stopped, each realizing at the same instant the other's act and intention. Their glances crossed like steel, eye fighting eye for the drooping prize between.

"She's mine," the lover claimed, and put his arm about her.

"Your promise," reminded the father, evidently worsted; "your promise, Ruth."

"My promise," repeated the girl after him; "I think that both God and my mother would be better pleased were I to break it than to keep it." The daring of the words was in strange contrast with the demureness of the manner. The father stood aghast. Not that she would—vow apart—defy him. She was too much like her mother for that—tonight more like her than ever.

"The promise—what was it—what of it?" questioned the lover.

"The very day of her death," answered Ruth, speaking with difficulty, "mother told me that she had come very near marrying against her father's wishes, when she was a girl, and asked me never to do that. I promised. What else could I do? Just now," she added in a strange voice, "she released me from that promise—and God, too. I know they did."

"Nonsense!" shouted Obadiah Dixon, "blasphemous nonsense. Are you crazy, girl?"

"I am not crazy, father, not yet," the girl answered, with a calm that unmanned him quite. "Mother wishes me to marry —to marry him; I know that she does."

"Marry a play-actor—without a penny in his pocket, either, I'll go bail!" fumed the father, that ominous "yet" ringing in his ears. The mother, the doctors had said, had escaped insanity by a miracle.

"Tonight I play Hamlet!" repeated John McCullough, in a manner that added as plainly as words: "And that is enough, and more than enough—though Ruth were a king's daughter."

"My Ruth marry a play-actor—never! The other fellow went to the dogs."

"The other fellow did not; he abandoned the stage, broken-hearted; and gave what was left of his life to my mother, who had loved him from childhood. I finish his life for him; tonight I play his Hamlet; tomorrow, I—come and see it," he broke off abruptly, thrusting a finger and thumb into his vest pocket.

"Oh, do, papa, do let us go see it," begged Ruth, smiles in her voice, tears in her eyes.

But Obadiah Dixon did not hear her. At the words, "Come and see it," he drew back as from a threatened blow.

"Young man," he announced sternly, "I am now sixty years old and never yet have I once set foot inside one of those gate-lodges of hell—no, nor my daughter, either."

The young man laughed aloud.

The daughter looked abashed, blushed, went white, and stammered: "Sir—father—I have a confession—I wanted to tell you long ago, but I couldn't."

"What! what!" exclaimed the old man, testily, scenting the nature of the avowal.

"I have been to the theatre, sir—once."

"Been to the theatre, miss! a daughter of mine been to the theatre! I—" Words and breath failed him together. "When?" he finally gasped, as if doubting the possibility of the thing.

"Three years ago—when we were back East—mother knew of it. She sent me—I mean—she let me go. It was 'Romeo and Juliet.' I sat in the front row. The moment he came on, he saw me, called me by name, made love—not to Juliet, but to me—always to me. O, father, it was heaven. Then I heard a great commotion and lost consciousness; and when I came to myself, I was on the street—in his arms. Some one had shouted 'fire.' But there had been no fire at all; and he had to go back into the theatre; and I ran away home as fast as I could. Next day mother took sick, and we came here, home. I told mother all about it; I always intended to tell you, but I couldn't. I never saw him again until today; he was passing by just as I came in. . . . Papa, do let us go tonight. I'm sure mother would like it—for her sake, papa; for my sake."

No answer. If Obadiah Dixon's wife had been little more than a daughter to him, his daughter had been, almost from babyhood, very much of a wife—more especially so since the death of the mother. He loved her passionately, was proud of her, did not see how he could possibly do without her. Whenever the idea of her marrying had knocked at the door of his mind, he had denied it admittance. His dream was to make her happy

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himself—that was his happiness; and the thought that she should find joy at the hands of another—man, woman, or child—made him jealous. He had done everything in his power to make the mother happy, and had miserably failed. The smile upon her dead lips was the only joyous one he had ever seen there; and that—

"No," he cried aloud; "the father may have the mother in heaven, but the son shall never have the daughter on earth—never! Be her son—by—"

"He shall," said the son, "and that tomorrow."

"Father," coaxed Ruth, for the third time, "let us go to the theatre tonight. I shall never marry unless you like."

"Dinner is served," the butler announced.

"You will dine with us, sir?" invited Obadiah Dixon. "After that, the theatre," turning to his daughter.

The fact that none could eat a bite was known to all, and it brought them nearer together. The daughter had made her concession; the father his; the lover's concession was his silence when Ruth had ratified the promise made to her mother. Now he spoke genially: "I'm afraid there's hardly time," and he pointed to the clock on the mantelpiece. It was already seven-thirty. All three seemed relieved. "After the theatre, then," amended the father. The would-be son-in-law bowed acceptance. He was, it was plain to be seen, preoccupied, and strangely unlike the defiant young man of a few moments before.

On the way to the theatre, not a word was said. The war of two against one was on again; it being impossible to maintain the truce in the carriage, owing, no doubt, to the closeness of quarters. Obadiah, who sat by himself with his back to the horses, felt himself being dragged by circumstances whither he would not—felt that he was really fighting five—two living, two dead, and—Fate. The lovers had but scant delight of the delicious nearness, and took no advantage of it whatever. Without knowing why, for not a word had been said, all were intuitively of the opinion that by the time the play was over, the battle would be lost and won. Every street light passed showed John's face as that of one inspired, possessed. Tonight he must act as never man before him had acted—to win a wife, to avenge a father, further poetic justice, serve art, achieve fame, make money. Ruth, like many another daughter, trying vainly to be neutral, felt herself being torn to pieces, held fast, as she was, by filial affection, duty, gratitude, while love and life drew her irresistibly after them. The odds against him, Obadiah, as was his wont, grew obstinate, and then angry, the more so as a boyish curiosity took hold of him, becoming sharper and sharper as they neared their destination.

In silence John bowed them into their box, and hastened to his dressing-room.

What Obadiah thought of the theatre was not unknown to his friends, had indeed been quoted in the pulpit, exploited by the press. No wonder that he kept himself well out of sight and watched Ruth seat herself in the foremost chair, much as a hen on the bank does her duckling in the water.

"Ruth, I'm going home."

"Oh, papa, you promised—I stay here."

He made her no answer, nor even chid her waywardness with a frown—it was his gift to her—but drew a chair into the shadow and sat down. Presently Ruth, turning round, caught him, watch in one hand, program in the other, all expectancy. When he looked up, she was intent upon the brilliant stream of life flowing down the aisles and spreading out into the seats. His glance followed hers and he edged his chair forward an inch or two, which was so much ground lost.

By this time, lorgnettes, like so many revolvers, were being leveled at the box, for but two sat there and those Obadiah Dixon, puritan of note and retired grain merchant, and Ruth his daughter, sole heiress of his millions and her mother's surpassing beauty. Before this onslaught of eyes, Obadiah fell back again; when the curtain rose, however, he had advanced a good foot, that is to say, retreated.

When the ghost entered, he gasped, and Ruth, glancing back, saw him staring, ghostly pale. He took no notice of her. Already he had begun to apply the play to himself; and not once again—not even during the entr'actes—did Ruth turn her head, though she heard his chair being drawn forward, felt him grow rigid upon Hamlet's entrance, listened to his breathings deep and terrible and his long suspensions of breath, at times fancied that she detected behind her faint involuntary applause. Well she knew that from the changing expressions of his face she might read the fortunes of war—her own destiny; but a woman's wisdom kept her looking straight before her.

"Poor father," she said to herself; "now he sees himself akin to Claudius"; and "Now I am Ophelia by fault of his"; and "He is now comparing this picture with this." And, so saying, she sided with him against her lover and her own happiness.

At times she forgot her father, her lover, herself; everything but the play before her. Again, not to look behind her was such agony that she believed she must shriek aloud. Or she would be driven to insanity herself by the dread that Hamlet—her Hamlet—was really insane.

And when in the last act she heard him say, "The rest is silence," and saw him die, her heart echoed the words, and she was certain that she, too, was about to die.

But the rest was not silence. It was nothing but noise. The audience had taken the delivering of Horatio's encomium into its own hands.

The curtain was down; the curtain was up, and the dead come to life again; up and down a dozen times and more. And all the while an old puritan was standing in the forefront of a box, applauding for a boxful—Ruth sat motionless. There were tears in his eyes; but for all that he felt happy, really happy, for the first time in his life.

Hamlet had "made good." The rest is silence.

(August, 1905.)

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Automobile Topics

BY THE CHAUFFEUR.

The Auto Boulevard

A long cherished wish of many enterprising citizens of two counties is soon to be realized in the construction of the proposed boulevard from this city into San Mateo county. The insurmountable obstacles to the making of a good road of the present highway through the marsh west of the cemeteries will be overcome by the adoption of a new route. The Automobile Club of California has met with much success in securing subscriptions for the boulevard and this worthy organization should have every encouragement in the work it has undertaken. Visitors to San Francisco frequently comment with praise upon the beautiful drives in Golden Gate Park through the Presidio, but they also comment in reverse terms upon the lack of suitable roadways into the suburban districts. Very few of those who would be glad of an opportunity to drive through the beautiful environs in San Mateo county are able to do so on account of the extreme difficulty in reaching that section. It is also true that the number of owners of the self-propelling vehicles is considerably less than it would be if there were better roads out of the city.

Cowboys vs. Chauffeurs

Determined to resort to desperate measures as a last recourse for the apprehension of the drivers of fifty-miles-an-hour automobiles, the Police Commission of Los Angeles at their meeting a few days ago discussed the feasibility of employing a gang of cowboys whose duty it shall be to lasso any auto driver who declines to stop when hailed. The Mayor of the southern metropolis believes there is only one way to catch those hurricane drivers. "If we were to hire a score of cowboys," said he, "to go down on South Main street on their bronchos and lasso every driver who refused to stop when signaled, we could break up the scorching habit. I do not believe that we shall accomplish it any other way." The city attorney will be consulted before any definite action is taken.

One Told on Oldfield

"A practical joke," said Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, "was played on me a short time ago. I had my revenge, though. It took the form of a telegram from a friend of mine traveling in Italy. It came 'collect'; it cost me seven dollars, and when I opened it, all it read was: 'I am well.' To get back at my friend for playing such an expensive trick on me, I went out into the road and found a big cobblestone of about eleven pounds' weight. I wrapped this stone in excelsior and pink paper, sealed it up in a handsome box, and sent it by express, 'collect,' to my friend abroad. It cost my friend eight dollars for the box, and on opening it he found, along with the stone, a note from me that said, 'On receipt of the news that you were in good health, the accompanying load rolled off my heart.'"

Prize Records

Earl Kiser's recent work at St. Paul puts him ahead of all competitors in victories scored. Since acquiring the Winton Bullet he has started ten times, losing only twice, both of these victories going to Oldfield. He has defeated Chevrolet three times, Oldfield three times and Jay twice, giving him a percentage of 600. The next best percentage is 562, credited to Chevrolet. Jay has won and lost five times each, while Oldfield has scored only three victories in fourteen starts. The following tabulation shows the victories credited to each of the big four, as well as the defeats charged against them:

Drivers					Won	Per cent.
Kiser	x	3	2	3	8	800
Chevrolet	0	x	3	6	9	562
Jay	0	3	x	3	5	500
Oldfield	2	1	0	x	3	214

Lost: Kiser, 2; Chevrolet, 7; Jay, 3; Oldfield, 11.

Reports of the winner of the Glidden Touring Contest are not yet in. After four days' running, the nine White cars which started were still all in the running, a number of these having perfect scores. The last issue of "Automobile Topics" says that all the Whites at the end of the four days' running were in fine condition. Mrs. John Cuneo in her White car is one of the most daring operators on the trip and is always up with the leader. A strong bidder for the Glidden trophy will be Ezra H. Fitch of Montclair, N. J., who drove a White steamer. In the first place, Mr. Fitch answers the essential requirements of being in no way identified with the trade. He was accompanied on the tour by Mrs. Fitch and their young daughter. Again, Mr. Fitch was one of the few drivers who earned a perfect score and, finally, Mr. Fitch abstained from all speeding and actually toured.

Said to Spread the Pest

It had been supposed that pretty nearly every crime in the calendar had been charged against the automobile, but it seems that this is a delusion. The motor vehicle has offended most grievously. According to one of the Massachusetts officials engaged in exterminating the gypsy moth, automobiles are spreading the pest by stopping under infested trees, whence the caterpillars drop into the automobile, or on to its occupants, as they prefer, to be carried far and wide. Now if the moth could only be persuaded to inhale freely of the gasoline fumes, or get in the way of the exhaust tube, there would be no further trouble about the pest.

Alex. Winton has just completed the fastest auto boat in the world. This machine is equipped with a twelve cylinder engine installed in a twenty-five foot hull. The boat is designed for salt water and is built to meet any auto boat in the world. In speed trials off Cleveland, the boat has shown approximately thirty-five miles an hour. It is believed that in salt water, where the hull will not have so much displacement and the propellers will get a firmer grip on the dense salt water, a higher speed than that already shown will be attained. The best previous record for an auto boat is 29 93-100 miles per hour, made by Napier II.

Some Interesting Tours

Carlton Wall of Oakland has literally lived in his large auto since its arrival from the East. He left a few days ago to explore the country about Ukiah and all through Mendocino county. Few powerful motor cars have ever toured that portion of the state and Mr. Wall's chug-wagon will no doubt furnish a small bubble of excitement among the natives.

Wakefield Baker's White is seeing some rough service. It has just returned from a two weeks' trip through Lake county,

(Continued on Page 54)

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A White Steamer Did It

The elapsed time record between here and Los Angeles has been hit so hard that there is nothing left of it but fragments. It was a White steamer that did the work. Geo. A. Hensley, accompanied by H. D. Ryus and A. H. Peipenberg as change drivers and Gus Seigfreid as mechanic, left San Francisco at 10:15 p. m. July twenty-eighth in Mr. Hensley's car, and in exactly twenty-one hours and twelve minutes the sturdy car and its plucky drivers pulled into Los Angeles. The fastest time was made in the early part of the trip. After San Luis Obispo had been reached and it was seen that barring serious accidents, the record was badly beaten, much slower time was made to guard against any possibility of failure. In addition to this slowing down, an hour's time was lost near Salinas by taking the wrong road. The White Sewing Machine Co. received a telegram from Hensley reading as follows: "We lowered Pope Toledo's Coast record nearly four hours. If necessary, could have driven car two hours faster." The Pope Toledo's record was twenty-four hours and fifty-four minutes and to be exact, Hensley's White car beat this just three hours and forty-two minutes. By breaking the record, Mr. Hensley wins the "Chronicle" cup for any car costing $2,650 or less to lower the elapsed time record for that class of cars, which formerly stood at thirty-one hours thirty-five minutes. To reduce the record of a moderate priced car, however, was not Mr. Hensley's aim, and he went after and secured the "all comers" record. The cup won by Mr. Hensley becomes his sole property, but sportsman that he is, he has offered it to any car lowering his record. The White enthusiasts in Los Angeles and San Francisco were exuberant. A tremendous crowd awaited the arrival of Hensley as hourly bulletins informed them of his progress, and it was known almost to a minute when he arrived. The news was telephoned San Francisco immediately and an army of White users with quickly extemporized transparencies paraded up and down Market and Kearney streets, blowing whistles, tooting horns and celebrating generally. The round was made of the various garages of the city and of the different newspaper offices. Mr. Hensley believes he has the record lowered to a point where it will stay for some time, but if it is beaten, it is safe to say that Mr. Hensley will go at it again, for he is confident he can do at least two hours better than his present time.

The car driven by George A. Hensley from San Francisco to Los Angeles, which so decisively beat all previous records, was the regular fifteen-horse-power stock car of the 1905 pattern.

Following are a few of the late victories of the White: On July 4th, at Morris Park, New York, Webb Jay, driving a 15 h. p. White steam car, broke the world's record for a mile, reducing the figures to 0:48 3-5. At the same meet the White won every race in which it was entered. Webb Jay with a White steamer had previously defeated Barney Oldfield at Chicago June 30th, and has not only beaten his records, but has defeated him a number of times on the track, leaving Jay and the White steamer the undisputed champion of the world, and this against gasoline cars rated up to 120 h. p. The White won the $10,000 cup at the Chicago Automobile Meet June 30, 1905, and carried off all the honors at that meet. The White car on the Pacific Coast has won over thirty cups in important racing events, which is more than all other cars combined of its class, and in many of these races cars claiming twice to three times the horse-power and selling for a great deal more were among the "also ran." The White car defeated all American cars in the Eagle Rock hill-climbing contest; it won first and second place in the endurance run from Chicago to St. Paul on July 1, 1905, one White car starting twenty-four hours behind and finishing twelve hours ahead of all other contestants, including many gasoline cars of higher price and claiming greater power.

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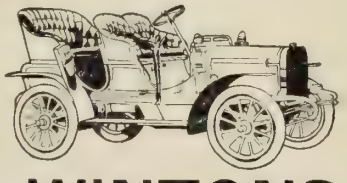

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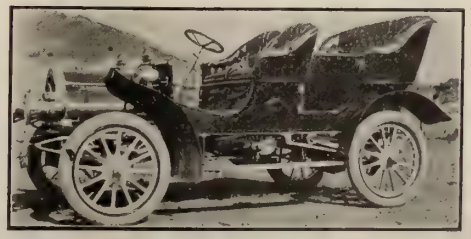

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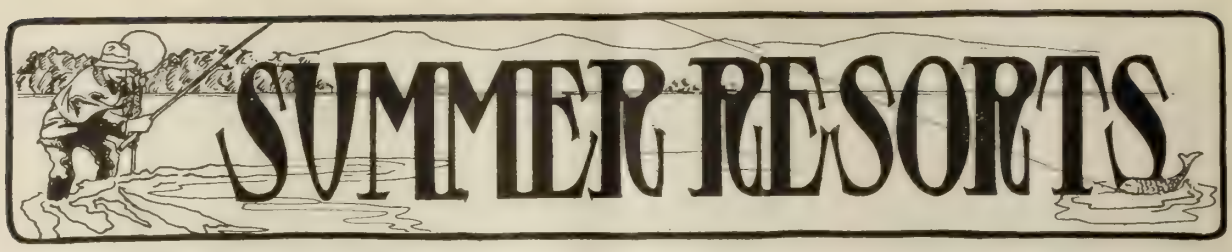

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A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend days and weeks during the Spring and Summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions — sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society spend their time at Del Monte by the sea. Address GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

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Going via Portland, with stop for Exposition, thence up the Columbia River, through Idaho to Ogden and Salt Lake City and back to starting point, giving stopovers within 60 day limit.

Ask Agents for full information

Southern Pacific

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Automobile Topics

(Continued from Page 50)

carrying six passengers. Those who enjoyed the trip were Mr. and Mrs. Baker, Miss Harriet Mink, Miss Helen Thomas, Mr. Hubert Harpin and Mr. Al Salaber. Among the points visited were Bartlett Springs, Adams Springs, Highland Springs, Laurel Dell, Blue Lakes, Hopland, Buckingham Park, Lakeport, Upper Lake and Kelseyville. The machine was the first automobile which ever visited Bartlett Springs or Buckingham Park and the residents were greatly astonished that any machine could get over the grades necessarily traveled in reaching these points. After spending only one day in San Francisco the machine was again put in commission for another long trip.

J. C. Strang of Butte, Montana, with his young son, has just returned from a nine hundred mile trip in his White steamer up through the wilds of Northern Canada. Mr. Strang reports the roads very bad, but says that the horses and cattle acted as though they had been used to automobiles all their lives, although he passed through country never before invaded by the motor car. He had many novel experiences with the natives, as the car was a source of great curiosity to them.

Edson Bradbury and Mrs. C. A. May returned to San Francisco a few days ago in their Cadillac touring car, having made the run to Los Angeles and back. Mr. Bradbury reports good weather and good roads and an altogether delightful trip without a single mishap or any motor trouble.

Hon. Paul Isenberg is still touring the island of Kauai and writes that he is having a delightful time; that he has had no accidents and that his White is behaving beautifully.

"Old Clo's" for Souvenirs

C. J. Clayton, sales manager for Messrs. H. L. Keats & Co., Portland, Oregon (agents for the Olds Motor Works), is now visiting this city. Mr. Clayton, in speaking of the transcontinental race between Hutch and Megargel, says they received a great ovation in Portland, and that orders for Oldsmobiles came in so fast that Messrs. Keats & Co. could not fill them. To give an idea of how enthusiastic the Portland people were, Mr. Clayton states that outfitters, clothiers, hatters, et al., were making even exchanges for the clothes worn by the automobilists, to be kept as souvenirs. Hutch exchanged his old automobile cap for a ten dollar panama hat. His cotton socks (which were more than righteous) were exchanged for silk hosiery. This same thing was done all down the line with the wearing apparel of both Hutch and Megargel and, when these two gentlemen appeared on the street within twenty-four hours after their arrival in Portland, they were handsomely garbed.

Round and About

Miss Marion Harris, fourteen years of age, who lives at Santa Clara, is one of the cleverest motor car drivers in that country. She can be seen almost daily at the wheel of her four-cylinder Autocar leaving on some trip. Miss Harris not only knows how to steer the car but is thoroughly versed on the mechanism of the auto and cares for it all herself.

H. A. Crawford of Napa has just given his order to the Pacific Motor Car Company for a four-cylinder Stevens-Duryea which is to be delivered to him about the fifteenth of August.

J. B. R. Cooper, the Monterey banker, has just placed his order for a duplicate of S. C. Hammond's fifty horse-power model A Winton. "Am I pleased with my model A Winton?" remarked Mr. Hammond after having made the three Golden Gate avenue hills on the high speed with eight up. "I would like to see some other machine in this city duplicate the feat I have just performed with my car. You may say that my Winton far exceeds my expectations."

Both John D. Rockefeller and his wife are enthusiastic over automobiling and last week John D. placed an order for a new White steamer.

C. F. Michaels last week purchased a model B Winton from the Pioneer Company.

W. R. Bartley of this city reports having purchased a Queen car and has left for a trip to his ranch with the auto.

The Rarig Automobile and Garage Company has just received one car of four-cylinder twenty horse-power Molines and have now en route one car of thirty horse-power Queens and one car of model E eighteen horse-power Queen machines.

Wm. J. Gorham, who for the past three years has been one of San Francisco's most enthusiastic automobilists, has just received a new four-cylinder Cadillac. Mr. Gorham is very much pleased with the power, simplicity and beauty of his new car.

The American Dyeing Works, the F. Thomas Dyeing Works of Oakland and the White Star Laundry are using new Cadillac delivery cars and they all represent the cars as giving splendid service.

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Letters

A Story of Washington Life

"Mrs. Darrell" is the non-committal title of a story which flits from Washington to England, then to London, and again back to Washington, with fluctuations of fortune almost as great as those of geography. It reads as though it were a veritable story of some woman's sentimental experiences told by her to some sympathetic male who has adopted all her representations without question, for while the point of view is evidently that which a Mrs. Darrell would want the world to accept it is just as evidently not the one which any other woman would take without question or query. Elizabeth Brandon was the only child of a Confederate general, one of the historical F. F. V.'s, who, at the end of the civil war, found himself impoverished, but with the assistance of old-time friends, had secured a clerkship in one of the government offices where his small salary was barely sufficient to furnish a support for himself and his daughter. The old gentleman was utterly devoid of the practical qualities summed up as worldly wisdom, and the girl as unsophisticated as one of her years and traditions should be. She was barely of an age to think of lovers when her romance began, as all the romances of an earlier generation seem to have, in the meeting at a ball. She meets two Englishmen, cousins, and the one she marries is not the one she loves. After some years of married life, during which she is constantly in the company of her husband's cousin, her husband dies and leaves her in poverty. A short time before that event the cousin had gone away with his regiment. The widow returns to Washington, and is about to marry a corrupt United States Senator when the man she loves rushes to her side. Quite as interesting as Mrs. Darrell's story is the contrast between the old society and the new, the luxury of the later day and the simplicity of the earlier time, and the happy blending of the two in Mrs. Luttrell, with her succession of black velvet gowns and ermine capes to typify her conservatism, and her Saturday evening dinners which were as much of an institution, while she did not disdain excursions among the new people whom she kept in terror of the sallies of her sharp wit and veiled criticism. The sentimental interest is not centered in Mrs. Darrell, by any means. A much prettier love story is that of Richard Baskerville, the backbone of the prosecution and the punishment of the crooked Senator and that unworthy's daughter Anne, which is brought to a happy conclusion. If Mr. Foxcraft Davis would give more attention to the elementary matters of the construction of his sentences, the correct use of words, and the avoidance of repetition, both of sound and sentiment, he would avoid the pitfall of that "easy writing which makes hard reading." Published by the Macmillan Company.

The question of the use of "a" or "an" before the aspirate seems to be taking up attention in England. The Oxford "Rules for Compositors," which is a real authority, favors "an"; an habitual "an" historical, "an" hotel. At the same time, people say "a" habit, "a" history, and in America "an" hotel is as much of an effort at individualism as eyther and neyther. The London "Chronicle" takes the stand that the use of "a" or "an" is a question of accent. When a word begins with the aspirate and is accented on the second syllable the "an" is proper, but when the accent is on the first syllable, it should be preceded by "a." It is a satisfaction to have some authoritative settlement of the whys and wherefores because some of us unregenerates were inclined to attribute the whole affair to a question of dropping and attaching the "h." It is obviously more agreeable to use "an" where the aspirate is elided and "a" where it is interpolated, and we thought it regulated itself automatically, according to need.

"The House of Cards"

This story does not need the mystery of a concealed authorship as a lure to its perusal,though the author may have reasons of his own for remaining incognito. It has been attributed to Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and denied by him, but anything which is good enough to be credited to such a source does not need other recommendation. "The House of Cards" is a story of contrasts, between the simplicity of living in the era before the civil war and the luxury which has followed it, the political and moral ideal of that time, and the lower standards of today. Taking it from another point of view, it is a war story, yet with the tramp of armies and "the thunder of the captains and the shouting" left out, and still again, it is a love story, of the war time and of now,

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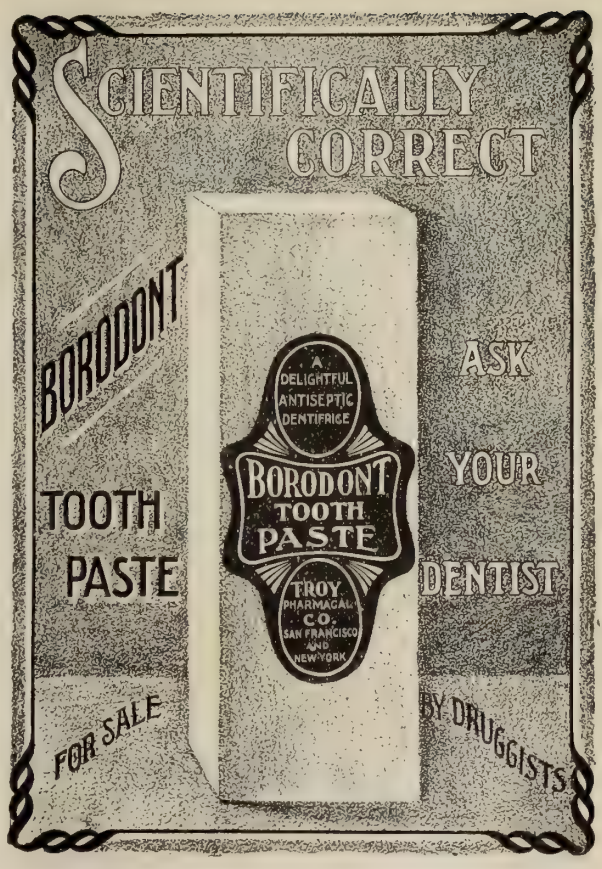

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and largely, too, a contrast between the manners of Philadelphia and Boston, for, though the scene is mainly laid in Philadelphia, some of the most important participants are from New England. Waltham Eliot, of Boston, nephew and namesake of another Waltham Eliot, has come to Philadelphia, of all cities on the continent, to make his living as an "honest" lawyer. Provided with letters of introduction, he presents himself to an old friend of his father and uncle, John Polonius Heigh, one time Major in the Union army, and such portions of the story as he does not live in his own person are related to him by the old gentleman who has practically adopted him. The story is admirably told, perfectly in keeping with the assumed character of Major Heigh, bachelor, veteran soldier of Quaker descent and long traditions, avowed friend of the Cards, the Maelstrems, and the other new rich, yet not blind to the evil tendencies of their ways, one who lives more in his memories than in the present, yet not altogether out of the world. There are some primly humorous descriptions of the "leading men," advanced clergymen, judges who know on which side of their bread the butter is, lawyers who have "taken service," and gentlemen of the de Quellay type, whose ancestry a generation back responded to the patronymic of Kelley. The story is well told and the narration proceeds, for the most part, so quietly that one hardly realizes what a wealth of incident there is contained in the manuscript from which our Major reads. The book is entirely out of the common and will deserve serious attention from readers. Published by the Macmillan Company.

W. B. Meloney is contributing a series of articles on the Salvation Army to "Public Opinion."

Jack London's "Fish Commission Stories" is scheduled for autumn publication. It would be well for parents and guardians to make a note of it on behalf of their boys. While not a juvenile in the ordinary sense of that term, it is going to make just the right sort of a book to put into the hands of the youngsters who enjoy adventure, and as the incidents all took place on the bay, there will be the added interest of a knowledge of locality, even though it may not extend further than the name. Then, too, books like "On Tybee Knoll" and "Fish Commission Stories" serve a good purpose in reminding boys that their strength and agility can be put to more profitable use than in sporting contests, and what is also very much to the purpose, Mr. London has not "written down" to the supposed level of young intellect. The stories, for that matter, were not written designedly for boys, but they are the kind of tales that boys ought to read. As a private tip to the lads who choose their own books, let me whisper, "no girls in them."

—The Bookworm.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, were A. W. Blow, Moullon Warner, A. C. Hilton, J. B. Grimwood, F. H. McMillan, E. B. Hadan and W. D. K. Gibson of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from San Francisco, were Mrs. R. C. Cashman, Miss Ella Graff, Mr. C. W. Carpenter, R. Shealein, J. H. McDonough, M. H. Avery, A. L. Greene, Wm. Wankowski, Mr. and Mrs. Reinstein, A. B. Schlueter, Dr. Campbell, Harry Hill, Jas. Smith, Mrs. W. K. Coleman, Mrs. L. L. Houghton, C. Armstrong, F. H. Greene, J. L. Tierney and wife, W. H. Dunphy and wife, W. H. King, J. M. Rogers, A. Solomon, C. Motheral, J. P. Thorn, Miss A. Fairweather, I. C. Hatch and wife, S. L. Close, E. A. Arnold, M. L. Slang, F. H. Greene, Wm. H. Sayler, W. C. Percy, Miss Houghton, Miss Buckbee.

Talk about cereal coffee—is it not an absurdity on its face? There is only one kind of coffee, and that is the genuine product of the bean. Connoisseurs prefer above all coffees on the market Armer Brothers' "Very Best," which is pure, palatable, nutritious and delicious.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. , No. 97049.

Virginia Bachelder, Plaintiff.
vs.
Lindner F. Bachelder, Defendant.

Action bought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

L. G. CARPENTER, Plaintiff's Attorney.

The People of the State of California, send Greeting to: Lindner F. Bachelder, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and defendant, upon the grounds of defendant's willful neglect and desertion, and for the custody of the minor child of plaintiff and defendant, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1905.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7, No. 96,820.

Myra Beck Winny, Plaintiff.
vs.
Franklin Turane Winny, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: Franklin Turane Winny, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED, to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's wilful neglect and wilful desertion, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN; under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN F. BARNETT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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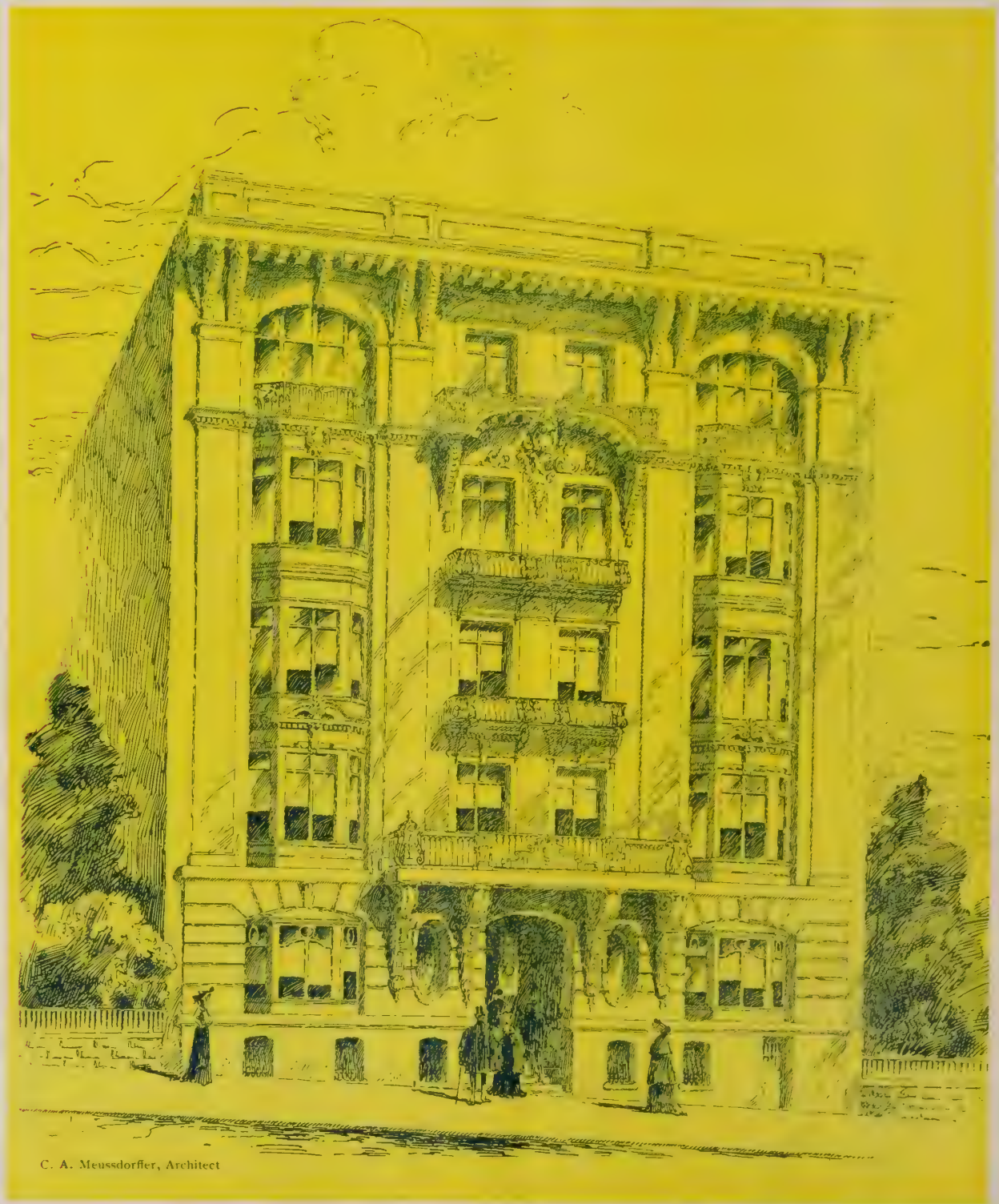

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In a scene from "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" at the Columbia Theatre.

TOWN TALK

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Some Topical Reflections

In these piping times of political strife nothing is more significant of the state of public morals than the indifference of men in official life to the accusations made against them in the public prints. Not many years ago the newspaper editor who charged a public servant with being a crook expected either to be sued for libel, or arrested for libel, or challenged to a duel, or violently assaulted. In those days no man in official life could afford to ignore the impugning of his honor. To do so was considered tantamount to confession of guilt, and by such confession he brought his public career to an end. Nowadays it is not imperative that an official be jealous of his honor to the extent of resenting manfully aspersions cast upon it through the columns of the press. The newspapers frequently swat a man with innuendo and he loftily scorns to take cognizance of it. He either intimates that the scurrilous sheet is beneath his notice, or affects the belief that the people have too much sense to be influenced by what they read in the unreliable and irresponsible press. Or perhaps he suggests that it is foolish for a man to sue a paper for libel because it is almost impossible to obtain redress in the courts when justice is invoked against a journalist. There are many avenues of escape for the corrupt official who does not dare to resent newspaper criticism. It is discreditable to journalism that in many instances his pose brings conviction to the minds of the unsophisticated, for if there were more sincerity in newspaperdom and newspapers were less reckless in their assertions, their honest efforts would compass more effectually the welfare of the commonwealth. And yet, mindful though we are of the imperfections and delinquencies of journalism, we cannot but marvel at the presumption of Mayor Schmitz in defying his newspaper critics to do their worst and at the same time seeking popular suffrage. We regard the political situation as tremendously significant of the state of public morals in this community. The attacks that have been made on Mayor Schmitz and ignored by him are not of the commonplace order. Never was public official in this country so mercilessly pilloried as he has been. The excoriation of Schmitz by his critics of the *Bulletin* is without parallel in the political history of the nation. The *Bulletin* has not dealt in innuendo, its criticisms have not been softened by equivocation, or rendered obscure in parable or allegory. Through months it has kept up a continuous fusillade of invective. Schmitz has been boldly charged with almost every crime that it is within the capacity of a public official to commit, and a few that are not accounted for in the penal code. He has been characterized as the most infamous rascal that ever plundered a community. Yet the editor of the *Bulletin* has not been arrested for libel. He has not even been sued for libel. But it is not the forbearance of the Mayor that causes us to marvel. It is the circumstance of his being a candidate for re-election without jolting any preconceived notion of propriety in the public mind.

The Formula of Success

An Iowa high school boy who wrote to fifteen men asking them for their formula of success received some interesting replies. Judge Given of Iowa gave "preparation" as the secret of success. Ex-Governor Larrabee's formula includes "thorough preparation, study, work, temperance, frugality, and attention to details." In the opinion of William J. Bryan preparation is essential and "the best preparation," he wrote, "will include honesty and industry." President McLean of the Iowa University told the boy that "Be ready" was the motto of the clan McLean, and he added, "there is no preparation of any avail unless it is preceded by a character that will win from those who have work to do a belief in the uprightness of the man who is to do the work." Representative Hull warned the lad against sordidness, and dwelt on the importance of industry and honesty. A professor of the Iowa State Normal School gave as his formula, "good preparation, hard work after being well prepared and absolute adherence to some one plan." The Iowa boy is hardly any wiser now than he was before sending out his letters of inquiry. But the probability is that he has been greatly impressed by the similarity of the views expressed by the great men whom he addressed. Nearly all of them have great faith in the magic of preparation. But next to the secret of success comes the secret of preparation. How is one best to prepare himself for a career? There are as many things as indispensable to adequate preparation as to success. To be prepared does not mean merely to be grounded in the fundamentals. Very often a man learned in his profession is a failure for no other reason than that he lacks tact. Much depends on what special field is to engage the attention of the seeker after success, for a man's soul as well as his mind must be trained for achievement in some fields of endeavor. And much also depends on what we understand by "success." There are several kinds of success, and each has its special essentials. Sometimes success is achieved through force of mind, sometimes through lack of conscience and sometimes through the fullness of it.

A Familiar Pose

A contemporary marvels at the strange ambition of a young man to be known as a rake and who, in endeavoring to persuade his fiancee that he was a "devil of a fellow," caused her to break the engagement. The psychology of the case is of rare human interest but the young man is not a rara avis. Even in the remote period in which that merry old monarch, King Solomon, flourished, there was nothing new under the sun, as he sententiously put it. The sinner who affected the air of the immaculately rectitudinous was not the only species of hypocrite. He was of the common variety, and he was a familiar spectacle as he strode along the narrow path, with chin virtuously elevated, waiting for Mrs. Grundy to relax her vigilance so that he might wander frivolously into the broad primrose way bestrewn with the pomps and vanities of this world. But there lived, also, the other hypocrite, the tediously good young man filled with a yearning to be considered a "sad dog," a gay reveler fond of voluptuous dissipations, the personification of "fastness" with a past reeking with forbidden triumphs. His tribe has grown quite numerous. He abounds in clubdom. You hear him every day hinting

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at prodigies of iniquity which he pretends to repent but which he never had the pleasure of committing. Believing with Pope that every woman is at heart a rake, he assumes a vice that he never had. And this hypocrite does not always fail in his purpose. There are many girls who pride themselves on their emancipation from paltry prejudices to whom the hypocritical rake strongly appeals. More than one girl has been won by the deception practiced by this prosaic young man with the imaginary past.

The Vulgar Smart Set

Since the exposure of the silly vanity of New York society in connection with the "Fads and Fancies" scandal, the editor of the *Sun* has been glancing over the pages of the weekly which represents itself to be the organ of the smart set, and he is surprised to learn how vulgar and cheap and childish are the people of the vapid clique. If the so-called smart set is to be judged by the tittle-tattle to be found in the columns of that purveyor of scandal and flattery, then it surely has a dull and dreary existence. The ostentatious rich of New York are akin to those of all large cities. We get fairly accurate pictures of the life and character of our own smart set from the columns of the daily papers devoted to the flattery and exploitation of the fatuous exclusives. Barring the scandal which is usually reserved for the front page under sensational headlines, those drivel columns are in close imitation of the columns of the New York weekly which have excited the derision of the *Sun*. It is quite true that the people who seek notoriety through the medium of social functions lead a dull and dreary existence, but they do not know it. They are mentally incapacitated from appreciating a higher form of entertainment than that in which they indulge. They are really at their wits' end to relieve the monotony, and their greatest satisfaction is in the consciousness of the envy they excite. Hence their habit of keeping in touch with those women on the fringe of society who write of their doings for the dailies. The watchword of latter-day society is "*Il faut s'amuser.*" They must amuse themselves, whatever happens. They try everything in turn and nothing for long. The apples of contentment that gleam with such a rosy radiance before their entranced vision, as they strive to grasp them, turn to bitterest Dead Sea fruit as soon as they are seized. The vulgar, whose highest ambition is to be considered exclusive, spend a lot of time and energy in trying to overtake and capture their pleasures, and they take them sadly enough when they come within range. They are ready to hail the man or woman who invents a new form of amusement, *amicus humani generis*, and it doesn't require a very high order of inventive genius to win the title.

Checking the Unmoral of the Sex

The discovery, within the past few weeks that two men, serving sentences of imprisonment in the state penitentiaries for alleged assaults upon women, have been exonerated by the confessions of their persecutors, brings attention once more to the necessity for greater caution in accepting the testimony of the complainants without the strongest corroboration of probability and circumstances. Both these victims of perjury had heretofore borne unblemished names in their communities, but the women, or rather, girls, were willing, for one reason or another, to make public proclamation of their own disgrace. A man's good name should be of equal value to a community with a woman's, and should not be lightly taken from him. The same caution should be extended in one case as in the other, yet the common usage is to believe the woman and to lose sight of the previous fair repute of her victim. Promising business careers have been blighted, families broken up and characters besmirched on the simple say-so of some spiteful young woman who may have been seeking to satisfy a family grudge, or looking for some one to act the part of scape goat. It seems to be a favorite means of disposing of an objectionable step-parent, and the extreme youth of some of the little girls who have the data for circumstantial accusations makes their knowledge of evil simply appalling. The loss of chastity is commonly accepted as the greatest misfortune which can befall a girl, and it is too often presumed that the individuals place as high a regard upon the preservation of their virtue as the community does in theory. As a matter of fact there are a fairly large number of the sex who might be said to be born immoral, and instead of becoming victims, they are the victimizers. When they make a parade of their "loss" it is safe to conclude that their bewailment is for that which practically they never had. There is not, and should not be any desire to protect men from the consequences of their bestiality, but there should be a careful scrutiny of the character of those who make complaints against them. In most cases accusation is almost certain conviction, and women who are willing to take the public into confidence are not apt to be over-scrupulous about truth. These recantations are a poor compensation after the victims have worn convict stripes for years, after their wives have frequently divorced and re-married, and their children scattered. Considering that no matter what the race, color or condition of servitude no girl is ever without some rudimentary advice and instruction, the woman or girl who is seemingly careless of appearances should be held more rigidly to account for her own welfare and a strict inquiry should be made into the probabilities of her truthfulness and possible motives before an exemplary citizen is branded as a felon on the say-so of any female whose life has not been openly and notoriously immoral.

The Piety of Alfonso

Three weeks ago, on the authority of a correspondent whose credibility we know to be unimpeachable, we took occasion to attribute to King Alfonso XIII traits of character inconsistent with those with which he has been endowed by the daily press. We reported that instead of being a frivolous lad, devoid of the slightest conception of the responsibilities devolving upon him, as depicted by the

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news agencies on whom the American press depend for information, he is a young man of considerable dignity and of exceptionally high moral character. Perhaps the personality of a King is of no importance to the readers of American newspapers. Perhaps we take more interest in the King who gives substance to the illusion created by our comic opera writers than in one who takes his throne seriously. Our purpose is not to shatter illusions, but rather to acquaint those who take a serious interest in foreign politics with the fact that the foreign news service of most American papers is shamefully unreliable. The New York *Sun* is a paper that makes some pretense to accuracy, and therefore we were pleased to find in its columns quick corroboration of our statements in reference to Alfonso. In a despatch from Madrid to the *Sun* it was related that the King had joined the pilgrimage to Lourdes. Without revealing his identity he waited in line to receive a cup of water from the miraculous spring, and subsequently prayed before the Grotto, going thence to the Basilica to attend mass. The significance of all this is that the influence of the Catholic Church in the court of Spain is still great. Though the Church has been subjected to harsh treatment in France, its prestige in Spain is undimmed, and in Italy, where the Vatican has gone to the assistance of the Quirinal to stem the tide of socialism, Catholic influence has received new impetus. The Catholic orders that have been driven from France are finding refuge in both Spain and Italy, and even Emperor William, who has come to appreciate the attitude of the Church to all regularly constituted government, is extending the glad hand to the erstwhile execrated Jesuits.

If Man Managed the Housework?

As a corollary to an essay on the extravagant economies of women in a recent *Fortnightly,* there has been reopened a discussion of what will or would happen if men had the management of housework. One commentator exultingly prophesies the downfall of "housework" as it is generally understood, and the introduction of machinery wherever possible. Women, it is contended, will not bother to attend to machinery, hence the broom and dustpan instead of the compressed air suction hose, etc., *ad lib.* Women, it is true, do not make too great a success of their management of machinery, but they could learn, given the machines and a chance to discover the advantages of using them. The difficulty with installing machinery in households is that women have very little, if anything, to say about such matters. The ordinary housewife who does her own work has all she can manage in persuading her husband to supply her with sewing machine, wringer, carpet sweeper, and such minor and comparatively inexpensive adjuncts. Were she to demand electrical apparatus, a compressed air plant and a few of the latest hygienic contrivances, she would be apt to hear "language" on the subject of fol-de-rols and fiddlesticks, and the cost of keeping her idle. There is not a farmer's wife in the United States who does not know the comparative necessity of new field machinery of the latest pattern and a modern churn. Very few of them have ever seen a carpet sweeper, and the sewing machine is apt to be an heirloom. While the men continue to hold the purse strings and the women to do the work, there will be no occasion to figure too closely on the subject of machine vs. hand labor. If women had the privilege of scrutinizing and auditing the office accounts, the process would be reversed and the labor-saving contrivances in use there would be cut off. Women are not so cheerfully appreciative of necessities when they have servants who work at a disadvantage because they lack the necessary tools and the case is not bettered when the mother manages the household accounts and the daughters do the work. Each is oblivious to anything but what affects herself. Assuredly men would simplify much of the work of keeping a house in order by dispensing with so many of the things which consume time to no purpose. There would be an end to all the draperies, curtains, (un) tidies and ornaments, the litter of booklets, vases, cards, photographs and "souvenirs." It is not that the male half of creation has any greater objection to the accumulations, but if the necessity for everlasting dusting and rearrangement devolved upon them, they would waste neither time nor patience over such piddling. They would give their attention to what they would call essentials, and the beautiful light effects produced by art-drapery would not contend for a moment with the advantages of being able to look out of the window. Neither would the display of bric-a-brac be considered as against a place to lay the newspaper. Men who take any interest in culinary matters are usually better cooks than women are, but they do not trouble themselves about blacking the stove or having blue check dish towels to match the blue cooking utensils. Men would not make neater housekeepers than women do, but they would do away with so many of the unessentials that they would have less necessity for fussing. A woman's inclination is to tie a ribbon on the broom handle and decorate the dust brush. She is too apt to picture herself in the centre of the stage and to try to catch a glimpse of herself in character, whereas a man is more interested in what he is doing than in how he looks while he is at work. Women's economies are too apt to concern themselves altogether with the cash outlay. A nickel saved, at no matter what expense of nerve and brain, is counted as gain, and a fancy bit of ornamentation made up of odds and ends that have happened to be left on hand is counted as "costing nothing," though the fashioning may have consumed hours of time. In the final analysis the difference is chiefly one of the expenditure of the material at hand. Women have more time and men more money, so one spends lavishly in order to save his time, and the other holds on to the coin and wastes the hours.

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Is French Literature Immoral?

BY HARRY COWELL.

Stories no matter of what nationality, which in the days of Apuleius were wont to be called Milesian, which Balzac would have styled Touranian, it is nowadays the fashion among us to dub French, as if the chief characteristic of the literature of France were not consummate style but consummate naughtiness. Nor are we at all slow to say to ourselves and to the world at large: "Seeing that 'literature is the perfect expression of life,' it must be that our lives are as much more moral than the lives of the French as are our books more moral than theirs. Admirable logic, and by no means unflattering! Patriotism most praiseworthy! Not that life in France is really so much less moral than life here, but that there literature is so much more lifelike. To a Frenchman, the end of no little of our fiction must seem to be the maintenance of moral fictions. Tales treating of the subject of sex are by the majority of English-speaking persons said to be bad precisely in proportion as they are true to life. And the simple truth is, that an ordinary young man, of average virtue, would pass for an unconscionable libertine, were his sex life just as it is led put into a novel. At this moment, I can call to mind only one man of my acquaintance who when he married was a virgin. As for him, of course, I have merely his word for it; but I accept it as truth without question, as such a statement made by a man to a man is almost of necessity in the nature, not a boast, but of a confession. That French literature is more truthful in this respect—that is, with reference to sex—than is ours, goes without saying, but is it therefore less moral?

The other day I met a young woman liberally endowed by nature with three of her most desirable gifts—beauty, brains, and character. She had a book in her hand, with which she expressed herself delighted. It was "Boy," by Marie Corelli. A tenth-rate author! I was shocked beyond measure to see in one thrice blest evidence of such depravity of taste, and said so. Would I be kind enough to name a first-rate author? Balzac. It was now my young lady's turn to be shocked. Balzac! Up in holy horror went the little hands holding fast by Corelli. Why, *he* was a bad, wicked, immoral man, a writer of those horrible French books. I ought to be ashamed of myself. I was. It was plain to be seen that she was quoting her spiritual pastors and masters.

When she was gone, which was in about two two's after that, one sought to put me to shame by a poser which, as it has been a thousand times asked me in private, I may as well here in public answer once and for all. Would I place Balzac in the hands of my innocent daughter? Now, if there is anything in the world of which I am morally certain, it is that my daughter is as innocent as a babe unborn, or even more so, which latter is quite possible (see Spenser's "Faerie Queen," Canto—well, never mind the canto); and I would rather that she read, say, "Freres d'Armes" from Balzac's "Contes Drolatiques," the book George Sand, no less, flung in outraged modesty at the author's head, than Marie Corelli's "Boy"; provided, however, that she read the conte in question in the original old French. The nameless wretch who made the translation of the "Contes Drolatiques" commonly read here in America adds to his other sins that of hypocrisy. In the preface he says: "The writer ventures to hope that he has treated this great masterpiece in a reverent spirit, touched it with no sacrilegious hand." And forthwith proceeds to gut the chef-d'oeuvre of everything Balzacian—its beauty, wit, nobility; and the "Droll Stories" bereft of Balzac are dreary, vulgar, unreadable, the abomination of desolation itself. It moves to wrath. In like manner, Rabelais made readable for the pious British public by some knife-wielding John Morley or other gives rise in my breast to a righteous indignation that is simply indescribable. Compared to it, the ire of the most puritanical reader imaginable over the author's choicest Touranian morsel, is as the heat of a penny candle to that of a comet. "This," says old Dryasdust, hemming and hawing, and wiping with spotless handkerchief his virtuous spectacles—"this, my dear children used to drinking water straight from the wells of English undefiled, is Rabelais—Rabelais, author of Gargantua and Pantagruel his son." Villain, you lie. What! This limp thing mangled at your hands so that his own mother-country couldn't recognize him—Rabelais! Liar and murderer both!

The American mother, as a rule, permits her minor daughters to read Shakespeare; and she does well. Seldom or never has the world seen a greater poet. But not, as a rule, Balzac. And why not, pray? Because, forsooth, the Frenchman is immoral. For a sane moment, let us see ourselves as others see us. Here is what Taine, in his "History of English Literature," writing for the French public, says of the author of "Romeo and Juliet": "Shakespeare's words are too indecent to be translated. His characters call things by their dirty names and compel the thoughts to particular images of physical love. The talk of gentlemen and ladies is full of coarse allusions; we should have to find out an alehouse of the lowest description to hear like words nowadays." Shakespeare too indecent to be translated into French, the language of Rabelais and Balzac! I shall never forget my own feelings when first I read that passage. For weeks I heard in fancy the mothers of France forbidding their daughters this book or the other on the ground that it was "English," "Shakespearean," in short, immoral.

For my part, speaking, too, from the point of view of ethics, not of art, I am persuaded that Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," and De Maupassant's "Boule de Suif" are more desirable reading for our girls than the "dreadfuls" of Laura Jean Libbey and the like, which they are allowed to devour by the wholesale. I do not think that

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public morals has much to fear from those "forbidden books" that are the work of genius. As a matter of fact, it is not by the printed word, but by the word of mouth, that immorality—the thing Milesian, Touranian, French, Shakespearean, or whatever euphemism you choose to call it—is learned. This is a day of fiction, an art in which the French are masters. Greatest of novelists is Balzac; greatest of short-story writers, De Maupassant. Without the least uneasiness as to the effect of so doing, would I offer the works of these authors to my daughter aforesaid more innocent than a babe unborn, saying: "Here, my child, at length and in brief, is life as seen by genius with its awful, godlike, all-seeing eyes. Regard it well; for it is not without interest.—is life." What "French" Balzac would teach her in a year, she would learn in school in a week. What of worth Balzac would teach her in a week, she would not learn in school in a year. Knowledge is not immorality. The drivel of home mediocrity demoralizes our youth more in a day than does what is "French" in De Maupassant or "Touranian" in Rabelais in a generation. To hear certain virtuous souls talk, one might easily be led to think that the insatiate curiosity of young persons with regard to matters sexual finds in this country its sole satisfaction in French novels; indeed, that the curiosity itself is directly imported from France; that the tendency of the red man of our reservations to smile at the tale Touranian is not instinctive, but in his case also, of French origin.

The real danger to the young reader of today—ay, and to the old, for that matter—is that of passing his time in the presence of cheap intellects, even though these write of the white loves of whitest seraphs. For youth to keep company with greatness, though it tell tales of passions red as the heart's blood of a Rabelais, has, to say the least, a soul of good in it. He who delights to walk with genius is in no great danger of demoralization.

Foot-Loose Around Paris

BY MAJOR BEN. C. TRUMAN.

If you were living in Paris and saw the avalanches of wreaths and other floral offerings that are part of every funeral you would not doubt that one corporation employs, directly and indirectly, half a million people in their manufacture! And you would not doubt that the clergy of Paris and some others are appalled at the outlay. Indeed, the question whether the money paid for funeral wreaths would not be spent to greater advantage in masses for the dead is causing no little stir in Paris. For some time past a portion of the metropolitan clergy have been deprecating the money spent on outward show at funerals.

They have made no secret of the fact that their principal objection to extravagance in this direction is the circumstance that it tends to lessen the number of masses ordered by the relatives of deceased persons. At first sight the matter would seem solely to concern the clergy and the members of their congregations. However, the manufacturers of the funeral wreaths, an important industrial corporation employing over half a million workers, are not of this opinion. They declare that the campaign in progress must seriously injure their trade. Moreover, they are not disposed to submit with resignation to the fate that threatens them. So they have drawn up a petition which has been presented to the Chamber of Deputies.

* * * * * * *

A place of great interest is the Halles Centrales—or Central Market—near the Church of St. Eustache. This is the finest and largest market in the world, and cost nearly three millions of dollars. It is lighted and ventilated in an excellent way and all the methods of business—even to the gouging of customers—are of the most approved plan. There are hundreds of women engaged in selling fruits, vegetables, fish and flowers; and while they are more comely and less profane than their sisters of Billingsgate they are also greater adepts at downright swindling and passing counterfeit and undercurrent money. Such booths of flowers and vegetables and fruits, and such stalls of meats and fish and game, can be seen nowhere else—indeed, a whole volume could not do the Halles Centrales justice.

A visit should also be made to the Horse Slaughter House, 151 Boulevard de l'Hospital, near the Jardin des Plantes, where thirty thousand horses are slaughtered annually. It is one of the saddest sights in the world—to see these worn-out old 'bus and car horses, that have been so faithful, led up to their place of execution. Many of them look as if they would ask—could they talk—to be turned out in some old pasture to die rather than be taken straight from the harness to a place of slaughter. They are generally healthy and are never sore nor diseased. Their meat is mostly made into sausages and their blood into puddings. Their hides are expanded by windbellows, which greatly enlarges them, and then made into shoes.

There are many fine markets other than the Halles Centrales, and there are flowers and notions markets all over Paris. Besides these are the licensed peddlers of fruits and vegetables, generally old women with donkey and push-carts, or old men and old women together. These often peddle game and fish, and sometimes milk and bread.

* * * * * * *

The "American Bar"—the sign of which meets one wherever he meanders the boulevardes and avenues in the heart of Paris—is a feature against which the American and Englishman should be warned—none others patronize the so-called American drinking-place. There are at least a hundred saloons called American bars, and with one exception—and that is "Henry's"—none of them can make and serve an American drink. Indeed, the alleged mixed American drinks are very bad and very expensive. The cocktail, as made and served in Paris, is a base counterfeit; the toddy is a horrid medicine; the gin fizz a slop, and the punch and julep a delusion and a snare.

At "Henry's," however, one may get genuine American drinks, for all kinds are made honestly and artistically served in an American way. There is a truly American

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flavor about "Henry's." It is the resort of American statesmen, army and navy officers in service and retired, and Americans generally of manners and sense. Besides, "Henry's" is eminently respectable; and no woman, whether accompanied by a gentleman or not, is permitted to enter the place. It is otherwise as decorous as the reading room of a club. All the other American bars are notoriously low and their liquors are vile. This is particularly the case at those under the Grand Hotel, Hotel Scribe, Cafe Americaine, and on Rue Royal and Place de la Madeleine. Cocottes and other perilous women frequent all these gilded establishments, which are also the rendezvous of professional card-sharpers and adventurers, whose operations are greatly facilitated by the conditions of inebriety in which their victims often find themselves. The buncosteerer, thimble rigger, three card monte man and crooked gambler may always be seen at the "American Bar." The proprietor of the "American Bar" in Paris is generally from Berlin, or is a Parisian—he is never an American.

It is nearly thirty years since Henry Tepe—known throughout the length and breadth of America among the traveled classes as "Henry"—went from Germany to Paris to spend eighteen months in the acquisition of the French language. He has been in Paris ever since. It was while he was conducting the cafe of the Hotel Chatham, twenty years ago, that "Henry" made the momentous discovery that many Americans abroad were fond of the whisky cocktail, the gin fizz, and various other liquid refreshments of their own country. He at once took an educational course in the construction of mixed drinks, and soon "Henry" was better known than the Chatham among the visitors to Paris from England and the United States.

In 1890, on the death of the former proprietor of the Chatham, Henry decided to go into business for himself, and since the opening of "Henry's," as I have hitherto stated, it has been a sort of social headquarters for the better class of Americans who are not members of the Total Abstinence Society. It is to "Henry's" that the American traveler first resorts on his arrival in Paris, and there he learns at once who is in town, and what is going on in American circles.

Among the well known Americans who have been his guests "Henry" recalls such men as Charles A. Dana, Chauncey M. Depew, Ambassadors Eustis, Porter and Draper, Minister McLean, James W. Keene, Will Crocker, Harry Gillig, Guy Barham, Jerome Hart, Charlie Josselyn, M. H. de Young and others. Distinguished Europeans are also frequent visitors at "Henry's," such as the Grand Duke Alexis, King Milan, Prince Dolgorouki, Prince Hatzfeld and Duc de Morny. And there is many an American —and likewise Englishman or other European, doubtless— who has had to thank "Henry" for financial assistance rendered in the most kindly manner at the most opportune time.

It is a gratifying thing to know, finally, that "Henry" has won the success he deserves, and that his fortune foots up in the hundreds of thousands. And in spite of the charms of lovely woman "Henry" remained a jovial bachelor until three years ago.

The Saunterer

When Mighell was an "Angel"

Rumor has more than once married off Adrian Splivalo, the son of the wealthy flour merchant, and always to a stage divinity of twinkling ankles and fetching smile. But now comes the official announcement of his engagement with Nana Mighell of Berkeley, and Rumor need no longer perch on the guessing stool as far as young Splivalvo is concerned. But strangely enough, it was through Adrian Splivalo's penchant for a member of the one-time Fischer theatre company that made O'Farrell street famous that he met his future bride. Miss Mighell is the only daughter of W. E. Mighell, the rich ship owner who financiered to Australia the company headed by Barney Bernard, Kolb and Dill and Maud Amber. Mr. Mighell does not believe in "angeling" by "absent treatment" so he accompanied the troupe to Australia, taking with him his daughter Nana and his little son.

Forgot His Dancing Fairy

Adrian Splivalo happened to be in Honolulu on business for his father and when the company landed there he was at the wharf with an armful of leis for the dancer who had tripped her way into the callow affections of more than one gilded youth. But at sight of Nana Mighell he forgot all about his divinity of the abbreviated skirts and full length past. He didn't even inquire why she had not accompanied the troupe to the Antipodes. He devoted himself assiduously to the beautiful Miss Nana.

Dropped His Pin Feathers

After a short and expensive experience in Australia Mr. Mighell decided that if he longer essayed the role of "angel" his wings would be plucked down to the last pinfeather; so he withdrew his support and with his son and daughter returned to San Francisco. As soon as young Splivalo heard of Miss Mighell's arrival home he promptly continued the siege of her affections, and the announcement of their engagement is the result. Mr. Mighell is rated as a very wealthy man. Since the death of his wife and eldest daughter the family have lived but little in their beautiful Berkeley home, which occupies a square block. Nana Mighell had just graduated from the Berkeley high school when her father took her on that famous trip to Australia. She was a member of the leading sorority and beloved by all her classmates. Every girl is pretty in print but Nana Mighell has really a rare loveliness. She will be a charming addition to the set in which the Splivalos move. I hear that the family are delighted with Adrian's choice of a bride and the young couple will probably live in Belmont near the handsome residence of Splivalo *pere.*

Why the Fishes Bite

Ethyl Hager and Mrs. F. S. Roumage are the most conspicuous guests at Santa Cruz. They both wear bathing suits that would make even a mermaid sit up and ask for the pattern. Miss Hager and Mrs. Roumage swim and

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fish in couples and people are beginning to wonder whether their friendship is a summer affair or all the year round. I hear that Mrs. Roumage intends to bid for a place in San Francisco society this winter and Miss Ethyl would prove valuable in getting her tickets well up front, for the Hager social position was an established fact before the water, etcetera. Mrs. Roumage is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Davis of Auburn.

Enjoying the London Swim

Letters from abroad tell of the good times the de Young girls have been having in Paris and London. London was particularly gay during May, June and July, the months which are most consecrated to social gayety. Mrs. John Mackay, who has a home in Carlton House Terrace, where she entertains splendidly, is very fond of the de Youngs and invited them to her functions. Mrs. Rollins, the most influential though far from the richest American woman in London, has also singled out Mrs. de Young and her daughters for some delightful attentions. There were even more than the usual number of Americans who took houses for the London season and they added much to the magnificent display. Mrs. Potter Palmer had the Duke of Abercorn's historic residence and did things with a lavish hand. Her acquaintance with the de Youngs dates back to the Chicago World's Fair and she sent them cards to all her affairs.

What the Piper Costs

Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. John Mackay, the duchess of Roxburghe (formerly May Goelet), Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Glasgow of Virginia, Lady Bateman (formerly Mrs. Knapp), and Mrs. George Law are the Americans who helped make this London season extravagantly successful. As it costs anywhere from fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars to be a conspicuous hostess, only those who can afford to pay the piper ever take a house for the London season. Mrs. Potter Palmer pays the Duke of Algercorn fifteen thousand dollars for the use of his house for three months. This historic mansion has twenty-two bedrooms, a state drawing-room, a ball-room and ten reception rooms. It contains the finest individual collection of paintings in London, all of which goes to make it worth five thousand dollars a month to an ambitious American. The plate, linen, servants and horses are never "let" with a London house. Plate and linen, my informant tells me, can be rented for the season for five hundred dollars, but it is more swagger to buy them outright, so most Americans do so and spend one thousand dollars in the process. It is not "the thing" to have less than five pairs of horses, and as many vehicles, but it is au fait to rent these. The cost for the short season is one thousand five hundred dollars. Although it is quite proper to rent horses and equipages one must own motor cars, as the rented ones are not considered "good form." All this is outside the actual entertaining, so it is easy to see how one could make two hundred thousand dollars take wings in a London season. Expenditures of this sort make the entertainments of our local smart set look like pink circus lemonade.

No Fuss Over This Title

The wedding of Miss Josephine de Guigne and the Viscount Philippe de Tristan will be celebrated without blare of trumpets on the twenty-third of August, in the little Catholic church in San Mateo. Society is keenly disappointed that the wedding will not have the smart touches which marrying a title usually entails. True, a viscount, properly regarded, is not so much a nascent earl as an amplified baron. Still, in California even the baronage has a fine sound to ears attuned to snobbishness, and as viscounts people the land between earls and barons, Miss de Guigne 's fiance is regarded as a catch of high degree. As a matter of fact the alliance has all the ear-marks of a romance. The parents of the young people did not play matchmakers, as is customary in France. Miss Josephine de Guigne went over to Paris to act as bridesmaid for a French cousin. The Viscount de Tristan served as best man at that same wedding. Cupid was also a member of the bridal party and the de Guigne and the Tristan families gladly gave their consent to the union which the young people arranged without a "by your leave" to French conventionality. Miss de Guigne's fiance not only has a title and a proud old family name but he has a pretty bank account, the result of commercial enterprises which he himself manipulated in order to fill the family coffers, which were badly depleted at one time. The de Tristan estates are in the south of France but the Viscount makes his home in Paris most of the time. Miss Marie Christine de Guigne will be the only attendant at the wedding. None but the most intimate friends of Mrs. Abby Parrott and the de Guigne family have been bidden to the ceremony. There will be no attempt at decorating the church and the wedding breakfast will be quietly served at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Abby Parrott.

How She Captured a Title

Apropos of titles, much laughable comment has been excited over the attitude of an Episcopalian Bishop's wife who has been visiting in California. The good dame recently spent some time in England and there experienced the intense rapture of hearing her husband, the bishop, addressed as "My Lord." The baronage of England is headed by the bishops but the wife of this particular American bishop was not cognizant of that fact. "Imagine my surprise and delight," she confessed to some Californian friends, "when I first heard my husband called 'my lord.' Why, I thought I should faint. But now I, myself, always address him as 'my lord.' I think it's as much his right as the English bishops'!" Is it any wonder that foreigners regard the typical American as the greatest snob on earth? The only wonder is that the bishop's wife does not insist on being called "my lady." Most provincial American wives have the habit of annexing their husbands' titles. But why Mrs. "Judge" Jones or Mrs. "Dr." White any more than Mrs. "Blacksmith" Ruggles or Mrs. "House-painter" Smith?

Bradbury's Wrath Roused

Millionaire W. B. Bradbury has detectives scouring the country around Ross Valley to discover the occupants of the automobile that caused the recent runaway on the Bolinas road. Miss Alice Marsh who, with Miss Aristine Pixley, a niece of the late Frank Pixley, was thrown from the carriage and severely injured, is the adopted daughter of the Bradburys. She is a niece of Mrs. Bradbury and is a vivacious beauty of the Spanish type, her ancestry on one side of the family harking back to the old Castilian days.

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While she was a student at the University of California she was a great belle. Millionaire Bradbury loves to turn a penny until it gets dizzy so he had no objection to Miss Marsh's putting her university training to commercial account. She has been teaching in the San Francisco public schools since her graduation. Mr. Bradbury intends, if possible, to get legal redress out of the owners of the automobile that caused the accident, but so far no one has been able to discover to whom the car belongs. At first Miss Marsh's injuries were pronounced very serious, but she is now out of danger, though still suffering.

How the Duel was Settled

After all kinds of sensational incidents the Prince and Princess Henri Galard de Bearn et de Chalais have arrived in this country on a visit to the home of the bride. The Princess was Miss Beatrice Winans, a daughter of Ross Winans of Baltimore. The Prince is secretary of the French Embassy to Russia. The sensational incidents started in Paris, last June, when announcement of the engagement was made. The Prince de Sagan questioned the groom's validity to the title he claimed and insisted that he alone had the right to bear it. Some lively word-tilting followed, encored by various Parisian journals. A duel was arranged between the angry claimants when friends interceded, patched up a peace, and the doughty partisans on each side sheathed their swords. All Paris laughed and skipped away gaily to the delights of the summer resorts. Within a week the marriage took place—a quiet affair. The former Miss Winans, now bravely uses the title Princess de Chalais, and her American friends will have a chance this week to see how superbly she carries it.

Captured by the Count

The exciting chase of Count Karl Holnstein of Regensberg, Bavaria, across the continent for a bride, has ended in the capitulation of the fair Philadelphia heiress, Miss Mildred Harrison. Count Karl Holnstein met his divinity about four months ago at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, where the young woman's beauty, grace and equestrienne skill won her numerous admirers. She was spending her third season on the coast under the chaperonage of Dr. Belle Reynolds and relatives. At the same time the athletic and handsome Bavarian nobleman was returning from a leisurely visit in Los Angeles and vicinity. The Count's suit was received in such fashion that he found courage to follow Miss Harrison across the continent. However he left a day later than the lady fair and did not overtake her till Montreal was reached. The two saw each other again in Quebec. In New York city the father, Alfred Harrison, the railroad magnate, gave his consent to the marriage, which will take place in November at the Philadelphia home of the Harrisons. At Long Island the lovers bade each other farewell and the Count returned to California to resume his duties as assistant superintendent for the American Beet Sugar Company at Chino. Miss Harrison continued on to Philadelphia to select her trousseau. Count Holnstein's father was Master of Horse to King Ludwig and his mother was Lady in Waiting to the Queen.

Mrs. Cluff Defies Cupid

The stork is a methodical bird and hates to show partiality. Therefore, having just presented the George Downeys with a pretty girl baby, he considers it his duty to rustle over, bag and baggage, to the Jack Wilson household top. Mrs. George Downey is the eldest of the four Cluff sisters and has never taken as much interest in society as her sister Mabel, Mrs. Jack Wilson. Even Mrs. Wilson finds that toward the end the sugar-coated season begins to taste dark brown and instead of hieing to a fashionable resort the moment the town season closes the Wilsons always go on a camping trip through Yosemite and into the high Sierras. The Cluff sisters are all expert horsewomen. Mrs. John Breuner, California Cluff, has motor mania now but at one time her favorite diversion was breaking broncos on the Cluff ranch. Unlike most mammas, Mrs. Cluff's concern is not how to marry off her daughters but how to sidetrack Cupid until the girls are out of the school nest long enough to try their wings in society. She has determined that Florence, the only unmarried daughter, shall not wed until she is twenty-five. Miss Florence is about fifteen, and exceedingly pretty, and if Mrs. Cluff intends to give Cupid the double cross for the next eight years she will have her hands full.

The stork brought a welcome burden to the Emory Winships this week. I hear that both of the young people wanted a boy and the long-legged bird obliged them. The Winships will not return to the city this winter. They have become too enthralled with the beauties of Ross Valley.

Genevieve Harvey's Debut

Genevieve Harvey, it is said, will be *the* debutante of next season. Her only rival would have been Helene Irwin but that interesting young lady is not to make her debut for another year. Miss Genevieve will have it all very much her own way. Since the historical Taft reception the whole Martin-Harvey clan has gained oodles of prestige. Mrs. Martin's coup means that Genevieve will be one of the foremost buds. The indications are that she will be lunched, tea-ed and dined to the limit, this winter. It is said that Mrs. Martin will give another grand ball and doubtless Mrs. Walter Martin and Baroness von Schroeder will give entertainments in the same line.

I hear that Bessie Mills has given up work on her "Primitive Man" for the present and is taking a rest. It is said that she does not intend to resume writing for several years; the physicians attribute her ill health to her intense application in looking up references for her scientific researches. Both Bessie and Ardella Mills are at present visiting in Portland. Della Mills studied vocal during her recent trip to New York and has improved wonderfully. Her voice is remarkable for its smooth volume.

The Phelans—James D. and his sister—write to a personal friend here that for the balance of the summer they will remain quietly at the Bad Homburg, feeling the need of real rest after the delightful social entertainments in Berlin.

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Hammersmith's Coon Hunt

Previous to his recent trip to Fall River, in Shasta county, John Hammersmith, jeweler and athlete, was firmly convinced that he was one of the most sophisticated citizens of this city. He prided himself on being one of the know-it-all boys. He had mixed with the smartest of them, and had all the sharpness of the steel trap about him. Years of experience had put him on edge, and he pitied the benighted who were easy marks for wise jokers. Up in Fall River he had an illusion concerning himself badly shattered. He was accompanied on the trip by Dr. E. N. Short, yachtsman and dental worker, and H. V. Ramsdell, athlete and merchant. By those two wags was he made familiar with that most exciting of all nocturnal pastimes, the "coon-hunt." When told about the sport he became very much excited over the prospect. He wanted to go after coons the first night out, but Ramsdell and Short pleaded that they were very tired. They preferred to sit around and tell him about it and work up his interest. They affected the air of blase coon hunters and were in no hurry. The next night Hammersmith would not consent to further postponement. Then followed an argument over the positions to be assigned each. Short wanted to hold the bag and lantern but Ramsdell argued that since he was a veteran at the sport he should permit Hammersmith to have most of the fun, and as the fly jeweler pleaded the doctor yielded, reluctantly. Out on a bleak hillside Hammersmith was stationed, and his companions went off to scare up a coon. It was about three o'clock in the morning when the lone hunter got back to camp. The oil had burned out in his lantern, and he concluded that the coon wouldn't be able to find the bag.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is spending this month at her country home near Russian river. Mrs. Hearst probably has more country homes than any other woman in California. Her favorite place, however, is at Pozo del Verona, in Pleasanton. I hear that the Willie Hearsts contemplate visiting her there for a few weeks some time in the early winter.

Bessie and Bernice Wilson are expected to return in a few weeks from Europe, where they have been spending the summer. Bernice makes her best bow to society this winter and will probably make as much of a hit as her sister. She is not quite as good looking but I hear makes up for it with her wit, which is said to be unusually keen.

Witte's Social Handicap

The gathering of the present big Peace Conference in New Hampshire and Washington will not be marked with any social functions out of the ordinary. Baron Rosen is the only Commissioner present who has his wife with him. The two are accompanied by their daughter, a charming girl. Countess Witte, with her two daughters, accompanied her famous husband as far as Paris and then bade him bon voyage. She then went to Brussels, where she will remain pending his return. Outside of Russia very few people know that she is a Jewess. Under the present regime in Russia this fact has handicapped the great statesman immensely, the situation being rendered still more difficult because the countess, besides being of humble birth, was formerly the wife of a very obscure official, a subordinate of Witte. In order to wed him she was obliged to obtain a dissolution of her first marriage. Anyone familiar with Russian social ideas knows what situations of this kind mean in that country. Mme. De Witte has never been received at the Russian court and the Russian aristocracy, taking that cue, has followed suit. The result is that she is not recognized socially.

Cut By a Grand Duke

It is far otherwise with her eminent husband. His official position, outside his own pre-eminent abilities, command recognition. When he was Minister of Finance he attended a grand reception one evening at the palace. Presently in the rounds of the rooms he met the Grand Duke Alexis, the Czar's uncle, and Lord High Admiral of the Russian fleet, Witte bowed the Grand Duke a frozen stare and passed on. Witte never turned a hair at the direct insult, but calmly continued his rounds. But the courtiers! great was the buzzing and greater were the explanations offered. The most plausible was that Witte was to lose his official head and the portfolio of the Minister of Finance. The Grand Duke must have learned the diplomatic secret of his uncle and taken the first opportunity to show Witte his approaching disgrace. Forthwirth the courtiers at the reception, keen to take advantage of the approaching official storm, began to turn their cold shoulder toward the marked man. The stolid Witte never showed by the slightest sign that he was aware that anything untoward was occurring. Later he approached the Czar and quietly remarked that he felt called upon to tender his resignation as Minister of Finance because the Grand Duke Alexis had insulted him, and he explained the incident. The Czar at once sent for the Grand Duke. It transpired that as Minister of Finance, Witte had refused to pass certain money demands requested by the Duke for the improvement of the Russian fleets. The Czar forced him to apologize. No commoner stands higher than Witte in the favor of the Czar. He has put Russia on the strongest financial footing she ever enjoyed. Throughout his long, varied and strenuous career in office his acts have demonstrated that though at times he may have erred in judgment, he has always worked for Russia and the Czar.

Married the Queen of the Ballet

"Among those present" at the conference is also Monsieur Dimitri Pokitilov, former financial agent of Russia in China, and chief director of the Russo-Chinese Bank throughout Asia. The whirligig of Russian politics has thrown Monsieur Pokitilov into the Ministry and lifted Monsieur De Witte from that exalted place to the still more exalted office of imperial plenipotentiary, vested with the destiny of his country. Monsieur Pokitilov is likewise not accompanied by Madame Pokitilov, and thereby hangs a tale of social prestige to delight the hearts of the bavardes. Once upon a time, when Monsieur Pokitilov was rising to eminence on the ladder of international finance, he lived in Pekin, and Monsieur De Witte was the diplomatic representative of the Czar in the same old town. Now it happened that Monsieur Pokitilov had wooed the queen of the Viennese ballet, superbly beautiful, shapely as Olga of the Golden Eyes, and ambitious as the wife of Lucifer surnamed Lilith of the Serpent Brood. One day Monsieur Pokitilov married this dancing girl of Vienna and he brought her across the steppes of Tartary, to the Chinese capital. But when they were "at home" in the Street of the Legations nobody came to pay their respects to the bride. The ladies of the legations were too busy with their household duties, perhaps, for a legation in Pekin is very different from a house in Belgravia or a cottage at Newport, albeit there is more red tape around the visiting cards and more etiquette at the front door. Oh, you can't conceive how busy a legation lady of Pekin may be when she is inclined that way; and it is probable that she was unanimously busy when Madame Pokitilov was "at home."

Monsieur Plays His King

Now what do you suppose happened thereupon? You'd never guess, for you are unversed in the Oriental-Russian way of doing things in China. You will be surprised at the simplicity of the "diplomacy," no less than you will admire the subtlety of the tour du chicane. Monsieur Pokitilov, observing no green chairs at his door, straightway calls upon the Russian Minister and suggests that the legation give a dinner in honor of Monsieur Dimitri Pokitilov, Financial Agent of the Czar, etc. Monsieur De Witte, speaking plainly, said it was impossible. He could not invite the ladies of the legation to meet another lady whom those ladies did not want to meet. "But they would have to accept the invitation," Monsieur Pokitilov persisted; "they could not refuse?" "Possibly not," was the answer of the Minister; "but I will not put them to the test." Monsieur Pokitilov made no reply for a moment. Then he looked at the Russian Minister and said: "You will reconsider, your excellency." That was all.

About a month afterwards a formidable package arrived at the Russian legation at Pekin from the State Department—despatches, etc., etc., and among the "etc." was a brief note from Count Lamsdorf: "Perhaps it would be just as well to advise with Monsieur Pokitilov concerning a dinner that His Majesty understands you are about to give in honor of Monsieur Pokitilov and Madame Pokitilov." That was all. The dinner was given; it was a very brilliant affair; and of course the ladies of the legations were present—not all of them, however. Mrs. Conger was taken very ill on the morning of the day set for the banquet, and the sister of Sir Ernest Satow was on a pilgrimage to the tombs of the Mings. The others were there, however—and no doubt at this day there are green chairs and green carts at the door of Madame Pokitilov's legation. So the times and some of the manners change even in old, conservative, decaying Pekin.

After a three weeks' stay at the "Carlton," in London, the de Youngs are now enjoying Paris.

Surprises of the Primary

Election day never fails to furnish surprises for the community and Tuesday's primary was not without its share. Although it was figured that the influences at Ruef's command would make his tickets abnormally strong south of Market street, few thought that he would be able to divert the labor vote from its own party and roll it up almost solidly for his opposition Republican tickets. The rout of such old-time leaders as Crimmins, Hoey and Welch in their respective districts showed what good use was made of the Citizens' Alliance bugaboo by Schmitz and his friends; the most significant result of all being the defeat of John McDougald in his own district. It is not likely that McDougald's name will be associated any more with the mayoralty nomination, for the conditions developed by the primary show that it is useless to attempt to attract the labor vote to an anti-Schmitz ticket and the issue in November will have to be met by a candidate who will arouse enthusiasm in the hill districts.

New Candidates for Mayor

Although the League won a decisive victory and with proper management can outvote Ruef on every convention issue, next month, it is again confronted with the knotty problem of getting the right man to head its ticket. Senator Wolfe with his pledged delegation from the Thirty-eighth district looms up formidably at present, and if he essayed a combination with Ruef could come pretty close to forcing his nomination. Wolfe, however, does not want to make a sacrifice play of himself and announces that unless he is assured of the support of the League and the endorsement of the Democratic convention he will not run. Conferences will come thick and fast during the next few days, and meantime the names of John Lackmann and Harry Baehr are cropping up again as prospective mayoralty timber. There is lots of hard work to be done by the League between now and convention day next month, and the brunt of it will fall on the shoulders of Postmaster Fisk, the other leaders in the present organization being practically eliminated by the defeat of Fairfax Wheelan and Senator Welch.

"Uncle George" Rallies Voters

To the Philistine your true Bohemian is supposed to care naught for anything so serious as municipal government. But quite a bunch of Bohemian Club members who are in camp at Bohemian Grove deserted the redwoods last Tuesday and specially came to town to cast their votes. The party was led by "Uncle" George Bromley who has been "out of politics" for many years, but never fails to vote on election days. The annual Burial of Care will take place at the redwood grove tonight, with Newton Tharp siring "The Quest of the Gorgon" and Dr. "Russ" Cool looking after the low jinks. I hear that the Gorgon motif has been most melodiously worked into Theodor Vogt's music, and that it is somewhat on the Wagnerian order. Next week the public will have the chance to hear some of the best numbers of the music at a special matinee at the Tivoli.

"How happy the Gays look when out in society."

"Well, you know they were both on the stage for awhile."

The New Candidate in the Fourth

C. M. Hammond, of Lake county, who was one of Roosevelt's Presidential electors in the last campaign and who enjoys the distinction of being related to the President by marriage, is thinking of becoming a candidate for State Senator in the Fourth District. This is where Senator Sanford at present holds sway, having been re-elected unopposed, a circumstance that would indicate that he is regarded as unbeatable. However Sanford is looking covetously at the Congressional nomination in the Second District. If Bell continues in his present frome of mind and decides not to try conclusions again with McKinlay, Sanford's name will appear on the Democratic ticket for national honors and Hammond's chances for the Senatorship will be much easier. Although McKinlay's friends are very confident that he will be re-elected next year, Sanford will be able to give him a good fight, especially in the coast counties, where he is regarded as the special champion of labor, having put through the Legislature the present laws in the interests of the working lumbermen.

Looking for Another Avalanche

As a result of the enormous Republican vote that was rolled up last year, there will not be many legislative nominations conceded to the Democrats in the next campaign and the statesmen who have been given a walk-over during recent tourneys will have to prepare for a scrimmage. Even Dick Beamer, for a decade considered invincible in the Third Equalization District, will have a fight on his hands, and the Democrats may lose the one place that has hitherto been a sure thing for them in the state service. That Beamer is in danger is shown by totalling the vote cast in his district last year; Roosevelt scored 38,567 as against 20,060 for Parker. No one will attempt to argue that this is conclusive or even prima facie evidence of the political faith of the district, but it certainly indicates that with a strong Republican in the field Beamer will have to hustle to retain his job. Had he been running last year there is little doubt that he would have been swept away by the Republican tidal wave. The G. O. P. thinks that nothing has since occurred to weaken its standing, and has strong hopes for another avalanche next year.

Reincarnation of Col. Mazuma

Singular how some people who loudly profess a desire to do clean politics should gloat over, and apparently endeavor to further, any prospects of boodle and corruption. It took hard work to stamp out the old money-bribing lobby that infested the legislative sessions at Sacramento, and although the Augean task is not absolutely completed and doubtless never can be, no one will question that a vast reform has been secured there. Yet whenever an election for United States Senator is on, newspaper correspondents in their quest for stories urge and rejoice over the prospective arrival of "Col. Mazuma," some of them now being engaged in such tactics in connection with the advent of the Western Pacific. They are noting with evident regret that the Harriman road has not been held up and compelled to expend bribe money at Sacramento, and with joy and delight they anticipate the entering into politics of the Western Pacific, with a bureau of old-time methods and manipulators.

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Women as Unionists

Women as wage earners is a subject that is now firing the feelings of those inclined to use their pens in spirited discussions of the live topics of the day. The captains of the present discussion that is over the land are women students and graduates. Not long ago, in meeting a sweeping indictment of the wage working women, Miss Edith Abbott of the University of Chicago pointed out the utter futility of the talk regarding the "encroachment" by women on men's work. She held it a fact in economic history that women have been a part of the factory system since it began. Hence the phrase woman's work must cover the factory field. Now she goes on to claim that the five million women employed in American industry are increasing steadily in numbers, and for any one to claim that this is an invasion of man's sphere is ridiculous. Was there ever a time, she asks, when women were not in industry? In dealing with the attitude of organized workmen toward women in industry, and the tendency to draw women into the trades union movement, Miss Belva M. Herron finds that the unionists no longer regard workwomen as interlopers; further, that in the great majority of American unions efforts are even made to admit them on the same terms as men. One-fifth of the members in the Boot and Shoe Workers' Union are women. At the last census one-third of the employes in that trade were women. In the same year nearly sixty per cent in the clothing trade were women.

The Strong Percentage

In the textile fabrics the women represent over forty per cent. The percentage in the union is about the same. Twenty-four per cent of the women among cigar makers belong to the union; while but seven per cent in the laundry trade belong to the union. As a rule, according to Miss Herron, it is harder to organize women into unions than men, and still harder to induce them to attend meetings and apply themselves to union duties. The younger members persistently look forward to the time when marriage will relieve them from the onus of bread-winning. Another influence is the fact that numbers of them are disinclined to connect themselves with any organization that brands them as belonging to the laboring class. They seem to think it stultifies them in the eyes of the world. However the women who do align themselves with unionism are ready to sacrifice their places and hold out to the last. Miss Herron quotes numbers of instances where, during a strike, the women have been more loyal than the men to the union. The broadening fields of labor and the new conditions developing almost monthly have given a tremendous impetus to the present discussion.

Had His Mother Wit With Him

Readers of Myra Kelly's inimitable stories of the little East-side school children will have a warm place in their hearts for Patrick Brennan, the only "foreigner" in the colony of Russian Jews, whose entirely different attitude and outlook is like the dash of garlic in a salad. A teacher in one of the local free kindergartens met with a similar condition, when she was put in charge of the first class organized in North Beach district. She found herself surrounded by some half a hundred of Italian bambinos who chattered vivaciously to each other, but who gave no heed at all to her repeated demands, requests and implorations for silence. Apparently not one of the children understood as much as a word of English, and as Italian was not one of the pedagogical accomplishments, it looked as though there would be a strenuous time before some means of communication was established. In desperation, she tried the solitary word which she had assimilated, "Silenzio!" and then, to herself, "Dear me! do none of you know what that means?" From a far corner came a reply in English, modified by a faint though unmistakable Celtic accent: "It means 'You kids, shut up. I'll do all the talking.'" Investigation disclosed a solitary "Exile of Erin" who, to quote his own explanation, had learned enough of the "Dago talk" from his playmates, to act as a rough and ready interpreter in an emergency. From that time on he helped her do the talking with his "free for all" interpreting.

Of the Elect

Two society girls were talking—not in whispers—on the Sausalito boat the other day. One of them remarked:

"Say, my dear, who is this Luther Burbank whose name I hear so often?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer, "but I guess he's all right. He was on Mrs. Martin's list, don't you know."

His Mother Was There

The women of San Francisco have grown quite hopelessly hysterical over White Whittlesey whose summer engagement at the Alcazar will smash previous records into smithereens. The young romantic actor seems to have an almost hypnotic influence over callow, candy-munching maids, and experienced, well poised matrons. The most commanding figure at Whittlesey's Saturday matinee of "Fortunes of the King" was a stately, serene and sweet-faced lady in black, whose alert and vigorous bearing gave no suggestion that she had passed eighty-three. She was Whittlesey's mother, and she beamed upon her "boy" from a stage box. It was the first time that she had seen him act since he appeared with Ada Rehan in Chicago, seven years ago.

A Kansas City Beauty

Major and Mrs. Charles Krautoff are spending the summer in town, with occasional flittings to near-by resorts. Mrs. Krautoff is a beauty of the Maxine Elliott type and hails from Kansas City. I hear that her dark, imposing beauty quite startled Washingtonians last winter, when she was spending a few weeks in the Capital.

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A "Chaperonage" the Latest

So many women with social connections and family escutcheons have had to boost their falling fortunes by "taking in boarders" that some one with a talent for word coinage aught to invent a phrase that would not ring so harshly on the refined ears of these gentlewomen. "Boarders" somehow suggests prunes, pinching and poverty and there ought to be a way out of it. Middle class people frequently pretend that they "just keep a few boarders for company," but of course a society woman cannot protest that she has to take in boarders for the sake of a "little company." Fancy the late Mrs. Salisbury putting up such a bluff! The other day a word was suggested to fit the case of Mrs. C. O. Alexander, the charming sister of a well known society woman, who has half a dozen unattached society girls living with her. "Mrs. Alexander has a boarding-house in Oakland now, hasn't she?" queried a woman who never will get over the bourgeoise habit of calling a spade a spade. "A boarding-house!" exclaimed every other woman present, in an admonishing voice. "Well, what do you call it, then?" asked the lady with the spade habit. Finally a bright woman hit upon "Chaperonage," and that seems to fit with less wrinkles than any word heretofore applied.

A Nest of Debutantes

Mrs. Alexander herself is too independent and sensible to quibble over terms, but some of her friends feel relieved that they may call her home a Chaperonage. Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Boss and the Misses Brewer are among the girls who make their home with the brilliant Mrs. Alexander. Miss Ysabel Brewer was one of last season's debutantes and as she was brought out under the auspices of Mrs. Alexander she was at once admitted to a very select set. Miss Brewer is a very attractive girl and as her father is a wealthy mine owner she has carte blanche. Her mother and two sisters were drowned on the ill-fated *Rio* which sank in the Golden Gate a few years ago. There is a younger sister who will not come out for two seasons. Miss Ysabel is rather tired of society. She is contemplating spending the next year abroad, returning in time for her sister's debut.

Engagement Bubble Pricked

I hear that the rumored engagement of Miss Boss, another one of Mrs. Alexander's "girls," has dissolved into thin air. Miss Boss is also the daughter of a mine owner but I believe her father's ventures have not proved profitable of late. Several years ago Miss Boss made her home at the Palace hotel with Miss Grimwood, a sister of Joseph Crockett, as her chaperon. Miss Boss made her debut at the same time as Mollie Thomas, now Mrs. Latham McMullin, and they have been intimate friends ever since.

She's a Coming Beauty

A correspondent at Newport writes me that Blanche Oelrichs, the younger sister of Mrs. Peter Martin, is by far and away the prettiest girl who has dimpled on the social horizon in many a day. She is a more perfect type of beauty than her sister, Lily Martin, though the latter has a certain distinction that no debutante can hope to acquire in her vealy days. New York women have loads of style but beauty somehow seldom moves in the Newport smart set, so small wonder a vision of loveliness like Blanche Oelrichs is creating a sensation while still in the "youngster" class. When Blanche makes her debut, in a year, "Aunt Tessie," Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, will entertain lavishly in her honor. Mrs. Oelrichs did not favor the marriage of niece Lily and Peter Martin. She thought a beauty like Lily ought to capture a man of millions, and wealth aside, she is not as keen on Californians as might be expected of the daughter of James G. Fair. She will certainly do her best to see that Blanche Oelrichs does not trip in her sister's footsteps and marry a western man. Mrs. Peter Martin has never quite forgiven Aunt Tessie's interference and a cool breeze blows when they meet. However that has not affected Mrs. Oelrichs' attitude toward Blanche, who was handsomely remembered in the twenty-seven trunks Mrs. Hermann recently brought back from Europe, while there was only a trifle for Mrs. Peter.

Frenzied Reports on Finance

A story has been going the rounds of the Eastern press that Tessie Oelrichs has "done the handsome thing" by the Charley Oelrichs', who are none to prosperous to keep in the running. This outburst of generosity is supposed to have been caused by the lift in Tessie's fortunes, thanks to recent speculations. As has previously been said in these columns, Mrs. Hermann's financial deals have not been as frenzied as the Easterners believe. The "helping hand" story is as improbable as the increased fortune yarn. Mrs. Hermann never stints in her entertainments but it takes strenuous efforts to part her from a dollar that does not "tell." Before "Birdie" Fair married into the Vanderbilt clan she was assessed half the expense of her sister's menage, which shows that Madame Tessie had an eye to economy.

The Crocker Girls Coming

Mrs. Hattie Crocker Alexander, who makes an annual visit to California, will be accompanied this year by Mrs. Frances Burton Harrison and Miss Jennie Crocker. Mrs. Harrison and her sister Jennie are preparing to leave Europe for New York and after a short rest in that city they will come at once to California. Legal affairs connected with the Crocker estate demand their presence, so this visit

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is not built on airy speculation. Jennie Crocker has been put through all the paces that are supposed to round a girl into shape for taking her place in New York society, so people out here are anxious to see how this Miss Millionaire now compares with the home product.

Europe Failed to Cure Her

The announcement of Carol Moore's engagement to Arthur Geissler came as something of a surprise to society. Every one knew that there was an understanding between the two, but they had no idea that the announcement would come so soon, for both Miss Moore and Mr. Geissler are very young. It is said that these two have been engaged for several years and that the reason the Moores took Carol to Europe was to divert her mind from what they considered an ephemeral salad attachment. The young folks remained true to each other and now that they have come to years of discretion the family regards the matter differently. Carol Moore is the third of the debutantes to announce her engagement this summer. It is said that a fourth will do the same before next season is well in swing. The Moore-Geissler wedding will probably take place next month.

Was Mrs. Tobin's Protegee

Agnes Tobin's poetical tribute to Sister Dolores, who died last week, was dictated by a very genuine affection for that noble woman, the Mother Superior of the Sisters of the Holy Family. Sister Dolores (Miss Armour) was in her girlhood a protegee of Mrs. Tobin, the mother of Agnes, Celia and Beatrice. When Agnes was approaching the age to enter society, she showed a decided distaste for the giddy whirl and expressed a desire to follow the example of Miss Armour and become a nun. Her vocation for the holy life seemed most pronounced. But since she has become interested in Italian poetry, and shown such a decided talent for literature, her thoughts have not turned so strongly toward the cloister.

Dr. Jordan as a Fence Mender

I learn with regret that an agitation is afoot to depose Dr. Jordan from his autocratic altitude as Pontifex Maximus Imperialis of Stanford University. What will happen if the power that has hitherto directed the affairs of this great school and guided its destinies is shorn from the superhuman Jordan? I use the term "superhuman" because I know no other that so aptly describes the man who was and is the university over which he presides—I do not mean that he is above other humanity, but I would convey the idea that he is different from other men and better fitted than other men for the work he has in hand—a super-man, so to speak; an overlord in the realm of knowledge and a supreme monarch in the kingdom of intellect. Let the trustees who are seeking to curtail the Jordanism of Stanford University consider well the step they are about to take—let them beware that they do not cross the Bridge of Asses to interfere with the architectural plans of the Bridge Builder. I read in the gossip of the daily press that Dr. Jordan is coming home to look after his fences as well as the bridge he has builded. He has heard that Dr. Goebel has knocked some of the underpinning of the bridge from its trusses—that the stockade of the Stanford corral is yielding so the assault of heathen cattle—that it is time to blow his horn, for the cows are in his meadow and the hogs are in his corn. I am willing to wager a rare old Greek manuscript of Sophocles against the theme of a Stanford graduate, that nothing happens to Dr. Jordan after he returns. It is too bad, however, that he has been compelled to cut short his pilgrimage to Dante's shrine.

Why He Questions the Mahatma

David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, is not only a very learned man as learned men are rated in this age of commercialism and charlatanry, but he is endowed with the saving sense of humor. That is why, no doubt, he refuses to receive Thomas Welton Stanford's gift of mediaeval junk and museum trash purported to have been "astrally projected" from India and Egypt by the "mediumship" of a laundryman mahatma of Australia, named C. Bailey. There's a combination to make Laughter hold both his sides! It is not necessary to deny the immortality of the soul or to doubt the doctrine of Nirvana before we indulge the hoot of derision rising spontaneous to mock the believers in this grotesque fakery. It is said that Dr. Jordan refuses to receive this loot lured from Luxor because he does not wish to thus tacitly indorse the absurdities of spiritualism. I am satisfied that Dr. Jordan is merely agnostic concerning the thieving propensities of spooks; he is sufficiently antiquarian to accept these relics of the backward time if Mr. Thomas Stanford or Mahatma Bailey can verify their antiquity by definitely locating the place from which they were stolen. If, however, he should take them as they are offered, the university of which he is the safe, sane and conservative director would be further subject to ridicule already knee-deep in the Stanford relic depository of the institution. The world laughs consumedly in contemplation of the old clothes department of Stanford and the papier mache replica of the sainted Senator's last breakfast, and the picture of Christ blessing little Leland is by some reverent Christians regarded as something akin to sacrilege; others grin satirically at the awful egotism of it all—the same egotism that compelled the carver of tombstones to emboss Senator Stanford and Mrs. Stanford on that allegorical frieze over the gate to the quadrangle in the van of "Civilization and Progress." This is the true reason why they come bearing gifts from the tombs of the Pharaohs.

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Had Mahatma Pictures

Those who are raising such a pother about the "Bailey Mahatma" in the Stanford case will have their surprise considerably intensified to learn that the Senator himself had several "familiars" in that line, though I never heard that any of them, as in the Graham case, "gathered loot for him." To the uninitiated all those experiences of the Stanfords sound like tales from the Arabian Nights wherein afrits, geni, jin, ogres, oufes, cacodemons and spirits of the vasty deep come and go at the sign of him who holds the magic ring. Even in the Senator's lifetime the story was common among their intimate friends that the Senator used to claim that he was in communication with his brother in Australia through mahatma messengers. Even pictures of these messengers were shown. Most of them were said to be inhabitants of Atlantis, that fabled continent that the spiritualists claim was sunk between here and China, and of which the South Sea archipelagoes are the mountain tops. I never saw but one of these pictures and that was of Ural, a long-bearded individual, attired in rich habiliments with a tall headpiece that looked more like some badge of office than a hat. Spirit pictures have since become quite common and "spirit" galleries will now turn them out as fast as you pay for them, but I never have seen anything in the line of this photograph of Ural, possessed by the Stanfords. A close friend, who was occasionally admitted to these seances of the Stanfords, once told me that he had tested the Australian messenger's claim and that he couldn't explain it, for communications certainly passed between the brothers. He was a sceptic himself and steadfastly holds to this day that the Stanfords were even then in the hands of unconscionable charlatans.

Hayward's Spirit Spleen

And there are others. Capitalist Hayward was one of the last notable instances. I am told by one of his old-time intimates that the dead millionaire has caught the habit himself and is now around his old haunts, in what they call the "spirit form," giving advice to one of his cronies. What he said the first time he passed along Montgomery street and saw the name "Hayward" replaced by "Kohl" above the entrance to the big office structure is now being used in one of his blast furnaces to reduce refractory ores. According to my informant Hayward gives several taps on nearby furniture to make known his presence and then his mining friend asks questions. Two raps signify "yes"; one rap, "no."

Saddest Case of All

"Cattle King" White was another local man swept along on the same tide. It is said that his domestic troubles and long litigation over his big properties were artfully kept alive by the advice he followed through messages from the other world; the mediums meanwhile gathering in his disappearing properties. The most famous of all cases of this kind in America, however, was that of Luther Marsh, the law partner of Daniel Webster. Marsh fell into the clutches of the notorious Amelia Diss de Bar, who pretended to summon the greatest of the dead at his behest. In addition she supplied him with pictures of all kinds of spirit brides. Friends rescued him from her clutches while he still had several hundred thousand dollars left of his big fortune. Within a year he fell into the clutches of another medium harpy and she cleaned him out of even the life insurance in favor of his relatives. This second revelation killed Marsh. Came the crowning disgraceful scene when the harpy and her husband quarreled over the plunder and the husband told the inside of the whole miserable swindle. Singularly enough the story came out just as Amelia Diss de Bar was arrested in London for a "medium" swindle and trafficking in young girls.

The Warfield-Newell Engagement

Mrs. John H. Spring of Fruitvale has announced the engagement of her daughter, Frances Warfield, with R. C. Newell of Oakland. The wedding is to be celebrated in January. Miss Warfield is a very charming girl. Her step-father, John H. Spring, is a very wealthy San Francisco capitalist. Mr. Newell is one of Oakland's best-known business men and is associated with Wickham Havens. He is building a beautiful home for his bride-elect in Alta Piedmont.

The engagement has recently been announced of Miss Grace Mary Rusing, daughter of Mrs. Henrietta L. Rus-

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ing of Oakland, with Mr. Charles Walter Tozer of San Francisco. The wedding will probably take place in the fall.

He Wasn't with Chaffee

In these warlike days, bristling with great deeds, one is apt to bump into a Mars, "mentioned in the despatches for gallant services," in most any department of the household. Captain R. C. Redding, who made a name for himself as the head of a Volunteer company in the recent Spanish exhibition of arms, is out here now living in a handsome Presidio Heights house as the representative of a big Eastern electric light corporation. The negress cook which he brought with him from the South having been beguiled away by Cupid, he advertised for another. While one of the early applicants for the place was being catechised by Mrs. Redding, the Captain happened to pass through the room. Mrs. Redding asked him a question and addressed him as Captain. The buxom negress immediately brightened up with intense interest. "Goodness, an' am yore husband an army officer?" "Yes," replied the Captain's wife. "Huh," said the other, beaming with a cordial grin, "an' my husband am an army officer, too." "Indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Redding, a bit surprised, "was he a Volunteer or in the Regular army?" "Reg'lar, ma'am, reg'lar Salvation Army."

Entertaining Mountain Dianas

The William B. Bourns' country place at Grass Valley has been the scene of one continuous house-party all summer long. Maud Bourn is very fond of surrounding herself with her young friends and has entertained nearly all of her set at the picturesque country home. Miss Bourn's most intimate friend is Anita Harvey, who has divided her time this summer between the Bourn country place and the Kohls' retreat at Tahoe. The Bourns dismiss all formality and allow their guests to come and go as they please. The days are spent in tramping over the mountains and shooting. Miss Bourn's engagement with well known young business man has been frequently rumored but has been as often denied by the young people.

The Hagers in the Limelight

When it was whispered, last week, that Alice Hager was coming to the Sea Beach hotel at Santa Cruz, to visit her sister, the tabbies were on the alert at once. At half-past four the day after Miss Hager's arrival the beach was crowded with spectators eagerly awaiting sensational developments. They were disappointed, however, for Alice tripped blithely into the briny arrayed in a long-skirted, high-necked, navy blue suit that met with the approval of even the most prudish. After swimming around the raft once Miss Ethyl coaxed the ever present "Nifty" into the water and while the crowd was interested in watching the aquatic feats of Sister Ethyl and her dog, Alice quietly emerged from the water and slipped into the bath-house unnoticed. Miss Alice does not disdain a wee bit of the limelight, however, for Sunday afternoon, on the beach in front of two thousand people, a little lad was "boosted" on her broad shoulders and she galloped, trotted, shied and balked to the great joy of the crowing youngster and incidentally the onlookers.

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Where the "Slang" Swan Sings

Water front and Barbary Coast waiters could enrich their unique vocabularies to some extent if they visited several of the go-as-you-please hash shops at the foot of Third and Fourth streets where the train crews, between trips, make onslaughts upon the chow chow output. The names they bestow upon the various edibles "shoveled" into the "round house" carry the true color of their craft. The dining tables are the "freight dumps" and the waiter girls are "yard engines." Ham and eggs are never heard by any other name than "ballast" and butter is a "manifest sun," *i. e.,* perishable article. Shoving along the sugar is "sanding the right of way"; beating the proprietor is "riding on the hog"; dealing with a tough steak is "losing your overtime." "Commuters" are the roustabouts who get a twenty meal ticket per. The man with a Katzenjammer look who is satisfied with coffee alone for breakfast was "in last night's wreck." Milk is always on the "pipe line from Milbrae," and pie is an "easy run." The latest gem sprang into life last week, when a switchman called to a girl bringing in a plate of hot cakes: "Hey, kick that string of flats down this siding."

The woman who would lie—does.

How He Hid His Discomfiture

The aftermath of a recent marriage across the bay is occasioning not a little tea table gossip. Just prior to celebrating his recent nuptials he was paying his devoirs to a handsome widow. The world seemed to think he was high in favor. Certainly he himself did for in an ebullition of spirits he gave out to a few very intimate friends that the lady had said "yes," and that it was only through her shyness that the engagement was not publicly announced. Through the channel of one of these "dear" friends this announcement reached the ears of the widow. Now she has not only a will of her own, but very high notions regarding the chivalrous attentions due her sex. Forthwith she sent for the hasty wooer, demanded to know the why and wherefore, and gave him a very perfect understanding of what she thought of his indelicate conduct. Then came surprise number two. Instead of retiring within his own discomfiture, within a short time his engagement to a young lady in the same set was publicly announced, and, mindful of his first experience, the marriage quickly followed.

"What next?" ask the expectant tabbies around the tea tables.

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COOK WITH GAS—The only way to prepare wholesome and delicious food.
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New Deal in Gas Stock

Notwithstanding the efforts of the morning papers to discover the "inside" cause for the recent rise in San Francisco Gas and Electric stock, they have gleaned little. The street itself is keenly alive to the fact that something is "doing," but what it is most of them would give ducats to know. Less than a year ago the stock was selling for $49 and was in the dish rag condition. There were all sorts of blue prognostications floating around regarding its future and indeed that future did look black when only the machinations of its enemies and the bold manoeuvres of its rivals were considered. Some months ago it gradually hobbled up to the 57 point and held feebly and forlornly at that figure. Then the street and the newspapers suddenly awoke to the fact one morning that the stock was for some reason beginning to show signs of life; a day or so later it began to exhibit unmistakable signs of ginger and climbed by easy jumps and slides to 66 1-2. All the clue that sleuths have dug out of the mystery is that the California Electric and Gas Company is said to have offered $75 a share for the stock, en bloc. I am informed that banker I. W. Hellman is quietly gathering in the stock. For whom? He does not say. And now the street is wondering if a big Eastern combination is behind Hellman. Meanwhile the San Francisco Coke & Gas Company is serenely and unostentatiously laying its miles of pipes and some shrewd graybeards are trying to figure out if all the truth is known as to the identity of those really behind that big concern.

"I don't see why you say Tom is stingy. He puts up freely for champagne, always."

"Oh, but he pays such absurdly tiny alimonies."

Tales Told On a Transport

A story was told in a party of Army officers in this city the other day which suggests that the War Department might with advantage install steam laundries on its transports for the use of its first-class passengers, especially the women.

"You would have thought that the women would have been less heedless," said the story-teller, "at least the married ones. It was a long trip, and perhaps it was necessary to hang certain infantile unmentionables about the decks of the transport for they were simple to look at as well as to dry. The limit was when certain belaced, befrilled items of feminine underwear began to be hung around. It was interesting to some, perhaps, but certainly not to the imaginative sailors."

Cause of the Bennington Disaster

While the press and the general public are speculating as to the cause of the terrible disaster to the gunboat *Bennington*, the Navy, like Brer Rabbit, is "jes layin' low an' sayin' nothin'," but it knows as well as it does anything that the real cause of the calamity was something beyond crown-sheets, safety-valves and steam pressures. The Navy knows well, although it dare not whisper it outside of ward-room mess-rooms, that the accident was the culmination of a long series of mishaps that were begun when the engineer corps of the Navy was abolished by the *personnel* bill of 1899. Odd as it may seem, the United States Navy has no engineer corps. Line officers do, or attempt to do, engineering duties, and former engineer officers, who are fast disappearing, attempt to do line duties. The history of this remarkable situation is interesting. When steam first came into use, an engineer corps was established, and later on, just after the Civil War, it was bettered by requiring all the future engineer officers to be Annapolis graduates, entering as cadet engineers. Until the passage of the Robeson bill in 1882, there were two kinds of cadets at the academy—cadet engineers and cadet-midshipmen, the latter destined for the line. The result was an admirable corps of engineer officers, highly educated, both theoretically and practically, with military training in addition. So efficient were these men that many of them were tempted by offers of large salaries to resign and enter civil employ.

Capable Engineers Wiped Out

In 1882 the first mistake was made, when engineers and midshipmen were blended into naval cadets, no more cadet engineers being appointed. After graduation, the vacancies of line and engineer corps were filled from these jacks-of-all-trades-and-masters-of-none. The silly effort was made to produce in one man an efficient navigator, seaman, artillerist, chemist, draftsman, electrician, torpedoist, lawyer, physicist, marine engineer and so on. Bad as this was, the law of 1899 was worse, for it actually abolished the engineer corps altogether, except for a few "oldsters," who were relegated to engineering duties, *on shore only*, for the few years of service remaining to them.

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All were officers of the Line, the engineers qualifying for deck duties, the line officers doing their "tricks" in the engine room. There has been trouble ever since. In desperation a body of warrant machinists was formed, and these have saved the day many a time, but not always Young, inexperienced officers have been placed in charge of intricate, valuable and dangerous machinery, with the result of both downright accident and premature wearing out, both easily avoidable. Great expense has been incurred in repairs, and already several accidents have occurred in personal injury and loss of life. The *Bennington* incident is the worst thus far, but under present conditions more may be expected.

Passing of Frank Leslie

With the current number of the monthly, the name *Leslie's* will disappear from the magazine world, though the periodical will continue as the *American Monthly Magazine*. The reason for the change is obvious, since for many years no Leslie has been connected with the publication. For that matter, the name, "Frank Leslie" was not originally that of the man who bore it for so many years, but one assumed for the purpose of concealing his identity. Henry Carter was an English lad, the son of a successful haberdasher who expected to install his son as his successor. Young Henry, much to the disgust of his father, was over-fond of "wasting" his time in drawing, and persisted in spite of discouragement. He sent some of his work to *Punch* as "Frank Leslie," a name which he found in a book. The work was accepted, and a similar pleasant experience followed upon a further offering to *London Illustrated News*. From that on he became a regular contributor to the illustrated English journals. He came to America in 1849 with the express intention of engaging in the publication of illustrated periodicals. First and last, he was intimately connected with fully a score of these, beginning with the *Gazette of Fashion*, and deserves to be remembered as the father of illustrated journalism in America.

She Married Willie Wilde

During the Civil War he had twelve artists and correspondents at the front, an unprecedented number for that period, and he was the first employer of Thomas Nast. He was a progressive and practical man, and it was said that there was no detail of his business, literary, artistic, commercial or manual with which he was not fully conversant, so that he could straighten out any tangle in any department. When he began his career as a publisher illustration was dependent mainly upon wood engraving, and the preparation of a block was sufficient to occupy one man for a week or a fortnight, according to the size. Mr. Leslie originated the device of dividing the blocks into twelve parts, giving each to a separate artist, and then fitting the pieces together, thus enabling him to present pictures before the subject was overlaid in the minds of the public. After the death of Frank Leslie, in 1880, the publishing business was carried on by his widow, who assumed the name with the sanction of the New York Legislature. She was, for awhile, the wife of Willie Wilde, brother of Oscar, but he proved an expensive and unremunerative investment, and was disposed of by divorce.

Gelett Burgess is back. His last story appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and was about a millionairess of unconventional manner who engaged a secretary after trying him in devious ways. It seems queer enough to think of Gelett Burgress writing for the *Home Journal!*

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A Charming "New Woman"

Mrs. Austin Sperry entertained Miss Kate Gordon of New Orleans last week. Miss Gordon is said to be the most popular woman in New Orleans, her popularity being due to the fact that she was the chief agitator of the scheme to provide the city with a better sewer system. Though Miss Gordon is young and very charming in looks and manner, she is the secretary of the National American Women's Suffrage Association, and a decided "new woman."

Edwin Stevens—yclept "ES" by Tivoli patrons when he played here for several seasons—has made a "hit" in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" in Boston. Sagar Midgeley and Gertie Carlisle, graduates of the Tivoli chorus and the vaudeville circuit, are also in the East.

Vacancies At Stanford

And still the vacant chairs loom up at Stanford. Six years ago, Earl Barnes, Professor of Education, was dismissed and his place has never been filled, an alumni assistant professor acting as head of the department. The chair of philosophy is vacant; the department of drawing is conducted by an associate professor, while an alumni associate also heads the department of hygiene. It is five years since Professors E. A. Ross and G. E. Howard were dismissed, but despite President Jordan's efforts to fill their places, associates are still doing the work. The department of electrical engineering has had no head for a number of year, being in charge of an alumni instructor and an additional chapter in the tale of woe is that Dr. Jordan's recent quest in the East for a professor to succeed Julius Goebel, who was dismissed last May from the chair of Germanic languages, has so far proved a failure.

His Climax In Manila

Suffering as they are from the common or garden variety of carpet-bagger, the Philippines have just had a bitter experience with another kind, known only too well in the home-land, the kind that lures other people's money and then decamps. The illustration was in the failure of the American bank at that place, whereby hundreds, especially poor people, and more especially discharged soldiers who had saved their money, were victimized. The bank was really Major H. B. Mulford, whose record in the islands was not known as well as it is here. Mulford was a member of the class of 1885 at Annapolis, but he did not stay long in that institution. After his early departure, he went from his native city of Washington, D. C., to Omaha, Neb., and there began to speculate during the boom days of the late 80's, with unvarying success to his own pocket. Some of his own Annapolis classmates lost their much-needed coin by investing with him. He gained some political prominence, becoming a member of one Nebraska Governor's staff . When the Spanish War broke out, Mulford left the country without the appearance of flight, so he entered the volunteer army and served with the First Nebraska. He later became a Major in one of the U. S. Volunteer regiments, and, when mustered out, decided that the Philippines offered a rich field for his financial enterprises. He tried his hand at several things. His bank was the climax.

Mrs. Smith of Tahiti

Mrs. Hyde-Smith has returned from Tahiti and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hyde, at Menlo. Mrs. Hyde-Smith is one of the most attractive of the younger nations and is deservedly popular. During Mrs. Smith's lengthy sojourn in Paris that terminated two years ago, she was quite active in the American colony and it was rumored once or twice that she was engaged to a Frenchman of title. It was in that city that she and her sister, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, learned to play their crack game of bridge. Although Mrs. Garceau is considered the better player, it is said that Mrs. Hyde-Smith has won more prizes.

I hear that Kathryn Martin, the fascinating daughter of Mrs. MacLean-Martin-Dahlgren, is to make her debut in Washington this winter. Miss Martin, I hear, inherits much of the charm of her mother and is a great beauty. With her mother, she has been occupying The Cabins at Santa Cruz.

Waiting On Her Ranch

While Mrs. Wallace Irwin, who was Grace Luce of San Diego, co-entertains with her husband at their New York home, Mrs. Will Irwin, who was Hallie Hyde of San Francisco, has been ranching in California. It is only a litle ranch that Mrs. Irwin has, near Boulder Creek, but she enjoys the outdoor life and hopes to have her husband join her soon. His father and brother are with her on the ranch; also the pride of Will Irwin's heart, his little son. The Eastern climate did not agree with Mrs. Irwin or her baby, so they decided not to take chances, but to stay in California. So, whenever Irwin tires of his *Sun* job, he can return here and settle down, like George Sterling, beneath his own vine and fig-tree.

Will Imitate a California

Lady McLeod is going to follow in the footsteps of Isodora Duncan, the San Francisco girl who has made such a success abroad by giving barefoot dances, but the exhibition will consist of the sacred dances of the Brahmans. Her performances, I believe, are to be introduced first in Paris. Lady McLeod, who is still very young, though separated from her husband, whom she met and married in India, has a rather mixed geographical allegiance, for her mother was Javanese, her father Dutch, her husband Scotch, and she was born in India.

A LOVELY TRIANGLE ELECTRIC RIDE,

Through Santa Clara Valley's foothills, orchards, from broad-gauge depot, San Jose, to Saratoga, Los Gatos and Campbell, and Congress Springs on Sundays.

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Discount on Everything

PICTURES, ART GOODS, CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

Repsold's wines are always served where taste is the test, purity the demand. Inspection invited. 420 Pine St., S. F.

The Ingenious Barney

All hail, Barney Bernard, who has just done as much for the stomachs of the San Franciscan flat dwellers as Architect Burnham is trying to do for the aspect of the city. Right after the Bernards returned from Australia, they took a flat near Sutter and Laguna streets. Several close friends and relatives lived in the row at the time, but with the advent of the Bernards another covey settled along the line. The row became known as the "Bernard Bastile," and any inconsequential visitor that couldn't do a two-step, sing a song, or give an imitation, was compelled to go first into the basement and chop wood or carry coal to pay his price of admission. It was a merry life and a great one for the entire clan and never mind the neighbors. Singularly enough the clan had one wailing kick in common—breakfast. They found it royal sport to roll the hours of the night in a wad of song and jest, but it was the deuce and all to pile out of bed next morning and be compelled to get breakfast, even if the meal consisted only in throwing eggs at a fry pan. Barney, after careful figuring, demonstrated that the collective clan was wasting some sixteen hours a day in trying to get breakfasts, which at the prevailing rate of stage salaries in stage money amounted to seven hundred dollars per diem. Such figures were appalling and they promptly discussed the terrifying situation. Barney was appointed a committee of one to plug this hole in the treasury and save the remaining millions.

Inspiring Melodies

By daylight next morning he had written a new sketch, adapted two songs and had his new system "breakfast while you sleep," in running order; cooking in the "Bernard Bastile" was a nightmare of the past, except for the new cook engaged at the common expense. The idea was so simple and easy that everyone marveled why Edison hadn't devised the scheme years before. It was a wire basket rigged on a trolley wire that ran alongside the back windows of the row of flats. Under the new system each tenant lay abed, careless of hustling the morning meal. Meanwhile the expeditious common cook was doing the "breakfast act" to wireless encores. Coffee, hot rolls, fruit and eggs were prepared and placed in the trolley basket. A snappy yank, after the style in the big department stores, and the breakfast was off, bound, say for No. 6, Bernard's window. There a set prong touched an electric bell, arousing the cheerful comedian. Forthwith he lifted the window, took out the breakfast, called Mrs. Bernard, and they fell to on the minion's work. Back went the almost human basket for its load of smoking chow ready for No. 7, and so on down the line of up-to-date flat dwellers. Thus was breakfast from a base and complaining malo mori quam foedari raised to a vivid experience of pure delight. In course of time graphophones and phonographs were adjusted to the windows, like blackbirds along a rail fence, and as the jubilant trolley basket came sailing down the line, it touched the buttons that set them going to such joyful airs as "Mother, Will This Chicken Never Hatch?", "Here Comes Farmer Ginty's Cow," "A Little More Cream in Mine, Miss," "Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows," and "Who Stole Isaac's Frankfurter?"

Barney is having his idea patented.

Greatest Summer Plum on Earth

The large numbers of tourists visiting the city this summer season have livened up the hotel people, shopkeepers and transportation companies to a notable degree. Time was when the summer season here was accounted a dead season and hotels and boarding-houses looked forward to it with pain and a tightening of the purse strings. All that is changed now to a significant degree and California is beginning to gather in some of the many millions that are annually scattered by the Easterners in their annual flight after summer sight seeing. For years they were educated to the idea that there was only one place to visit—Europe. Gradually self-interest, curiosity to see their own country, and proper advertising, turned the steps of many this way till now hotels are being built to accommodate this increasing traffic. Paris and New York experts have figured out that this flitting horde of summer sojourners spends $400,000,000 annually in their travels. No wonder that the nations of Europe make all sorts of extravagant inducements to capture the summer travel of Americans. Gay Paris gets more than any other city and works assiduously to invent new sights and stunts to attract the rich Americans. Very frankly she says she considers them her most profitable guests. Los Angeles was the first portion of the State to awaken to the fact that this $400,000,000 bunch of plums was worth going after, and since then she has made a handsome showing and gathered in a fair share of them. What's the matter with San Francisco?

Underberg Boonekamp Bitters

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ENJOYABLE AS A COCKTAIL AND BETTER FOR YOU.

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With a delicious taste of **Underberg Boonekamp Bitters** before meals comes appetite. Healthy digestion follows, and harmony makes for comfort. Among good habits the "Underberg habit" is one of the best.

At all Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants, or by the bottle at Wine Merchants and Grocers.

Bottled only by H. UNDERBERG ALBRECHT, Rheinberg, Germany, since 1846.

LUYTIES BROTHERS, New York, *General Agents.*

Tillmann & Bendel, San Francisco, Pacific Coast Distributers

The Summer Game

When August days are on the wing,
'Tis then the Summer Man begins
To think about his summer sins,
And girls he's had upon a string.

He sees again the starlit night
He urged that guileless little thing
To "Come and hear the glow-worm sing,"
Which she refused with all her might,

Until his pleading tones prevailed,
When forth they wandered, arm-in-arm,
And then it really seemed no harm
To kiss her when the moon was veiled.

And if he led her to believe
He was a high-toned millionaire,
(His trade, in fact, was cutting hair!)
What then? 'Tis human to deceive!

* * * * * *

When August days are speeding, then
The Summer Girl begins to muse
Upon the harmless little ruse
She practiced on those guileless men.

If she made them think she had stuff
To burn, and by a little tact
Disguised the unromantic fact
That papa was a great big bluff,

Why, surely she is not to blame.
It's tact like that which often wins,
While Cupid just looks on and grins,
And helps along the summer game.

—The Jingler.

The Stage

Ready For the Curtain

Diners in the Palace palm garden who remember May Yohe's stunning gowns and dazzling jewels on the verge of her flight to Japan with the ardent Captain Putnam Bradlee-Strong will be pained to learn that

"The gem's in hock;
The good's old stock,
And nothing's in the game
But the same old Mame."

Like Mme. Du Barry in the last act, the two seem to have reached the limit. Certainly they have gone from the carriage to the cart and the tumbril's on the way. To the last they played the game with nerve and aplomb. A month ago they rented a whole house at Bath Beach, one of the watering suburbs of New York, and paid part of the rent down. Then they ordered goods from every tradesman that would let them have anything on credit. They even ordered a carriage to be in readiness every day to take them to the trolley car, a few blocks distance from the house. The landlord was the first to suspect that anything was wrong when he failed to get the balance of his rent as per promise. He demanded his house. The trades people got wind of the affair and there followed a rush on the Strong domicile that rivaled the assault on Port Arthur. The Strongs outflanked the attacking creditors and passed into the great beyond "over the garden wall." All they left behind were two wooden swords and a pair of half-hose, flimsy relics of the loot of the Hope estate. Thus ends their career as vaudevillians, the last resort of the frayed comic opera singer. There floats above them only one other straw to clutch at—to write a book of their experiences. Nan Patterson has just done that. Her "Flower of the Tomb" is now running in a New York afternoon paper. To the ordinary reader the last word in the title tells the whole story.

Is a Success In London

I hear that Alice Neilsen is doing quite well in London, where she has just made her appearance at the Waldorf in Mascagni's "L' Amico Fritz." Her impersonation of the artless maiden is described as refined and artistic and she gets a big share of the applause; one of the successes of the evening being her duet with Signor de Lucia as Fritz in the cherry tree scene. American players are certainly monopolizing the good things this season. Maxine Elliott, and Willie Collier are stellar attractions, besides there are a swarm of American light opera singers and enough Broadway chorus girls to create a dearth in London chappies should they all conspire to carry off the game they have bagged.

Playing Both Sets

Although Maxine Elliott's play was coldly received in London, there was nothing tepid about her reception in the sacred inner circles. She was one of the few Americans present at the garden party given at Windsor, in June, in honor of Princess Margaret of Connaught, who has since been married to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. Lady Colebroke has taken a great fancy to the beautiful Maxine and they are constantly seen together. It was under the wing of Lady Colebroke that the American actress attended the royal garden party. While Maxine was training with the aristocracy of old England, Nat Goodwin, her husband, was out at the Cliff House beach training with the champion lightweight of young America. According to the jovial Nat he had the better time of the two.

Whittlesey's Carton

White Whittlesey did so well with Henry Miller's role in "Heartsease" that it is not surprising to see him do the same with Sydney Carton. Whittlesey does not look the part quite so well as Miller does, and his art is not quite natural enough to portray Carton as Dickens wrote him. But as a whole it is a very strong interpretation. "The Only Way" is absolutely unintelligible to those who have not previously read up "The Tale of Two Cities," but to those who have been wise enough to do that it is one of the most interesting dramas of the day. It is like a series of wonderful sketches and the dark days of the French revolution are drawn in broad strokes. It is a decidedly good production of the play that the Alcazar is presenting and if the rule during the Whittlesey season were not "A new play every week" there is no doubt that the Dickens play would have a long run.

EFFIE BOND
The charming little ingenue at the Alcazar.

The Dickens Tales for Dramas

There has been much discussion lately about whether Dickens is suitable for dramatization. As a little schoolgirl wrote in her composition, "The books of Dickens contain so many characters it is better not to try to remember them." That is where the difficulty lies in making plays of Dickens's books, which contain not only too many characters but too many scenes and incidents to be encompassed within one short play. "Little Em'ly" is but the story of Em'ly and Steerforth, taken from "David Copperfield." "Bleak House" dramatized is the story of "Poor Jo" and Lady Deadlock. "Oliver Twist" contains very little of Oliver but much of Nancy and Bill Sikes and Fagin. "The Only Way" is Carton—all the other characters are in miniature beside him. It has been lately suggested by one of the English literati that a strong drama could be evolved from "Our Mutual Friend," with the story of Lizzie Hexam, Eugene Wrayburn and the schoolmaster as the *motif*, and leaving out entirely Boffin, Wegg and the Mutual Friend.

One of Kremer's Dime Novel Melodramas

No one suffering from nervous dyspepsia or an attack of megrims should ever visit the Central. For instance: if you are going to pick to pieces the morals of a Kremer melodrama, why not stay at home? To enjoy a real dime novel melodrama you must take your sense of humor along with you. I doubt if anyone could take "No Wedding Bells For Her" seriously. I doubt, indeed, if Kremer dashes off these wildly improbable stage plots expecting them to be taken seriously. "No Wedding Bells For Her" is not up to the usual Kremer mark, but it has the merit of being brief, and not making boredom possible. The critic who went away after the second act made the mistake of his life. He should have waited to see the great rocky chasm in the third act, when the conscienceless villain throws the crippled girl over the precipice only to see her rescue by the hero. Wonderful to relate, the accident cures the girl of her lameness and thereafter she walks on two feet instead of one foot and two crutches. Then there is the last act, when the villain and his "sub" fall to blows and in the scrimmage a revolver goes off and kills them both. 'Tis the fitting end of their crimes, and should be a straight tip to the reformers who wish to kill off criminals, but don't know how to go about it. While the villains exterminate themselves, two pairs of lovers bill and coo, oblivious to Death smiting down the villains about them.

I suppose Herschel Mayall hates to act the kind of part that falls to him in these wild melodramas, but in every profession there are some things we are called upon

(Continued on Page 27)

JOSEPHINE AINSLEY
Singing Commedienne and former San Franciscan, who will appear at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon.

Muscovite

BY HARRY COWELL.

Muscovite, out of the silence of snows,
Out of the dolorous darkness of night,
Fate is now driving thee worldward with blows,
On to the noisy stage, into the light—
Thee, Muscovite.

Born men and nations are of bitter throes,
Wake we unto ourselves in sore affright;
Infantwise, wake we all, midmost of foes,
Destined to battles dire, fated to fight—
All, Muscovite.

Muscovite, gather thee good of thy blows—
Mother of greatness, God's seeming despite;
Strength after struggle, and spring after snows,
Peace after victory, rest after right,
O, Muscovite.
August, 1905.

Private Hamman Baths at the Lurline Baths

The private Hamman Baths at the Lurline Baths, Bush and Larkin streets, cannot be too highly recommended. The baths are for both sexes, and are under the personal supervision of Miss Black, who is a trained nurse of large experience. There is also surgical massage given here and the institution is endorsed by every leading medical man.

"Miss Impecune says she'd hate to be drowned."
"So should I, in a bathing suit like hers."

The dignity and excellent taste shown in the serving of **Repsold** wines is shared alike by host and guest. Inspection invited.

The Financial Field

The week under review has been a more satisfactory one to dealers. Transactions in Bonds aggregate $539,000, in Shares 6,545, divided as follows: 1,565 Lighting, 1,925 Water, 1,065 Miscellaneous, 25 Banks and 1,965 Sugars. San Francisco Gas and Electric furnished the feature of the week's transactions, advancing to 68 under sensational and persistent bidding. The rumors of consolidation heretofore mentioned have thus far remained rumors, but the inside buying evidently shows that there is some substantial basis for them. The rapid advance was accelerated by the short interest being driven to cover. The minor lighting companies, Mutual Electric and Central Light and Power Company, came in for their share and closed quite strong. Spring Valley Water was quite active and in good demand. There was no changes in the miscellaneous group. Sugar stocks showed a little more activity under a fair demand. The season has been most successful and the outlook for the coming year is reported gratifying.

The latest reports from the superintendent of the Double Eagle Mining Company, Mr. T. J. Costello, contain news of considerable importance to the stockholders. The rick streak at the bottom of the shaft is widening as sinking progresses and the ledge itself is widening so that they now have about six feet of solid ore averaging over fifty dollars per ton. The fact that gold predominates, the ratio being 95 per cent. in this metal, to 5 per cent. in silver, makes the outlook one of great promise. As progress is made in sinking the stockholders are constantly on the qui vive of some startling developments to be made at most any time and the streak widening makes it probable that the whole bottom of the shaft will shortly be in bonanza ore. —*The Financier.*

FAT FOLKS

I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

Woman, Lovely Woman

[This ingenious poem, of which the author is unknown, can be read in two ways. Read it straight and you get one impression, and then read alternate lines, one, three, two, four, and you get the opposite.]

Happy a man may pass his life
If he's directed by a wife;
If free from matrimonial chains
He's sure to suffer for his pains.

No tongue is able to unfold
The virtues in woman you behold;
The falsehoods that in women dwell
Are almost imperceptible.

In woman's heart you'll see appear
Truth, darling of a heart sincere;
Hyprocisy, deceit and pride,
In women never can abide.

Destruction take the men, I say,
Who no regard to women pay;
Who make the women their delight
Keep always reason in their sight.

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The Stage

(Continued from Page 25)

to do that are disagreeable. Our compensation is that there are more of the things we do like than those that grate on our nerves. At the Central, in the long seasons, they produce many of the old standard plays, and it is then the actors, high and low, grasp their opportunities. The company is a very good one just now, with Mayall and Agnes Ranken, Miss Selwyn and True Boardman, Miss Ellsmere and Shumer, Corrigan the comedian, Miss Elliott, Webster the "all-round," and Nicholls; with Dix, Carvel, Parker, and the others for minor roles.

MATT. B. SNYDER
Stage Director Central Theatre.

At the Orpheum

The prettiest thing on the Orpheum's bill is "The Queen's Fan." It is a very dainty little musical comedy stunt, and Oriska Worden, Adele Archer and Lucille Georgi are as charming and breezy as the "Fan" itself. Edmund Day has a good sketch, "The Sheriff," but the starry number of the program is Colonel Bordeverry, the "King of Firearms." He is surely that, for he outdoes Buffalo Bill in his marksmanship. An exhibition like this, of such rare skill with the rifle, awakens everybody to interest. To the ordinary observer it is likewise instructive.

Next Week's Bills

The popular Mrs. Wiggs will be at the Columbia next week, in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the story that made name and fortune for its author, Alice Hegan Rice. Madge Carr Cooke will be Mrs. Wiggs, and aside from the popularity of the character she appears in Mrs. Cooke will receive a warm welcome. She has many friends here who remember her with the Frawley company. Here are some of Mrs. Wiggs' philosophical sayings:

You never kin tell which way any pleasure is comin'. Who ever would 'er thought, when we aimed at the cemetery, that we'd land up at a first-class fire?"

"Somehow I never feel like good things belong to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else."

"If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yourself another right quick, before yer sperrits has a chance to fall."

"Ma used to say livin' was like quiltin'—you orter keep the peace an' do away with the scraps."

At the Alcazar "Prince Otto" will be given with Whittlesey as the hero of that fascinating story by Robert Louis Stevenson. It was in "Prince Otto" that Otis Skinner played so brilliantly. Monday, August twenty-first, "David Garrick" will be preceded by the first production of "The Great Interrogation," by Jack London and Lee Bascom. This is the first Jack London play ever staged.

The last weeks of "Rob Roy" are announced at the Tivoli. It will be succeeded by Frances Wilson's version of "Erminie" which was produced at the New York Casino by Max Freeman, who will stage the coming production.

Edwin Barbour's romantic melodrama, "Land of the Midnight Sun" will be the attraction at the Central. The company will be cast in effective roles. Stage Director Snyder is proving his worth since he has taken charge of the Central's stage and he promises some thrilling and effective stage effects.

The Yankee Doodle Boys, who have been making a

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Two Weeks Beginning Monday, Aug. 14 Every Night
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Regular Matinees Thursday and Saturday
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In Robert Louis Stevenson's Romance
PRINCE OTTO
Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c
MON. AUG. 21—WHITTLESEY in Double Bill
DAVID GARRICK
Preceded by the Play of Klondike Life
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ROB ROY
NEXT—Francis Wilson's Original New York Casino Production of
ERMINIE
As produced by Max Freeman
Usual Tivoli prices—25c, 50c, 75c.

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Aug. 13th
A PROGRAM OF PARAGONS
THE YANKEE DOODLE BOYS; Howard Brothers; Josephine Ainsley; Jacob's Dogs; Edmund Day and Company; "The Queen's Fan;" Smith and Campbell; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of COLONEL GASTON BORDEVERRY.
Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
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NEXT—The Popular Drama, "ON THE WABASH"

great hit in New York, will make their first appearance here at the Orpheum. The Howard brothers, banjoists who began their professional career in San Francisco, will make their reappearance, direct from the Coliseum, London. Another San Franciscan, Josephine Ainsley, will receive a warm welcome. She is a singing comedienne. Jacob's Dogs will show what can be accomplished in the way of canine education.

At the Chutes the newcomers will be Les Parisiennes, the novelty dancers who were at the Orpheum; the marvelous Seymours, acrobatic comedians; Williams and Mack, comedy controversialists, and Hayden, "the Concertina King."

Denis O'Sullivan will open at the Grand Opera House Sunday matinee, August twentieth, in "Arrah Na Pogue." Seats will be on sale at the box office next Monday morning.

Helen Lowell, the Miss Hazy of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," was Sister Susan in Maude Adams's production of "Quality Street." For years she played "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Maude Vanning is spending her vacation in San Francisco, but will return to New York in a few weeks. She will have the ingenue role in a new play to be tried on Broadway before going to London.

Ethel Barrymore's 'Fession

Ethel Barrymore has written to her friends here corroborating the news of her engagement with Captain Graham. This is her second English engagement matrimonial, but her first, with Sir Henry Irving's son, was only a brief affair. At that time Ethel and several other American girls, among whom was a sister of Ferris Hartman, had an apartment in London which their friends nicknamed "The Stars and Stripes." Miss Barrymore is the only one of the girls who achieved stardom. Captain Graham has a keen knack at nonsense verses and his satirical verse entitled "Misrepresentative Men," aimed at an appreciative audience in England. Miss Agnes Tobin has the only copy of the book out here. It was dedicated to the fair Ethel, and it is now in its fourth edition.

The Royal Hawaiian Band, direct from Honolulu, and en route to the Portland Exposition, will arrive on the *Mongolia* next Monday, and will give six concerts, under direction of Belasco, Mayer and Price, at the Alhambra each afternoon and night, on Thursday, Friday and Saturday next. Popular prices, twenty-five cents and fifty cents, will govern at both the afternoon and evening concerts. The band is brought over, under government patronage, by J. C. Cohen, manager of the theatre in Honolulu, and is expected to create a sensation here and at the exposition. The sale of seats is in progress at Sherman and Clay's.

Ellen Beach Yaw made her London debut in grand opera last month, appearing as Gilda in "Rigoletto." "Mademoiselle Elvanna" is Miss Yaw's operatic name. The critics do not believe that she will make a success in grand opera, for which the timbre of her voice is not suited. —The Playgoer.

The Hawaiians' National Dish

A good many people who had read about the famous "poi" of the Hawaiians probably never expected to taste any of this "national dish." Returned travelers told how delicious the poi is but until the Hawaiian Poi Flour Company thought of preparing it for shipment to other countries it was only tourists who knew much about it, aside from the Islands people themselves. Lutted's Hawaiian Poi can now be had on order from the company in Honolulu, or from Goldberg, Bowen & Co., this city. It is an ideal health food, refreshing, delicious and strengthening, and is said to be a boon to dyspeptics and invalids.

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Returning, a side trip will be made to Lake Tahoe and a steamer ride will be taken around the lake. San Francisco will be reached early Monday morning, August 28. The cost of transportation will be

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On the Other Side of the Curtain

By Anne Thurber.

Harriet smiled at her mirror until every dimple showed in her pretty face. She had three dimples, one in each rose-tinted cheek and one in her little round chin. Had she been a poor girl, there is no doubt that those three dimples would have made her fortune. They were so engaging. A girl who shows dimples when she laughs is dowered far beyond her sister who can only reveal pearly teeth. But Harriet had other dower than dimples. She was pretty as they make them nowadays, and she had a rich father.

She felt that she had good reason to smile at her pretty mirrored image. There had been a tremendous struggle, but her father had given in at last. It had been much easier to win over her mother, for that good lady never knew how to refuse Harriet anything. If her daughter had wished to start immediately for Siberia, this doting mother would have packed her grip and, though she hated traveling, would have trotted along after Harriet. Perhaps it was harder to give her consent to this other project, but she gave it without much coaxing.

Then there was Rex Stirling to win over. He did not like the idea at all, but like the others he could not withstand Harriet and her tears, which were quite as magnetic as her dimples, as she brought them into play. He even consented to use his influence with his friend the manager.

Harriet was going upon the stage. She was just another society girl bitten with the dramatic microbe, and because she was a girl who had never in her life been thwarted in a desire, her path was smoothed for her. Rex's friend the manager happened just then to be short an ingenue, and though he had half engaged a young girl who had appeared before him in her own behalf, he felt that he could not afford to lose Rex Stirling's friendship by turning down Miss Harriet Emerson. He had his own ideas about society amateurs, but he had seen some very unpromising material transformed into stars, and he consented to give Rex's friend an interview.

Harriet's dimples did the rest.

Paragraphs appeared in the papers, and Harriet tasted the sweets of newspapermade fame. Of course she had not yet made good but she had no doubt of her successful debut. She did not cherish the ambition of becoming another Bernhardt, but she thought she might cause Maude Adams and Viola Allen to work harder for their honors when she reached Broadway. Was she not the most brilliant actress in the Society Amateurs' Club? It was when acting Rosalind to Rex Stirling's Orlando, at the out-of-door production of "As You Like It," at Mrs. Smartem's fete, that Rex and Harriet had fallen in love with each other. Later they had become engaged, but Harriet did not see now any chance of their ultimate marriage.

"You may have your freedom," she had said to Rex, the day after her triumphal interview with the manager, "for I may be quite old and gray before I become a star."

"I will wait," said Rex.

"You'd better not—maybe I won't care to marry at all. I shall be wedded to my art."

"I'm willing to take a chance at it. Heart may win over art," he replied cheerfully.

As Harriet smiled at her face in the mirror, she thought of all these things. She recalled with pleasure the impression she had made at rehearsal two days before, when every man in the company had succumbed to her dimples. She did not think of it in just that way, perhaps, for she believed it was her talent they admired. But they had made the rehearsal very easy for her, told her what to do and where to stand and the best place to go for coaching. "As if I needed coaching," said Harriet, deprecatingly.

She repeated her part to herself in the glass, and sunned herself in the happy feeling of a successful star. When a knock came at her door she was angry, for she did not wish to be interrupted by callers.

"It's a young lady who did not give her name; she wishes to see you," said the maid.

"Bring her up here, then. I fancy it is the dressmaker's girl."

A girl entered whom Harriet did not remember ever having seen. Harriet, being now of the fraternity, should have recognized in her visitor an actress, but she did not.

"I suppose you wonder what I came for," began the girl, "and I'd better sit down while I tell you, for I'm not a good hand at talking, and I may be slow."

"Do sit down," said Harriet, motioning to a chair opposite her. She had turned around from the mirror and her dimples were no longer in evidence.

"Did you ever hear of Mary Hunt?" asked the girl.

"You mean a pretty little thing who used to play small parts at the Moorish theatre?" Harriet tried to find some resemblance in her unattractive little visitor to the pretty Mary Hunt whom

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she had once noticed because Rex Stirling had drawn attention to her as a clever ingenue.

The girl seemed to understand her.

"I'm not Mary—I'm only Bessie Ferguson, her chum, but it is on her account I have come here. She did not send me—she doesn't know I've come—but I could not bear to see her crying herself into sickness and me doing nothing. So I've come to ask you if you won't do something—"

Harriet reached to the bureau on which was her little gold purse, but Bessie grasped her arm.

"That is not what I mean—I told you I was not a good talker. Mary doesn't want money. But you know that part you are to have in the new play it was promised to her. She had been steadily working her way up on the stage—she had to do it all herself, and worked as a seamstress while she was studying to be an actress. This Eastern manager heard her do some parts and when she asked him to give her a chance he said she could have this part, and if she made good he might take her East with him. Then you butted in. You didn't need the job—you are rich—I've read all about you in the papers, and your gowns and your beaux and the man you are engaged to. Mary has nothing, but her profession. She may try for years before another such chance comes her way. Can't you understand?" and Bessie sprang up in her excitement, "what it means to her?"

"But doesn't it mean something to me, too?" asked Harriet softly.

"It can't. You don't have to act. It's only a fad with you. I know the way girls like you feel about it. You are tired of your kind of life; you want a change, more admiration and all that! In a little while you will tire of the stage and you will marry that Mr. Stirling and come back here and go into society again. But Mary—if she loses this one chance, what is she going to do? She may get an engagement off and on, but only small parts with the stock companies here, and this—why, this was the chance of her life."

Bessie Ferguson wrung her hands in despair, and burst into hot, bitter tears that streamed down her cheeks and left little patches of white between the rouge. They were not stage tears, as Harriet could see.

"I don't see what I can do to help your friend," she said.

She did not mean to be unkind, but she had never met with a problem like this before, and she could not solve it in a moment.

"Don't you see?" Bessie raised her tear-stained face. "It looks so easy to me. You give up your part, and Mary takes it. She had been studying it when you came along and took it away. She knows it."

"It is not much to ask of me, is it?" and Harriet turned a scornful face toward the girl. "Do you think it will cost me nothing to give up my chance, too? It is as much my opportunity as hers. I want to be an actress. This is my opening to the road of fame."

"But you never had to work for it, as Mary did," said Miss Hunt's advocate, "she had to begin at the beginning, and this was her reward. To you it came without any trouble. And it means such a little to you—so much to her."

Harrie walked up and down the room, excitedly, trailing her silk dressing-robe and lace petticoat. She made a very charming picture. Even her visitor seemed to be impressed by her beauty and grace. It made her think of something else.

"Even if you decided after you had appeared once or twice that you did not care to go on," she said, "what chance would Mary have after you?"

"I don't understand you," and Harriet paused in her walk.

"Don't you see—can't you understand—how very different Mary would look after you?"

The compliment could not be misunderstood. Harriet blushed.

"Your friend is a very pretty girl," she said. The dimples were very near the surface then.

"Oh, yes, she's pretty, but—" an admiring glance finished the sentence.

A thousand thoughts chased through Harriet's brain. She threw herself into a chair and buried her face in her hands. She was trying to put herself into the other girl's place. But it was hard. It was the first time in her life that any one had asked her to give up anything on which she had set her heart.

For fully a minute she gave herself up to thought. But she was accustomed to acting on impulse. She sprang up, seized her visitor's hands and imprinted a kiss on her cheek.

"You are a good friend," she said, "whatever else I think, I am sure of that. I wish my friends were as loyal to me as you are to your Mary. Go now, I must have time to think over what you have said."

Bessie Ferguson stared at the sudden transformation from a haughty, distant young woman to a laughing, sweet girl.

"And you aren't mad with me for coming?"

Harriet's dimples were her answer, all three in play at once.

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Music

Mrs. Richard Rees

"Madame Butterfly" the Opera

"Madame Butterfly" in its operatic form, with the setting by Puccini, is only half-praised by the London critics, but Caruso, Scotti and Madame Distinn in the leading roles receive cordial mention. The King and Queen graced the premier production by their presence. The London "Mail" says of this latest Puccini opera: "It is a pathetic story, and very human; and Signor Puccini, seeing it musically through Italian eyes, has grasped both its pathos and its humanity. There is plenty of Japanese color in his music; but there is also more than this. 'Madame Butterfly' shows a distinct advance upon the same composer's operas 'La Boheme' and 'La Tosca.' It has a finer restraint and shows greater orchestral resource. True, his passionate moments still betray the fact that he has not entirely broken away from the conventions of his country's operatic methods, but even in these his instrumentation shows a keener discrimination than heretofore. The fine love-duet in the first act between the lieutenant (rejoicing in the prosaic and not particularly musical name of F. B. Pinkerton) and Madame Butterfly is a case in point. During the scene of the weary, night-long vigil, when the forsaken Geisha waits at the window for the lover who has forgotten her, the chorus sings softly, through closed lips, an air which bids fair to become as universally popular as the famous 'Intermezzo' from 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' In fine, the work has its weak moments, but is by far the most important production of the present opera season, and should be heard again with interest, not once but many times."

Mrs. Rees Going East

Before her departure for New York, Mrs. Richard Rees will give a farewell recital in Lyric hall. This will be her first public appearance, though she has appeared at various society affairs at the Palace hotel and elsewhere. Mrs. Rees's voice is a pure mezzo soprano, of fine and pure quality. It has greatly increased in power and range since she began studying with Miss Alyce Gates about two years ago. Now she is going to New York to continue her studies under Sweet, who was Miss Gates's instructor. Mrs. Rees's recital will be given on August twenty-fourth.

The Pasmores' farewell concert will take place on Thursday evening, August thirty-first, at Lyric hall. Some of Mr. Pasmore's latest compositions will be on the program.

During a recent visit to Portland, Miss Isabelle Forcade sang the Gounod "Ave Maria" at St. Vincent's church, and the modest little singer received high praise for her solo. Miss Forcade, who has studied under Madame von Meyerinck for the last three years, has a soprano voice that promises well.

—*The Music Critic.*

King Edward's birthday honor list includes Holman Hunt, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema and George Meredith. Mr. Meredith refused to accept a knighthood.

The first piece of printed fiction that was ever presented to the Samoans was Stevenson's "Bottle Imp." The author got the idea from a German melodrama founded on an old legend. It was singularly like one of the stories of Hawaiian folk lore, and was re-written with the idea in view of appealing to the native mind. The tale was translated by a missionary into Samoan, and published serially in the "Sulu." Its popularity was enormous, and a belief arose among the simple folk that the identical bottle, still unopened, was secreted in Stevenson's house.

The suit which was brought against R. H. Macy & Co. by the Scribners and the Bobbs-Merrill Company to restrain them from selling books below the publishers' price has been decided in favor of the retailer. The object of the litigation was to put an end to cut-rate sales, but the judge before whom the cause was heard decided that to permit the publishers to fix rates arbitrarily would be to encourage monopoly. If they get their price from the retail dealers and department stores, the transaction is closed, as far as they are concerned. They lose nothing, even if the books are given away. Accordingly, the only redress that there is for publishers lies in their own discretion. They can charge prices for books so near to the advertised rate as to leave no margin for big cuts, for they are, of course, at liberty to put a price on their own wares. There is no other way out.

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A great many San Francisco people are planning to spend days and weeks during the Spring and Summer at Hotel Del Monte. No other resort in California offers such a combination of attractions — sea bathing, golf, automobiling, bowling, tennis, fishing, and all out-of-door sports. Instead of going from place to place seeking comforts, the wise ones of society spend their time at Del Monte by the sea. Address GEO. P. SNELL, Manager, Del Monte, California.

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Tickets good for ten days, returning on any regular train, or return may be made by steamer without extra charge.

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Good for 21 days, allowing stopovers at any place on return trip by rail within that limit. These tickets may also be exchanged for return by steamer.

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Going via Portland, with stop for Exposition, thence up the Columbia River, through Idaho to Ogden and Salt Lake City and back to starting point, giving stopovers within 60 day limit.

Ask Agents for full information

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12 San Pablo Avenue

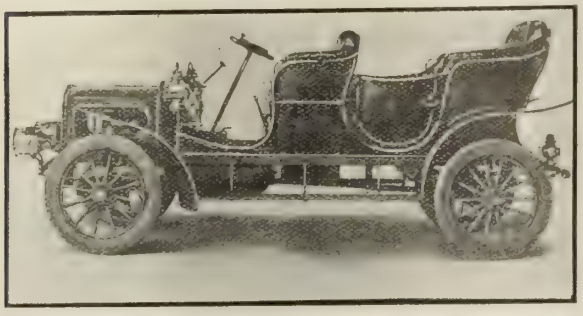
Automobile Topics

An Endurance Test

The most important event of the year is the recent endurance test from New York to Mt. Washington and return, in which Percy Pierce in a Pierce Arrow was awarded the two thousand dollar trophy offered by Charles J. Glidden for the best showing of automobile endurance and performance.

On the Auto Water Wagon

The question of automobiles for municipal department service received something of a stirring up a few weeks ago through the introduction of the Columbia street sprinkler, made by the Electric Vehicle Company. When the use of automobiles for all sorts of heavy street work becomes general, as it is bound to do sooner or later, the advantages to the public will be many and great. To say nothing of the increased street area made available for traffic, there will be numerous other benefits to all users of the streets. For one thing, the gruesome sight of many dead horses lying about during periods of extreme heat, which was so unpleasantly apparent in New York recently, will be done away with.



The New 1906 White Steamer

Autos at Byron

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. John Breuner, made the trip to Byron Hot Springs in their new Winton, returning Sunday afternoon. Mr. Cluff declares the roads to be as good as any in the state. While Byron may be reached by several roads from Oakland, the best route is via Haywards, Dublin, Livermore and Altamont. The trip through the Livermore valley is beautiful and may be varied by returning through Livermore, Pleasanton, Sunol, Mission San Jose, thence to Oakland via Haywards. The management of Byron Hot Springs has prepared a complete road map which will be mailed to automobilists. Among the other automobile parties were W. H. Talbot and family of Redwood City, in his Pope Toledo; Frank A. Guernsey, J. S. Melone of Stockton in a Rambler; Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens and party of Oakland in their Great Arrow.

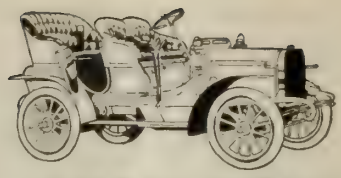
R. Jacks, of Monterey, is spending a few days in this city, having run up in his new model C Winton.

W. F. Hunt, vice-president of the Pioneer Company, will leave this city on Wednesday next for Tonopah, and will be the guest of John McKane of this city, who recently purchased from the Pioneer people a fifty horse-power Winton. Mr. Hunt will be absent for ten days or two weeks, during which time he will visit different points of Nevada, looking after some personal mining interests which he has in that territory.

The New Side Entrance White

The White Sewing Machine Company of San Francisco has a telegram from the factory that the first shipments of the model F cars will be made about August fifteenth. This car will have a wide, comfortable side door. The wheel base is 114 inches, and it has an entirely new burner constructed so as to eliminate the necessity for side flues, together with other changes tending to increased efficiency and convenience of operation. The rear of the body is so shaped as to deflect dust. Under the rear seat is a storage compartment of ample proportions opening from the rear. The base of the burner is without perforations and the only air which is admitted is that which is mixed with the gasoline vapor entering through the induction tube. The fire is thus absolutely protected and it is practically impossible for it to be blown out, regardless of the velocity or direction of the wind. The products of combustion pass upward between the coils and instead of issuing through side flues as in former models, pass

LITTLE OLDS MOBILE



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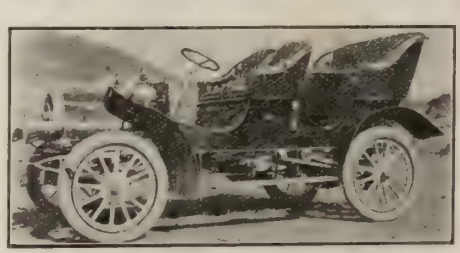
BUICK Again Demonstrates Its Superiority as a Hill Climber



GOOD EVERYWHERE, BUT BEST ON HILLS

Copy of Telegram Received by Cuyler Lee

Jackson, Mich., July 20, 1905.

LEE AUTO CO., L. A., CAL:

Buick won Mt. Washington climb to the clouds, 36 minutes, 26 4-5 seconds, defeating old record 6 minutes and nearest competitor over 15 minutes.

BUICK MOTOR CO.

downward through an annular flue which surrounds the generator. By the time the gases have traveled to the bottom of this flue they have given up practically all of their heat, and because of the liberal dimensions of the down flue, they are widely diffused and are dissipated in the open air without their escape being in any way noticeable. This new arrangement also prevents any radiating heat being noticeable by the passengers in the car. Other new features of the model F are the inside overflow for the water tank which readily permits of flushing and getting rid of accumulated oil in the water tank, and compensating brakes in which a continuous wire cable is substituted for brake rods, the arrangement being such as to insure under all conditions an equal application of the brakes on both rear wheels. It was intended that this new car should list at thirty-five hundred dollars, but the White people finally decided that a price of twenty-eight hundred dollars f.o.b. the factory would give them a fair manufacturers' margin.

E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Company, is in receipt of a letter from Earl Kiser, the new racing king who is, this season, driving the famous Winton Bullet No. 2, to the effect that he would very much like to do some racing in California this season, and he hopes that a race meet will be given with inducements sufficient to bring out all the big Eastern racing cars.

Round and About

Walter S. Newhall of Los Angeles, who has been visiting his brother George A. for the past two weeks, took back to his home a thirty horse-power Pierce Arrow. The trip was made overland. Mrs. Newhall joined her husband at Del Monte.

Mrs. W. S. Porter is one of our best chauffeuses. She gives many enjoyable motor picnics about Del Monte, in her thirty h.p. Pierce Arrow.

H. C. Tibbitts, after a thorough investigation of all automobiles onthe market, and after having used automobiles of other biles on the market, and after having used automobiles of other C Winton touring car. On Sunday last, in company with his family, Mr. Tibbitts made a trip to Redwood Canyon and return. The trip was a most successful one and he has all sorts of nice things to say about his new machine. F. L. Hansen and family made a trip around the bay on Sunday last in his model B Winton. Charles C. Moore made his usual weekly trip to Santa Cruz on Sunday in his model B Winton.

—The Chauffeur.

Recent arrivals at Hotel Rowardennan, from San Francisco were: Miss Frederique Roth, D. Ferguson, I. H. Ackerman, Miss Young, Miss Falkenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Lowengrund, W. H. Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Guggenhime, R. S. Guggenhime, F. G. Walker, Miss Edith Norris, Miss Mabel Norris, M. S. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Milton Andros.

The average noon temperature at Hotel del Coronado for last week was sixty-seven degrees. Recent arrivals at Coronado included Lieutenant A. N. Mitchell, Miss H. E. Johnson, Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Miss A. Newbern, Miss Marguerite Doe, L. Kalesky, Charles M. Reynolds, Mrs. Frank W. King, Miss King, Miss Madeleine King, Alevender King, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Keith, Miss H. N. Norris, all of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, included: From San Francisco, C. Armstrong, G. Motheral, M. L. Shang, Geo. W. Tripp, T. H. Green, Mrs. S. C. Vincent, C. W. Riser, Miss M. Boines, Hugo Oppenheimer, A. A. Bathers, Mrs. M. F. Southard, J. P. Weir, Mrs. E. L. Wright, Katheryn Boines, Freeman Grey, E. J. Brown, G. W. Hellman, G. W. Ash and wife, C. J. Ellis, H. Sanhauser, A. H. Crocker, F. H. Wall, Mrs. A. C. Bridge, J. C. Hodges, T. C. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jordan, Miss W. H. Jordan, Foster Jordan, C. G. Todd, Sam Bibo, Miss A. P. Berry, C. M. Hunter, Mrs. N. Blessing-Eyster.

Recent arrivals at the Tallac, Lake Tahoe, from San Francisco, included Miss E. A. Harvey, Miss Grace Fleck, Miss M. E. Parent, William Meglin, J. E. Volger, P. N. Vidak, Martin Triest, S. R. Newbauer, J. J. Lynch, L. C. Brown, H. M. Beatty, Mrs. L. Dean, A. M. Whittle, M. Leventritt, Mrs. Leventritt, Mrs. J. D. Robertson, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur D. Hirschfelder, Mrs. J. H. Sim, John McNaught.

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The Peerless Seasoning

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The Original and Genuine Worcestershire.

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Boarding and Day School for girls, accredited by the leading colleges and universities. Special attention given to music. REOPENS TUESDAY, AUGUST 8th 1905.

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Letters

Hewlett's "Fond Adventures"

There are four of the "Fond Adventures," tales of love and war, told as only Maurice Hewlett can relate them. There are two of Italy and one each of France and England, of those good old times when precocious youths and maidens in their early teens fell in love and started off on pilgrimages as lightly as they now go to play some more peaceable game. Those were strenuous times, when life had to be crowded into the earliest years if one would live to the full and experience all things, when boys of fourteen were impassioned lovers and maidens of sixteen already passee. It is well that the fate which befell the Lady Saill of "The Heart's Key" is not reserved for the damsels of our own day who are too indiscriminate in the distribution of their favors. Here was a knight's daughter who lightly made mock of her three suitors, and who brought such vengeance upon her own head and her father's house that she was glad to accept the page boy who had been her servitor. A kinder fate was reserved for Percival Perceforest, page boy, who dared to lift his eyes to the face of his master's daughter, and had his velvet jerkin well warmed by the stick, in addition to losing his service. But Percival was born under a lucky star, and falling in betimes with the redoubtable Captain Brazenhead, his fortunes mended to such good purpose that as Lord Say, his erstwhile master made proposals in behalf of that same fair daughter who had been hurried away to her aunt, the prioress, and sent on pilgrimage to Canterbury to escape contamination. "Buondelmonte's Saga," translated into modern language, would be the story of the managing mamma and the fickle lover. It might possibly end in a suit for breach of promise and several columns daily of reprinted love letters, but "other times, other manners." When the head of the house of Buondelmonte changed his mind on the eve of his marriage because he saw a prettier maiden with a more tempting dowry it was no simple matter of commerce and exchange, but a deadly insult and a challenge to battle—not a duello, but a war which involved every member of both factions and all their allies and adherents. "The Love Chase" is the world-old and time-long tale of the masterful man and the vacillating maid. Emilia Fiordispina was only twelve when she plighted her troth with Simone della Prova. She was as serious as she was young, and he was the only man she had ever seen besides her father, the old priest, and his retainers. In due time Emilia became a maid of honor at Milan, where she had opportunities galore for what we would now call flirting, and she improved them all. She had forgotten all about Simone, but it was not in her nature to be true to any one. Simone was not an admirable character, but he knew what he wanted and how to get it and the fair Emilia, having intrigued right and left, and distributed her promises indiscriminately, yielded without parley or coquetry when her master appeared on the scene and demanded her immediate surrender. These are but the coarse threads of the canvas on which are worked out the tapestry pictures of knights and ladies, warriors and courtiers, scenery and action, of a time when religion was divorced from morality and honor was largely a matter of expediency and the great houses made their own commandments. Published by Harper & Brother.

Joseph and Pete

F. Hopkinson Smith finds a good many of his characters ready to order in connection with his other work. Tom Grogan and Caleb West both had their prototypes in life, and it may be of passing interest to note that Caleb has a namesake in the local customs service. "A Night Out," one of the stories included in the late volume, "At Close Range," is a literal transcription, and "A Medal of Honor" was suggested by an experience related by Augustus Thomas, the playwright. The courier, Joseph Hornblend, who figures in "A Point of Honor," is drawn from life and is described as a versatile and ingenious rascal. By birth he is a Levantine from Constantinople, but with an infusion of Greek, Armenian, Hindu, and Heaven only knows what other blood strains. He is a linguist of no small pretensions, being conversant with all the European tongues besides Turkish, Arabic, and innumerable dialects, and he has been decorated by the Sultan for having led an expedition into Asia Minor. His business cards proclaim him as "Courier to General Nelson A. Miles, Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith and the Emperor of Germany." There ought to be a fellow feeling between Joseph and the gentleman whom W. C. Edgar once described in this way:

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"In ancient Mexico
There dwelt some time ago,
A person that I know,
  Called in this way:
'Senor Don Rodrigo
Jose del Armijo
Hermanos Tobago,'
Likewise 'El Rey.'
When we got through with it,
If fools, or wise of wit,
Not one in ten could hit
  What it all meant.
Not one in twenty could
Pronounce it as he should;
If one had time, he would
  Think it misspent,
So when we spoke this man,
This titled Mexican,
We all pursued this plan,
  Thinking it meet:
Dropped every el and del,
Jose and Don, as well,
All names we couldn't spell,
  Just called him Pete.
He, with his wealth of name,
Took this one just the same,
And thus his card became
  After that date:
"Senor Don Rodrigo
Jose del Armijo
Hermanos Tobago
  El Rey, y Pete."

The following list of novels, left unfinished by the death of their authors, has recently been compiled: "Veranilda," by George Gissing; "Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives," by Robert Louis Stevenson; "The Dolliver Romance," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Wives and Daughters," Mrs. Gaskell; "Denis Duval," Thackeray; "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," Charles Dickens; "The O'Ruddy," Stephen Crane; "The Sentimental Journey," Laurence Sterne, and the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney.

A special number of "Das litterarische Echo," commemorative of the Schiller anniversary, and made up of contributions from all sources, contained an article from the pen of George Moore. He began by saying, "I have never read a line of Schiller in my life, I do not think I ever shall; nor have I read anything about him or heard him discussed, but it would be rash if any reader should conclude that I have got no opinion about him." It is to be hoped that the Germans are sufficiently well acquainted with the Moore vagaries to understand this sort of fun, but it will be recalled that when Moore started out, in his enthusiasm, to conquer Ireland, he talked most entertainingly about the sagas of Dierdre, and Diarmid and Grania, and had names enough on his finger-tips to give the impression that he was the only, original discoverer of Irish literature, language and legend. And then he owned up that he neither spoke, read nor understood Erse. His two novels, "Evelyn Innes" and "Sister Theresa," have just appeared in the German language, under the title "Earthly and Heavenly Love."

The interest in "The Marriage of William Ashe" seems to be augmented by the identification of the various characters, and the discussion of who's who and why each is supposed to fill the niche still goes on. It has been generally surmised that the Lord Parham of the novel could not be meant for any one else but Lord Liverpool, who was the Prime Minister in William Lamb's early days, but recent advices say that Mrs. Ward herself declares the character to have been drawn from that of Gladstone.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, August 19, 1905 No. 677.

No. 8 *Colonel Kirkpatrick*

Mine Host of the Palace is here presented off duty. Running the biggest hotel in the West gets on the Colonel's nerves occasionally, and then he sends for his trotter, gets into racing togs, and takes a spin over the speedway. The Colonel is a most versatile individual. With equal facility he raises cabbages and Cain, cuts bills and "butt-ins," docks "short time" and horses' tails, farms beets and beetle browed roustabouts, mines for quicksilver and finds gold headed canes, and runs estates like the Sharon and shares his own estate as gracefully as Lucullus; all this and more is as much his forte as deserving his reputation of being an all round good fellow.

TOWN TALK

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Our Invincible Union Men

By its stubborn allegiance to Mayor Schmitz at the primary election organized labor defiantly defined its attitude in the matter of municipal government. It was a consummation devoutly wished by the enemies of organized labor. Now that the people of San Francisco know that the unions are anarchic in their sentiments and their purposes, that they are in sympathy with incivism, and care not a tinker's imprecation for the welfare of the city, it will not be long before the unions lose their hold on industrial affairs. And San Francisco will have reason to rejoice when the reign of terror is over. Organized labor has grown too powerful for the good of the community. It has become as insolent, as aggressive and as selfish as organized capital, and it has developed the same impulses that have made capitalistic combines a menace to the integrity of the republic. It has been ever thus with human institutions. There is nothing so intoxicating as power and nothing that human nature so dearly loves to abuse. Even the Church has not been able to exercise it prudently. It was not to be expected that organized labor would give the world a lesson in Christian charity by refraining from taking advantage of its strength, but it might reasonably have been expected to promote its own interests by pursuing a course that was obviously the course of wisdom. The friends of organized labor, those who approve the fundamental principles of unionism and who are in sympathy with the rights of workingmen, have persistently preached the importance of deserving public respect and the danger of alienating public sentiment. The organization of public sympathy is bound to prove disastrous to unionism. Yet the unions of San Francisco have deliberately expressed their indifference to the sentiment of the community so far as it concerns the government of the municipality. They have allied themselves with the forces of corruption upon the theory that in unclean politics are their interests to be subserved. They have asserted that impure government is conducive to the welfare of organized labor. They have invited the issue and must suffer the consequences. The defeat of Mayor Schmitz will not mean the oppression of organized labor or that its rights will be ignored. It will not mean that unfair advantage shall be taken in the event of a strike, as during the Phelan administration, but it will express the reaction of public sentiment, a reaction superinduced by the attitude of organized labor on a question involving the redemption of the city from the control of the boldest set of grafters that ever disgraced an American community. The union men of San Francisco have expressed their contempt of civic institutions, and they must no longer expect to be coddled by their patriotic fellow citizens. They must experience a set-back similar to that which has been suffered in every other large city of this country where the sage and sincere counsel of Mr. Gompers has been ignored. As an institution the labor union has come to stay. The justice of its fundamental principles insures its perpetuation. It may even develop along socialistic and economic lines, but not until popular sentiment and popular temperament have undergone a great change. Meanwhile it must harmonize itself with the spirit of the times, and when it ignores that spirit, and becomes anarchistic it will meet with rebuff and discouragement. It cannot afford to identify itself with the forces of corruption or do aught indicative of an unpatriotic spirit. Above all, it must be educated out of that benighted state which renders it susceptible to the lures of grafting politicians and corrupt and plausible leaders, a state which in this city has proved so propitious for the sinister designs of Mayor Schmitz and Abe Ruef.

Jerome of New York

District Attorney Jerome of New York is a reformer of exceptional temperament. Unlike most reformers, he is a rarely consistent performer and apparently indifferent to gallery applause. If we were addicted to prophecy we should be inclined to predict for Mr. Jerome great triumphs in the arena of national politics, for he is one of the most level-headed of the contemporary crop of successful graft smashers. His principles are not tinctured with pharisaism. The average frail patriot can swallow them without any self-accusation of hypocrisy. Jerome never indulges in cant. He isn't trying to send people to jail just for the purpose of making a record. He appears to have sympathy even for wrong-doers and he has the courage to show it. He believes that people will always gamble, and he is more eager to punish the police that blackmail the gamblers than to close up a faro game. In the prosecution of a case he resorts to no tricks to secure a conviction. He gives the defendant a fair chance to prove his innocence. It is not strange that a district attorney of his type should win the affections of the people of New York, or that they should want to elect him Mayor of the city. He has proved himself an earnest reformer, and he has no fear of the bosses. He has declared that it is against his principles to accept a nomination from a political machine to which he would be subservient in the administrationof his office. He prefers to get his name on the ticket by petition, and he says that in advocating this principle he hopes to create discussion all over the country. "The big thing," he says, "is to break down the evil solidarity of the political machines, and to go over the heads of the groups of men who control these machines, directly to the people." No doubt Jerome will be able to flout successfully the bosses of New York, for he has won the confidence of the people and he has been so well advertised that he need have little fear of a partisan candidate, but the party machine is an institution not to be despised in most other cities. The independent candidate is usually destined to defeat. Mr. Jerome asks whether it can be called political freedom when the people have the choice between two men, either of whom they would not choose voluntarily. It certainly is not, but unfortunately there are many people who prefer blind partisanship to political freedom. The uncultured mob is largely composed of men who have been voting as their fathers voted. The man who is proud that he is a Republican and the man who is proud that he is a Democrat without knowing exactly the reason why are active on election day in every large city.

GROOM, THE HATTER,
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Hill's Change of Policy

"Jim" Hill, railroad magnate of the Northwest, says that he has taken his railroad interests out of politics. He has come to the conclusion that it is cheaper to run a railroad without a political bureau than to maintain one of those institutions for the repression of demagogues and the acquisition of special privileges. Mr. Hill is a shrewd and far-seeing man. As the magnate of a big, quasi-public corporation, he has found it advisable to keep a finger on the public pulse, and occasionally to apply his ear-porches to the ground. Perhaps he has caught what he has interpreted as the note of warning. Perhaps he has not been reading Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" in vain. Something must have impelled the shrewd financier to experiment with a radical change of policy. We are of the opinion that if he were in a frankly communicative mood he would admit that he has been doing a great deal of thinking of late anent the public clamor caused by the startling revelations of the trusts and greedy corporations, the exposure of the larcenous proclivities of our preposterously rich, and the shamelessness of corporation puppets in public office. We are approaching an epochal struggle in Washington between an honest, fearless Executive and the forces of money-lust, and there are already signs of a stampede in Wall street. It looks as though "Jim" Hill is eager to get a safe distance from the explosion.

"A Corpse for Every Tie"

Instructions have just been sent to the Government's representatives here to see that every precaution is taken to prevent any chance of the New Orleans scourge, yellow fever, reaching the Pacific side of the Panama canal. Stringent measures are being taken all along the line to stop the canal zone getting a black eye through the reputation of being a plague-spot, and as such dangerous to passengers and commerce. During the gold rush to California the isthmus attracted most attention as a pestilential fever spot and pioneers most dreaded that short trip of all their long journey. The deadly Chagres fever of that period made a name for itself that five decades of sanitation and precaution have hardly been able to erase. The building of the Panama Railroad cut down the time of the trip across the narrow neck of land but the grim description of the cost of the road in human life added, if anything, to the evil reputation of the locality: built on human bones, "a corpse for every railroad tie," is the way they put it. The death rate among the laborers was so great that in order to prevent terror stampeding the workmen the dead were smuggled into the brush and buried instead of being laid to rest in the regular cemeteries along the line. The Government has abandoned its original idea of trying to improve the old cities of Panama and Aspinwall and bring them up to the modern sanitary standards. Instead it will lay out and build two new cities on higher ground and in localities adapted to getting the best health results. Meanwhile its representatives have received orders to observe the most drastic measures to keep yellow fever outside the trocha of the canal zone.

Trying to Prove the Mosquito Theory

Despite the assurances of scientists and the Federal Government, conservative, old-fashioned Southerners are not adopting with avidity the theory that the mosquito is the cause of the yellow fever epidemic in and about New Orleans. The Government health department is doing all in its power in the afflicted districts to show the courage of its convictions and to prove the mosquito theory by practical illustrations, all founded on its successful experiments along that line in Cuba. But against all these demonstrations the conservative Southerners are offering their own experiences learned in practical war with a dozen yellow fever epidemics. They stoutly declare that their experiences seem incompatible with this new mosquito theory. There are many graybeards residing in Vicksburg, Memphis, Shreveport and other well known Southern towns during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 who will make affidavit that they caught the fever from contact with newspapers, letters and articles sent from afflicted localities. One often quoted case is that of a young lady in Port Gibson who sprained her ankle and was confined to her room for several weeks. At that time the fever was raging at Vicksburg, miles away. It was summer time and at that season the wind blew from Port Gibson toward Vicksburg. The only seeming chance of an infected mosquito reaching her room was from New Orleans, four hundred miles away, a very unlikely possibility. One day she received a letter from fever crazed Vicksburg and a little later was taken down by the scourge, the first case to be reported in the town and the beginning of the epidemic there. Southern patriarchs and Southern papers are quoting dozens of just such cases. Though such illustrations are not conclusive against the mosquito theory they serve to bolster up the fears of those who are maintaining shotgun quarantine against the infected districts and to a degree lessen certain co-operation that might prove of great benefit to the over-worked health department. It is to be hoped that in the present crisis science will discover some palpable home truths about this dread scourge that will lessen the deadly terrors it inspires in the public mind.

To Suppress the "House Graft" Pests

Los Angeles has invented an efficacious method of disposing of those insistent pests that invade households during the day and intimidate or deceive women into purchasing their wares. The system was born through the inspiration of Mrs. Schweizer and deserves to be known by her name. The dramatis personæ were the same as in nearly every case: lonely woman, insistent knave with a grafting scheme. In this instance he represented himself as a city collector of mortality statistics and desired to know if there had been any recent deaths in her family. Believing his story, she replied that her mother had died a few years ago. The knave wrote the mother's name on

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a blank, thanked her and departed. Several days later he appeared again and tendered her a frame resembling a coffin, edged with black satin ribbon, the top adorned with her mother's name and scriptural texts. The lady declared she had ordered nothing of that kind. The bland knave smiled and laid the mortuary freak on the table with a bill. Mrs. Schweizer declined to accept it or to pay the bill. Forthwith he calmly seated himself, drew a Bible from his pocket, and began to read to her the passages bearing on the reverence and duty of children to their parents. She told him to stop and not misuse the Book in that way. He persisted, unless she should purchase his ware at the price named. Mrs. Schweizer, being a woman of spirit, resolution and sound physical strength, told him to begone. The pest replied that he was there for business according to his constitutional rights and no lone woman could prevent him from attaining his object. By this time Mrs. Schweizer's wrath was in full swing. She grabbed him by the collar, gave a yank and both the pest and the chair fell in the direction of the door. Outside was the stairway. Before he had recovered from his surprise she had gained a solid footing there and the next jerk of her strong arms sent him sprawling down the stairway. Several neighbors happened to be standing in their doorways. She hurriedly told them her adventure with the pest, and amid their ringing words of derision he went slinking down the street. All the women in the vicinity at once began to swap their experiences with similar knaves and the result was a combination to treat the next comers with the Schweizer system. If any one of the neighbors, badgered by a pest, thinks she is unable to cope successfully with him, she is to summon the others with a preconcerted signal. Thus has an efficacious system been adopted in Los Angeles for dealing with these insistent knaves. Other places might adopt it with equal advantage.

To Check Criminal Immigration

The statement of Secretary Metcalf of the Department of Commerce and Labor that "in my opinion the immigration problem is the most serious one which confronts the Government and the people of this country" is receiving the profound attention of the authorities at Washington. Experts have been detailed to delve thoroughly into the matter and from the evidence gathered an outline of policy and action by the Administration will be framed. Of course it is the desire of no one to check the tide of intelligent and healthy immigrants. The present investigation is aimed against the flood of undesirable criminals, paupers and diseased aliens. That the flood of immigrants is a mighty one may be gathered from the fact that the figures show that they are now coming into this country at the rate of over a million a year; that the composition is an appalling one may be learned from the reports of those set to watch the influx. According to the revelation of Mr. Braun, secret agent of the Government, the recent enormous increase in the tide is largely due to the frauds practiced against the immigration laws with the connivance of foreign governments which are seeking to rid themselves of their pauper and criminal classes. He states flatly that "in several of the European countries it is the custom to promise convicted criminals immunity from punishment, if they will emigrate to America, or if their relatives will send them here." In Budapest, Austria, he discovered an institution from which parties of pauper children were sent here in charge of fictitious parents who were regularly employed to bring such paupers into this country and abandon them. Of violations of the contract labor law he found abundant cases. Agents representing various American railroads were busy in Italy gathering up cheap labor. Frauds in naturalization and immigration papers of all kinds were notorious and free. The wave of crime that has been sweeping over the Eastern states has been traced directly to recently arrived criminal elements. The reports to hand are so alarming that Secretary Metcalf is digesting them into proper shape to give a comprehensive bird's-eye view of the whole situation. Accompanying the digest will be suggestions, recommendations of his Department of Commerce and Labor for dealing with the problem.

Clothing the Social Way for Students

Some little while ago, in reply to queries concerning the conditions and needs of students, President Harris of Amherst made a request for cast-off dress suits, which he thought the poorer students would be glad to accept. His idea was that the young men were often deterred from taking part in social affairs through the need of proper evening clothes. Naturally, there has been considerable discussion aroused. One of the New York papers has been holding a symposium on a kindred topic, whether a young man earning fifteen dollars a week is justified in investing in a dress suit, and the arguments and comments in both cases are strikingly similar. When a man is earning a salary, however, he is in a position to decide for himself whether he can afford to frequent society in which a dress suit is required as a matter of course. If he is the younger son of a family of means, working his own way upward, he will need what his brothers and cousins have. If, on the other hand, he is but a poor clerk whose friends are in the same walk of life, he is apt to find himself in solitary grandeur when arrayed in all his glory, or else constrained to enjoy his fine feathers after the manner of Jess in "A Window in Thrums," with her coveted "'leven an' a bit." As to college students and cast-off finery, there is no more reason why they should beg for old clothes than why the

"'And pray where are you going, my pretty maid?'
'For some Milk Chocolate Creams, kind sir,' she said."
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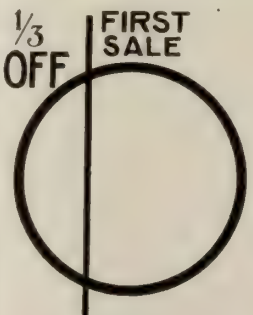

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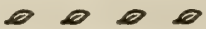
female students should solicit the same. The affairs in college should be such that no student need feel debarred through lack of clothing. The entertainments which are social affairs outside of the college should be treated by college men just as they are by others. There ought to be as great a loss of self-respect in the lowering to a plane where one can beg for old clothes as there is of renunciation in having to forego a dance or supper. In the end it is a case for the individual to decide. The man who would wear a cast-off suit of clothing from anywhere would be apt to do a good many other things which would prove him but little of a gentleman, however much of a scholar. The chances are that the students most worthy of assistance and most worth while cultivating on the social side would, if they were poor enough to need, be proud enough to conceal it.



Somebodies and Nobodies

BY HARRY COWELL.

Everybody the world over is desirous of being a somebody, and here in America it is our boast that nobody need remain a nobody, be ambitious in vain.

When I was a small boy in a distant land, cherishing in my heart of hearts a dream of democracy, it was my fond belief that the honor which—in common with a great philosopher—I saw given in Europe to wealth and social position, was in the United States given exclusively to high achievement and intrinsic worth; and that the progress which Herbert Spencer thought would result from such a rational bestowal of honor was there (that is, here) a happy reality. Great, I well remember, was my resentment upon hearing a monacled nothing, heir to no end of titles and no little degeneracy, dub the Americans a "nation of nobodies." In what he called his mind—misnaming it also—a nobody was a grandfatherless person, without a coat-of-arms to his credit.

Now, what in our best moments we here aim at being, is, I take it, a nation of somebodies, each several man of us a somebody. What Democracy stands for is the encouraging of "high achievements," the fostering of "intrinsic worth." These in its heart it does mean to honor, and these alone.

Yet in America, among our so-called "upper classes," "high society," "best people," "exclusive set," or what you will, the number of pseudo-somebodies is simply appalling —pseudo-somebodies, filchers of honor not their due; with millions to envy them, to imitate them; to the irreparable loss of high achievement in this country.

Never much given to taking life as I found it, I long ago put to myself this question: Has a duke by reason of his title more of beauty or of truth or of goodness than his untitled fellow mortals, that men should do him so much honor? What admirable human quality does he necessarily possess in a greater degree than an earl, in a much greater degree than a squire, in an incalculably greater degree than a peasant? What apologist for nobles so naive as to answer, "Nobility"? That the much honored members of the titled class are, as a class, merely pseudo-somebodies, was the outcome of my youthful questionings.

If no great measure of intrinsic worth, no high achievement, then surely an inimitable grace of manner, or some adorable something or other, is theirs who here in Democracy's own land, occupy positions of social eminence! Alas, nothing of the kind. In the New World, as in the old, not a divine trait differentiates the somebody of society from the nobody. What desirable thing, the exclusive possession of the "exclusive set," is denied me forever? Happiness, whom I know very well, has never once bragged to me of her being an *habituee* of their houses (homes they have none). Tell me, men, to whom their difficult doors open, how often have you taken her in to dinner? how often have you not taken Ennui? Not, I am told, the wild joy, but the tame sadness, of living, is theirs.

Each of the "four hundred" costs the nation more than would a famous work of art. Think of it, the inestimable gain to this country if we had but four hundred famous works of art in place of the infamous "four hundred"! For the price, one has the right to look for something rare, the perfect flowering of humanity, in fine; but the languorous lilies of the shut-in drawing-rooms resemble the lilies of the field in this only, that they toil not, neither do they spin, and that none the less, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them. Not where we look for them, but in surprising soil, from still more surprising seed, spring the fairest of human flowers.

At times I think that God tolerates the existence of the fashionable world merely for the sake of his servant the satirist, lest, in its absence, the point of his "mightier-than-the-sword" grow dull with rust. But, to quote from the humblest of God's servants, "Folly is of all things mortal the least vulnerable." And the most fashionable, let me add by way of afterthought. At other times, its *raison d'etre* seems to be, to justify the Christian religion and prove the vanity of purple and fine linen. At yet other times, I say to myself: "The denizens of that strange world are evidently the secret disciples of some great unknown pessimist devoted to convincing mankind how petty beyond all belief, how little worth living, is life. 'See,' they declare from the house-tops, 'we have everything, and—nothing!'" Or again, in gentler mood: "They are soulless, these forever unfortunate, because of their having bargained for the good things of this world with Satan, who has cheated them with his stock-in-trade of phantom success and the gray ghosts of pleasure." To me, a nobody, a boasted somebody not infrequently proves upon acquaint-

(Continued on Page 29)

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Being the Prophecy of One Not Gifted with the Divine Afflatus, and Whose Dip into the Future is Not So Far That the Purblind May Not See, But Whose Warning Will Be Discredited Amid the Jeers and Laughter of the Mob that Swarms in the Mart and Roars Through the Gates.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

Nothing amuses me quite so much as the hullaballoo that is now making in this community over the question of compelling Congress, or some other legislative omnipotence, to enact some sort of law or frame some sort of treaty that will keep the Japanese out of this country. I read the speeches of the exclusion orators with the same disposition to laugh that overwhelms me when I read the fulsome praise of our little yellow friend published in the stately magazines of commerce and the daily newspaper of trade. The resolutions of an anti-Japanese league are fully as humorous as the panegyric of the editorial writer for an Eastern newspaper whose personal knowledge of his subject is derived from Lafcadio Hearn, the news despatches, and "Madame Butterfly" or "The Darling of the Gods."

What these people do not know about the Japanese and their mental and political attitude towards the rest of the world would, if compiled, equal in magnitude the entire volume of the Higher Criticism and completely dwarf the vast emendation of the Vedas by Sanskrit philologists and the members of all the learned Oriental societies.

I am irresistibly reminded in the first instance of the famous trio of tailors who dwelt in Tooley street; they are "the sovereign people" but the rest of the people pass them by with sovereign contempt. Perhaps I can illustrate my meaning by a comparison: There was a time when a British Minister, for example, could have kicked a Chinese viceroy nine times without fear of retaliation, provided that he knew how to kow-tow on proper occasion. That was the diplomacy of Sir Harry Parkes, and it was afterwards successfully imitated by the Russian diplomatists. It has never been possible to kick a Japanese more than once, and that was once too often. The Russians kicked the Japanese out of Saghalien in 1855 and history is recording the penalty that Russia is paying for that blundering boot craft. About the same time Commodore Perry of the American navy swung wide the door of Japan to the commerce of the world with a threat to burst it open with his cannon if the tottering Shogun refused to let down the bars. Japan has not yet retaliated for that insult, but she has not forgotten, and if our tailors of Tooley street ever rouse Congress to recognition of their absurd demand that our own door shall be closed to the Japanese we will hear the retort courteous as it is rendered in the language of Nihon, and if we persist the truculent Samurai will not hesitate to give us the countercheck quarrelsome in classic hiragana or cursive katakana.

It is part of Japanese history that there were American ships of war in the bombardment of Shimonoseki—where seventeen men-o'-war, representative of all the "civilized" nations in the world, set upon and pulverized one little daimyo armed with three old-fashioned Dutch guns of the calibre that Von Tromp used when he set out to sweep the English from the seven seas.

There are millions of half educated citizens of America who have never heard of these events and who would fail to grasp their significance if informed. There is a limit to the education of the masses of a people. The mob never thinks. That is why newspapers are popular—that is why princely salaries are paid to editors; for indeed the thinking trade is very profitable in these days, when the people have no time to spare for anything except the graft of business, which, in itself, is strenuous enough to engage all the mental strength of the nation.

It is not expected, therefore, that the ordinary graduate of the little red schoolhouse can ever understand that Commodore Perry and the incident at Shimonoseki are responsible for the existing aspect of the "yellow peril." The graduate of the little red school house accepts his history as it is written for him and swallows the deduction and opinion of the historian as he swallows the bolus of his trusted physician. Consequently he thinks that we of the west have accomplished a beneficent purpose in "bringing our civilization" to the people of the east. He does not stop to think that "the people of the east" have adopted only those ingredients of our civilization that will serve to leaven the lump that we have thrust upon them. The Oriental doesn't want our civilization for he has one that suits him better; but he is willing to learn how our civilization works for the annoyance and destruction of his civilization. He finds the solution of the problem in our improved method of propagating the gospel of peace and good will to all men not of our breed; he learns that a rapid fire gun manufactured by Krupp or Armstrong is a civilizer of more potent force than a Dutch caliver of the fifteenth century; he is willing enough to adopt the logic of our chemistry and the ethical conclusions of our theology, for out of the one he deduces dynamite and out of the other he erects a divinity that re-incarnates a warrior Buddha and fills the dry shell of Shintoism with Professor Shimose's concentrated fulminate of mercury.

When Commodore Perry and the allied fleet of Shimonoseki handed to the Shogun of Tokugawa the rescript of Western Civilization they also put in the eager reach of the Samurai two things that have ruled the world since Jamschid, binder of demons, was laid to rest where the wild ass browses and knows not that the ruler of afrits sleeps beneath his profaning hoof—two things that have usurped the ancient power of the gods and made mock of the faith that was born in the soul of man when the clamor and uproar of chaos was stilled to silence in the vortex of the universe—the thing called Science and the thing called Politics.

With science the Japanese are armed with power to oppose their hereditary enemy of the all-conquering West; with politics they have resolved to rule the barbaric East. Thus the East shall revenge itself on the West, and it matters not to these avatars of the newer civilization

(Continued on Page 35)

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The Saunterer

Anita Harvey's Engagement?

Mrs. Grundy is holding on to her curiosity with both hands for fear it will get the best of her and precipitate her into asking whether Anita Harvey is really engaged to Mr. Cooper. All last season Mr. Cooper kept this interesting debutante supplied with orchids and he claimed the lion's share of her dances at every ball. He has been a frequent guest of the Kohls, who entertained Miss Harvey at Tahoe this summer, and some of the johnnies-on-the-spot insist that there is an engagement under the rose.

Cupid Was His Partner

Before Anita Harvey made her bow to the smart set Mr. Cooper sidestepped the frolics of society and devoted himself to gilding his law shingle. His sister Ethel has always been fond of society. As Judge Cooper is a very wealthy man not a few buds and belles have cast coquettes' eyes at young Cooper, but that ambitious chap used Blackstone as an antidote for such wiles. And then Anita Harvey rippled the social pond and Mr. Cooper lost his heart in the first plunge. He has assiduously courted Miss Harvey since the first day they met and as he is permitted to engross most of her time Mamma Grundy surmises that the match is not distasteful to the Harvey-Martin clan.

Ned Greenway's Coming Dances

A season that is not salted with the rumor of the abdication of Czar Ned would be counted insipid indeed. Last winter was not only salted but peppered with the report that the last page of the Greenway dances was being written and next winter would see the genial Edward M. frescoing the wall whilst another leader held the centre of the ball-room. As a matter of fact the tra-la-la of the last waltz was still floating through the corridors when Mr. Greenway cemented the arrangements for this season's cotillons. While the pessimists were croaking that the Greenways would be out-of-date, Ned was dating ahead his dances for the forthcoming season. There will be three subscription dances as usual, and the fourth will be his birthday dinner-dance which is the piece de resistance. The dinner guests are chosen from the inner circle of Mr. Greenway's friends but all the subscribers to the Friday night dances are invited to the cotillon which trips on the heels of the dinner. The personnel of the Greenway dances will be about the same this season as heretofore.

Mrs. Voorhies' Mantle of Power

The patronesses of the Assembly are likewise marshaling their forces and invitations to their dances will be out at the first stroke of the gong. At one time it was feared that Mrs. Voorhies would withdraw from the list of patronesses but she has been prevailed upon to remain. Popular fancy has always invested Mrs. Voorhies with the mantle of Assembly power and frenzied financiers have figured out the relative profits of Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White and Mr. Greenway. As Mrs. Voorhies has never handled any of the Assembly money she naturally resented the impression that these dances were a source of profit to her.

The Development of the Assembly

The Assembly is really the grown-up edition of La Jeunesse. About eight years ago a number of girls who had not yet been formally presented, organized La Jeunesse. Anna and Leila Voorhies were enthusiastic members and their mother was one of the patronesses of these salad dances. As time flitted by and many of the members of La Jeunesse not only crossed the boundaries between bud and belledom, but entered the lists of young matrons, the name seemed inappropriate. Mrs. Voorhies was one of those who did not like to see the epitaph of La Jeunesse written and she worked ardently to successfully merge La Jeunesse into the Assembly, a name under which all the members of La Jeunesse and some new ones decided to set sail.

Not Organized for Money Making

From the beginning the Assemblies were handled in a very business-like way. The subscriptions have always been received by the stationer who sent out the invitations, and the money is then turned over to the treasurer. The first year Mrs. Timothy Hopkins acted as treasurer, and the second season Mrs. Ira Pierce filled that office. Last year Mrs. McCalla was treasurer. The name of the patroness who will act as treasurer this year has not been announced, but it is safe to say it will not be Mrs. Voorhies, who has always declined that office.

Genevieve Harvey Will Lead

Among the prominent debutantes who will attend the Assembly dances are Miss Genevieve Harvey and Miss Alice Herrin. Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Herrin are patronesses of these dances. Mrs. Martin is also keenly interested in the Friday Fortnightlies which Mrs. Ynez Shorb White launched last season, so Genevieve Harvey will undoubtedly be one of the buds singled out by Mrs. White to lead a cotillon.

This Season's Debutantes

The list of debutantes is not yet complete, but it is safe to say that Miss Mary Keeney will be far and away the prettiest bud of the season. Mary Keeney is just eighteen and there is a faint possibility that she will delay her coming out for another year or two so as to make her bow with her chum, Flossie Hopkins. Flossie Hopkins is the youngest daughter of E. W. Hopkins, and when she takes her place in society will have her sisters, the mesdames Taylor and Mrs. Fred McNear, to show her the shining way to social success. She will go East this fall for a year at finishing school and then if the Hopkins prescription for a successful society girl is filled she will, like her sisters before her, take a trip through Europe before coming out. So if Mary Keeney insists on putting off her debut until Flossie Hopkins is ready to come out, society will have to wait two years to receive Miss Keeney.

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The Beauty of the Family

The Hopkins family have always considered Flossie the beauty of their flock, but to the unprejudiced eye she does not overstep the good-looking line. She has the blue-black eyes fringed with long lashes which are Mrs. Will Taylor's chief charm, but she is even paler than Mrs. Fred McNear and is not tall enough to be counted Hopkinsesque. However, Flossie is a great favorite in the younger set and even if she has not the beauty her family accords her, she will have an enviable place in society.

"Sammy," the only son of the house of Hopkins, will also go East to college this year. He has painted several local "prep" schools a boyish red, so it was thought best to let a tutor prepare him for college.

Surprised Her Maid

A conspicuous society girl, who is spending the summer at Santa Cruz, was suddenly deserted by her maid who was called to the bedside of a "dying cousin." As girls out in service always have accommodating relatives who can fall sick at a moment's notice, the young lady had a deep-seated conviction that her maid was playing possum. The other day she received a wire from the maid, "Cousin improving—can I go to springs with her?" "Isn't that twentieth century servant like?" queried the irate young mistress, as she read the telegram aloud to her friends. She sent an answer which has become famous in Santa Cruz. It was just four words: "Yes, go to Jericho!"

Seein' Things in Matrimony

A writer of saffron editorials has discovered that sociology marches to the tune of Lohengrin. The recent New York marriage of Miss Rose Pastor, a penniless jewess, and Philip Stokes, man of millions, has inspired the *Examiner* writer. Social reform carries the odor of orange blossoms to his optimistic nostrils. He predicts that rich young men embarked in settlement work will marry humble colleagues who are also endeavoring to bring sweetness and light into the tenement districts. And "rich young girls, full of a broad and unindividual love for suffering mankind will ultimately concentrate this universal affection upon one individual of the masculine type, himself imbued with the highest qualities of philanthropy, but destitute of those dollars, the possession of which makes philanthropy much easier, and thus, to his mind, the hereditary aristocracy of wealth will be destroyed."

A Fancy For Templeton Crocker

Settlement work may solve the problem of preventing the intermarriage of great fortunes, but there is no sign of the sociology microbe's biting San Francisco's rich bachelors. We have settlement workers a plenty here, but those whose pockets jingle with coin are for the most part women. Scions of wealthy Californian houses have gone into horse breeding, politics or whatnot, but no one has had to mow millionaires off the lawns in front of settlement houses. Fancy young Templeton Crocker teaching the adolescent idea how to shoot wrought iron candlesticks, or a Tobin guiding settlement boys through the intricacies of weaving cane bottom chairs. If there is a prototype for young Stokes in local settlement work his name is not known to any local board of managers. There are any number of wealthy men who contribute generously to the cause; but consecrating their lives to the lowly is another story. Sidney Peixotto, President of the Columbian Park Boys' Club, is devoting his life to settlement work, but he is not a wealthy man, nor are any of the other men who are making concrete experiments in sociology.

Betty Ashe Leading the Way

Several well known society girls have undertaken settlement work, but there has been no conspicuous example of a great heiress during her lifetime pouring her fortune into the ample lap of the people who dwell in the byways. Betty Ashe, a sister of Porter Ashe, has a settlement house on Telegraph Hill and she has interested a number of her society friends in the work—but to be interested enough in the work to give it a financial boost and to be an active worker are different matters. It is rather surprising that the San Francisco smart set has furnished so few recruits to sociology.

Edith Livermore's Covetous Eye

Among the girls who dip into settlement work without forswearing society are the Livermore sisters. Edith and Mattie Livermore are particularly interested in the little club which they and half a dozen other society girls founded last winter. It is a standard joke in her set that Edith Livermore never sees a friend in a fine warm dress without casting covetous eyes on it for some destitute woman in whom she is interested.

Hearts Versus Fortunes

As a matter of fact, the matrimonial conditions here are not exactly parallel with those in New York, where the enormous expenditures entailed in maintaining a position in society are so great that the children of the rich meet only the children of the rich and even a union of hearts is necessarily a union of two great fortunes. A San Francisco eligible does not have to go into settlement work to

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find a poor bride. There are plenty of girls in San Francisco society whose social position is out of all proportion to their income. The same might truthfully be said of society men, so that an heiress looking for a poor but deserving man can throw her lasso right in the smart set and gather a bunch.

Leslie Green in a Millinery Rush

An example of the mating of millions and comparative poverty is the union of Leslie Green and Howard Huntington. I hear, by the way, that this bride was besieged with offers from milliners and modistes extending her any amount of credit. They knew that she was marrying one of the richest young men in California and they were willing to furnish her with an elaborate trousseau and wait for their pay until she could sign her checks with the magic Huntington name. One modiste took the trouble to cart a lot of her silk and velvet wares over to Berkeley to tempt the prospective bride with visions of gowns that would make her take her place with the richly robed of the earth. But Miss Green turned an adamant ear to all such offers and most of her dainty trousseau was fashioned by her own clever fingers.

The home Howard Huntington is building in Los Angeles will have beautiful sunken gardens, a miniature lake and several other fascinating features that will make it unlike any house in California.

Will Bring Back Novel Dances

The Stirling Postleys, who have gone on a European jaunt, will leave more than a two times twice hole in society. Before her marriage Ethel Cook lived over in Belvedere and took very little interest in the doings of the smart set. But after she married the son of the New York millionaire, society would not let her waste her sweetness on the island air and she has been a conspicuous figure in the smart set for the last year or two. Mrs. Postley intends to study dancing with Isadora Duncan while she is in Europe. Her grandfather was a full-blooded Greek and she is thus endowed by nature to interpret the classic dances which have written the Duncan fame large over Europe. Moreover, Mrs. Postley is a beautiful woman of a type that lends itself to Grecian bands and classic draperies. Of course Mrs. Postley will not study with Isadora Duncan for professional purposes, but when she returns her friends will doubtless see her dance at a de Young vaudeville entertainment and the public may get an idea of these dances at the amateur theatricals with which society gives sweet charity a lift.

Ethyl Hager as a Cake Walker

Last winter local society took very little interest in anything but conventional dancing, although in the East everyone was going in for all sorts of fancy flips in the terpsichorean art. In Washington a class headed by Alice Roosevelt and the Countess Cassini hit the high places in the ballet which was made the rage. At one time San Francisco society girls assiduously studied the cake walk. Ethyl Hager took lessons from several of the Orpheum performers and she can cut a pigeon wing like an adept. But somehow the cake walk has lost popularity.

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The Maurer Reception

On the evening of Friday, the eleventh, in her husband's beautiful new portrait studio, Mrs. Oscar Maurer gave a most delightful reception in honor of her cousin, Alice Lonnon—in private life, Mrs. Alice Perkins Lonsdale. Of the many California girls who have made good in the various arts, few have been more successful than Miss Lonnon, who for some years past has been playing important roles with E. S. Willard, the English actor, and is now his leading lady. Miss Lonnon belongs by right of blood to the world of art, and has breathed the rare "atmosphere" from her childhood up, being closely related to Mary Curtis Richardson, the painter, and the Chamberlain sisters, of "Mrs. Essington" fame. The gifted young actress is a cousin of Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, and, although here in her old home for a vacation, will appear with the magnetic Irishman during his engagement at the Grand Opera House. After that, she will return East, to play with Willard, who is now in Europe.

Not in the Society Columns

The family of a well known young official in town is very much exercised over his forthcoming marriage with a local belle. To the ordinary reader of society news the marriage from both sides looks like a union of fortunes blessed by Cupid. But the young man's family regard it in an altogether different light. They are of the plain, good old-fashioned country folks and the late prosperous years have brought them a handsome fortune through the increase in land values. But the family is large enough to thrill Roosevelt with delight, which means that when the estate is divided among the heirs the share of each will yield only an ordinary good income. On the other hand, the fiancee's family is enviably fixed as regards social position and annual income. She has been reared to never count the cost of anything. To her dresses and jewels are pretty things to wear and be cast aside with the season. Bills? Something that papa always pays. The groom's provident parents have heard these stories of the butterfly life of the girl and they realize that their son's salary, though good, will never meet her social demands. Hence it is that they fear the size of the estate eventually coming to him will not suffice to maintain a home on the sumptuous scale the bride-elect expects. Though her father has one of the very highest salaries on the Pacific Coast he lives up to its limit. The members of both families, except the bride, know this and therefore that she has no chance of inheriting anything from him. That is why the family of the young man is worrying over the matter and why they are holding frequent consultations with a view to arranging matters so as to insure the future happiness of their favorite and the city bred belle. And all the while the casual reader of the society columns muses over the paragraphs devoted to the florid accounts of their forthcoming nuptials and murmurs, "How lucky some people are!"

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Lady Hesketh, formerly Miss Sharon of San Francisco, continues in poor health in London, and her friends here are beginning to worry about her condition. She has recently undergone special treatment under one of the new "cures"; but the other day, during an airing in Hyde Park, she fell into such a weak state that she fainted before the carriage could be driven home.

Harrison Fisher, the artist, and Frederick Monson, the lecturer, will start for Arizona this week, to be present at the Moqui Indian annual snake dance, in September. Mr. Fisher will then continue on his way East to fill his New York engagements.

Maynard Dixon and his wife are making arrangements to spend several months in the Southwest, where Mr. Dixon will make Indian sketches to fill a number of commissions in that line he has on hand.

"Bathing Suits Reduced," she read on a sign in front of a Santa Cruz dealer's establishment.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the woman-hating bachelor, "if they reduce them much more there will be nothing left. They are almost *au naturel* now."

Society Has Discovered the Lake

Our rich leisure-lovers of San Francisco are gradually sitting up to take notice of Lake Tahoe. The lake has been on the map a great many years, but San Francisco has ignored it. "Lucky" Baldwin discovered it a long while ago, but he stumbled upon it from the Nevada side. He wandered to the lake shore from Carson along with numerous other mining men, to escape the heat of the sagebrush summers. Baldwin built the hotel at Tallac, and it became quite a popular summer resort. Indeed, the several resorts on the lake have been crowded every summer for over a decade, but within a comparatively recent period have its wooded shores appealed to those who can afford the luxury of a summer home. The George Crockers were among the first residents of San Francisco to appreciate the many charms of the lake, and some twenty years ago they built an unpretentious country home a few miles south of Tahoe City, and called it Idlewild. Then came the Tevises, who have a beautiful home near Tallac. Several years ago I. W. Hellman bought some land between Emerald Bay and McKinney's, and now he has the finest residence on the lake shore. He has also added to his holdings, obtaining the land for a song by purchasing through an agent. He now owns over a mile of lake frontage and to a considerable distance back into the mountains.

Some of the Home Builders

Now the greater part of the lake frontage is cut up into villa lots, and they are going like hot cakes. D. L. Bliss, owner of the Tahoe railroad, and for many years the leading spirit of the Carson and Tahoe Flume Company, which owned nearly all the timber land adjacent to the lake, is now conducting a real estate office near the Tavern and he is selling the lots at five dollars a front foot. The lots have a frontage of two hundred feet and a depth of five hundred. Among the recent purchasers are the Fred Kohls, who have taken the old Crocker place and are now building a home, the estimated cost of which is twenty-five thousand dollars. James Moffitt bought a lot near the Tavern a few weeks ago, and he is going to build and present the property to the child of his brother, Dr. Herbert Moffitt. Fred Magee bought a lot adjoining the Moffitt property, and a short distance away is the home of W. A. Bissell, of the Santa Fe, into which his family moved last week. William Thomas, the attorney, has become a lake lot owner, and he is now trying to persuade his partner, Mark Gerstle, to join the lakeside colony, which is growing so rapidly that a proposition to organize a yacht club and build a club house is under consideration. It was proposed to purchase a site at Sand Harbor, which belongs to the Hobart estate, but Walter Hobart, who arrived at the Tavern last week, announced that he would never consent to the sale of a foot of the land.

The Yachts and the Kohls

The yachting craze is now at its height on the lake, but the fleet is a small one, consisting of not more than six or seven gasoline launches. The largest is the *Idlewild*, the Kohl launch, that sports a crew of three, a cannon and a graphophone that reels off "La donna e mobile" in Caruso's sweetest tones while you wait. The Kohls live on their launch except at meal time and bed time, when they favor the Tavern with their presence. Mrs. Kohl is pulling on weight at the lake, and shows no signs of being bored, though her companions, since the departure of Virginia Joliffe, are callow girls just out of the seminary, and women beyond the chloroform period. She is easily the Mrs. Martin of Lake Tahoe society, which consists principally of New Englanders from Los Angeles, and swagger provincialities from the Alameda shore, for as I have said, San Francisco has only begun to sit up and take notice. What better exemplification could be had, by the way, of the slowness of San Francisco, than in the predominance of Eastern and Southern California people on the shores of Lake Tahoe, the grandest mountain resort in California and accessible from the metropolis within fourteen hours? But smart society is leading the way and the polloi, as usual, will follow. Next season the Kohls will be prepared to entertain their friends in their own home, and they are generous hosts. Mrs. Kohl has made a great hit at the Tavern with the aid of her launch and her graphophone, not to speak of her cannon, for she has entertained many guests of the hotel during the interim between visits from her Blingum friends. Perhaps the greatest hit has been made by Mrs. Thomas who, on several occasions, put her launch at the disposal of the waiter girls.

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Eastern Wealth at the Lake

Probably one of the most enthusiastic of the summer colony at the lake is John F. Elliott, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, a millionaire resident of New York, and a member of the New York Yacht Club. For six years he has not missed a summer at the lake, and he says there is no resort in the Adirondacks to compare with it. His launch, the *Mi Duenna*, is one of the most beautiful of the lake craft. It is about of the same capacity as the *Wild Goose*, the Thomas launch. Another Eastern millionaire who spends his summers at the lake is William Kent, of Chicago, whose mother, Mrs. Adeline Kent, is now a resident of San Rafael. Mrs. D. B. Curtis of New York paid her first visit to the lake this summer, and she bought a lot, and an architect is now drawing plans for a home for her.

More Treasure Hunters

King Edward's brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyle, imitates Attorney Chetwood and other treasure hunters of local fame, by going in search after buried treasure with a good prospect of success. He expects to recover the Spanish treasure which was sunk in the flagship of the Spanish Armada, the Admiral of Florence, when she was sent to the bottom in Tobermory bay in order to save her from capture. The place where she went down is accurately known, and from time to time articles have been washed ashore which are identified beyond doubt as having belonged to her. As to the rights of the Duke, there are no questions, for King Charles I. as long ago as 1641 granted the wreck and her contents to one of his ancestors. Bram Stoker wove one of his weird romances, "A Mystery of the Sea," around this vessel and her crew and contents, and it is not unlikely that the book will enjoy a new popularity in consequence. The weird experiences of Lawyer Chetwood and the other San Francisco treasure hunters, by the by, were written up and had an extensive sale here and in the East.

Society is already buzzing over the big golf week to be held at Del Monte from September fourth to ninth. It is to be made a festal occasion by those specially devoted to the game and of course full advantage will be taken by their friends to make it a very smart affair. The Pacific Improvement Company has offered unusually handsome trophies. The main events will include handicap plays for the Del Monte cup for men, with a trophy for the winner-up and the beautiful Del Monte cup for women. Any amateur golfer may compete and have a chance to air his science before the smart set on the famous Del Monte links. In connection with the golf meet there will be an automobile tournament and races, in which some of California's fastest machines will compete. There will also be a fine show of touring cars.

Coronado Attacked by Neptune

The strange pranks being played by Neptune at Coronado have created considerable apprehension among the residents there and have resulted in an appeal to the Government for an appropriation with which to check the prospective havoc. Those familiar with the conditions know that the Coronado peninsula is merely a sandspit formed by the action of the waves and currents. For untold years the waters were engaged in throwing up the sandbanks that developed into the present broad peninsula. Recently tidal changes have deflected the currents and they are now engaged in washing away the barriers they once piled up. There is not the slightest or even a remote danger for either the hotel or the many homes on the avenues, but it is certain that they must be protected from the inroads of the sea or in the years to come the great Coronado hotel, and in fact that peninsula itself, will be but a memory. Our Congressional delegation is being appealed to with a request for Governmental aid and army engineers are to make an inspection and report to Washington on what should be done.

Pardee in Another Plight

When Judge Greene died in Oakland the other day, some of the politicians were at first inclined to the belief that his demise meant the straightening out for Governor Pardee of his entanglements in Alameda county. With another judgeship at his disposal it looked as if he could utilize it by awarding the place to Deputy District Attorney Harris and thereby put in the Pardee Gubernatorial column the wavering 46th district. Now, however, the Governor is likely to get ten times more trouble than benefit out of the proposition. With George Reed, John Yule, J. A. Johnson, Will Harris and Senator Lukens as candidates, he will have lots of new animosities on his hands when he turns down everybody but the lucky man. Those who are watching this course of political events say that the naming of Greene's successor will strengthen the anti-Pardee combination in Alameda county more than anything else that has happened for a year.

Ruef's New Game

The absurdity of Ruef's declaration that he will be able to control the Republican municipal convention next month becomes more apparent each day. Instead of gaining ground, he has been losing fast since the primary. There is no questioning the fact that the tide has set against both him and Mayor Schmitz. If out of the local coalition of the Republicans and Democratics comes a joint nominee for Mayor who is even half way acceptable, the present administration is doomed. That none realizes it more than Ruef himself is evidenced by the desperate moves he is now making. Whenever possible he is holding personal interviews with League delegates and endeavoring to get them under his banner by seductive offers of fat patronage if Schmitz is re-elected. Despite all this

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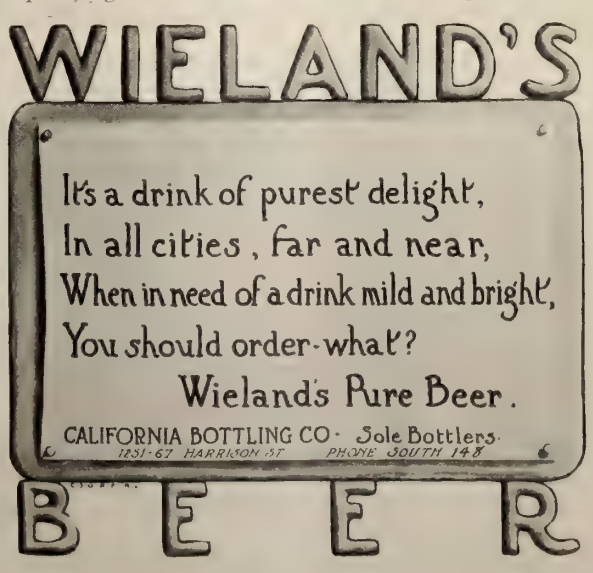

missionary work, though, he is losing instead of gaining. Evidently he is going to be confronted in convention by a working majority of at least one hundred for recruits are being gained by the League almost daily.

Is Manacled to Schmitz

Ruef's weakest point is that as he notoriously and avowedly intends to support Schmitz for Mayor, those who represent his interests in the Republican convention must necessarily have traitorous intentions toward whoever is to be the party nominee. Remembering the tactics he employed in the last municipal campaign when the Ruef delegates to the Republican convention openly fought Crocker after nominating him, the party leaders intend to choke off that game this time by making every delegate in the convention individually pledge himself to support its nominee. As the Ruef men will not be able to take this pledge, their alternative will be to walk out of the convention, which will be a far more polite way to get rid of them than by unseating Ruef's delegations altogether, as proposed by the ultra rabid elements in the reformers' camp.

Some persons seem to believe that the presence of Senator Frank P. Flint at the Palace this week has a political portent. The Senator said he was here merely on law business, but I saw him talking to Jere Burke in the Palace Grill. By the way, Jere tells me that Mr. Herrin will not be back before September. But meanwhile "the wires are talking." Nobody says anything about instructions, but it's only too apparent to the initiated that there's "something doing."

That Report of the Grand Jury

I hear that the long-expected report of the Grand Jury will be filed today. It will be composed of the recommendations and findings of the several sub-committees all put together and prepared under the personal direction of Foreman Andrews and Douglas Young, the Grand Jury's expert accountant. It requires something like four hundred thousand words to sheathe this fulminating message of official dereliction, incompetence and other grave offenses. From various sources it is said that adverse reports will be filed against the offices occupied by the Mayor, Treasurer, Board of Public Works, Tax Collector, Civil Service and Election Commissioners, the Police Department, and a number of Superior Judges. As to the other departments, the report is commendatory.

Grilling Mayor Schmitz

Mayor Schmitz leads off in the scoring, and facts and figures are used as salt to rub into the flagellation. He is censured for neglect of duty in failing to exercise vigilant supervision over the officers of the various departments. Particular attention under this head is called to his dereliction in the case of the County Clerk's office under Mahoney, the Tax Collector's office under Smith and the Board of Public Works. In the last office Secretary Morris Levy is given a hot roasting. Both the Mayor and the Board are grilled on account of the way renting permits are given theatres and tenderloin houses in violation of the law. Those old charges of failing to collect rents due the city and of countenancing the frou frou houses are served up in a way to prick his innards.

Scoring Other Offices

Treasurer Macdougald's office is passed over with the recommendation that suits be brought against him for the return of the much disputed inheritance tax collections. The Tax Collector's office under Smith is scored for the abuses that thrived during his administration. The Civil Service Commission is charged with having not enforced the rules as vigorously as it might have done.

Police Department on the Grill

The whip is wielded hot and heavy over the heads of the Police Department. Mayor Schmitz comes in for a share of this castigation and the whole bunch is charged with being responsible for the complete and notorious demoralization of the department. The why and wherefore are duly set forth in a sketch of the flagrant condition of crime in the city. Some red ripe stories are told about "easy" Chinese and white gambling cribs, obliging ladies, open lottery games, wholesale corruption, and the up-to-date ways of protecting criminals. This part of the report is likely to serve as a handbook among the file of the Police Department for some time to come; a text book on the "inside" way one wing of the upper office is run. Incidently two or three Superior Court Judges come in for a grilling on account of the way they issue injunctions to assist illegal business ventures, such as Chinese lotteries, and cribs for the nymphs du pave.

Perhaps the strongest feature of the report will be the portion which deals with the present condition of administrative affairs in San Francisco. The Grand Jury puts the fact sharply and forcibly up to the taxpayer that the present troubles are all due to his neglect in attending to his duties at the polls; that if he wants a better administration he must take a more active interest in politics.

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End of the Pullman Twins

The fellows that like to point morals to every yellow take will no doubt summarize freely on the sad ends of the Pullman twins, one of whom became an incurable ataxic and the other died of being thrown from a carriage. When their father piled up his millions, he little thought of what harm they might do to his offspring. There are no doubt a great many who will honestly regret the passing of Sanger Pullman, who was kind-hearted and generous, and good to those he liked. Though the other Blingumites never took kindly to either of Mrs. Frank Carolan's brothers, Sanger was always persona grata at the old home of Charlie Dunphy at Millbrae. After Dunphy's marriage with Rowena Burns, I believe the intimacy between the Pullman twin and the polo rider was permitted to die.

What the Newspapers Said

It must afford the widow amusement to read in the papers announcing Sanger Pullman's demise that she "was known all over the world for her beauty," and that she was "one of the most popular teachers in the San Francisco school department." When she married Sanger Pullman the papers by no means threw bouquets at the brown-eyed bride. Mrs. Sanger Pullman was never a famous beauty, as far as features and figure go, but she had the good looks that come from being always healthy and well-groomed. Even of late years, when she has grown very stout, she has never lost her trim, well-kept appearance. There never was a more devoted wife than she. She was her husband's good comrade always, and they rarely appeared anywhere except together. It was Aleck Lougborough who introduced Sanger Pullman to Louise West, and the Chicago man at once decided she was just the girl for him. He believed in short courtships and they were married almost on the heels of their introduction. Mamma Pullman, when told of the marriage, was highly wroth, but she forgave the young people when a baby came along. She even sent a fat, four-ciphered check to the young mother. In New Jersey, where the Sanger Pullmans settled for awhile, they were looked upon as quite a Darby and Joan. They drove about a good deal and appeared wholly happy. Their happiness added to their avoirdupois and when they returned to California about a year ago they both classed among the heavyweights.

Their Pedigree Was Good

If Mamma Pullman felt sad when she heard of Sanger's marriage with Louise West, her sorrow was much deeper when the report reached Chicago that Sanger's twin brother, George M., Jr., was engaged to Mrs. Brazell, Louise's sister. Of the three West sisters Mrs. Brazell was the eldest, Mrs. Hugh McDonnell being the second. They were well-born, their father, who died a long time ago, coming of a very good family of Salem, Mass. His name was Lander then, but he changed it to West later, when after unfortunate business complications he lost all his wealth and was compelled to start life anew. It was a great balm for Mrs. Frank Carolan's wounded pride over Sanger's marriage when she learned that his wife was a niece of General Lander, of Washington, D. C., and Judge Lander of the same city.

Sent Back a Sharp Answer

An instance of Mrs. Sanger's independent spirit, which probably helped to make her mother-in-law her friend, was when Mrs. Pullman Sr. urged her to curtail her household expenses. Mere Pullman said that if Mrs. Sanger would reduce the waste she would send the checks to her henceforth, instead of to her husband. But Mrs. Sanger would not consider the proposition. She said that she considered her husband has just as good a right to waste his share of his father's millions as his sisters, Mrs. Lowden and Mrs. Carolan, and that she would encourage him to be as extravagant as they. The Pullman twins were dependent on their mother for an income up to the times of their death, for by their father's will they were cut off by a bequest of three thousand dollars each. The bulk of the ten million dollars left by the palace car manufacturer went to his widow; his daughters, however, received very much larger bequests than the sons.

Her Happiest Day in California

I hear that Miss Roosevelt was very enthusiastic over the beauties of the redwood country where the Fosters took the Taft party for a breath of woodland California. She has sent some pictures taken on that day to an intimate friend in Washington and written across the margin is "The happiest day we spent in California."

Mrs. L. R. Mead and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee are guests of Mrs. W. H. Reed at Chico.

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A Million for This Baby

The Charley Clarks are living very quietly these days, awaiting the advent of the stork, who carries a million dollar note in his bill. This is the golden spoon which Senator Clark has promised to present to each of his grandchildren. In spite of the Tobin prestige the thermometer fell below zero when young Clark took a bride unto himself just a few months after his first wife died. Burlingame society, headed by Mrs. Carolan, decided that it would be very outre to call on the Charley Clarks before his year of mourning for his first wife had elapsed. This was finally accepted as the correct solution of the complicated case, but Mrs. Will Crocker, with her usual independence, punctured this neatly evolved etiquette by driving over and calling on the Clarks at once and entertaining them at dinner. "Don't you think you should have waited until the year was up?" queried an agitated stickler for etiquette. "Oh, I thought I'd go early and avoid the crush," responded Mrs. Crocker, and of course after she broke the ice the rest of the Blingumites began to thaw. But now that the flapping of the wings of the long-legged bird is heard the Clarks have withdrawn from all social activity.

A Summer Dance

The hop at the Presidio last week broke the monotony of the summer season for a number of the belles who found themselves stranded in the city. It was given by the artillery garrison and was attended for the most part by the army set. The Shinkles made their first appearance in society since the Lieutenant met with his almost fatal accident. With them was Mrs. Shinkle's blonde sister, Florence Gibbons. Jane Sweigert and Mary Marriner were as usual among the belles of the ball.

Cutting the Number in Society

Mrs. Clarence Mackay is not an exception to the rule that it is impossible to run for office in America without smirching one's fair name. In this case Mrs. Mackay has been accused of grammatical misdemeanors and on account of a tarnished knowledge of rhetoric it is claimed that Mrs. Mackay should be deposed from the proud place of Commissioner of the Roslyn School Board. Dr. Bogart, president of the Board, has accused Mrs. Mackay, the author of "The Stone of Destiny," of using plural verbs with singular subjects and the doctor-critic proves his case by giving the public quotations from the newly-elected Commissioner's letter of appeal to the voters, in which she says: "Highest grade of teaching are obtained." Another example of Mrs. Mackay's English which is adduced by Dr. Bogart to prove that Mrs. Mackay is "cheeky," as he puts it, in aspiring to the office of school commissioner, is quoted from her letter as follows: "Will you co-operate with me in making our public school, as well as its annexes, model institutions?" As Mrs. Mackay belongs to the famous Duer family and shares the literary tastes of her sister it is surprising that her grammar should furnish ammunition for the lockers of her enemies. Perhaps those fatal slips were typographical errors.

Mixed the Rôles in Matrimony

The same extenuating excuse cannot be urged in favor of a San Francisco society girl who recently announced her engagement by writing notes to her friends. As the letters were in her own handwriting the printer does not enter the case. "You will be surprised to hear that I am soon going to play a new roll—that of wife," is the way the graduate of a swell private school announced her intention of committing matrimony. More than a baker's dozen of these "rolls" were delivered to her friends, but as it is not considered fashionable to spell correctly it is safe to say that very few of the people who received these engagement notices know a written "roll" from a role.

Building Her a Wedding Present

Robert Hanford, the millionaire mining man, is building a mansion on Russian Hill opposite the new home of the Livingston Jenks'. Several months ago Mr. Hanford furnished society and clubdom a choice tidbit by declaring that he had found his "soul mate," and neither fate nor the fact that she had an appendage in the way of a husband and he had an incumbrance in the shape of a wife should separate them. Mrs. Hanford, a charming woman with small belief in holding a husband who pulls hard at the bit, at once secured a divorce from him, and it was expected that the moment the mining man was free he would hie to Reno to annex his "soul mate," who in the meantime had likewise secured a divorce from her husband. As time whizzed by and Hanford did not buy tickets to Nevada Mrs. Grundy began to suspect that the "soul mate" proposition did not look so gilt-edge to him after all. But now it transpires that Mr. Hanford and the lady of his errant choice decided that Cupid could cool his heels until the necessary time had elapsed to legalize their marriage in California. They make daily pilgrimage to Russian Hill where work on the new house is being pushed as rapidly as possible in order that the infatuated mining man may present it to his "soul mate" as a wedding gift.

Advent of an Indian Lion

Los Angeles entertainers found a new lion last week in the person of Antonio Apache, the young Arizona Indian who made a notable record at Harvard and who also enjoys the distinction of being the only Indian ever employed in professional work by the Federal Government. Apache is a civil engineer and a journalist, his latest work in the latter field being the preparation of the Northwest num-

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ber of *World's Work*. Apache is an entertaining story teller and one of the best he tells is on himself. He was visiting at the home of Southern friends who had greatly alarmed the old colored servant by telling her that an Indian was due as a guest. Curiosity overcame her fear on the second day and she ventured to bring in a large tureen of soup at lunch-time. The host thereupon nudged Apache under the table and said, "Antonio, give a yell." Obediently Apache let out a warwhoop that would have done credit to Geronimo at his wildest. The old negress ran in terror from the room and afterward could not be induced to venture again into the presence of the Indian. To every visitor to the kitchen she remarked, "Lord, I jess knowed he'd bust loose!"

Howard M. Sale, the pioneer druggist of Los Angeles, was married last week to Miss Elizabeth S. Young. The wedding was a considerable surprise. Friends of the couple were not aware of their matrimonial intentions until they had started on their wedding trip to Lake Tahoe.

Among the Los Angelans registered at the Palace this week were the Huntingtons, Kerckhoffs, Whittiers, Brauns, Flints, Stimsons, Johnsons, Carters, Thompsons, Hebers and Stowells.

Punished the Thoughtless Photographer

The John Charles Adamses have decided to desert Oakland this winter and will enliven the San Francisco smart set. Mrs. Adams can always be depended upon to make conventionality gasp so her advent will be hailed with delight by those who pursue originality. As the Adams bank account is wide and deep they will be able to entertain lavishly. Mrs. Adams is a beautiful woman but she adorns herself in rather a bizarre bashion. She has trained a lock of hair to wander across her forehead and over her left eye. A photographer, for whom she recently sat, attempted to push back this strand of hair and Mrs. Adams indignantly left the gallery, declaring that the man was utterly devoid of artistic sensibility. A famous English artist suggested that a wisp of hair arranged in this way brought out the exquisite coloring in Mrs. Adams' hair and eyes and she is always coiffed in this eccentric fashion.

She Would Not Divulge Her Secret

Berkeley and San Francisco society people tried hard to ferret out Juliet Garber's secret, her fiance's name. Three men had been unmercifully chaffed about it and two of them were greatly relieved when Miss Garber announced her engagement and named the lucky man. Miss Garber was cornered by her friends at the luncheon she gave in honor of Leslie Green, last week, but even the most strenuous efforts of her most intimate friends would not make her divulge the secret. Now that Miss Garber has announced her engagement with Mr. Stringham, she will probably be dined almost to dissolution as she has for the last decade entertained nearly all of the belles around the bay.

Betrothal of Millions

The myriad friends of the Baldwin-Deacons in San Francisco and thereabouts are forwarding, to New York and Newport, congratulations anent the engagement of Miss Edith Deacon with Mr. James Hazen Hyde, of Equitable Insurance fame. It was first reported that the sister, Miss Gladys, was the chosen one. The sisters have lately been visiting their step-grandmother, Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin, in Snug Harbor on the Atlantic coast. Dame Grundy will now naturally retattle that sensational Paris story, of some years ago, wherein a Deacon beauty figured so conspicuously. "Jimmie" Hyde's newspaper reputation rests chiefly on his famous one hundred thousand dollar costume ball at Sherry's and his great financial tilt with Alexander for control of the Equitable. Many functions for the young people are on the tapis for the later August days and throughout September at "The Beaches," the Deacons' famous Newport residence.

Mrs. Hay's Commendable Example

The widow of the late Secretary of State, John Hay, has courteously declined the honor of a public monument to be erected by subscriptions from the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, giving it as her reason that she feels it to be in accordance with the wishes of the deceased, who was always averse to unnecessary publicity. Though there are few, if any, of the nation's statesmen better deserving of public recognition, it cannot but be admitted that Mrs. Hay has acted wisely. The fate of the various McKinley monuments, impounded for debt, abandoned for lack of funds, or furnishing excuses for "endless chains," begging letters and other humiliating devices for the wheedling of dimes from reluctant pockets, offers a humiliating spectacle. These patriotic and fraternal memorials are usually proposed at times when the people to whom the appeals are made are in a condition more or less hysterical, and promises are made under the stress of excitement which are either tacitly repudiated, or redeemed, later on, by means of a system of dunning which is on a level with the practices of a debt-collecting agency. Mrs. Hay has set a commendable example in refusing to give to the press for publication the telegrams of condolence which were sent to the family. Not less commendable is her decision to decline the erection of a public subscription monument, which might never be finished, and would be almost certain to cause her abundance of humiliation and regret.

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De Tristan's Identity Mixed

The bavardes of the press have discussed the Viscount de Tristan in their usual personal style. His looks, his manner, and his speech were all volubly commented on in the society columns. One gushing reporter went so far as to say, "After meeting the fascinating viscount one can easily realize why Miss Josephine de Guigne fell headlong in love with him." A writer in a weekly journal says: "I hear that the young Viscount Tristan has become so infatuated with America and Americans that he is thinking of remaining here to go into business." And all this while the young French nobleman was many thousand miles distant. As a matter of fact Miss de Guigne's fiance has spent just one short week in this corner of the world. It is his brother who has been a guest of the Parrotts for some time, and whose identity was mistaken by the hasty scribes. Nor is there any truth in the report that de Tristan's future father-in-law has offered to put the Viscount into business in California. As stated in these columns, last week, the Viscount de Tristan is engaged in Paris in some very profitable pursuits. To all her girl friends who gushed over Josephine's capturing a title that young lady promptly vouchsafed the information, "Oh, you know he has a very successful business besides a title." But what that business is her friends have not discovered.

Mrs. Regina Sweeny Pescia of Washington, D. C., is making an extended visit at St. Dunstan's. Mrs. Pescia is the daughter of the late Myles D. Sweeny, founder of the Hibernia bank. In her visit here she is accompanied by her relatives, Miss Margaret Maguire of Philadelphia and Rev. Dr. John D. Maguire, professor of Latin and Sanscrit at the University of Washington.

Left Their Troubles Behind Them

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Macfarlane arrived here on the Honolulu steamer, last Tuesday. Their marriage last June was one of the swellest affairs of the island season. Very soon after the nuptials young Macfarlane was stricken with paresis and gossip had it that he had been subject to this malady at intermittent periods. This gave life to the rumor that the bride was going to apply for an annulment of marriage on the ground of these attacks. The present happy trip of the couple forever lays to rest that impertinent rumor. Friends of Walter Macfarlane declare he is enjoying the best health of his lifetime. The bride was Alice Campbell, a daughter of the late James Campbell, who was kidnaped in such a sensational way and held for ransom in this city some years ago. She is also the sister of the Princess Kawanakoa. The couple are accompanied on their travels by Mrs. Freeth, a very old friend of the Campbells and recognized as being one of the most astute and discreet women among the Hawaiian people.

Invitations are out for the wedding of Leona Herzog, daughter of the M. Herzogs of San Rafael, and Mr. A. Levy of this city. Miss Herzog has planned a charming "As You Like It" wedding, the ceremony to be solemnized beneath a rose trellis in the beautiful garden of her home. The wedding breakfast will be served on the lawn. Two hundred and fifty guests have been invited to be present on the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Manuel Masten and their little daughter Eugenie, with Mrs. W. F. Perkins and her daughter Ruth, are enjoying a three weeks' visit at the Potter and Lankershim hotel, Los Angeles.

General Wood to the Front Again

Army circles are on the qui vive over the latest developments in the case of Major-General Leonard Wood. When General Wood passed through San Francisco on his way from the Philippines, recently, he told a few intimate friends that he "hoped to return to his command in September." Soon after he arrived in Washington reports concerning serious conditions of his health began to circulate. Two days after a surgical operation, the General announced his intention of returning to his station. While all this was going on, a vacancy on the General Staff was made by the assignment of Brigadier-General Trasker H. Bliss to other duties. Lieutenent-General Chaffee named Brigadier-General W. H. Carter as his candidate. Carter is the officer who drew up the bill creating the General Staff and revolutionizing officialdom in the army. Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry was the choice of the remainder of the Staff, who opposed Bliss as "the legs of Root." Generals Grant, Bell, Mills, Bates and Colonel S. M. Mills composed the Board of Directors which overruled the Lieutenant-General of the Army and selected Barry. Carter was transferred to Chicago in command of the Department of the Great Lakes, as a compromise. The President has the final appointment of assignments of Generals, and the order appointing Barry was suspended.

Read the Answer in the Stars

In "the highest circles" the appointment of General Wood is prophesied on account of his intimacy with the President. His rapid climb, under Roosevelt's influence, from a surgeon in the army with a captain's rank, to command of the Rough Riders and then into a brigadier-generalship, is quoted as merely easy training for the snug berth on the General Staff. Certainly no one will deny that it is infinitely preferable to campaigning against the hostile Moros. Do you wonder that army officers are eagerly watching the picket lines for news?

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Preparing a Great Entertainment

The coming of the Daughters of the Confederacy will cast a rose tint across the drab of between-seasons. The convention meets the first week in October and the prominent local Southern women are evolving all sorts of delightful times for their guests. There will be a ball on October sixth with a list of patronesses that numbers Mrs. Voorhies, Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Fred Kohl and a dozen more names to conjure with. If there is any rift within the Southern lute every one is determined that the visitors shall not discover it. There are now three chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy in San Francisco but it was Mrs. Voorhies, president of the charter chapter, the Albert Sidney Johnston, who secured the 1905 convention for San Francisco. This chapter will have the official honor of entertaining the guests. It will likewise be allowed to assume the entire expense of the convention, the rival chapters considering that the honor and expense ought to go hand in hand. So many of the delegates to the convention have expressed a desire to see as much of California as possible that it has been decided to eliminate drawing-room crushes from the program and hyphenate the week with jaunts to Tamalpais and nearby resorts. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, Mrs. Charles Butters, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Garber, Mrs. Foster and other members of the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter are arranging to entertain week-end houseparties at their beautiful country homes.

The Tiger Not on the Lake

It transpires that all the highly colored stories recently sent to the local dailies regarding the new Monte Carlo at Lake Tahoe originated in the minds of some jovial Renoites, who, failing to find any wide open games on the lake, wandered off into Dreamland. On their return they loaded up a pop-eyed newspaperman with tales of their wild splurge at the millionaire's table at Tallac. Nat Goodwin and other well known sport inclined characters were named among the players. As a matter of fact, Goodwin was at Monterey at the time and the others were sojourning as far distant from the lake shore. The tiger abandoned Tahoe when the water drove the Nevada millionaires out of the lower levels of the Comstock.

Not Anxious to Entertain the Queen

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is not so keen on entertaining the Dowager Queen, Margherita, of Italy, as most newspaper scribes suppose. The dowager leader of San Francisco society has about decided that in throwing bouquets at visiting celebrities one is very apt to be stuck by thorns. Although all, save the few chronic kickers, who were present at the reception to Alice Roosevelt regarded the affair a success as such things go, Mrs. Martin herself was far from pleased. Very few of the guests managed to get served at the buffet table which was spread in one of the small rooms, and Mrs. Martin deeply regretted the fact that she did not have tables placed around the house in the usual hospitable Californian fashion, so that groups of congenials might wine and dine together. Then the climate, which always kicks up a fuss when it hears distinguished visitors are here, was at its naughtiest that night and Mrs. Martin says that as hostess one feels responsible for the weather. And what if it should perform queer antics when Queen Margherita arrives. Staunch supporters of the Martin supremacy claim that were the reception ever so slow or stiff the mere fact that Mrs. Martin captured the sole honor of thus entertaining the daughter of the President was an ostrich plume in her cap which made the feathers in the chapeau of every other society leader look like wet turkey wings.

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Against the Baltimore Blast

Now that Mrs. Eleanor Martin has publicly announced that she does not think divorcees should be eliminated from society by the refrigerator process, at least one wing of the divorced contingent will not have to beat in vain against the smart set bars. The Baltimore women who believe that frequent doses of cold shoulder, well taken before shaken, will cure the divorce habit, have not the ardent support of the leader of San Francisco society. Mrs. Martin does not object to divorce but she does hold that a divorced woman should not marry again while the first partner of her woes is "over the gross." Having taken this stand in the recent argument, people are wondering whether Mrs. Martin is going to be consistent and carefully prune from her list those divorcees who have re-married.

Difference Here and in Newport

After all, the San Francisco smart set has furnished very few divorces with the Newport-Vanderbilt-Belmont tang. In our matrimonial "grand right and left" the floor manager does not call out "ladies change partners" with the same brazen rapidity that characterizes the Atlantic shore. In most cases on this coast where divorcees have remarried, the second choice of life partner in nowise precipitated the first fiasco. Mrs. Martin and the other society leaders have heretofore received these women and it will be interesting to see whether this sou'easter from Baltimore will snuff out their candles.

Have Enviable Social Positions Here

Mrs. Jarboe, Mrs. Belvin, Mrs. Thurlow McMullin, Mrs. William Berry and a dozen other women of enviable social position have been divorced from their husbands. None of the leaders of San Francisco society would consent to blue-pencil such names as these. There are several women, divorcees, who have remarried who may feel the chill edge of the Baltimore blizzard if they ever go there. Some of the women who, like Mrs. Maud, formerly Mrs. La Montagne, and Mrs. Will Denman, formerly Mrs. De Ruyter, have reached domestic bliss via a divorce, will not be affected by the wave of protest against divorce, for their charm, position and family connections preclude such possibility.

Another "Literary Partnership"

It is officially announced that Jack London is writing a play in colloboration with Mrs. Hamilton Marsden. It has not yet been decided by whom the play will be constructed after it has been written. This is not only a distinction; it is a difference, for plays are not written—they are "built up," like a house, or a tailor-made suit. It will make no difference, however, whether this London-Marsden play is written to fit the stage, or not—it is only necessary that enough of Jack London shall enter into its composition to justify his name on the playbill; theatrical managers are very punctilious in this regard. Neither was it absolutely necessary that London should have collaborated with Mrs. Marsden. The "comedy" that Mrs. Marsden is advertised to "supply," Mrs. Marsden being a writer of comedies that have been "accepted," could have been "thrown in" by the ultimate "constructor"; and the "love theme" could have been whacked up by any competent stage manager. My prediction that this play, if produced, will be a success, need not be verified; but whatever may be its fate, I am sure that Mrs. Marsden will not share much of the glory. The Strunsky of yesteryear is already forgotten, and the Marsden of today must also pass away. Fierce is the light that beats on those who bask too close to genius, and these poor moths are not destined to the good fortune that came to Lloyd Osbourne in the timely death of Robert Louis Stevenson. London lives and the

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collaborator perishes. Stevenson died and Osbourne, surviving to mock the theory that there is an overruling and intelligent providence, shines on us by light reflected through the crevices of a tomb—like the passionless face of a Parsee pilgrim offering his prayers in the ember-glow of a funeral pyre.

Laughing At His Error

They are still laughing in the Navy over the bad break made by Major Paxton, commanding at Alcatraz Island, when, in his ignorance of international ceremonies, he endeavored to make an international incident of the fact that the Italian cruiser *Umbria,* upon entering this port for the second time within a few months, passed Alcatraz without saluting. Her officers were perfectly correct. Of course, every youthful midshipman in the Navy knows that it is the recognized rule that a warship does not salute the same port more than once in twelve months, but the Army, oddly enough, seems not to instruct its officers in such points. Especially now, when our army is more than ever in contact with foreigners, it would seem highly desirable to give army officers such instruction, thus preventing them from making themselves ridiculous before the officers of other nations.

His Loss Keenly Felt

Nowhere was the untimely death of Archbishop Chapelle, of New Orleans, more keenly mourned than in Washington, D. C., where, as Father Chapelle, pastor of St. Matthew's church, he first exhibited those qualities which commanded the recognition of the Vatican later and advanced him to the front rank of churchmen. St. Matthew's is one of the oldest Roman Catholic congregations in this country, and the stately old edifice, at Fifteenth and H streets, was long ago recognized as one of the most artistic churches in the capital city, sharing with St. John's Episcopal Church the distinction of being the most fashionable. It included in its congregation not only a majority of the Diplomatic Corps, but representatives of some of the old, ante-*Mayflower* Maryland Catholic families, such as the Frenchs, the Sands, the Carrolls, the Stoughtons, and others, and also those exiles from France represented by the Bonapartes and the Royalist de Chambruns. Upon the death of Father White about thirty years ago, Father Chapelle was sent to succeed him. Father Chapelle was comparatively unknown, and at that time spoke English with some difficulty, but he applied himself to the task of maintaining and developing the old church, until St. Matthew's has become what it is today. Of recent years Monsignor Chapelle has rapidly advanced, step by step, and it was a brilliant ecclesiastic career which was ended by yellow fever the other day in his new field of activity.

Oaklander Owns a famous Island

How many who read "The Deemster," or saw "Benmy-Chree," have any idea where the island lies to which Dan Mylrae was banished? Probably they might take a deeper interest in the Calf of Man if they knew that an Oakland man is the sole owner of the island. W. L. D. Cory is the fortunate Oaklander who inherited the island, which was granted to one of his remote ancestors for crown service. His father, the last owner, succeeded in abolishing taxation, by showing the original grant which exempted the Calf, and Parliament sustained the contention. The present owner, who has just returned from a trip to his possession, is a naturalized citizen of Oakland. He says he visits the Calf on business but has not the slightest desire to live on his little possession. The island measures five miles in circumference and contains nine hundred acres in a high state of cultivation. There are at present forty inhabitants, all tenants of the owner. One of these tenants is an American millionaire.

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over **seventy** years ago, **Lea & Perrins** first put on the market a table sauce known as

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Gems of the Bohemian Jinks

President Harriman of the S. P. expected to spend his last week's end at Del Monte, but President Foster of the C. N. W. whisked him off in his private car to Bohemian Grove, and I have not heard that Harriman regretted his change of plan. He was not the only celebrity present. Caruso and other Conried song-birds were there, though not in propria personae. Mr. Steinhardt brought them in his graphophone, which was kept busy during its owner's entire stay in the camp. Mr. Steinhardt also had his launch there, and he and Mr. Brastow spent a deal of time on the river. There was an unusually large attendance at the jinks, and also in the camp, before the great night. The little child of the forest, the son of the custodian of the camp, and who is now three years old, was received into Bohemia and made much of by the older members. Some of those present tell me Newton Tharp's "The Quest of the Gorgon" was the finest thing ever presented at a midsummer high jinks. There have been twenty-eight of them, and these include Fred Somers's Buddha jinks, Joe Redding's Druid jinks and Louis Robertson's Axtec jinks, so the Gorgon must be rather good to deserve such encomium. Others thought the book too slow, that it lacked life and go; however, there are always knockers at every jinks. Theodor Vogt wrote the music. The principal characters were taken by Dr. "Jack" Shiels, as Perseus; "Dick" Hotaling, Sibyl; L. A. Larsen, Dionysos; W. B. Hopkins, Silenos; W. H. Smith Jr., Pan; Amedee Joullin, Aides; Courtenay Ford, Hermes; Edgar Peixotto, Athene; Frank Deering, Gaea; Tom Rickard, Mortal.

"The Gorgon's Quest"

The drama is based upon the mythological conception of Gaea (the Earth) and Phoebus-Apollo (Light) being the agencies through which all the visible manifestations of nature are carried on. Dionysos stands for the good god of nature, and the Gorgon for Care. Perseus looms up as the slayer of Care, otherwise the Gorgon. At the conclusion of the drama the Cremation of Care, which is the object of the annual midsummer jinks of the club, took place. This year the High Priest rode in a chariot, and was accompanied by a host of sileni, satyrs, mortals, sylvans, maenads, musae and lesser priests to the pyre whereon the Gorgon was cremated. There are not so many quotable bits from Tharp's musical drama as in some of the works presented at previous jinks, but the language throughout is of a high order, and the story follows closely the ancient myths. Vogt's music for the solos and choruses is well within the spirit of the drama's scheme. There is one chorus, a Dionysian revel, that will probably be sung in Bohemia long after this jinks itself is forgotten. It goes:

Euhoe! Euhoe! O Bacchus!
Euhoe! O great god Dionysus!
Euhoe! Euhoe!
We come from mountain, field and plain,
We come enwreathed in merry train,
To sing thy praises o'er again—
Joy fill the woodland way!
Silenos old leads on the throng,
With ruling dance and joyous song,
King Echo rolls our mirth along—
Quick come the gladsome day!

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Enter Billy Hopkins

There are two stanzas of this and then Silenus—plump Billy Hopkins, sitting astride an ass—comes in with:

O revelers! O revelers!
Now, on this spot divine
We lead the way,
At break of day,
To Bacchus, God of Wine.

O revelers! O revelers!
As leaves our brows entwine,
With lusty shout
And revel rout
We hail him God of Wine.
Euhoe! Euhoe!
O Bacchus, God of Wine!
Euhoe! Euhoe!

Dance of Satyrs and Sileni

There is another fine chorus, with a dance of sylvans, satyrs, maenads and sileni, which was one of the most effective things in the drama. Nobody had any idea that architect Tharp had so much poetry in him as he gave to this product of his muse. There is one thing about the Bohemian Club talent, it always gives its best to these affairs for the club alone, into which no mercenary considerations enter. There is a good bit of humor in the "Gorgon," too, for when Perseus makes his entrance he rebukes the woodland folk for their "unseemly revels." At that phase of his existence, he probably represents the philistine who sees nothing in bohemian pleasures but rude and wanton clamor.

Spoke and Subsided and Then—

Scores of good stories were narrated around the outskirts of the jinks fires at the Bohemian Grove. Here is one credited to Dave Warfield. It was told in inimitable character, which seemed to adorn the point. Otto Von Schneider is elected to membership in No. 23 of the Amalgamated Drunks. Having appeared for initiation and being found in the proper condition, he is called upon for a speech. Very solemnly he arises slowly and says "Gentlemen, tanks."

Was a Beauty of Pioneer Days

Mrs. Anna Hassey—not Massy, as the *Examiner* had it—who, at the age of ninety-five, is passing away, at the Children's hospital, was noted somewhat over forty years ago for the possession of the most beautiful neck and

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pillowed one after the other, to find ever-ready and wholesome consolation and sympathy. She is a woman of masterful energy, resources and geniality, careless of the "frippery" details of her own household but with an eye to matchmaking in her neighborhood. She makes two matches and on them and her own matrimonial experience is pegged the humor, wit and pathos of the play. Madge Carr Cook is too experienced a character actress to miss a point in delineating the philosophy of the amiable Mrs. Wiggs. Like her own daughter in the role of "Merely Mary Ann," she completely fits the part and plays it with an ease and naturalness that transforms it into the light of a creation. Of the ridiculous characters Helen Lowell leads as Miss Hazy, whose marriage, marital experience and singular widowhood form the chief comedy end of the story. The management might truthfully announce that nothing like Miss Hazy as a bride or as a wife has ever been seen on the stage. Her appearance, her attitudes, her emotions and her absurd voice provoke laughter, willy nilly. Close at her heels is the convivial Mr. Stubbins, who borrowed the Wiggs marriage suit in order to plunge into the sea of matrimony with the coy Miss Hazy. Charles Carter fairly exudes the Cabbage Patch color engendered in the woozy and crafty Mr. Stubbins. Helen Raymond and Anna Field as Mrs. Eichorn, a cross patch, and Mrs. Schultz, a neighborhood censor, need simply walk on and off the stage to play their parts. Words are an unnecessary adjunct. Certainly the freak museum from which they were stolen lost its best treasures. The one is six feet of most remarkable angularity, the other so broad that she is obliged to get off the cars backward and frequently the impatient and forgetful conductor drags her back into the car when she is trying to get off. Lovey Mary in the hands of Bessie Barriscale, is played with a touch of pathos and delicacy that offers the proper relief between Mrs. Wiggs and her eccentric neighbors. The Garden Patch folks are certainly a unique and entertaining group in their way and it will be a long while before local theatre goers see their like again.

At the Orpheum

Colonel Bordeverry and his magic rifle are still the big attraction at the Orpheum, and the pretty conceit, "The Queen's Fan," makes a close stellar second. These are both hold-overs but they hold their own against the new attractions. Edmund Day's sketch, "The Sheriff," is also just as interesting as before. The banjoing Howards are clever and so are Jacob's dogs.

Next Week's Bills

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will run another week at the Columbia, when comes May Irwin. The popular May has not been here for several years, not I believe since she appeared in "The Junior Partner," with Henry Miller, Hugo Toland and Emily Bancker. "Mrs. Black is Back" is said to be a really clever comedy from the pen of George Hobart. The star has secured a number of splendid song hits of the "coon" variety for her production and they are said to be among the best she has ever rendered.

Denis O'Sullivan will have a crowded house to greet him at the Grand, for no one is more sincerely popular here than he. He will have as his leading lady in "Arrah-na-Pogue" another San Francisean, Alice Lonnon, and Lillian Albertson, with John Ravold, Beamish McCoul, Charles Wyngate, P. F. Barrett and others. During the first week Mr. O'Sullivan will sing "The Low Backed Car," "Kitty of the Cows," "The Leprechaum," "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Phil the Fluter," "The Wearing of the Green," "The Emigrant," "The Cavan Recruit" and "Savourneen Dheelish" (in Gaelic). An attractive feature will be the appearance of the Gaelic Dancers, Joseph P. Kelleher, John O'Connell and Hazel and Bessie Allen, in jigs, reels and other Irish dances. August twenty-seventh Mr. O'Sullivan will appear as Myles Na Coppaleen in "The Colleen Bawn."

At the Alcazar will be a strong attraction in the first production of the one-act play "The Great Interrogation" by Jack London and Lee Bascom, in which Whittlesey will have the role of the Yukon prospector who weds a half-breed girl. Juliet Crosby will have the part of the Indian girl. "David Garrick" will fill out the program. Next comes "The Importance of Being Ernest."

"Rob Roy" still continues to do a large business at the Tivoli. Over sixty thousand people have seen this production. Next week will positively be its last. August twenty-ninth the Francis Wilson version of "Erminie," which ran for eleven hundred nights as the Casino, New York, will be presented. It will be staged by Max Freeman, who produced it for Mr. Wilson.

"On the Wabash," by Joseph Arthur, will be at the Central. Among the realistic scenes in this play, which was originally produced by Charles Frohman in New York, is a tin wedding celebration, also some amusing farming scenes.

At the Orpheum the newcomers will be O'Brien and Havel, who reappear, after a long absence, in "Ticks and Clicks," by Will M. Cressy. Emil Hoch, Jane Elton and company will be seen in their French farce, "Mlle. Ricci." The Millman trio, aerial gymnasts, will be new. Violet Dale, late of "A Chinese Honeymoon," will give her impersonations of Mrs. Carter, Fay Templeton, Viola Allen and others.

At the Chutes the new people will be Herbert B. Chelsey and company, in "The Third Generation;" Baker and Carlisle, ragtime pianists, composers and vocalists; the Musical Reeds; Thomas and Fuller, singing and talking comedians, and Jack Harrington, black face monologist.

Hobart Cavanaugh, assistant treasurer of the Central, has been compelled to resign his position, owing to ill health, and will spend about a year on a ranch in the northern part of the state.

Blanche Bates and her friend, Ada Lewis, have gone East.

The Royal Hawaiian Band concerts, under Belasco, Mayer and Price's direction, finish at the Alhambra Saturday afternoon and evening, and the band then goes to the Portland Exposition.

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The Stage

Romance at the Alcazar

"Is this that rollicking blade gay Prince Hal?"
—*Old Play.*

Prince Otto, as characterized by Robert Louis Stevenson and dramatized by Otis Skinner, affords White Whittlesey a charming opportunity to shine in the glorious limelight of the romantic. With his easy poise and grasp of stage technique he carries the part of the happy-go-lucky Prince of Kronefeld in a way to win the hero-worshiping Alcazar audiences. That very Prince of romantic actors, young Salvini, could not have captained his way into the hearts of the delighted audience more confidently and more superbly. He cleverly caught the keynote of the play in the first act when, for a moment, he portrayed the thoughtless Prince aroused to "the duty and destiny of his position." Thereafter he had the audience in full sympathy with his efforts to recover his disputed throne and the love of his misguided wife. It is art, finished art, when a player catches and holds his audience keyed up like that, and wins the full confession from them in unstinted applause. They acknowledged the art with curtain calls on the first act, when the theme of the play was so adroitly presented; and in like calls in the third act, when his rollicking mood was laid aside and he began in earnest his attacks on his treacherous counselors. Consummate art can do no more than satisfy sympathies and desires. The role of Prince Otto must be in masterly hands to insure the success of this play, for it is the great focal point of the five acts. The flaring limelight is never removed from it. The other parts are in the dark more or less according as they approch contact with the Prince. Miss Eugenie Lawton, as the misguided Princess in the toils of the plotting Prime Minister, played with dignity and address. It is a thankless role in which to win sympathy for the playwright handles the action in such fashion as to make use of her apparently cold and unfeeling acts of love and state to bring out in stronger contrast the pure romantic love and quickening sense of princely duty in the heart of her light-hearted husband. Thick around the limelight of the Prince flutter the varicolored moths of his court, gay ladies-in-waiting, conspirators, counselors, soldiers and peasants. Prominent for the coloring they throw into the action are John B. Maher as Dr. Gottfried Von Waldenhoff, cousin of Otto, a manly, alert, suave, old-time courtier with a keen sense of duty and honor; Howard Scott as Baron Von Goldemark, the scheming Prime Minister, a stiff, unbending General who sees the triumph of his plots at hand and will not crook a finger or yield one jot in the counter attacks to oust him; Countess Von Rosen, a paradox of the court, played with charm and discernment by Adele Belgarde. The contrast between Prince Otto's surroundings among his scandal monger courtiers and among the peasants in the rude hut of farmer Leopold was graphically handled in a scenic way. The comedy parts in the latter scene, essayed by Miss Effie Bond, Henry Byers and Ernest Glendenning, were laid on in broad, vivid colors and did much to broaden the fertile field of Prince Otto's romantic action. The play is certain to be one of the great successes of the present engagement.

Photo by Bangs

DENIS O'SULLIVAN
as Shaun the Post in "Arrah na Pogue," at the Grand Opera House Week beginning tomorrow (Sunday) Matinee.

News from New York

A correspondent in New York writes me that Paul McAllister, who supported Cissy Loftus last season, is to appear as Manuel in "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" at one of Proctor's theatres. James E. Wilson is also of the company. "Way Down East," out of which the Grismers have made a fortune, I've heard, is to go on again at the Academy of Music. George M. Cohan is at the New York, in "Little Johnny Jones," with his wife, Ethel Levey, and other stars in his support. Carmencita, the Spanish danseuse who introduced her style of dancing to us a good many years ago, has come over again, from Europe. She has all the suppleness and abandon that distinguished her when she was more youthful in appearance. Charles Frohman has returned from Europe. He will open the Empire with John Drew in a new Augustus Thomas play, and with Margaret Dale as his leading lady. Maude Adams comes later in "Peter Pan," which will be produced under the supervision of the author, Barrie. Ethel Barrymore will appear in the other Barrie play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Sothern and Marlowe will not appear

WHITE WHITTLESEY as David Garrick at the Alcazar

in "The Taming of the Shrew," "Twelfth Night" and "The Merchant of Venice" until November. Virginia Harned will have a new play by Henry Arthur Jones. Crane will appear at Daly's in a new play by George H. Broadhurst, and Goodwin will have "Beauty and the Barge." Francis Wilson will have a new comedy and Fay Davis another called "All-of-a-Sudden-Peggy." Maxine Elliott's new play, "My Girl Joe," dealing with a morganatic marriage, will be by Clyde Fitch, and Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett will star together in "The Walls of Jericho." Olga Nethersole will come over under Dillingham's management, appearing in "The Labyrinth" and her repertory. Fritzi Scheff will also be under Dillingham's management, in "Mlle. Modiste" by Blossom and Herbert. Lulu Glaser will have "Miss Dolly" by Harry B. Smith. Mrs. Fiske's first new production will be "What Will People Say?" by Rupert Hughes. She has added Fred de Belleville to her excellent company. Henrietta Crosman will have a play, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," by Eugene Presprey, and will also revive "As You Like It." It took the enterprising Brady to capture the American dramatic rights of "The Marriage of William Ashe." Mrs. Humphry Ward's best seller. Grace George will essay the role of the bewitching Kitty Ashe. Aubrey Boucicault, E. J. Morgan, W. H. Thompson and J. E. Dodson will appear under Tyler's management in Caine's latest, "The Prodigal Son." Tyler will also manage the Duse tour. Ellis Jeffreys will have a new play by Alfred Sutro, and Eleanor Robson will appear in a play by Shaw and one by Fitch. The Shuberts' biggest star will be Sarah Bernhardt, but they will also have Ada Rehan, Lillian Russell, De Wolf Hopper, Eddie Foy, and other stage winners. Henry Miller will open the Princess, which he has leased with Lee Shubert, with Margaret Anglin in several new plays.

Californians Who Write Plays

White Whittlesey wants a play! Here's a chance for the many local playwrights who have shown me their masterpieces with view to getting my advice with regard to their disposal. I heard of a play the other day that had been offered to John Craig, who considered it very promising. He is thinking of spending one thousand dollars of his money on it. The drama is based on an incident occur-

VIOLET DALE
The clever mimic, as Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Mme. Du Barry," at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

ring during the reign of one of the four Georges of England—I don't remember which one. Edwin Emery has a play with scenes laid in the Napoleonic period, and which might suit Whittlesey. Charlotte Thompson has written various actable comedy dramas. Jacob Samuels, son of the lace merchant, has, I hear, made such a success as a playwright that he has dropped all his other work and has buckled down exclusively to playwriting. Mrs. Lotta Day Colman has a comedy drama that has a strong part for a male star. Margaret Cameron Lewis confines her muse to the concoction of playlets and short comedies, but she might be able to suit Whittlesey with a play of more pretentious order. Charles Ulrich and Theodore Kremer may have something else in their escritoires beside pyrotechnic melodramas. Clay Greene, since he wrote the Passion Play, seems to have retired from the limelight. Chester Bailey Fernald sells his plays in London. Dick Tully, though devoting most of his time now to magazine work, might evolve a play for Whittlesey. There are some other budding local playwrights who have lately loomed up with wares for sale and who might find something among their offerings to fit the Alcazar's present star. "Montezuma," Louis Robertson's fine and stately drama in verse, was probably not suit Whittlesey's personality. Last year I read a play manuscript, the work of a San Francisco school-teacher, which contains a remarkably strong role for a male star. The play is rather melancholy and lacks the comedy element, but that could easily be injected by an experienced play-editor. With so much local talent the theatres should not be driven East to Clyde Fitch and his confreres in search of the machine-made article.

With Mrs. Wiggs in Her Cabbage Patch

Being one of the "six best sellers" the cheerful "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is entitled by right of public approval to step from between covers into the limelight of the stage. With her naturally come her back door, eccentric neighbors with their extraordinary cares, troubles and opinions, together with a job lot of assorted kids. Even the horse is there. The rëason why no dog is introduced is obvious when the players cavort across the stage. Such an assemblage of bones of all sizes, shapes and unsightly feminine lines was never before seen outside the greatest boneyard on earth. The Columbia theatre could knock all the sideshows in town out of business by simply putting a sign, "MUSEUM," over the front door. A mask of tragedy couldn't help laughing at them, especially when the piping wails and rasps that accompany each bunch of bones cut the air. "The Wizard of Oz" produced a number of freak characters but they were of the dreamland sort compared with these homely nondescripts that have been hacked with the scissors from Mrs. Wiggs' Cabbage Patch. What plot could such a motley bunch of eccentrics hope to carry? Nothing but a story as grotesque as themselves, and it is given in the shape of a matrimonial venture in which the reckless Mr. Stubbins promises to pay one big cartwheel dollar to a matrimonial agency and he captures that gem bunch of bones, Miss Hazy. The serio-woof of the play deals with the return of the errant Wiggs and gives Mrs. Wiggs the opportunity to show the boundlessness of her loving heart. Over it all hangs the atmosphere of the Cabbage Patch as redolent as the Bowery hangs over Harrigan's plays. Punctuating it all is the homely philosophy and the dry wit of the eccentrics that give life to the Patch. Leading them all is the sprightly and cheerful Mrs. Wiggs with her consolation to the complainer: "Huh, you haven't got a bare lip have you? Well, that's something for you to be thankful for." On her broad bosom the heads of all the way wearied and troubled eccentrics are

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bust in local society. She wore extremely decollete gowns, which were cut to reveal a very fascinating little mole near the armpit. Mrs. Hassey was the toast of the bachelors, and it was not considered so very much out of the way that Frank Hassey, the stockbroker, wooed and wedded her, though she was a score of years older than he. Hassey had a little son which his wife brought up as her own, being as devoted to the boy as if she had been his mother. After the broker's death his widow fell into poverty, and tried the usual way to make a living—keeping a boarding-house. Just a few years ago, I heard that she was acting as agent for toilette preparations. I saw her once, a thin, wrinkled woman in shabby black, possessing only a flitting shadow of the beauty that made her famous in the fifties and early sixties.

Last week there took place at the Poodle Dog Restaurant, a very enjoyable gathering in the form of a banquet given by the leading shareholders in Costa Rica to the Directors here of the Costa Rica Development Company. The participants had a very enjoyable time as the invited guests numbered among them some of San Francisco's oratorical talent and lights of the legal profession. Among those present were the following: Col. Charles L. Pierce, Judge T. J. Crowley, General Herman Schaffner, Dr. John Rasmussen, Prof. Wm. Irelan, Jr., W. A. Richardson, Wal. J. Tuska, Porter L. Bliss, Baron W. E. von Johannsen, F. D. Brandon, A. H. Manning, Chas. H. Hogg, C. S. Hoffman and Dr. L. R. Gambitz.

The Financial Field

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week under review has broadened considerably and at times became intensely exciting. Trading in Bonds aggregate $601,000, and 11,081 Shares, divided as follows: 4,453 Lighting, 384 Water, 1,020 Miscellaneous, 20 Banks and 5,204 Sugars. Trading in Gas and Electric, both San Francisco and California, occupied most of the attention, the rapid advances consequent upon the persistent buying carrying quotations up to a high new record. San Francisco Gas and Electric advanced from 68 to 72; California Gas and Electric from 60 to 70, the bonds of the latter company coming in for an advance from 95 to 99. No official news could be obtained. In the miscellaneous group Alaska Packers showed quite a little activity. Pressure to sell brought the quotation down from 89 1-4 to 82. Sugar stocks displayed more activity than for some time past. It looks as if the public were about ready to take hold of them in earnest. I understand some of them are about to be listed in New York. Advances along the line are as follows: Hawaiian Commercial from 85 1-4 to 87; Honokaa from 16 to 17; Hutchinson from 14 5-8 to 15; Makaweli from 35 1-2 to 37; Onomea from 36 1-4 to 37; Paauhau from 22 3-4 to 23 1-2.

Telegram from the Double Eagle Mining Company: The vein struck in the main shaft is better, stronger and richer than ever, as they have a six-foot ledge. The managers and stockholders are jubilant over the outlook of this property. The ore carries 95 per cent. gold and 5 per cent. silver. The assays run from fifty-five dollars to five hundred dollars. Shipments are expected from the property shortly and right along. The only ore extracted thus far has been that encountered in sinking. When the hundred and fifty foot ledge is struck drifting will be north and south and large quantities of ore will be extracted for shipment.

Business on Pine street as far as Comstocks are concerned continues dull and it seems the more ore they find in Ophir the lower the stock goes. The news from the mine continues very favorable. Six carloads of ore were shipped this week and a shipment of concentrates is about ready to be shipped, all of which will swell the treasury. It seems that with all the work that is going now on the Comstock the market must improve. There was a lively market on Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog stocks. Eastern people were large buyers this week. The output from the mines is expected to be very large from now on as the railroad has finished changing from a narrow gauge to a broad gauge. Tonopah and Goldfield will surprise the mining world and will put a great many dollars into the pockets of the San Francisco merchants.

—*The Financier.*

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as Tommy in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," at the Columbia.

Jack London's Play

With "The Great Interrogation" going on at the Alcazar, and "The Sea Wolf" announced at the Majestic, Jack London will be locally well represented on the stage. Though "The Scorn of Women" is said to be in process of dramatization for Ethel Barrymore, nothing is as yet said in the press agent's notices of her coming season about the date of its presentation. It is a very strong story, the heroine being Freda, a Greek dance girl. Floyd Vanderlip, a Yukon pioneer, had served his full apprenticeship to hardships before he overtook fortune and could not approximate his wealth within six figures. When the good time came, he immediately bethought himself of "Flossie," his girl sweetheart, and sent her generous means to come to him. As a poor prospector he had few attractions, but a millionaire is a different proposition. All Dawson knew of the coming of Flossie, but meanwhile there were Loraine Liznayi, Freda Maloof and Mrs. Eppingwell to reckon with. Loraine had been an artist's model in her day, and with her accumulated years and her depleted finances she had come into the North in search of a soft billet, a marriage with a bonanza king, to restore her to "respectability." Freda was one of "the unclassed," Mrs. Eppingwell the wife of the captain at the barracks and the leader of the best society, and Floyd Vanderlip just the average man. There are some fine dramatic situations, and Freda would be a part quite in Miss Barrymore's line.

From Kremer to Caine

The Central management delights in contrasts. Last week the tawdry sensationalism of Theodore Kremer: this week, the sombre melodrama of Caine. "Land of the Midnight Sun" is billed "by Edwin Barbour" but it is a dramatic arrangement of Caine's "The Bondman." I never read the novel, so cannot tell how closely the play follows the book, but I think Mr. Barbour would have done better to have cut out one-third of his dialogue. Two-thirds of "Land of the Midnight Sun" would be a good enough play to produce at a higher-priced theatre; there was no need of giving so much for the money. The drama concerns two brothers, both of whom are in love with the same woman—a favorite *motif* with Caine. Mada, "the idol of two noble hearts," as the program sub-titles her, does not mean to deceive; "it just happens that way." Poor girl, she can't help being attractive, and propinquity plays the usual pranks with her heart and those of the brothers, Jason and Orlin. After various adventures, the brothers find themselves prisoners in the sulphur mines at Krusavik, Iceland. Orlin, after a lazy life on a North Carolina plantation, succumbs to the hardship of having to lug heavy bags on a wheel-barrow. Jason, used to a life on the rolling deep, and with his muscles developed by outdoor work in the hardy climate of Iceland, easily carries two bags on his shoulders, scorning the barrow. There's a cruel governor who could have given a slave driver in the cotton fields cards and spades, but Jason triumphs over every oppression and his "ha ha" is fiendishly ironic as he fires the sulphur mines and escapes with his brother during the explosion. In the last act affairs are pleasantly climaxed by the union, through Jason's generosity, of Orlin and Mada, and the American flag protects the brothers from Denmark's vengeance. It seems unusual to see Mayall standing aside to let another chap get the girl, but he is perhaps more heroic in his attitude of renunciation. Webster, in the blond wig of "Sunlocks," is also in a new kind of role, for he has so long been seen here in "character." Miss Elsmere has become used to the garmenture of the leading lady, and is really a charming Mada. All she needs now is more repose of manner to make her the best leading lady the Central has had in a long time. Agnes Ranken as Kitty and True Boardman as Danny are the bright comedy spots in the darkness of this cainodrama. Since Matt B. Snyder assumed the stage management, I have noticed a great improvement in the settings of the house scenes. The scenery was always A 1, but there were anachronisms in the furnishings that have disappeared of late.

—The Playgoer.

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Somebodies and Nobodies

(Continued from Page 7)

ance to be an all-body, a no-soul. But this is writing as if I belonged to the fashionable world. My pen is forgetting its place.

How tremendous a force, how much more effective than that of religion, for instance, the desire to be a social somebody is, few realize. It is active even in the weather-beaten breasts of old retired sea-dogs, men plain of speech, instinctively wary of the drawing-room. The idea of what those yet to be born will think of us dead is brimful of destiny. Were this force directed to noble ends, a somebody being invariably one of great intrinsic worth, an achiever of high things, it would work a revolution the happiest imaginable. Who would be at pains to become a pseudo-somebody, were there no honor in it? The fact that the vast majority would have to put up with being somebodies in a small way would in no wise lessen the force. Women now die by the tens of thousands without ever having attained the "four hundred," who have bent incredible energy in that direction—ay, and, for that matter, men, too. He is a fool who holds that Folly is feminine only. The number of men who would fain be of the fashionable few, if not in their own persons, at least in the persons of their "women folk," would not go once into four hundred times four hundred. How many ciphers would it be necessary to add? Wisdom herself could not say; would be ashamed to, if she could. The truth would hardly be to her credit. As a matter of fact, most of us are, consciously or unconsciously, "climbers," and our antics suggest to the "man in the tree" the old arboreal instinct at work in strange ways.

"How do I look?" That is a question we all ask daily. With many, 'tis the supreme question. Our neighbors' eyes are mirrors wherein we glance continually, to catch this flattering reflection or that. False mirrors! How different your report the moment our backs are turned!

"How do I look?" To all-seeing eyes, ridiculous in the extreme, no doubt.

But, though, taking in thought God's point of view, we smile at ourselves, let us not forget that it was our astonishing vanity, our superb egotism, which has brought us to our present height in that curious climb for social supremacy among the animals which Drummond calls "The Ascent of Man." Man's overweening desire to be somebody has written the greater part of history Not yet—never-perhaps—can he dispense with that "superb egotism" of his. Now he may plume himself upon this; now, upon that; but not until his hand be heavy in death shall it cease to put a possible feather in his cap. The heart that is not hungry for honor is the one that has lost forever its trick of beating.

A quaint old book wherein I have read much tells us that the somebodies of earth are like to be the nobodies of heaven, and *vice versa*. A sweet somebody whom its pages love to honor, how few flatter him by imitation! Man's somebody God's nobody!—'tis passing strange, is it not, my friend?

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado include Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Frank, F. M. Ames, H. M. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wight, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Underhill, all of San Francisco.

Recent arrivals at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from San Francisco, included Mr. and Mrs. Sherman, M. W. Clark, L. Caen, E. M. Lynch, George I. Taylor, Louis A. Leonhardt, L. Honisberger, P. M. Berneys and wife, C. W. Luce and wife, Miss Mabel Luce, Miss Ruth Royal, Ralph Burdscher, Theo. Codge and wife, F. W. Gillette, M. C. Bosworth and wife, F. E. Bosworth and wife, R. D. Anderson, Mrs. L. A. Anderson, P. G. Goode, J. B. Nakada and wife, James Nakada, C. L. Hampton, B. B. Marshal.

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The Cup and the Lip

By Richard Valentine.

"A little diplomacy might swing the scale in my favor."

"What do you mean by a little diplomacy?"

"Well, you ought to know. Can't you bring your woman's intuition into play?"

Helen stared at her newspaper. The headlines announced that her lover was a candidate for a municipal office, and his name was to go up for nomination at the next meeting of the committee.

"Oh, well, if you must have a diagram," said Hollis, impatiently, "I will explain."

"Don't be mad, little boy," and Helen's soft hand stole out and patted his coat-sleeve. "I can't help it if I am stupid."

"You are the cleverest woman I ever met," said her lover, and he kissed her tenderly. He had the right, for they were to be married as soon as he had a position that would warrant their setting up a flat.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Helen.

It was not so easy for Hollis to explain. The man of his party who had the most influence was Carmany, and if Carmany would swing his pull for Hollis the latter had little doubt of nomination and eventually election. It was well known that Carmany was in love with Helen. In many words, for he had to use circumlocution in coming adroitly to the heart of his desire, Hollis explained that he wished her to swing Carmany's influence toward him.

"So you want me to deceive him—to make a fool of him?" Helen translated Hollis's long speech into plain language.

"N-no, I didn't put it that way. All is fair in love and war—and politics."

"It doesn't seem square to me."

"But, my darling, don't you think I am a better man for the place than Beers, the other candidate?"

"Of course you are, dear, but I think you ought to win out on your merit. Why should you have to use underhanded methods to get Carmany on your side?"

"Because, dearest, that is the way politics goes. I do not think you look at it just right. The place means for me—for us—our happiness. I know that I will make a strong, honest official, while if Beers gets in he will manage the office simply to further his own schemes."

He talked more on these lines, and Hollis was a good talker. He was magnetic and had always known how to win over his enemies to his side of any question. What wonder that he succeeded in convincing the woman who loved him? When he had finished his argument Helen believed that it would be no deception on her part to wheedle the Leader of her fiance's party so that he would believe as she did. Almost while she was telling Hollic that she would do as he wished, there came a telephone from Carmany. He asked if he might call that evening.

She held her hand over the transmitter while she whispered to Hollis, "Shall I say 'yes'?"

He nodded.

"Yes, do come," answered Helen, in the receiver, "I shall be alone, and we can have a nice heart-to-heart chat."

She laughed as she hung up the receiver.

"You ought to be wild with jealousy," she said.

"I know, darling," answered Hollis, kissing her warmly, "and of course I am. But I know when you are talking to him, you will be thinking of me."

"Don't be too sure of that," replied Helen, but the smile with which she ended the sentence belied the words.

Carmany was a great-hearted, broad-shouldered giant, far more used to the society of men than of the gentle sex. He had known Helen since she was a child, and she was the only woman he ever had cared for. She knew he loved her, though he had never said so. He was a bashful wooer. Helen had never given him any encouragement but he had been a frequent caller at her home, and he confided in her friendship. He believed that Hollis, like himself, was simply received on a friendly footing.

To Carmany, that evening, she had never seemed so charming, so well worth winning. She played upon him all her fascinations, and many times he was on the point of asking her if she would be his wife. But she flitted daintily away from sentimental subjects, and insisted upon talking politics. Finally she reverted to the office that Hollis wanted. Carmany, careful when talking to men about politics, was less cautious when conversing with Helen.

"Beers is the man who will get that nomination," he declared.

"But I have heard that Mr. Hollis is the right man for the place," insinuated Helen.

"He's good enough," said Carmany, "but Beers expects it,

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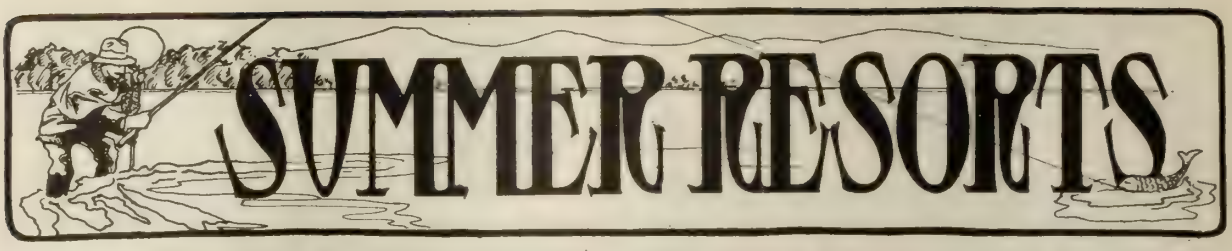

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and it is due him for party work."

Helen was too clever to press her point, but at intervals she recurred to the matter, and finally Carmany began to perceive that she had a personal interest in the fight of the other candidate. He asked her if he were right. She blushingly confessed, yes, and conveyed the idea that her interest was for a friend, an intimate friend who was engaged to a lieutenant of Hollis; the two would be able to marry if the young man's prospects improved, and that prospect hung on the success of Hollis. She smiled bewitchingly on the Leader as she spoke of her friend's lover, and Hollis, and how they had worked for each other.

"Just think how happy they will be if they can marry!" she concluded, and in her enthusiasm she caught Carmany's two hands in her own.

He was about to speak when she interrupted him with an explanation: "There's mamma, home from the theatre." Shortly after he said good-bye, promising to dine with Helen and her mother the next day.

Almost daily after that Carmany received a telephone message from Helen, or a little note asking if he would dine or sup with her and mamma, or accompany them to the theatre. What wonder that the Leader's head was a bit turned by all this interest in him, from the girl he had long loved in secret?

He knew nothing of the daily bulletins to Hollis, informing him how the plot progressed. Then came the day when in triumph she finally won Carmany to the cause of Hollis, or rather to the cause of the two lovers who could not marry unless Hollis received a municipal office.

Came the day when Hollis received the nomination, and his chances for election loomed bright. Every afternoon he had visited Helen, and his kisses were warm and his commendation of her generous work sincere.

And Helen? Did she feel the same confidence in her lover since she had shown her this new phase of his character?

Election day arrived. Carmany 'phoned to Helen: "Don't worry, your man is sure to get in." And she sent the message along to Hollis.

The eventful day came at last to a close, a long day, full of suspense to Helen as to Hollis. For even with Carmany's reassuring message, who could be sure of the outcome of an election?

Late at night Hollis sent a message to Helen: "I'm in, thanks to you. Will be in early in the morning. Now comes our reward."

He slept that night like a tired man who has won a good fight. Helen slept not a wink herself, for she was weighing something serious: two men's hearts—which should prevail?

Hollis received his answer in the morning, an hour before he had promised to visit his fiancee:

"Dear boy," read the note, "You have won your office, but I can't help it, you have lost me in the winning. This is not a hasty decision. It was yourself that threw the weight toward him—I am going to marry Mr. Carmany next week. "HELEN."

William Doxey, who, a few years ago, was a well-known book-dealer and publisher "At the Sign of the Lark," and later, in New York and then in Baltimore, has disposed of his interests in the Cushing Company of the latter city and established sales rooms in the Equitable Building in New York. He contemplates the establishment of a branch business in London for the sale of old and rare books and will make a specialty of filling orders for holiday books published abroad. Mr. Doxey was the originator of the custom of making special displays in connection with his business. Previous to his discovery, for we may call it that, that books could be arranged as attractively as dry-goods or flowers, it was seldom that the attention of any but the veriest bookworm was ever caught by the wares on view.

Miriam Michelson's third book, "The Yellow Journalist," is announced for early publication by the Appletons. "In the Bishop's Carriage" had its first stage presentation in Connecticut last week and was so favorably received that the play bids fair to make as great a success as the story.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte included Mr. and Mrs. Victor H. Metcalf, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Prather, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Glass, Miss Woolworth, Miss S. S. Maynard, Frank King, W. F. Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. Jos Ehrman, from San Francisco.

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The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times. . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .

Automobile Topics

Along the Rocky Road

The rocky road to Dublin, unless it has some pretty good bumps, will have to give way in fame and story to the Mississippi River road leading to the big Minneapolis log jam. For two years no one has traveled this "highway"; instead automobiles and other vehicles have been forced to take a long and winding road to reach the desired point. When the jam was at its worst recently H. S. Haynes, a well-known resident of Minneapolis, decided to make the trip along the old road in a White steamer. Sometimes the machine plowed through sand and water, sometimes it had to make its way between stray logs. However the trip was made and stands as a record which will probably never be attempted again. Preparations are now being made to dislodge the dam, perhaps by dynamite.

Autos in the Drama

Ever since the automobile came into vogue its presence on the stage has been in the nature of a novelty and oftentimes its freaks, ambiguous as this may sound, have been the butt of local comedians' horse-play. But since the automobile has become a part of society's pleasure and convenience it has now come to the stage for a far more worthy work. This new "prop" promises to be conspicuous in stage productions of smart plays in the season at hand. The climax of the first act of Channing Pollock's dramatization of Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage" has for its chief setting a Columbia Victoria in which Nance Olden, the girl thief, leaves the Bishop's friends to go, as she says to the chauffeur, "anywhere you d – please." A Columbia car is also to be used in C. B. Dillingham's production of George Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" which is shortly to be put on in New York. Columbia automobiles have long been in the figurative limelight of popular favor but in the coming theatrical season will be actually under the rays of strong lights from the galleries.

For Theatrical Advertising

An enterprising theatre manager in Milan, Italy, has discovered a novel use for the automobile which has resulted very profitably for him. He made the rather inexpensive purchase of an old Benz car—one of those antiquated machines that seem to be pushed along more by the thumping of the engine than by the rotation of the wheels, but which, nevertheless, keep on doing their work, year after year, without failure. A light wooden framework was built, extending over the entire car and reaching nearly to the ground, the extreme height being nearly nine feet. Panels were fitted to the framework, and on the panels are pasted bills and posters, while three large plates of ground glass, one on each side and one in the rear, are used as screens on which cinematograph pictures or illuminated advertisements are projected. Though this outfit has been in use only a short time, it has attracted much attention and is said to have considerably increased the business of the enterprising theatre proprietor.

Diamonds in Portland

E. F. Simmons, of Syracuse, New York, has just started from New York for the Portland exposition, in an Elmore Pathfinder equipped with Diamond wrapped tread tires. He is accompanied by his family. Percy F. Megargel, who recently crossed the continent in an Oldsmobile, leaves New York August fifteenth for Portland traveling in a Reo car. Mr. Megargel also chose Diamond wrapped tread tires as his equipment.

Inspired Her Muse

The following lines were sent to the Pioneer Automobile Company by a young woman who had taken a ride to Monterey in a model C Winton:

"Sing a song of sixpence,
Pocket full of rye,
Little 'Baby Winton'
Doesn't have to try.
Up the hill at San Juan
Goes just like a bird,
'Baby Winton' is a darling
You can take my word."

The Auto Pleased Him

The horse and buggy have again been outdone. C. W. Stoudinger, advertising manager of the Anheuser-Busch brewery, St. Louis, has become convinced of the greatness of the automobile. Several days ago he made a trip eastward for the purpose of checking up the great system of board signs that his company uses. While doing this work the horse and buggy were pushed

Glidden Tour

Participants Say of

Diamond

Wrapped Tread Tires.

ROBERT LEE MORRELL: Comparing my experience on the Glidden Tour with that of the tourists using foreign tires I come to the conclusion that Diamond tires are the best in the world.

ALBERT L. POPE: My 45 h. p. Pope-Toledo was fitted with Diamond tires in the Glidden Tour and made the 1000 miles without a puncture.

WALTER C. WHITE: The Diamond tires on my White car in the Glidden Tour were the same I used in the St. Paul tour and without the least trouble in either trip.

W. N. EPPING: You have the best tire in the world—one which has eased the mind of the autoist more than any other. I had not the semblance of trouble in the Glidden Tour.

E. H. CUTLER: Diamond tires on our Knox car in the Glidden Tour gave no trouble and also none during 500 miles since run.

E. A. GILMORE: Nothing better could be asked for in the way of tires than the Diamond Wrapped Treads on my surrey type Rambler in the Glidden Tour.

CHAS. E. WALKER: No trouble whatever with Diamond tires on our Pope-Hartford in the Glidden Tour, except picking up two nails.

EZRA H. FITCH: The Glidden Tour makes 2500 miles of rough riding since putting Diamond tires on my White car, and I have never had such perfect tire satisfaction.

AUGUSTUS POST: I had no trouble whatever in the Glidden Tour and gave my Diamond Tires not so much as a thought.

GEO. H. TYRRELL: I will match Diamond Tires against anything in the world; did not even pump my tires in the Glidden Tour.

CARL H. PAGE: Experience with Diamond Tires on my White car in the Glidden Tour only confirms my opinion of the desirability of using Diamond tires whenever possible.

GEO. OTIS DRAPER: I had no tire trouble in the Glidden Tour; have had but one puncture the entire season.

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO.

AKRON, OHIO

San Francisco Branch: 608 Mission St.

aside and the automobile used. In speaking of his experiences in Pittsburg, Mr. Stoudinger said: "We used a White steamer in Pittsburg and the way that automobile climbed those hills was wonderful. Why, it only took us one and one-half days to do the work, where if we had used a horse and buggy it would have taken five days."

Up and Down the State

J. A. Marsh returned Sunday from a trip through the San Joaquin valley in a 30 h. p. Pierce Arrow. A wind and sand storm was encountered near Tracy, otherwise the trip was very enjoyable.

Walter S. Newhall made a business as well as a pleasure tour when on his way to Los Angeles from this city, in his 30 h. p. Pierce Arrow. He made stops at the several Newhall ranches.

Dr. D. A. Stapler, in company with his family, drove his new Winton touring car to Monterey on Sunday last.

John Adams, of Adams' Wharf, Oakland, last week purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company a model B Winton and, in company with his family, drove his machine around the bay on last Sunday, making a run to Alum Rock.

Their Narrow Escape

A quartet of automobilists touring along the country road encountered an equestrienne near Camp Taylor. Her steed shied at the motor, and she called to the chauffeur that he had better stop until she walked her horse by them. However the automobilist was too gallant to submit the fair rider to any chance of being thrown. He alighted, led the horse to a place farther up the road, and then resumed his journey. Had he known whose horse he had so courteously treated no doubt he would have been surprised and amused. It was the property of one of the municipal authorities of San Rafael, whose steed the young woman had borrowed for a short ride while the owner was calling on some camping friends. And that official would have been hot on the trail of the motorist who dared scare his horse, for in San Rafael they cherish a great dislike to the horseless carriage.

Edison's New Storage Battery

Thomas A. Edison has again been heard from on the subject of a new storage battery. Again it is claimed that he at last has a perfect one. The fact remains, however, that when Mr. Edison wants an automobile ride he takes his trusty White steamer.

Here and There

The Pioneer Automobile Company last week delivered Winton touring cars to the following: L. A. Stephenson of Oakland, Mr. Farnham, of Oakland, Miss Jean Reid of Stockton, John Adams of Oakland and Donald Gillies of Tonopah, Nevada.

The Pacific Motor Car Company has just received another carload of four-cylinder Stevens Duryea cars, one of which they will deliver to A. H. Crawford of Napa and the other to F. Findley.

The Packard truck, which has made such a hit in the East, has just been received by the Pacific Motor Car Company.

At Byron Springs

Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs of Battle Creek, Michigan, and Mr. and Mrs. Siebe of San Francisco made the run to Byron Hot Springs Saturday afternoon in their Rambler, remaining over until Monday. Among the other automobile arrivals were M. C. Merrill and D. E. Bernays in their Winton, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hanson, Albert Hanson and James Martin in a Winton.

—The Chauffeur.

A Discord in Brown and Yellow

(Continued from Page 8)

whether this vengeance is accomplished by the science that builds a world enveloping commerce, or the politics that enforces its treaties and alliances with battleships and bayonets.

Is my laughter incongruous? Are the three tailors less absurd in this first decade of the twentieth century than when they were the Sovereign People of Tooley street? There have been many comedies enacted on the stage of the Alhambra theatre, but none that were half so comic as those that ensue when Tvietmoe arises in denunciation of "the invading Japanese," or when MacArthur thunders in defiance of "the yellow horde that threatens the liberties of the American people."

A fable: One day when the sun had climbed half way to his zenith the ephemera of a mulberry tree assembled in solemn conclave on the largest leaf of the smallest tree and adopted the following resolution:

"Resolved, That we, the most powerful Ephemera of this mulberry forest, protest against the aggressive voracity of a yellow-faced crow that nests in the branches of a neighboring bamboo jungle, and we hereby declare that if the yellow-faced crow aforesaid does not cease his predatory habit in this vicinity we, the Ephemera aforesaid, will enact laws of exclusion denying him the privileges of the most favored tribes of the air."

The youngest of those Ephemera had not attained the prime of his age by at least twenty minutes, and the sun was still laboriously mounting to his zenith when the yellow faced crow aforesaid swooped down on that bunch of Ephemera and gulleted them leaf and all, spilling not one insect or microbe from the beak that instantly opened with a caw for another gulp of bugs.

Arrivals at Byron Hot Springs were Mr. and Mrs. J. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Joslyn, B. M. Gunn, Kenneth Gunn, John Sloan, State Printer W. W. Shannon and wife, Col. A. Andrews, Louis Hammersmith, Bruce Cornwall.

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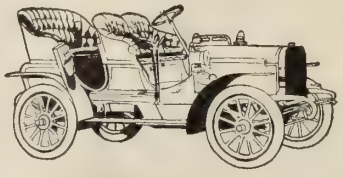

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Music

Lucchesi's Muse Active

The muse of that enthusiastic Sequoian, Richard A. Lucchesi, has been particularly active this summer. He has composed a suite for pianoforte, "Mezzo Tints," consisting of six parts—"Preludietto," "Morning Prayer," "To a Lonely Floweret," "Recreation," "Love Song" "Serenade of Punchinello." This suite is now in press and will be issued by the Tolbert R. Ingram Music Company of Denver, Colorado. Mr. Lucchesi has also written four new songs, "Regret," "Desolazione," "Some Day" and "The Flight." The last two are settings of the verses of that other clever Sequoian, Mrs. Florence Richmond. The most important work upon which Mr. Lucchesi has been engaged is a mass, "Missa Brevis," which will soon be heard at St. Ignatius' church and at the Cathedral. The mass, in E flat, is written for quartet—mixed voices and organs. It is in strictly ecclesiastic form, yet is melodious and easy. At the Cathedral it will be sung in its original form, but for St. Ignatius' Church the vocal part has been arranged to suit the male choir.

The Thomas Autobiography

One of the most interesting books of a musical nature put forth this year is the autobiography of Theodore Thomas. It only covers one hundred pages but that seems natural when one remembers the man himself, who was ever a doer, never a talker. He was a violinist before becoming an orchestral leader, which was in 1862. Thomas acknowledges indebtedness for ideas about directing an orchestra to Jullien, a charlatanic Frenchman who came to this country in 1853, and Karl Eckert, the German who was here about the same year. However the founder of the Chicago orchestra that bears his name was in most things a self made leader. He was a Wagner propagandist but was perfectly willing to give other composers, especially new ones, a chance on his programs. I should imagine students of musical history, and all musicians, indeed, would find much entertainment in this little volume.

Among the artists on impresario Loudon Charlton's list for next season's concert tours are Harold Bauer and Alfred Reisenauer, pianists; Marie Nichols, violinist; Elsa Ruegger, cellist; Mrs. Grace Wassall, composer; David Bispham, Van Hoose, Gadski, Katherine Fisk, Kelley Cole, Madame Shotwell Piper, Francis Rogers, singers; Clarence Eddy, organist.

The Pasmores' Farewell

The Pasmores are preparing an unusually interesting program for their concert on Thursday, August thirty-first. Aside from the ensemble and solo work of the Pasmore sisters, there will be a number of part songs composed by Mr. Pasmore, to be sung by eight excellent singers. The Pasmores, by the way, have already secured several important engagements to appear in concert in the American cities they will pass through on their way to Europe in September.

Previous to her departure for Shanghai, Miss Ward, who will represent Madame von Meyerinck's method in the Orient, will give a concert, on September first, in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. The rehearsal of this concert for "Die Probe" is on Friday evening of this week in the recital hall of the Von Meyerinck School.

There will be a fashionable audience at the Tivoli this Friday afternoon when the Vogt "Gorgon" music will be played, and other gems of Bohemian Club melody.

The Weingardner-Blanchard School

A new school of expression and repertoire, which promises to be of great value to students, has been established at 546 Sutter street, by Evelyn Weingardner-Blanchard and C. M. Blanchard. Mrs. Blanchard has had considerable experience in recital and concert work and her personal acquaintance with prominent concert and theatrical managers in the East enables her to aid advanced students in the launching of their careers. She has arranged a special course to meet the demands of young teachers and readers remote from the centres of artistic activity. The vocal method used in the school was composed by Mrs. Blanchard.

—The Music Critic.

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Letters

Romance of The "Bowery Kipling"

A new edition of "My Mamie Rose" has just been issued by the Baker and Taylor Company. This is the autobiography of "the Bowery Kipling," as some one has seen fit to call Owen Kildare. Mr. Kildare is as well worthy of attention in America as Maxim Gorky is in Russia. Kildare has had a most eventful and remarkable career, but it would be hardly safe to argue from his experience the possibility, much less the certainty, of the regeneration of all the waifs. Of his family history he appears to know almost nothing, but the fact that he was regenerated may be taken as evidence that he "came of good blood." His father was Irish, and the only item of genealogical data concerning him is that he went to France to study art and there married a French girl on the eve of his emigration to New York, where he took up his residence in the top story of a tenement. Mrs. Kildare died at the birth of her son, his father having preceded her by three months, and the baby was taken by childless neighbors, "to save him from the institution." He lived with his foster-parents until his seventh year, when, failing to bring home an adequate supply of coal picked up along the docks, he was turned out on the street of a winter's night, and left to shift for himself. No inquiry seems to have been made as to his fate and no further interest manifested in his welfare. He attached himself to the gang of newsboys with which "Dry-dollar" Sullivan affiliated, and was "staked" by that embryo capitalist with a nickel to purchase his first supply, and some good advice as to the investment of it. He slept in doorways, ate when he had the means to purchase food and went hungry when he had not, and was, according to his own account, as pugnacious and disreputable a little scamp as could have been bred from such conditions. In time he rose to a "higher sphere of usefulness" and became a rough and tumble pugilist, but, again, according to his own story, he was too ugly-tempered to be a success at the game. He filled a number of other positions, such as were regarded as desirable from his point of view—bartender, slum-guide, "bouncer" and general plug-ugly—and was the leader of his gang, with no other ambition. At thirty he was unable to read or write, or to make himself useful in any decent way.

How He Entered Journalism

It was at this time that there came into his life a young English girl, a teacher in one of the public schools in the neighborhood. She was obliged to pass "the gang" on her way home, and to run the gauntlet of their insults. Some latent instinct of manliness prompted Kildare to deal summarily with his followers and to offer his protection, and the turning-point was reached. Not to go into particulars, which any one may acquaint himself with by the perusal of an interesting story, the casual meeting ripened first into friendship, and later, something more personal. Within a few days of the time set for the marriage an attack of pneumonia caused the death of the girl who had done so much a ndso unobtrusively. Naturally, as soon as he knew better, Kildare deserted his Bowery haunts and ways and engaged in honest employment at one of the steamer wharfs. His entrance into the journalistic field came later and without premeditation. He writes of the literature relating to the East-sider, but really, he should remember his own share in contributing to the store of the "realists" in his degenerate days, when, as he tells, it was the delight of himself and his confreres to meet in some "back room" where the searchers after truth could find them, and tell apocryphal stories in a slang and dialect made to order and rehearsed for the occasion.

When He Met "The Swells"

One of the most interesting contributions to the recent discussion of magazine literature in the New York "Times Review" came from Mr. Kildare's pen. Naturally, a figure so picturesque could not escape the lionizing of society women bent on securing sensational features for their salons. Of course he had seen "the swells," time and again, while they were on their slumming tours, and what he and his kind think of them and theirs, with everything at their disposal, and no better taste than to seek out the dives, ought to "put them on to themselves." Once only, did he invade their domain by accepting a cordial invitation to dinner, accompanied by the young lady who was to have been his wife. This is his account of his part in the affair: "In spite of my lack of familiarity with the customs of the upper classes, I saw that the crowd had been expectant and was now disappointed. To explain this disappointment, I should mention that my wearing apparel consisted of a black suit of good workmanship. My necktie was not colored in imitation of the rainbow and I had no oc-

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casion to look for a convenient place for my expectorations. To carry the disappointment further, I acted contrarily to expectations at the dinner table. I forgot to carry my food to my mouth at the point of my knife and forgot to dip my finger into the salt cellar. . . . Before entering the dining room, the two freaks from the Bowery were made the center of much curiosity. The men got around me, expecting to hear choice stories of a certain kind, which, contrary to accepted ideas, are not original in the Bowery, but are brought there by these pioneers of refined civilization. Their faces fell when I proved a decided failure at that kind of story telling. . . . The ceremonial style of the meal and the conversation during it impressed me very little. The emptiness, the superficiality and the desire to "show off" were too palpable. I had not then—or now—reached that altitude of social perfection to make a meal the most important function of my day's work." When the gentlemen returned to the drawing-room the "Bowery lion" was taken possession of by one of the ladies. "She asked me this and she asked me that; if the dives were really as horrible as pictured; if it was quite safe to visit them; if I would consent to act as guide for a generous compensation; if I had ever witnessed any 'interesting' scenes down on the Bowery, and—spare me the rest. My answers were not what were desired and at last I had a sample of frank truthfulness. 'Do you know, Mr. Kildare, you are a decided disappointment as a Bowery type, and not at all the entertaining chap we had been led to believe you to be?' 'I am sure that is more the fault of time than of me.' I replied. 'Years often make us lose our entertaining qualities, and, also, our attractiveness.' Our serious talk ended with this, still, she was a surprisingly well made-up woman," adds this unsophisticated narrator, who had supposed the invitation was given out of kindly feelings, not with the malicious purpose of exhibiting freaks. When the two were about to depart, one of the more intimate friends of the family tried to save the "entertainment from being an entire fizzle." "'I say, Kildare,' began the philanthropist, 'you've been in society now, and it would be very appropriate if you would tell us your impressions in your own language—mind you, in your own language,' and I started to give my impressions 'in my own language,' which proved sufficient, and did not oblige me to borrow language of anybody else.

I want to say most emphatically that I am not of anarchistic or nihilistic tendencies. We all have our work cut out, and my work is not in the direction of stirring up emotional bursts of charity in the drawing-rooms of the upper circles." So much for the one excursion into what is supposed to be the favored land. It is not to be expected that Mr. Kildare would write perfectly, from the standpoint of the rhetorical stylist, but it is a valuable commentary on our over-lauded educational system, that a man with a past such as his, unable to tell, at thirty, which side of a printed page was the top, self-educated, with such comparatively slight assistance as was given him, can compare so favorably with the graduates of our colleges and universities, who have spent close upon thirty years in the pursuit of knowledge, with all the advantages of environment added.

Elder Publications

Ethel Watts Mumford's new humorous book for 1905 is to be a very novel "Joke Book Note Book," to be published by Paul Elder and Company. Since the first appearance of the famous Cynic's Calendar of Revised Wisdom, Mrs. Mumford has prepared an annual volume of her clever nonsense work. The Limerick Up to Date Book, of last year, was a distinct success and the publishers announce that they have just filled an order for an edition of the book for the Australian market. The order includes as well editions of Bachelor Bigotries and Widows Grave and Otherwise. The Cynic's Calendar, which apart from its own merits has been distinguished by the flood of imitations that have appeared, is again on the press for 1906 under the title of the "Complete Cynic's Calendar." It is to include all of the material, text and illustrations, of both the first and second series. The advance sale has added another twenty thousand copies to the credit of this successful nonsense volume.

The New York "Times" will publish, serially, "The Bread-Winners." This novel is generally believed to be the work of the late John Hay. Henry Alden, editor of "Harper's Magazine," has given his semi-official sanction to the opinion, though he admits he has not the data at hand to prove it. There have been half a dozen claimants, some openly and some more or less inferentially, but the real author has never publicly claimed his work. It was generally understood that he was some one high up in the political world who had reasons for maintaining his incognito, and a short while ago, when the publishers were desirous of re-issuing the book, he refused to consider the matter because of the probability of discovery.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

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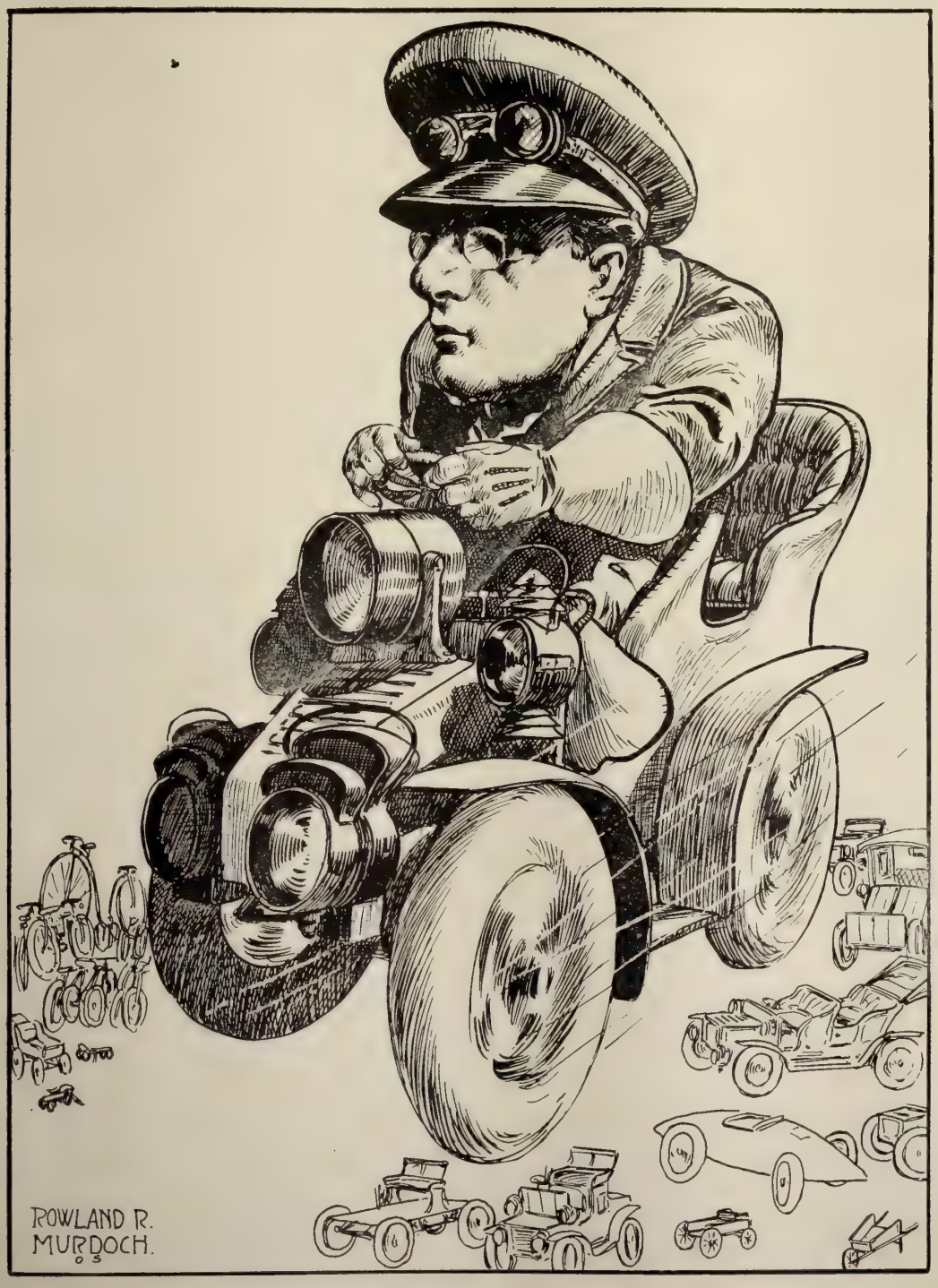

No. 9. ***John Breuner***

Here is one of our most enthusiastic chauffeurs. He is a hopeless victim of the auto habit. He has more devil wagons than any other citizen of this community. He has one for the forenoon, one for the afternoon, one for after dark and others for relays when he makes long trips. He also keeps a few in stock. He is here presented in his favorite pose, in the full pride and panoply of his pastime. On close inspection it will be seen that he has the auto eye. It is fixed on distance. At the time the artist caught him he was wearing the regulation, full dress, auto face.

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The Hearst Policy

Not wholly satisfied with its own fine record and the achievements to its credit since it came into the forefront of the fight for civic honesty and decency, the *Bulletin* seeks occasionally to augment the joys of existence by pointing with virtuous scorn to the attitude of its hated contemporary, the *Examiner*. The *Bulletin* is not without justification in so doing, for the *Examiner* is in the business of moulding public opinion, and when it is found exercising a sinister influence it should be swatted. The *Bulletin* being under certain obligations to its readers and to the community, should not be quiescent when it finds its contemporary engaged in deluding the public. Therefore, whatsoever the animus of the *Bulletin's* attacks on the *Examiner*, they are ethically and morally sound. But Mr. Hearst, the proprietor of the *Examiner*, is not so wicked as he has been painted. He is not instinctively inclined to give aid and comfort to the grafter. He is never more enthusiastic, nor ever more earnest, than when crusading against corruption. He has fought and still is fighting some of the biggest grafters in the country, grafters who have fortunes to spend in the purchase of immunity from newspaper criticism. That he is not, at this time, inveighing against the graft combine of this city, is due to an unfortunate set of circumstances rather than to an inherent sympathy for crooks. He would rather be lashing them than keeping hands off, for in an aggressive campaign against graft it is easy for a newspaper to avoid being dull. In maintaining his present attitude toward the Schmitz Administration Mr. Hearst is neglecting many opportunities for fine sensational display, and he is put to the necessity of catering more vociferously than ever to the plain people. Affecting indifference to the petty grafters of second-rate cities, he invokes the wrath of the latest arrivals from the slums of Europe against the predatory rich of powerful corporations and their iniquitous puppets in high office. Intent upon hastening the millennium, he is devoting himself to the task of revolutionizing our economic system, to the end that the rich be made poor and the poor rich. He is after big game. Why should he bother about a Ruef when there is a Roosevelt on the wing? Ruef disturbs the peace and dignity of a city. Roosevelt menaces the integrity of a nation. Ruef is a petty grafter. Roosevelt is the protector of a horde of mammoth crooks. Nobody is being deceived by Ruef, but the people of the nation are being deluded by Roosevelt. They regard him as a man of destiny, the Messiah of the Republic, come to redeem the country from the greed of sordid plutocrats by sane and peaceful measures and without bloodshed. Mr. Hearst has undertaken to shatter their idol, to persuade them that he is the only Anointed One whom they must follow to an incendiary conclusion, and that all others are irreverent deceivers. It is a mighty task, but he shows no signs of faltering. Why should he? It pays to appeal to the mob, for the mob makes circulation.

Two Evils

It is not imperative for Mr. Hearst to devote all his energy to the lambasting of exalted crooks. If he were indifferent to the affairs of his enemies he would find the smashing of Schmitz quite an agreeable pastime, and one that would not seriously impair those resources on which he relies to carry on his campaign in behalf of the masses. But he feels that were he to fight Schmitz he would play into the hands of a political combination that he very much detests. Behind the aggregation of political talent that has been consecrated to the cause of clean government Mr. Hearst has discerned the glad, open face of Mr. Gavin McNab, a deft strategist who, on a certain memorable occasion at Santa Cruz, gave him a luminous object lesson in the subtle intricacies of the double cross. To Mr. Hearst it appears that Mr. McNab is to profit in the event of a victory being scored by the Republican League, and he has no desire to encourage the political activity of the Democratic boss. He has taken a cynical view of the political situation, for he believes that McNab, in the role of attorney for the Board of Supervisors, bears something of a resemblance to Abe Ruef in the capacity of attorney for Mayor Schmitz. He sees that by the ousting of Ruef from power we are to intrench McNab, a political lawyer, who is privileged to pocket fees for services rendered to clients who have business with his proteges. In the circumstances Hearst has some justification for his sneers at the reform movement. We are told that McNab has demanded as the price of his endorsement of the Republican candidate for Mayor absolute control of the Board of Supervisors, and that unless it is given to him he will assist in turning the municipal government over to Schmitz and Ruef for another term. It appears to be a case of being vouchsafed a choice of two evils. Fortunately they are many degrees removed.

The Goebel Monologue

As a continuous performance Professor Goebel, late of Stanford University, is neither entertaining nor edifying. He fails to sustain interest either in himself or the motif of his extravaganza. He is anti-climactic. There is something pestiferous in his pertinacity. The curtain should be rung down on the professor. Perhaps Goebel has just cause of complaint against President Jordan, but if so he should seek a dignified remedy for the wrong he has suffered; it is vulgar to rush into print. The scholar never appeals to the mob. We know very little of the merits of the controversy, or rather of the single-handed discussion, having heard but one side of the case; and that side having been badly presented by the proponent we are constrained to take judicial cognizance of the fact that he has non-suited himself. Perhaps if Dr. Jordan were to join issue and put in his defense we would find that he had desecrated the academic grove and outraged the scholastic proprieties, but discreetly preferring, as he does, the inside of his shell, we are unable to get at the joints in his harness. On the other hand, Professor Goebel has relied largely on vague innuendo. His best cards are up his sleeve. He has contented himself with representing that Dr. Jordan has done things unbecoming a college presi-

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dent, and that it was because of his (Goebel's) knowledge of the president's delinquencies that he lost his job. From Goebel's own statements it appears that he was a thorn in the Jordan side, and in the circumstances there was justification for the demand for his resignation. Indeed, there was nothing left for Jordan to do but to fire Goebel, and as the trustees have approved the action of the Executive the inference is that they considered the services of the president of more value to the university than those of the prattling professor. So the principal question that remains to be determined is the competency of the trustees, whose power is absolute. As for the charge that Dr. Jordan sought to purchase the silence of the recalcitrant professor, even though it be confessed, it involves no grave moral turpitude. He may have been more eager to safeguard the university against scandal than to protect himself from abuse. But whatever was his motive it appears that he drew from Goebel the admission that the president of the university, who had known him for fifteen years, believed that his cupidity was greater than his devotion to principle.

Results of the Chicago Strike

Now that the Chicago strike is over, the statistics ought to prove interesting, if not especially entertaining, to both employers and employes. The disturbance lasted nearly fifteen weeks, during which four thousand two hundred and fifty men were thrown out of work. Two thousand of these are still idle, the others having found employment in other occupations or drifted to other communities. It cost the unions three hundred thousand dollars in strike benefits and the men seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars in wages lost. On the employers' side the losses are twelve million dollars' worth of business and two million one hundred thousand dollars in wages. The cost to the municipality of Chicago has been seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to the county one hundred thousand dollars. There have been two thousand three hundred policemen, one thousand four hundred specials, and three thousand four hundred sheriff's deputies engaged in keeping a semblance of order, while twenty-one have been killed and four hundred and fifty seriously injured, all because sixteen tailors went on a strike. The deaths and injuries include only those who were the victims of immediate violence The number who have suffered from privations and lack of proper care is beyond count., and the poverty and distress which will weigh down for years, if not forever, those who have been involved, makes the inquiry pertinent: Does it pay? For at the end of all this distraction and turmoil, the strikers have gained absolutely nothing. As far as their relation to their employers is concerned, they are exactly where they were last May.

Emperor William's Little War on the Side

Though the German Emperor is pleased to pose as a man of great affairs and loves to have the world at large regard him as a necessity in the activities of the nations, he isn't saying anything fit for publication just now regarding the present little scrap with the Hereros in Southwest Africa. The Russo-Japanese war has cost a pretty penny, something like a million dollars a day to the Russians; but while it has been under way Emperor William has unostentatiously dropped something like sixty million dollars in his efforts to quell the uprising of those natives. Viewed in the light of a "preliminary" this set-to is interesting as well as instructive, and in time, if it is not interrupted, may develop into something of potent consequences—an uprising of blacks in Southwest Africa. In explaining their series of defeats some of the German officers have not hesitated to charge that the English were surreptitiously furnishing arms and military advice to the insurgents. A most unlikely proceeding. England has had too much experience in dealing with unruly natives in her various efforts at expansion to engage in any such scheme; besides, she has several million blacks of her own in that locality, most of them next-door neighbors to the Hereros, and it would be too dangerous a "diplomatic venture" to wink at selling arms to the insurgents and later run the chance of meeting the "black peril" in her own domains. To date the Hereros have incapacitated some two thousand of the soldiers sent against them by Germany and the fighting at the last reports was going all their way. The German Emperor has stumbled against the same obstacle met by all the expansionist rulers of late date who have undertaken to "civilize" the barbarians whose land and trade they were bent on seizing. To subdue natives fighting for the possession of their own country fastnesses, and armed with modern guns in go-as-you-please strategem and tactics, is a most difficult problem, especially if the attacking force is far distant from its home base of supplies. Germany with all her fine technical military training has still a deal to learn concerning the best methods of fighting well-armed savages in the bush. The Hereros were not long in discovering where their strength in defense lay, and like the Boers, when they inveigled the venturesome British regiments into the bush, the wily natives have been skilfully drawing the Germans into ambuscades and cutting them to pieces. There are some two hundred thousand of these blacks scattered over a vast wilderness that covers something like three hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles, and what soldiers they cannot snipe from the bush are handled by the privation and disease lurking in the African wilds. The German Emperor is not publishing anything about his experience with these blacks, but he is spending money and ordering troops into the disputed territory in a way to show that the uncouth and naked bushfighters have perceptibly pricked his vanity. For the prestige of the army under him he is evidently determined that this campaign shall not be a duplication of the one that Italy had with the Abyssinians under Menelas.

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The "Country in Town" Movement

The largest cities of the world are beginning to feel the first pulsations of an idea that has so far been expressed as the "country in town" movement. San Francisco ought to sit up at once and take notice, for few cities on the map have better chances than she to take a commanding position in this new field of municipal endeavor. The idea is to brighten up and adorn the congested and slum districts of the city with flowers, trees, grasses and birds—in short, to bring the country to the urban population. Taken in its widest scope it means a great deal more than the planting of trees and flowers in the bare places of the town. The evils of urban congestion are now fully recognized and the present effort is being initiated to ameliorate them. London has just held an exhibition to demonstrate its floricultural possibilities in the most congested and forbidding sections. Manchester is planning an advance step in this "garden city" idea by inaugurating methods to encourage the growth of fruit, flowers, trees and vegetables in her slums, alleys, vacant spaces and house fronts. Special efforts will be made to show the working people that under the most adverse conditions an immense deal can be done to brighten their surroundings and introduce country features into their dry, barren prospects. New York is already in line with the movement and is working on a plan to convert the slum "back yards" into gardens, the fences separating the individual lots being removed for the purpose.

Too Much Englished

Of late there has been a drift of sentiment in the English papers tending to show that the American girl, as an unconventional type, is losing her popularity there. The society columns hint that she is not so much admired as she used to be. The reason is not hard to find. The American girls abroad in the class mentioned have aped the accent, manners and ideas of their British sisters to such a degree that they have lost their own originality, and their individuality has become merely a bad copy of the Englishwomen. It is the old, old deplorable mistake of the narrow-minded imitator: the penalty is neglect. There is only one way for these American girls to recover their lost ground and that is to return home, mingle with their brisk-witted, unconventional sisters for a season or two and have their own individualities furbished up. In that way alone will they be able to doff the English mannerisms that in no wise adorn them, and recover the charming characteristics that have given American girls the prominent place they occupy among the womenkind of the world. In caustic contrast with this decline in favor of the Anglo-American butterfly is the popular rush to the front of the American hostess. She is greeted with enthusiastic acclaim by the British press and the British sponger. The more she splurges the greater her popularity, and she is incited on all sides to spend more than her English competitor for social honors and thus capture the crown of the social season. American dollars are appreciated abroad and the long headed Londoner is determined that the artful Parisian shall not gather them all. Fortunately for this country there are hosts of healthy, level-headed American girls and matrons at home in no way tempted to pursue these gimcrack favors "made in Europe."

Rockefeller's Virtues

The pursuit of tainted money has become the absorbing pastime of the pulpit. For every minister that denounces Rockefeller for his crimes against individuals and the Government there are fifty with hands out in eager expectancy and voices raised in fulsome panegyric. Never did the subsidized press of a community grovel so abjectly for the crumbs of Croesus. And what a puerile showing they are making! How flat and insipid is their belauding of the most stupendous hypocrite of the world's history, in the face of the accumulating evidence of his inhuman greed and monstrous iniquities. While Ida Tarbell goes steadily on quoting from the records, reciting incontrovertible testimony, extending her bill of particulars and piling up evidence irrefragable, whangdoodle notes of dissent are to be heard emanating from the throats of half-baked theologians more concerned for their material than for their spiritual welfare. Bereft of facts to justify their defense of the head and front of all the vicious political machines in the country, they deal glibly in glittering generalities, attributing to Rockefeller more virtues than were ever concentrated in one person since Christ. Contenting themselves with a general denial of charges that have been made and proved to the satisfaction of all intelligent people, they rhapsodize over the charms of his personality and with impressionistic touches outline him in a dim, religious light as the incarnation of purity, attitudinizing holily the while, with nimbus and all the other accessories that give verisimilitude to an extravagant conception. According to these thrifty soul-savers Rockefeller is qualified to cast the first stone, for he has never compromised with Satan. "He loves humanity"; they know he does because he has given away fifty million dollars; not to relieve distress, however, but to help along the insatiable cause of education. "He doesn't gamble"; neither does the faro dealer nor the man behind the roulette wheel, nor the Prince of Monaco. They prefer to handle the bank roll, and they don't like to take chances. "He doesn't drink"; then he cannot blame the Demon. While running amuck in the industrial world he was in his sober senses and cannot claim, in the hour of his retribution, the sympathy that is vouchsafed the inebriate. "He doesn't violate the Sabbath"; we have never heard of his intercepting rebate traffic on Sunday. "He is not fast"; well, that is only a matter of temperament. "He has been true to his family"; so has the beast of the field.

Time to Defend the Bean

Shades of Paul Jones, Israel Putnam and Mad Anthony Wayne, but here's a pretty how de do! Within a month the American nation is bombarded with the intel-

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WATCHES

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ligence that relics of the Revolutionary war are being manufactured in Birmingham, England, that rare old Indian blankets and baskets are being turned out by the carload in France and that Japan is not only manufacturing our own patented sewing machines in a way to deceive the unobserving Mongolian but that she is actually contemplating the canning of that gastronomic gem of every American household, the Boston baked bean, provided her experiments in raising the succulent bean succeed. What next? Has America lost its grip or is the Standard Oil Company too busy running the Peace Conference to notice the commercial drift of the nations? The ordinary tax-payer grins delightedly when the newspapers exploit the fact that J. Pierpont Morgan has been buncoed with another six-dollar Titian "antiqued" to look like the sixty thousand dollar real thing, or that Charles M. Schwab was recently mulcted forty thousand dollars for a set of Gobelin tapestries made in Hamburg at a cost of four dollars; less than the cost of a crate of third quality Hamburger steaks. All such deceptions are of course up to the multi-millionaires who are expected to pay for their diaphanous fads and fancies. The pockets and feelings of the common people are rarely affected by dabbling with such sumptuary frills. But the case is quite different when these commercial outlanders deal body blows to our taxpayers' patriotism, bank account and stomach by manufacturing and selling rank imitations of our own historic arms and base counterfeits of the bed coverings of the aborigines, whose blankets and lands we have inherited, and above all, Boston baked beans, the bulwark of every American home. To what base uses have we come when the figures show that American tourists are actually buying flint-lock muskets in London identical in appearance to those carried at Bunker Hill and Lexington; and, worst of all, these muskets are being brought home to many in America's catalogued ancestral homes. That is hanging tradition on the wall with a vengeance, for the newspaper funny men of all nations to gibe at. After over one hundred years is England to be allowed to make commercial reprisals on us in such dubious fashion? Where is the strenuous spirit of '76? We have factories that beat the world. What's the matter with meeting this competition of the Japs by giving a highly colored lithograph with every can of baked beans sold by us in the Orient? And what's the matter with the United States manufacturing its own Revolutionary relics?

The People of the United States vs. John Dough

BY HARRY COWELL.

Come, heavenly Justice, with your scales and sabre,
To try in open court this *cause celebre*.
The People's voice, half-stifled, cries to you
To give the demi-god of gold his due—
What's sauce for Satan's sauce for godling, too.
The Devil's not so black as he is painted,
Defendant Dough so white as he is sainted:
The former's tinted, and the latter's tainted.
Come, friend of Liberty, beloved of old,
To free forever from the grasp of gold
This promised land o'erflowed with milk and honey,
The fairest e'er made foul by filthy money—
Vile stuff! To save my life, not, an I know it,
Would I so much as touch a penny o' it.
Yet, who can put forth hand all-clean of guilt
To stay the righteous blood that Wrong has spilt?—
Deep-rooted Wrong that makes of thee a mock,
The double-faced there smirking in the dock,
Who'd sell Love now as he did long ago,
Democracy's arch-enemy, John Dough.

There comes a time in the history of every nation when its fate hangs on the way it settles the oft-tried case of The People *vs.* John Dough—Man against Money.

It is now our turn; and the eyes of the world are upon us.

Who is John Dough?

As is well known, the name is a made-up one. But strangely enough, in our case, the real defendant and the fictitious are one. John D. or John Dough, it is all the same. He is the great Bag Baron, the son in sin of the great crag barons of old times, the modern your-money-or-your-life man.

As Ruskin says, "Bags and crags have just the same result on rags."

But, no; I am wrong, and so is Ruskin—for once. Bags have a much more deadly result on rags than ever crags had. The crag-baron of old took but little toll of traveling rags. The bag-baron of today levies tribute of rags, not only on the highways, but in the by-ways, not only abroad but at home, at every turn, whether poor rags eat or drink or sleep—live or die.

Who is the plaintiff?

The People. And the People? Who shall say? Just what the People is no man knows. Blind Strength; a Samson born sightless. A king without a country. The hero of unwritten history. The heir of all the ages not yet come in for his own. The eternal Esau. Success asleep. The Cinderella of the centuries. A monstrous ugly duckling. A grotesque god. The price we pay for a handful of snobs.

What are the facts of the case?

Briefly: John D., bag-baron in chief, has managed by hook or by crook—mainly by crook—to get hold of what by right is the People's. An oily customer, it is hard to catch him; caught, the laws being of his own making, or for him to unmake, it is no less hard to convict him. The fact is, that John D., very much at large, laughs the law to scorn, does as he pleases, takes what he pleases and thereof gives liberally to Charity—to the end that she may cover the multitude of his sins—as did his forebears, the crag-barons. Yet, so long as he is free, this country is not, cannot be. He has the United States, so to speak, at the point of his pistol.

What will the verdict be? Will the Future be Man's or Money's? No answer.

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Is the pen that signs checks for a hundred million dollars mightier than the sword of Justice? Ominous silence.

Is a handful of snobs worth a whole nation? What do I mean?

I mean that society at large pays fifty thousand lives for one Rockefeller. If a man has an income of a hundred thousand dollars a day, he can have fifty thousand men at two dollars a day working for him alone. Now what social service does John D. do, that Society should set apart for his exclusive use fifty thousand of its members?

Is there no other man in the United States able and willing to do John D.'s work for less pay?

Or, is it, not as a thing of use, but as a thing of beauty and a joy forever, that we keep him at such incredible cost?

Mind you; we are paying men for him, free men and his equals; paying life, lives innumerable.

I who burn much midnight oil give much of my life to John D. The fraction of his he gives to me is small indeed, infinitesimal. My life is worth as much to me as his to him; yet for one of his seconds must I give one of my years. He is worth, I suppose, so much to Society; I, so much. I have little reason to be proud of the ratio.

But does he, after all, get his hundred thousand dollars a day for useful work done? For myself, if a man is of no earthly use, I have no earthly use for him.

Assuming the usefulness of the work done, let us put great disparity of wages into terms of life and look at it.

I am a baker, say, at twenty-five cents an hour. I get appendicitis, and pay a surgeon two hundred and fifty dollars to do an hour's work for me; that is to say, I give him a thousand hours of my life for one hour of his.

But he saves life. So do I—daily.

These, however, are but the *obiter dicta* of the case—the case of the People *vs.* John Dough.

What is your verdict? Is the future to be Man's or Money's?

Never for a moment would the issue be in doubt were it not for the fact that neither Tom Brown, Dick Jones, nor Harry Robinson has the least scruple against becoming a John Dough, a bag-baron. The so-called workingman is not Dough's superior, from the ethical point of view, but his inferior, from the financial; is, in short, a millionaire in a state of arrested development, who has but little love of himself as he fain would be. But it is easier to hate the rich than to gain riches; and to one ever-interested spectator of the old human comedy, this hatred of Dough, in hearts themselves all-ambitious of Doughdom, is ridiculous rather than admirable.

Advice to Missionaries

BY EDWIN H. CLOUGH.

Unasked advice is usually more unwelcome than the sort that we solicit with the intention of disregarding. I have not been asked to advise the International Missionaries now in convention in this city, and I don't imagine that any of these earnest, honest, and (I believe) misguided proselyters will heed what I am about to say. Some of them, I am sure, will scoff at my counsel, flout the truths that I offer, and make a mock of my intention even though I call angels to testify on behalf of the sincerity of my purpose. I shall console myself, however, with the reflection that there were martyrs before Socrates and that there will be unjust judgments after I am a handful of dust in a mortuary urn, inscribed by loving liars with virtues I never possessed and an epitaph that would better fit the memory of a faithful dog.

I address myself to the Department or Section of Foreign Missions. Out of these I single those missions that have elected to deal with the Asiatic heathen in his blindness, for in this corner of the vineyard I have seen the Christian at Work and know from personal observation that the laborer is scarcely worthy of his hire; that in many instances he is a fatted ghoul who dwelleth in a whited sepulchre.

It was not to berate, however, that I began this epistle to the Holy Citizens; it was to advise them in the way they should go to accomplish their purpose of steering the fugacious soul of the foreign sinner. If I thought that my seed would fall on other than barren ground I would begin and end my letter of advice with the injunction: Go thou into the highways and byways of thine own land, preaching thy many-sided gospel; healing the sick, helping the poor, lifting up those who are weary and heavy laden, consoling the sorrow-stricken, saving the lost, relieving the suffering, scattering beneficence among those of thine own folk who are crying aloud and always for the sympathy, the help, the encouragement, the comfort, the loving kindness of their own people.

Since I might as well speak Sanskrit to a graven image as hope that a Foreign Missionary would turn back from the plow to which he has put his hand, I will confine my counsel to two salient texts; one affirmative and one negative:

1. Dwell as brothers in unity.

2. Don't do unto these heathen as you sometimes do unto one another.

Under the first head I advise that the International Missionaries join the Protestant Federation to be organized in New York next November for the purpose of declaring and formulating the essential unity of the Protestant Churches. Heretofore the Foreign Mission field has been furrowed by too many plowshares, each of them guided by a Christian but each of them furrowing for the planting of a different kind of Christianity. In Asia this jarring of the two-and-seventy sects of Christianity has created a vast confusion in the minds of the benighted. They cannot understand why the Baptist-Christian is so different from the Episcopal-Christian or why the Methodist-Christian is so bitter against the tenets and practices of the Presbyterian-Christian. In Pekin the poor bewildered pagan has ceased to trouble himself with the effort to differentiate the Methodist Christian from the Presbyterian Christian and calls one the American Religious Society and the other the Tewksbury Religious Association, because the Methodists are all Americans and because the Presbyterians are under the leadership of Dr. Tewksbury. Then the Inland Mission of London is called the English Religious Guild and the following of Dr. Ament, who was accused of looting by Mark Twain, is known as the Ament Christians. The only Christian organization now proselytizing in China that is regarded as a divine rather than a human institution is that of the Roman Catholics, who are designated as the disciples of the Heavenly Religion.

If the Protestant Federation would go a step farther

(Continued on Page 36)

The Sauntérer

When Friends Fall Out

There is something very much akin to a suggestion of blackmail in the history of the suit of E. J. Connell against the directors of the California Mining Company, as written for his paper by Mr. James H. Wilkins, editor of the Marin county *Tocsin*. Mr. Wilkins is one of the directors of the company. Hence his generosity in devoting three and one-half columns of his paper to the story of the suit. "Jimmy" Wilkins is an editor who is not accustomed to having his honor and integrity impugned. He enjoys the respect and confidence of the people of Marin, and like most newspapermen he is extremely sensitive to criticism. So when Connell filed his suit "Jimmy," not having the patience to wait for a vindication in court, rushed headlong into print, marshaling his facts in a way to superinduce the conviction that whatever be the legal liability of the defendants, the plaintiff hasn't a moral leg to stand on. The case will undoubtedly be watched with a great deal of interest by the people of Marin, for it involves some of the most prominent men in the county. Indeed it has already aroused the somnolent village from its lethargy and provoked a great deal of speculation. In filing the suit Connell staggered many of his friends. He is a young man and holds the office of county auditor. By his suit he has incurred the displeasure of three of the most influential men in the county—James H. Wilkins, editor, S. H. Cheda, banker, and M. F. Cochrane, attorney. Having alienated their friendship his political finish cannot long be delayed, and yet, according to Wilkins, he was willing to settle for a paltry twelve hundred dollars.

A Challenge

Editor Wilkins betrays no bitterness of feeling in his disquisition on the demerits of the Connell suit. On the contrary, the mildness of his utterances is suggestive of a calm judicial temperament. He starts out by deploring the fact that, under our system of jurisprudence, a man is permitted to swear to a complaint on information and belief, thereby evading the risk of being punished for perjury. In the enjoyment of this security the slanderer may go to the most vicious extremes. Availing himself of the pernicious prerogative, County Auditor Connell has charged the directors of the California Mining Company with delinquencies which, if true, should bring upon them severe punishment. "But if they are false," argues Editor Wilkins, "Mr. Connell should, in fairness and equity, be prosecuted on a charge of perjury." And he adds: "We have authority to make this offer—that if the plaintiff will amend his complaint to the extent of striking out from it, wherever they occur, the words 'on information and belief,' the directors will gladly pay him for his stock in the California Mining Company the sum named by his attorney as the price for abandoning his action."

They Were "After the Swiss"

Continuing, Editor Wilkins explains that the company was organized "as a sort of flyer," a "free and easy affair among friends," who put up their money for development purposes, held their meetings on street corners and paid little attention to the laws governing corporations, feeling that it was in the nature of a family affair, and that nobody would question the acts of the management. But much to their surprise ore was brought to light, and for awhile it looked as though they were all going to become very rich. Dark days followed, and then up bobbed Auditor Connell with his threat to sue. He had employed J. W. Keys of San Rafael for his attorney, and the latter negotiated for a settlement, pretending to be friendly to the directors and desirous of mollifying his client, who wanted an accounting, claiming that the money invested in his eight hundred shares was a dead loss. Wilkins says that it turned out that Keys was urging Connell to sue, and that one day the attorney addressed him (Wilkins) in this language: "We are not hunting you. We are after the Swiss (meaning S. H. Cheda). He cannot afford to have an action for an accounting brought against him, for he is in the banking business, and is besides a fiduciary agent for many people. He must buy Connell out and that will end all the trouble." At the same time, says Wilkins, Keys "suggested an extortionate price for the stock." This is a pretty bold arraignment of the County Auditor and his attorney, but it is preceded by these words: "For whatever follows I wish to be understood that I hold myself personally responsible for any statements made herein, and waive any technicalities that counsel in my behalf might use. There is no information or belief about this statement."

The Tried and True Colonel

The California mine, by the way, is now under the management of that erstwhile political leader, Colonel Dan M. Burns. In political circles the Colonel has the reputation of being a very bad manager and one who hankers for the tall timbers in times of stress and trouble, but Editor Wilkins presents him in a light that brings out his virtues with dazzling splendor. A whole paragraph is devoted to the Colonel. It is a prose lyric that tells in glad and fitful cadence how the man from Mexico assumed the management of the mine by telegraph at a most critical moment, shouldering an enormous responsibility, reducing administration expenses to an unheard of minimum and opening up most promising prospects which would have long since been realized had not the compressor broken down. "And right here the editor desires to say, "quoth Wilkins, "that never in the history of a rather checkered life, coming into contact with all kinds of people, has he

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ever met a man who holds his word in the smallest business matter so absolutely sacred, who will go further financially to help a friendly concern, than this gentleman." Long may the Colonel wave! In politics a bushel may conceal his light, but not so in the more congenial field of activity in which he aroused the admiration of Editor Wilkins.

The Abhorred Yankee Dialect

At Lake Tahoe, two weeks ago, I met the two olive branches of a San Francisco Five Hundred family. They were accompanied by their English nursery governess. The meeting took place down near the bath house, a few hundred feet from the Tavern, where they had been marooned by their clever mamma who was out on a fashionable yacht. The meeting led to something of contemporary human interest and hence this tale. I met other society people at Lake Tahoe, but they were adults, and therefore uninteresting, being of characteristic and therefore familiar temperament. But these children have naive individuality and are consequently charming. I saw them playing at the water's edge, and was first attracted by their refreshing English accent. It was an accent that Henry James would warmly approve. I soon discovered that the governess was responsible for it. The little folks talked as though they were her children. I next discovered that the boy—aged about eight—was of musical temperament. He sang for me in a sweet voice and hummed the intermezzo from "Cavalleria," by request. I remarked his English accent. "Give her the credit for it," he said with a smile, indicating the governess, and she looked at me triumphantly. "Six months ago," prattled the lad, in a most exuberant fashion, "we used to say 'batth' and 'cannt' but now we say 'bahth' and 'cahnt.' We picked it all up in six months." And the little fellow was apparently very proud of his achievement. "Yes," said the governess, addressing the youngsters, "and you used to *guess* but now you *think*," and she beamed triumphantly once more. It was evident that, to her, Yankeeisms were most distasteful, and I wandered away wondering why we should be ashamed of them, and why the impertinent Britisher should think them any worse than his unauthorized colloquialisms. A week later I was at Tallac and I met the precocious olive branches and their governess again. This time mamma was along. All enjoyed a swim. On emerging from the water mamma, addressing her son, asked, "Don't you feel lovely now after your bath?"

"Yes," he replied, with a languid air.

"I *bet* you do," said mamma.

I looked at the governess. This time there was no triumphant expression in her face. I felt like applauding mamma for her—well, her patriotism, but I sympathized with the governess, for I could see that she had more than infant habit to overcome in impressing her British brand.

The Comedian's Farewell

The story of the farewelling of Nat Goodwin at Lake Tahoe has gone into the tradition of the Sierras. In the years to come pleasure-seekers will be regaled with it while sipping afternoon tea on the Tavern veranda, and perhaps some Washoe brave will enrich the legendary lore of his tribe by making it a lyric to be crooned to his pappoose by his weather-beaten squaw. America's premier comedian contributed but slightly to the gayety of Tallac this season, and not in the manner described by the dailies. He bucked the tiger only in a desultory fashion, for the game at Tallac was purely a summer diversion. Every morning early Nat was at the Casino studying his next season's part and during the day he took a little mild exercise with his friends, "Jim" Britt and "Tiv" Kreling. He was almost ascetic at Tallac, but when about to start for San Francisco he was very sad over the prospect of tearing himself away from his friends. His friends decided to cheer him up. There was a call for volunteers to escort him across the lake in the fastest launch of that most hospitable of hosts, Colonel Lawrence. Ladies joined the party, ladies who appreciate the drama and honor most highly its artistic exponent. It was a quick trip to the Tavern side, and the party reached it an hour or so before the train started. There Goodwin, Britt, Kreling and others in the party whiled away the interim at the club-house, and Hughey O'Byrne, quaintest of mixologists, a gentleman and a Gaelic scholar, assisted in putting Dull Care under the table. It happens that the Tavern is very quiet, being a fashionable resort. An old-fashioned jollification is unusual there. So it was not long before the guests knew that the event of the season was on. They all saw Nat taking his departure to the tune of popping corks. The tenderfoot from the East was given an object lesson in Californian hospitality. But it was a recherche affair, for Ned Greenway, who had been with the Kohls on their launch, came in at the finish, and was one of the last to shake the Goodwin hand as the train pulled out, and, be it known, any function to which Ned lends the eclat of his presence is within the politest proprieties.

The Natives and the Pugilists

The Native Sons of California blundered unfortunately in objecting to the Britt-Nelson fight on the ground that it would conflict with their big Admission Day show at Sacramento. If they had based their objection solely on the ground that the ninth of September is a day sacred to the memory of an historical event, to the fitting and respectful celebration of which their order is dedicated, and which they wish to be observed in a manner significant of an appreciation of the performances of the founders of the state, they might have stirred up public sentiment against the projected desecration. It now appears that such

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an objection would be hypocritical, but it were better to be hypocritical than ridiculous, and the natives invited the ridicule of the unsympathetic when they confessed that they objected to the fight because they feared it would prove too strong as a counter-attraction. But the Sacramento natives capped the climax of frankness when they urged that the battle-ground be transferred to their town. No objection to the fight had they on moral grounds. Indeed, they desired to make the prize-fight a feature of the celebration, to provide a double bill, as it were—a parade and a plug-ugly contest. It would be a mistake for the natives to attempt to regulate the amusements of the people of the state in a manner deemed by them most conducive to the success of their sentimental and most praiseworthy enterprises. The N. S. G. W. is a strong fraternal order, which has done a great deal for tradition and toward keeping alive a sentimental interest in the courageous deeds of the pioneers, and it is not consistent with their purposes to engage in such a controversy as the one involving the time and place for the pulling off of a prize-fight. If the shop keepers and inn keepers and saloon keepers of San Francisco profit off the throngs that are attracted hither by a pugilistic contest, those that are not natives would have cause to feel aggrieved if, as it was proposed, the N. S. G. W. exercised its pull with a Native Son Governor to divert the traffic to Sacramento. We should regret to see such a pull exercised. It would be more consistent with the dignity of the order to seek to stimulate a greater respect for the sentiments that cluster round the day they celebrate with a view to deterring prize-fight promoters from making it the occasion of a brutal spectacle.

With the Bohemians at the Tivoli

Joe Redding was the only one of the group of Bohemian Club composers who wielded the baton at the concert of jinks compositions last Friday who did not appear in regulation afternoon attire, as we have learned it from our British cousins. McCoy, Stewart, Schneider and Vogt wore the long frock and gray trousers, as did "Jack" Shiels, the reader, and the singers, but Mr. Redding was in his favorite business suit of dark gray. His friends think that he has the artistic eye for harmony in affecting these gray suits, since his hair and beard have turned gray. He was the most popular of the composers, judging by the applause that greeted his appearance and which he acknowledged with hand on heart, foreign fashion. Dr. Shiels's smile was also very well received, and was continually in evidence as one friend after another recognized him on the stage. He read the book with such clearness and such admirable diction that not a word was lost. Mrs. Schneider, the only woman vocalist, was charmingly gowned in simple white. The audience contained a good many society people that I thought were out of town. No doubt they came back just for the concert. One of the most conspicuous box occupants was Gelett Burgess, in a peagreen waistcoat. Maye Colburn held quite a reception in the lobby after the concert. She looked uncommonly well in a hat with pink flowers. Mrs. Harry Holbrook, in a gray tailor-made and black hat with white plumes, also looked extremely well. Ned Greenway, was one of the club members who distributed programs to the crowd as they went in

Correcting an Editorial Ethnologist

It is the opinion of a writer for the *Chronicle* of this city that the Japanese is not a white man burned brown, and in proof of this almost self-evident postulatum he offers the testimony of his own belief that "otherwise he would blend as readily as white and dark-skinned Caucasians." The difference, he avers with the dogmatism of a Positivist philosopher, is radical and mental, and the result of contact can be nothing else than the production of two separate and sullen camps. "The inferior race," he insists, "would not be raised, but the superior race would be debased." I wish that Lafcadio Hearn, whom the Japanese call Koizumi Yakumo, could have lived to refute this unscientific slander on the Japanese by presenting his own half-caste brood as exhibits for the defense; I wish that Captain F. Brinkley, leading English journalist of Japan and compiler of a monumental history of the people, would make answer out of his personal experience to the marked paragraph that I sent him by the outgoing Oriental liner *Siberia*. Then I would call the ghost of Sir Edwin Arnold to tell, in mournful numbers, how much superior to the ordinary product of the straight Caucasian "blend" of the "white and dark-skinned" is the progeny of a Japanese mother and a Caucasian father. After these I would ask Miss Ozaki, daughter of Baron Ozaki of Tokio and an English mother, to read some of her literary work published in the foremost English periodicals as a test of the "mental" difference between the Japanese half-caste and the average editorial writer of the *Chronicle*, supplementing her testimony with that of Marion Crawford, for whom this brilliant young woman served as amanuensis during two years. Having put on the witness stand these intimate representatives of the so-called "inferior race," contact with whom would "debase" the "superior" Caucasian, I would call upon Professor Basil Chamberlain, Sir Ernest Satow, W. G. Ashton and a host of competent scholars, ethnologists and specialists, to corroborate the half-native testimony and to add the cumulative evidence of their own observation during long years of residence and research in Japan along these very lines of anthropological investigation. Then, to show that even the casual layman has been compelled to observe that the "inferior" product of the mixed Japanese is better than the average "superior" straight "blend" of "white and dark-skinned Caucasians" I would cross-examine the dramatists Luther Long and Colgate Baker, whose business it is to note the superficial differences that my local contemporary insists are "radical and mental." There I would be content to rest my case, assured that a jury of the Anthropological Society of America soon to convene in this city would render a verdict in accordance with my contention that if there is any "radical and mental" difference in the product of a Caucasian-

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Japanese "blend" it is a difference in favor, decidedly in favor of the "inferior" Japanese.

Enlightening An Empirical Anthropologist

It is a subject broader than these columns and much beyond the scientific capacity of my contemporary or myself. But to give my ill-informed fellow ignoramus an opportunity of crawling out of the hole into which his vanity of utterance has plunged him, let me suggest that if he will forget that he is a "superior blend" and sticking to the "radical" scientific fact that the "inferior blend" of Japanese and Caucasian eventually perishes from the face of the earth by final absorption of the Caucasian in the "inferior" Japanese, he will come much nearer to the truth of what he has been trying to say than he did in that half-written editorial essay on a subject with which he is apparently only partially acquainted. It is a fact that all Eurasians except those of Japan are weak mentally and physically and despised of men throughout Asia—a Portuguese "blend" with a Chinese is lower in the ethnological scale than our mulatto, and is only a degree higher in the social scale of that caste-infected community than the progeny of a Tennessee negro soldier and a Tagalo lavendera. In Japan, on the contrary, both stocks seem to improve while they last if one strain is Caucasian and the other Japanese. But they don't last longer than three or four generations. This is proved by the "blend" of the Aino aboriginal of Japan, supposed to be of Caucasian stirps, and the Mongolian-Polynesian "blend" now generally classified as the Japanese race—an experiment in out-breeding that has been in process for more than a thousand years, with the result that at this day there is no distinct species older than the third generation. The Japanese has absorbed them as they are produced. Having assisted my happy-go-lucky contemporary to a better understanding of his original purpose, I will leave further discussion of the question until the Anthropological Society meets. Then we will take up the subject again somewhat in this form: Resolved, That it is ethnologic evidence of racial inferiority if the Caucasian cannot persist in contact with the Japanese. The final decision on this question will dispose of the *Chronicle* writer's doubtful hypothesis that "The inferior race would not be raised, but the superior race would be debased."

Science and the Elect

When the Anthropological Society of America meets in this city I hope the members will devote a few moments of their valuable time to the discussion of the natural history of our anthroposocii, vulgarly termed Our Smart Set. The proper study of man is man and the anthropologist has reduced that study to a science that is almost exact. Seemingly, however, the anthropologist seldom gets beyond the jurassic or triassic period; he browses around in the mesozoic age and he is apparently more interested in speculation concerning the social and political condition of pliocene man than he is regarding the structure and tendency of the man who lives next door. There is too much ethnology and too little sociology in modern anthropology; too much archaeology and palaeonthology and too little mind for the immediate and intimate anthropos. I offer our local anthroposocii as a field of anthropological research because they seem to present a broad opportunity for the study of unnatural tendencies in the natural history of mankind. The visiting scientists will not find our anthroposocii quite as degenerate as the dog party and monkey dinner species of Newport, but they will have an opportunity to observe and classify what are technically designated as "climbers," "arrived," "smart," "supersmart," "fringe," "old family," "new-rich," "elect," "the bavarde bunch," and "the chaperon herd." As a basis of investigation the sub-section of the post-pliocene division of the Ethnologic branch of the society might use the "Giddy Whirl" and "Doings of the Gay Set" departments of the daily newspapers, gradually working out of the abstract into the concrete by natural selection of the various species described every morning and every evening in the "society columns" of the press. A special committee of the society should visit Burlingame, Del Monte, and some of the notorious summer resorts for the purpose of studying at close range the brachycephali and dolichocephali of the Californian Five Hundred. If the Anthropological Society of America will put this special subject in their schedule I promise them a publicity and popularity for their proceedings that will surprise every fossil in their collection and put new life into those of their prehistoric members that are tarrying with Niebuhr and Schliemann in that Babylonian brickyard or wasting precious time questioning the eidolons of the Egyptian tombs. What the modern anthropologist should do is to get busy with the up-to-date anthropology of the effete anthropos of the smart anthroposocii.

Not Quite Up to London Date

The clerk at the Palace receives many queer kicks from guests at the hotel, but one of the queerest was registered by Sir Charles Euan Smith, the British street railway magnate. Sir Charles was staying at the Palace this week with his wife, on their way to South Africa. He came

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down to the office one morning and, leaning over the counter, complained that he had been waiting half an hour for a bootblack to come and blacken his boots. In England, as at Del Monte, the shoes are always left outside the guest's door and blackened by a maid, so Sir Charles placed his outside his room door. They would have been waiting there yet had the distinguished gentleman not concluded to hustle things by a personal reminder at the desk.

A Substitute for His Oratory

Frank J. Sullivan, the dilettante spellbinder, who recently erected a monument at Fontenoy in honor of the Irish brigade that won the day, was to have figured as the headliner at a garden party given at Phelan Park in Santa Cruz last week for the benefit of the Catholic church. He was to have told the story of his recent travels in Europe, and the people were very much disappointed at his failure to appear. They thronged the park and waited for the orator until told that he had arrived in San Francisco too late to make Santa Cruz connections. However, they were compensated on Sunday, when Mr. Sullivan put in an appearance on the streets of Santa Cruz, his handsome figure clad in garments of the very latest Parisian cut. His trousers created a sensation in the surf city, for they were of large black and white checks that made the Beau Brummels of the place sit up and take notice.

His Treacherous Memory

Porter Ashe is an inveterate wag whose propensity to josh the unsophisticated cannot be curbed, and he is never so happy as when the victims of his witticisms are insensible to his humor. He met one of the purblind some months ago while visiting the home of his wife in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Ashe told her husband of a count that he was to meet and begged him to refrain from joshing the foreigner. He promised to bridle his wit. When he met the count he noticed that the gentleman had a very conspicuous front tooth. It projected over his lower lip, giving him a comical appearance.

"Very glad to meet you, Count," said Ashe when introduced. "My wife, if my memory serves me, told me you were from Tuscany."

The count spent half an hour setting Ashe right, and explaining a great deal about Austria, his native country.

The Political Situation

Abe Ruef is not the only political boss on the anxious seat these days. That other distinguished member of the bar, Gavin McNab, who improves his practice by capitalizing his influence with office-holders, is restlessly viewing developments in the anti-Schmitz movement. Some time ago, when McNab assured the reformers that he would vindicate his civic zeal by stifling the spirit of partisanship in the Democratic camp and joining hands with the Republicans in a campaign for clean government, he was warmly applauded for his unselfish devotion to the interests of the taxpayers. But it has turned out that there was method in Gavin's non-partisanship. When he acquiesced in the proposed coalition on the mayoralty candidate it was because he saw in this scheme a chance to swell his patronage. He knew that it would be fatuous to attempt the election of a McNab Democrat in a three-cornered fight, and that with three tickets in the field the probability was he would lose some of the offices now held by his machine, whereas if the Republicans conceded to him the balance of power he would be in a position to exact tribute in the shape of a few more jobs. But Gavin is not to get all that he expected, and he will find that he does not occupy so strategic a position as he had contemplated. When it comes to the distribution of offices the present Democratic Supervisors will force McNab to accept what the Republicans offer. They want the joint nomination and they don't intend to permit McNab to deprive them of a cinch just because he cannot get all the patronage he wants.

The Plan of Action

According to the program of the anti-Schmitzites the Republicans will meet September nineteenth and after organizing a committee on conference will be appointed to discuss the terms of coalition. The convention will then take a recess. The Democrats will then meet, organize and appoint a conference committee, and no nominations will be made until the representatives of the two organizations come to an agreement. Ruef's Labor convention will be rounded up August thirty-first, and a little later his Reorganized Democratic party will get busy. Politicians have been wondering why he started the reorganized Democratic movement, which petered out after opening headquarters and flooding the mails with literature. It has leaked out that he purposed nominating a Democrat for Mayor and getting him on the ballot by petition, thus to take advantage of the failure of the regular Democracy to put up a candidate. But his plans are to be upset. Instead of endorsing the Republican candidate, the Democrats will make him their nominee, and his name will appear twice on the ballot.

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Ruef's Bad Judgment

Politicians are of the opinion that Ruef is making one of his characteristic blunders in undertaking to organize the Republican Convention. They say that by standing in on the organization he could pretend that everything was going to his satisfaction, but that by putting up a candidate for chairman he runs the risk of exposing his weakness at the start. As soon as he loses the chairmanship his forces will rapidly disintegrate. The convention will undoubtedly be organized against Ruef, and the committee on resolutions will pour some hot shot into him and his candidate. The Republican League is wisely keeping its candidate for Mayor under cover. It's bad politics to keep a candidate in the limelight too long before the convention meets. That fact was demonstrated in the case of McDougald.

Hugh Craig and Some Editors

Something sinister seems to inhere in Hugh Craig's suggestion at a recent session of the Merchants' Exchange that Ng Poon Chew, editor of *Chung Sai Yat Po,* "have the privilege of returning to his home in China and taking with him some of our own editors and leaving them there." Mr. Craig should have been more explicit in the enunciation of his editorial exclusion policy; since he does not insist that all editors shall be transported to China he should have named those that he thinks ought to be so deported. Evidently Mr. Craig is not on good terms with "some of our own editors"; or is his hatred confined to the editorial writers? There is a broad distinction between the editor of a newspaper and the writer of editorials for a newspaper —as Mr. Craig, who is an unusually well-informed citizen, probably knows. Or was his thought of good riddance directed at the "managing editors" of the various newspapers only? The "policies" upon which Mr. Craig has condemned "some of our own editors" to Asiatic exile are formulated by the managing editors and those gentlemen must have been butting around in Mr. Craig's troubled consciousness when he pronounced his sentence of excommunication. Who were they? Why not name them? Perhaps it can be arranged to ship these editors to China if they are designated. If Mr. Craig was not jesting when he suggested that the Chinese editor should be permitted to revisit the glimpses of the Kwang-si moon accompanied by "some of our own editors" he ought to back the courage of his conviction with a list of the Craig-banned newspaper men.

A Few Suggestions

Moreover, why has Mr. Craig banished these editors to China? Why not to Van Dieman's Land, or Botany Bay, or Sydney, where the ancestors of the best society were "knucks in quod" and "lags doing the long stretch for forking a wipe in Regent street," or "cracking a crib in Bayswater"? Why not send the poor devils to a place where something like the English language is spoken? not the pidjin substitute of those who traffic in the roaring gates of Asia. Surely the intensity of Mr. Craig's hatred for "some of our editors" is not so bitter that he would insist upon the perpetual discomfort of these editors after they had been deported. Furthermore, it is pertinent to inquire if it is Mr. Craig's desire that his enemies shall stay abroad permanently? May they not return to plague the community after Mr. Craig has himself departed? It is not likely that even the liveliest of the editors who have incurred Mr. Craig's animosity would be able to disturb the peace of a dead Craig. Moreover, suppose these editors should promise to be good? suppose they promise to be more regardful of Mr. Craig's prejudices living and absolutely respectful of the Craig memory when he shall himself have ceased from troubling?—would not Mr. Craig in these circumstances consent to postpone the execution of his sentence and allow them parole during good behavior? And in the meantime, will Mr. Craig kindly inform us who the culprits may chance to be?

Society's Latest Fad

Nobody is now "really in society" unless she has been tangled or mangled in an auto accident. Until recently the requirement was a surgeon's certificate announcing that the candidate for social distinction had undergone an operation for appendicitis. There are more appendixless women in society than Mrs. Martin ever thought of inviting to her party; not because appendicitis is a society disease but because nobody can be so afflicted unless she can also afford to pay the price of depriving herself of her appendix. It has been demonstrated by surgical statistics that only the rich are diagnosed for appendicitis—all others must be content with a plebeian "inflammation" requiring the ordinary prescription of the "family doctor." Since the majority of the smart set have had their appendices "removed" it has been necessary to resort to some other method of distinguishing the elect from the common herd. It was suspected that everybody is provided with an appendix and it was feared that the price of "removal" might be lowered to the capacity of "the poorest purse." As in the discarding of the sealskin sacque because the installment plan of purchase enabled not only my lady's maid but the cook lady herself to wear a garment as expensive as that of the mistress, so it has been determined in the matter of the aristocratic appendix—it shall be no more a social prerogative of the exclusive set to "go on the operating table"; and the automobile accident has been substituted. It will be a long time before automobiles will be so cheap that Susann the soubrette of the bedchamber can afford to chauffeur one of them into a ditch, or Bridget the housemaid can demand leave of absence while recovering from "a narrow escape on the Carmel grade in a forty horsepower motor car."

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To Keep in the Limelight

Once more there are rumors of a new dancing club. It is to be organized, rumor sayeth, by the girls who have passed the bud stage and reached their efflorescence without winning a husband. Here, as in no other city in the country, the younger element of society dominates social affairs. The older girls have begun to resent the dictatorship of the buds. They object to being shelved after being out a year or two. Spoiled by the adulation of the press gushers and developed beyond their years, the buds are inclined to scorn the older girls and shut them out on festal occasions. So the buds of yesteryear have decided to create a little limelight for themselves and shut out the callow contingent.

The Elusive Conte

Angelo Conti, the stalwart Italian, who enjoys the favor of San Francisco's smartest, and who recently returned to town, is in no hurry to get away again. Though he does not sport a title, there has been a good deal of angling for him by girls who view with horror the prospect of being relegated to the shelf. But Conti and Cupid do not appear to be on the best of terms. He is not of the temperament of his friend, Signor Feccini, who is said to have fallen hopelessly in love with two girls a season ago, neither of whom encouraged his fierce passion. One tolerated him in a platonic fashion and the other scorned him. To make matters worse for him, financial troubles crowded upon him, and he went back to Italy with an empty purse and a lacerated heart.

Wheeler's Admonition

When the president of a great university feels it incumbent upon himself to speak to students as did President Wheeler Monday morning, it argues that California's young men are prone to living a little too near to nature for the comfort of those with whom they come in contact. His words regarding personal cleanliness read as though they had issued from the lips of a nursery governess, admonishing her pinafored charges. His admonition was a most excellent one, but the pity of it is that the president of the university considers it a necessary one. Little boys, go to the nursery and have your bath!

Feminine Proverbial Philosophy

One of the lady-writers of the evening press of this city has Silaswegged into proverbial philosophy, and the result is sufficiently Tupperonian to merit reproduction in the lucid intervals of a church guild joke book published by the congregation to defray the expense of refurnishing the back parlor of the parsonage. Example: "To be a great critic, one must prove by his criticism that he could never do the thing that he is criticising." Illustration: To be a great critic of lady-poetry, one must prove by his criticism that he could never write that kind of poetry in a thousand years. Another proverb: "Argument is the jangle of the fools' bells or the loud insistence of the ignorant. Wisdom keeps itself for another hearing." Another corollary: That is why the owl only hoots and why Charley Shortridge is the greatest orator in California. Again: "When the critic is in doubt he always has recourse to ridicule." Once more: Because "Wisdom keeps itself for another hearing." Another one: "Ridicule is a cheap and unconscious way of convicting ourselves." Exception: Judge Cabaniss has never been in jail, notwithstanding the fact that he is one of the few masters of ridicule "in our midst." Definition of an epigram: "An epigram is something written from both ends." Logical conclusion: An epigram is not an epigram until it is written—it is a kind of "wisdom that keeps itself for another hearing." I fear that in the matter of epigrams I must ask my erudite friend Edward O'Day to take this lady-writer in hand for a course in Martial. She is better in her loveverbs than she is in proverbs—as a lady-writer should be; but I have no time to waste in analysis of a woman's idea of love. Besides, I am in doubt concerning love, and would be compelled to have recourse to ridicule which would be a cheap and unconscious way of convicting myself.

The Aftermath

Hart McKee, who married Cornelia Baxter Tevis, is now being sued by a half-guide and half detective for services rendered. Mr. McKee employed him when he and Mrs. Lawrence Phipps were in Paris two years ago. The man was mixed up in the McKee-Phipps affair and is said to have perjured himself during the litigation that caused such a sensation in the East some months before McKee married the widow of the Californian millionaire.

The Wedding Bells Were Cowbells

The limit for unconventionality was reached at the Green-Huntington nuptials in Berkeley last week, and the wedding was the jolliest ever owing to the absence of formality. About one quarter of the guests were society people, and the major portion of the rest were the bride's numerous relatives and connections. When the happy pair entered their carriage, en route to the train, the guests made the welkin ring with their shouts, which mingled with the music of cowbells that had been attached to the carriage. The only grave face in the wedding party was that of the bridegroom, who seemed greatly impressed by the solemnity of the occasion and never lost his gravity for an instant.

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Marchand's Successor

Pierre Priet of Marchand's, who died last week in Paris, was not unknown to fame. To epicures in many parts of the world he is known as the man who gave the "pudding diplomatique" its vogue. But Priet was not a chef. He entered Marchand's rotisserie as a waiter when it was located at the southwest corner of Dupont (now Grant avenue) and Bush streets, opposite the original "Poodle Dog." The founder of the restaurant was then alive. He was the chief, and he was a great culinary artist. His wife stood behind the counter and received the cash. Some time after the death of Marchand his widow married Priet. In consequence of the widening of Dupont street, the restaurant was moved to Post and Grant avenue, which site it occupied over twenty years. It there enjoyed the patronage of gourmets from all parts of the world. It was the French restaurant par excellence of San Francisco and it was there that much of the gayest history of the city was made. It was there that a famous actress was rudely disturbed while dining with a young millionaire, another young millionaire putting in an unwelcome appearance, intent upon throwing her companion through a window. It was there also that Chris Buckley was dined by some of San Francisco's foremost citizens, who blushed when their names appeared in the papers.

His Famous Expression

But to return to Priet; giving the "pudding diplomatique" its vogue was not the only way in which he acquired celebrity. He was the author of a famous expression that has been embalmed in droll fiction. He was the hero of a story that has many versions. It is of an episode that took place in the original Marchand's at Bush and Dupont, long before the young waiter thought of marrying the widow of his employer. One evening while serving a young couple in a private room, he entered with the fish, and started back in amazement seeing that the guests, who had probably been long separated, were in the act of exchanging a kiss. The young woman blushed, the young man flushed indignantly.

"Don't be staring so!" he exclaimed. "Didn't you ever see two people kissing before?"

"Oh, yes, monsieur," said the amiable Pierre, with a smile, "but nevaire between ze soup and ze fish."

More Wealth For Mrs. Carolan

Now that both the Pullman twins are with their forefathers, Mrs. Frank Carolan is destined to come into possession of far greater riches than she was believed to be heir to at the time of her marriage. Last week I reported that George M. Pullman, who was responsible for the greatest impetus that was ever given to the tip system in America, accumulated only ten million dollars in building sleeping cars and forcing the public to contribute the greater part of the wages of his employes. I have since learned that the Pullman estate is worth nearly thirty millions, and the twins having died the property will be divided between Mrs. Frank Carolan and her sister, Mrs. Frank Lowden. The relicts of the twins gained very little in a financial way by their marriage. When young George Pullman died his widow retained attorneys Knight and Heggerty to look after her interests, but they soon found that the millionaire car builder had anticipated trouble by tying his estate up in a trust and that it was too late to institute proceedings to dissolve it. However, a contest was threatened, but as it never came to a head, the supposition is that the widow compromised for a small sum. Her sister is not likely to fare any better. Mrs. Pullman has been in very bad health for years, and has spent much of her life in a sanitarium.

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She was Hattie Sanger of Sacramento, daughter of Colonel James Sanger, a railroad man. She was once reported engaged to Edgar Mills, but he married Miss Swift, and a little later she married Pullman.

The Frank Carolans were in Ostend when last heard from. They have been making a tour of the watering places.

The Real Queen

When Mrs. Will Crocker made her appearance at Del Monte, last week, all the smart matrons, from Mrs. Walter Hobart to Mrs. Willie Bourn, quickly took advantage of the opportunity to pay their devoirs to the real Queen of the fashionable herd. Mrs. Eleanor Martin enjoys pre-eminence only when Mrs. Crocker takes the rest cure. Mrs. Martin queens it over a somewhat heterogeneous social push, but Mrs. Crocker's court is inaccessible to all but the most swagger. In her set are women who would not deign to rub shoulders with some of the imperfectly branded on Mrs. Martin's visiting list, not even at an Alice Roosevelt reception. But Mrs. Crocker makes no bid for social prestige in the columns of the press. She would scorn to have a press agent. Nor does she make any pretension to leadership. It is solely by force of her personality that she commands the obeisance of the most swagger of the younger matrons of society. She is not ostentatiously hospitable, and never seeks celebrity through the medium of a big function.

Some Greenway Gossip

Ned Greenway is in fine fettle for the winter campaign. He rounded into such fine shape during the summer season that he has decided to contribute his subscription dances. In this connection I am authorized to report that he will not permit the introduction of the bonny hug which has become very popular at several Eastern resorts and threatens to cross the continent. Greenway frowned on that style of dancing several seasons ago and succeeded in stamping it out of his club. One of the victims of his displeasure was Dr. Sweazy, who was seen dancing the new style at a private dance and he was not thereafter asked to attend the Friday Nights. It is said that Greenway first witnessed the objectionable dance in Arizona while on a business trip and that it shocked him. Much to his surprise, on his arrival in this city he found that all society was doing the new dance. One of the latest Greenway bulletins for private circulation is that he does not make out the invitational list for the Friday Night Club; that all the new names are suggested by his friends. It is to be hoped that this explanation will prove satisfactory to disappointed climbers.

His Middle Name

If Eugene Murphy had drifted into bachelorhood his friends would probably never have known that he has a middle name. Mrs. Murphy discovered it and rescued it from oblivion. It is "Bourdillon." It appears on the Murphy stationery. Who knows but that some day we shall read that among those present were the E. Bourdillon Murphys?

The auto seems rapidly to be settling the question: What shall we do with our millionaires' sons? At the rate they are being disposed of the heiresses will have bigger dots than ever.

The Boardmans and Drowns

Now that the Sam Boardmans' imposing brick residence in Franklin street is completed, and furnished to the last tack in the carpets, Mrs. Boardman is making hospitable plans for the winter. Mrs. Boardman has not lost interest in society since domestic duties began to take the place of the old days' amusements. And with her interest in society she keeps up her enthusiasm for charitable work. Her sister, Newell Drown, is interested in Betty Ashe's settlement work. Just at present Miss Drown is at Riverside with her mother, whose health has not been good for some time, and who is trying the southern climate as a restorative.

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London's Oath

In his latest book, "War of the Classes," Jack London sets forth an oath that he says he swore one day, when, as a tramp, he saw that hard work under certain unfortunate circumstances led to the bottom of the social pit. The oath ended with this strange outburst: "And may God strike me dead if I do another day's hard work with my body more than I absolutely have to do." He adds, "And I have been busy ever since running away from hard work." The book appears to have been written by way of corroborating the assertion that the author has been avoiding hard work. It is a superficial study of the subject of socialism, and reveals no great familiarity with the spectre which looms over modern civilization with a menace of ruin that, in Europe, is causing serious alarm.

A Pocahontas of the North

The name of this hermaphroditic production is "The Great Interrogation." The great interrogatory arises from a doubt in the mind of the hero as to whether he shall marry a squaw or a white woman. It is the same "interrogatory" that is answered negatively in "Madame Butterfly" and "The Heart of a Geisha." On the score of personal cleanliness it would seem more necessary that London should solve his "sociological problem" in the negative that it was for Luther Long and Colgate Baker. The Japanese women bathe themselves in hot water twice or thrice a day; the native women of the Klondike would perish of tuberculosis if they bathed oftener than once a year in the season when the sun is highest above the horizon. As between a flat-nosed, blubber-eating, Chilcat squaw, and a nice, well-dressed, talcum-powdered, peroxide, purse-laden widow, the ordinary white man would not stop to inquire—the extent of his "interrogatory" would not exceed the terse, business-like question by Pierre Loti to Madame Chrysanthemum: "How much?" In London's play the same "interrogatory" would also apply as a dower test to ascertain the pecuniary value of the "rich widow" who is ready to marry the impecunious "leading man" who has betrothed himself to the Esquimeaux squaw because she "saved his life."

Novelists Taking to the Drama

In dramatizing one of his stories Jack London has but followed the lead of the novelists of England. The dramatizing novelist is coming to the front strongly with the growing taste for better writing, better character study and better plots in plays. The huge success of "Raffles" has set E. W. Hornung to work on another play, and he has temporarily quit novel writing. W. W. Jacobs has been learning stagecraft since "The Beauty and the Barge" made the big success last year in London. Jerome K. Jerome has another play in his mind's eye, and Mrs. Humphry Ward has unutterable yearnings to write for the stage. Arthur Morrison has begun to dabble in dramatic work. Anthony Hope is struggling with a play, and so on through the list of the principal English novelists of the day.

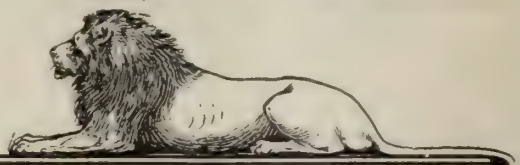
Jesse Lynch Williams has just finished a four-act comedy founded on his short story, "The Stolen Story." It will be produced early in the fall by Henry W. Savage, who has been making such a success of George Ade's plays. "The Stolen Story" is more than a mere dramatization; it is an elaborate working out of the plot, utilizing the same ideas. Mr. Lynch's book, to which this tale lent its name, will be remembered as a clever exposition of newspaper life from the inside. It was brought out a few years ago and has been crowded into the background by a mass of later productions, but it may safely count on a resurrection now that the stage has taken cognizance of it. Even "Trilby" is being taken down from the shelves, where it has lain undisturbed for ages, on the strength of the revival of this play.

Is Taking Sand Baths

Henry Clay Barnabee writes to a friend in this city that he is in hopes to be well enough by autumn to go out in a little vaudeville sketch that has been written for him. It is now many months since he sustained the accident to his knee that invalided him just as he was beginning his prosperous vaudeville season. His knee is still stiff though he is no longer obliged to use a cane. Mr. and Mrs. Barnabee are spending the summer at Innisfail, Vineyard Haven, in Massachusetts, and the comedian gives his injured knee a sand-bath in the hot sun every day, by his physician's advice.

Gossip From the South

It is said that the recent visit of the dashing young Filipino, Filimon Perez, to Santa Barbara, was not without portent. Guests at the Potter, where the son of the wealthy island planter was a guest this summer, found him unusually interesting and became very curious about his affairs when it was whispered that he hoped to win the



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hand of a beautiful and clever girl, a Berkeley graduate of distinguished lineage. Two years ago they were seen driving together quite often on the speedway at Santa Barbara, and the gossips at the Riviera of the Pacific say that before departing for home he proposed for the young woman's hand.

The marriage of Miss Mary Babcock and Daniel Hinds Laubersheimer of Los Angeles will take place the last of the month. Another interesting wedding to be celebrated soon in the South is that of Miss Isabel Works, daughter of Judge J. D. Works, to Richard H. Burritt, of Waterbury, Connecticut. Miss Etta Jacoby, granddaughter of Rabbi A. W. Edelman, of Los Angeles, was married last week to Morse Silver of New York, the event proving the most important one in the Jewish society circle for several months.

Kate Condon's Kick

There have been great doings behind the scenes at the Tivoli during the last few months to which the public had not the slightest inkling. It was not until Kate Condon was on her way to New York that the curtain was lifted. Kate was in a great hurry to leave, having been offered an opening on Broadway, which is dear to the heart of every actress. Before her departure she had trouble with the management, for in the opinion of the management she had two more weeks to serve under her contract, and she was told that unless she worked out her engagement she would be enjoined from appearing in New York. Thereupon, by way of counter claim, she demanded salary for the two weeks preceding her opening in "Rob Roy," and before starting she put the matter in the hands of an attorney. As it is not customary to pay a mime during rehearsal the attorney is not likely to establish the claim. But even though the claim were a valid one Kate Condon would have to knock off four days, for she did not put in an appearance at the theatre until the fifth day after her arrival. The probability is that she will be glad to withdraw the whole claim as soon as the injunction is sued out in New York. Frank Moulan jumped a contract once and Manager Savage kept him in idleness for a whole season.

Getting Rid of Deadwood

As soon as it became known that differences had arisen between Kate Condon and the Tivoli management, echoes were heard of the doings behind the scenes. It was learned that there had been much dissatisfaction and a story was published telling of the mischievous machinations of Assistant Manager Healy, the domineering conduct of Stage Manager Freeman and the enforced passivity of Director Paul Steindorff. Healy was accused of having been instrumental in causing the separation of the Tivoli and that eminent comedian, Ferris Hartman, a charge that must win for Healy the esteem of many of the patrons of the little opera house, for as everybody knows the industrious Ferris had gone to seed long before the arrival of Healy on the scene. He was an old favorite who had many fine achievements to his credit, but the best of comedians grow monotonous. Ferris should be satisfied to point with pride to his protracted reign, and should admit to himself that it does not pay to run a theatre on sentiment. Having retired from his profession to take up the wet goods business, he has testified that he was conscious of the decline of his comic talent. But to return to the echoes. They tell the story of a change of policy at the Tivoli. It appears that it suddenly dawned upon the management that there were too many back-numbers on the premises, and that there was urgent need for a little ginger. Moss was growing in the dressing-rooms. Things were running in a groove. The lackadaisical air had ceased to be a mere affectation. Everybody felt that he had a life-job, and new talent received the frozen face. The musicians took to reading newspapers instead of the score during the progress of an act. It was decided to get rid of the deadwood, and it is now drifting down stream into the gulf of the dead past. Max Freeman, the new stage manager, has put new life into the Tivoli, and he has not completed his labors. The next old-timer whose services are to be dispensed with is Ferris Hartman's old chum, Paul Steindorff. He has received his notice and will soon seek pastures new. Too long a time in the provinces dulls the edge of the best of artistic talent.

Popular Milliners Have Returned

The Misses Widrin, of 958 Geary street, who have been in New York City for six weeks, have returned home. While in the metropolis they selected a large stock of beautiful and artistic millinery. Half of the goods are Parisian importations. These creations will be shown at the Misses Widrin's millinery opening, which will be announced in due season.

Mrs. Richard Henry Savage, widow of the brilliant, eccentric San Francisco man who won fame as soldier, novelist and raconteur, gave a lecture at Saratoga last week on "The Real Madame du Barry," under the patronage of prominent society people.

Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld Jr., her daughter, Miss Elizabeth Leslie Meyerfeld, and Mrs. Sigmund B. Schloss will return from a year's sojourn in Europe early in September, and will be at home at 1809 California street.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Vail left on Thursday for the East. They will be away about two months.

A Panorama of Beauty

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No Title, but Sangre Azul

The friends of Bernadette Robinson are anxiously awaiting her arrival. They are all wild with curiosity to see her husband, the little Italian, Lieutenant Trezzi. It is possible that the Signora Trezzi may feel some nervousness about presenting her liege lord for her critical friends' approval, for Lieutenant Trezzi has no title except the military one. However I hear that he is of much better family than a good many of the counts and princes of his country. The Trezzis are expected to arrive here in about three weeks, and will spend most of their time in and about Santa Barbara.

Bride and Groom Missing

A wedding feast without the bride and groom is the paradox that followed the Fleishhacker-Greenebaum nuptials. The bride and groom graced the feast for a short while but they made their exit unceremoniously, and nobody knew they had departed from the house until Mrs. Greenebaum received a telephone message from her daughter telling her that she was with her husband at their apartments in the Palace hotel. At first it was thought that the newly married couple had perpetrated a joke, but the guests were informed that Mr. Fleishhacker, who is in ill health, was obliged to withdraw because of his physical disability. Mr. Fleishhacker has been something of an invalid for nearly a year, and while abroad on his honeymoon trip he will take the waters. By the way, the Fleishhacker-Greenebaum wedding gifts were the handsomest and most costly that have been shown in this city in many years.

A Quick Engagement

The marriage of Marian Voorsanger and Mr. Waxelbaum had a romantic prologue. A short time ago Miss Voorsanger was visiting relatives in Texas, and just as she was preparing to return home she received a note from a San Francisco matron, sojourning in New Orleans, urging her to visit that city and spend a few days there under her chaperonage. She accepted the invitation, and in New Orleans met Mr. Waxelbaum with whom it was a case of love at first sight. He wanted to marry Miss Voorsanger then and there, but a marriage without a trousseau and all the accessories was not to Miss Voorsanger's taste. Besides she preferred to be married in her own home, so the ardent suitor had to possess his soul in patience. The wedding was a very elaborate affair to which, I hear, several thousand invitations were issued. After the ceremony at the church about sixty people were invited to supper at the home of the bride's father, the Reverend Dr. Voorsanger.

She Would Not Debut

It only surprised the Blingunites the merest trifle when they learned by direct cable from London, that Jennie Crocker had refused all the offers of the Whitelaw Reids to introduce her into the British smart set. If Miss Crocker would not be introduced to society at home, and likewise objected when her sister, Mrs. Burton Harrison, proposed to launch her in New York and Washington, D. C., she must have good reasons for deferring her social debut. Jennie Crocker is as independent in disposition as her aunt-by-marriage, Mrs. Will Crocker, and if she doesn't care to enter society nobody will ever force her into the swim against her wish.

At Del Monte

The Walter Martins registered at Del Monte last week, and young paterfamilias added "and family." Walter takes very seriously his fatherhood, and, I hear, is already reading up books on the bringing up of one's offspring in the way it should go. Del Monte has filled up rapidly the

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last fortnight, and there are few society lights who are not there or on the way. Alice and Ethyl Hager arrived early in the week from Santa Cruz, and will finish the season at Del Monte. Agnes Tobin went down with her brother Ed. The Chesebroughs, Harry Babcocks, and Harvey Danas arrived last week. Captain Harry Roosevelt, Judge Morrow's son-in-law, is also there.

At the Springs

The Homer Kings have been spending a week at Byron Hot Springs, with Hazel and Frank King. Society has discovered that the road to Byron is just the nicest road in the world for motoring, and every day the hotel is visited by one or more parties of autoists. Even to the uninitiated it is interesting to listen to the chauffeurs' tales of obstacles surmounted and scenic beauties discovered during their cross-country spins. Frank H. Johnson and John A. Huffman made the run to Byron this week in a Pope-Toledo. In another Pope-Toledo were Mrs. B. E. Green, Mrs. J. A. Chanslor and Miss Huston-Bishop of Los Angeles, with Miss Helen Scoville of New York. Other autoists visiting the hotel were the Fred Talbots and Charles Fords in Mr. Talbot's Great Arrow. They intend remaining at the springs indefinitely. Others at Byron are Senator and Mrs. Fred Cox of Sacramento, Dr. Parent and Edward Pollitz, and the C. Maertens, of Honolulu. James Horsburgh, Jr., of the S. P., with the J. J. Geisingers of Philadelphia arrived in their private car on Thursday, en route to Portland.

He Takes It To Heart

I hear that Heber Tilden is in a very gloomy state of mind, in consequence of the sad and fatal accident in which his auto figured. Mr. Tilden is one of those fat, jolly chaps upon whom trouble is believed to sit very lightly, but with him the contrary is the case. Mrs. Tilden, by the way, was not Teen Goodall before her marriage, as one of the dailies had it. She was one of the beautiful Voorman sisters. It was Mrs. Hugo Keil, who was also of the auto party, who was Miss Goodall.

Dr. Maude Noble, who has just concluded a tour of Switzerland and the Black Forest, is now doing the Rhine before returning to Berlin.

Elk—Why did the Native Sons of Sacramento quit urging that the Britt-Nelson fight be postponed?

Eagle—Because they were afraid that Coffroth would have the capital removed to Colma.

Mrs. Ada Romer Shawhan entertained a congenial group of her friends in her studio last Thursday evening.

Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon and family are back from Gaston, their country place near Grass Valley. During their stay there they entertained several congenial house parties.

Mrs. Will Ashe, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Peters, in Stockton, has returned to the Ashe ranch in Glen Ellen.

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Miss Lucy Bancroft is visiting her sister, Mrs. Richards, at Dresden. Mrs. Richards' two daughters, Ruth and Kathryn, are studying music abroad, and I hear their talent is marked. They are typical California girls, of fine physique. The quartet will return next year to San Francisco, to reside again in their former apartments in St. Dunstan's.

The Judiciary in the Mountains

Justices Shaw and Angelotti of the Supreme Court have been spending a few weeks at Tallac, where the former is achieving a great reputation as a pathfinder. He scorns the dusty roads and familiar trails, preferring to find long neglected paths that wind through the sagebrush and forest. At first Angelotti had very little confidence in his associate's instinct for pathfinding, and several times he expected to be lost in the mountains, but invariably Judge Shaw led him out of the wilderness and to their destination.

Shakespeare a Printer

The American Type Founders' Company has reproduced an ingenious and amusing literary diversion by William Blades, which sets forth the theory that Shakespeare spent a portion of his time, before he became an acknowledged playwright, in connection with a printing office. Shakespeare has been proved, to the satisfaction of the provers, at all events, to have followed nearly every trade and profession, and to have been not only every writer of his day, but a trade name for the corporation. It has been just as easy to select passages from his works to prove each separate contention as it is to quote Scripture to support every doctrine, and there appears to be just as good internal evidence in support of the speculation that Shakespeare spent his first years of London life as a publishers' reader as that he wandered homeless and held horses for stray pennies. "Ignorance gives us a wide range of possibilities." The little pamphlet which contains Mr. Blades' whimsical idea should be appreciated by students of Shakespeare.

Auto Notes

Percy P. Pierce is indeed to be congratulated upon winning the Glidden Trophy in the late endurance contest from New York to Mt. Washington and return. He not only received the unanimous vote of the judges but fifteen more votes from his competitors than any other contestant in the run.

Another professional man and enthusiastic automobilist who uses his motor car for his vacation trip as well as for business, is Dr. Montgomery Thomas of Fresno. The doctor arrived Saturday in his new 30 h. p. Pierce Arrow, having a most delightful trip.

The Mobile Carriage Company received the following letter from the George N. Pierce Company, makers of Pierce Arrow motor cars: "That the present 28-32 chassis will be standard for 1906. We have decided to continue this model. It has met the ideal of a touring car in every respect. It has the power, seating capacity and simplicity of operation, to say nothing of style and durability, that is so desirable in an automobile for the purposes it is intended."

The Financial Field

Trading in the local Board has been quite active, especially in stocks. Board transactions aggregate $341,100; Shares, 12,998, divided as follows: 4,823 Lighting, 765 Water, 3,575 Miscellaneous, 15 Banks and 3,820 Sugars. San Francisco Gas and Electric scored another advance of five points, to 77, settled back to 75 1-2 and closed quite strong at the latter quotation. An Eastern syndicate is reported to have acquired control of the company, the stock to be surrendered on the following terms: Twenty-five dollars cash and sixty-five dollars in bonds of the new concern, which would mean ninety dollars per share, provided the bonds would command par. It now remains to deal with the smaller lighting corporations; their stocks ought to be considered quite attractive. Alaska Packers' continued its downward course, making a loss of four points, closing at about 78. Large blocks of stock were thrown on the market by insiders. The catch of salmon is said to be enormous but the market is overstocked and consequently profits, if there are any at all, must be insignificant. Sugar stocks have been quite firm, especially Makaweli, Onomea and Paauhau. Hawaiian Commercial changed hands at 87; Paauhau at 23 3-4; Makaweli at 36 3-4; Onomea at 36 7-8; Hutchinson at 15 1-2. Business has been quite satisfactory.

There was quite a decline in Ophir on Wednesday, caused by the report of a fire in the Sutro Tunnel. Fortunately, it did not amount to much and will not interfere with the developments in any of the Comstock mines. The news from the Ophir 2100 southeast drift continues very favorable. Quite a number of mining men in San Francisco inspected the Ophir last week and all were much pleased with what they saw. In the Union and Sierra shafts they are getting everything in shape for the resumption of work. Comstock shares are pretty low now and ought to be a good buy. Contrary to everybody's expectations Tonopah and Goldfield stocks declined on large sales. From all that we can learn there ought to be no reason for this as the news from the mines continues very good. At the Double Eagle the vein continues to hold its own and the rich ore encountered seems to widen out. The news received is of such a favorable nature that the price of the stock is likely to rise twenty or twenty-five cents by the first of the month. —*The Financier.*

Lucia Moore, who has been leading lady of the Belasco theatre in Portland, will come to the Alcazar to hold the same position for the fall-winter season. Lillian Lawrence will be Miss Moore's successor at the Portland theatre, and Eugenie Thais Lawton will be leading lady of the Los Angeles Belasco theatre. Juliet Crosby will substitute for Miss Lawton until the latter finishes her season with Whittlesey.

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Two Snap Shots of Oscar Wilde

BY E. D. PRICE.

Oscar Wilde, prince of poseurs, strode magnificently down a broad marble stairway, in a Louisville hotel, early one winter evening twenty-four years ago and poised himself midway, like a bird in flight, with studied stained glass attitude, that I and others of the common herd, assembled in the rotunda below, might bathe for a few fleeting seconds in the radiating splendor of his presence. He was garbed in rich velvet of forester's green, figured satin waistcoat, tight-fitting knee breeches and silken hose, with silver buckled shoes of shining patent leather. His full throat was exposed by a low rolling collar, from which floated the voluminous folds of a hugh black tie worn in Byronic fashion. His dark brown hair was tossed back in careless, waving masses from a great, splendid, intellectual brow.

The English apostle of the new aesthetic cult, tricked out like a tawdry player, was upon his way to a public hall, to expound his precious theories of life before a bewildered American audience. He needed but the pure white lily in his plump, pallid hand to realize an ideal Grosvenor, the languishing poet of "Patience," the grimly satirical Gilbert and Sullivan opera of the period, inspired by his own affectations. Women caught their breath in ecstacy and gazed upon him with the sweet rapture of the Grecian robed maidens who prostrated themselves before the stage's mimic poet of passion. He was a living, pulsing, full-blooded appeal to the sisterhood of eroticism and hysterical emotion, nauseated by the prosaic practical in life and hungering, as a starving one of the arid desert hungers, for the roseate ideals of romanticism. And, at first glance, he inspired the envious admiration of men, but as one studied him, all the trickery, falsity and chicanery of the charlatan were revealed. Despite his slender, graceful, shapely six feet of flesh and blood, he conveyed the suggestion of flabbiness, rather than firm, hard muscle; of lassitude and inertness rather than vim, vigor and virility. His handsome features were marred by the coarse thick lips of the voluptuary, the indelible stamp of self-consciousness, arrogant pride, insincerity. His smile was a simper, his stride as mincing as that of a school girl in her first long skirt. A feeling of repulsion, and contemptuous disgust surged through every honest man who surveyed this primping incarnation of aesthetic sensuality, eaten up by egotism.

Once more, and only once, did chance afford me passing view of Oscar Wilde. It was one glorious July morning five years ago, when all Paris was aglow in mellow sunlight. Not a stone's throw from Maxim's, the gilded resort of painted, perfumed cocottes and brainless spendthrift rounders, stands a dingy wine shop, just before the turning which diverts a seething stream of traffic through the narrow, winding Faubourg St. Honore, past the very carriage entrance to the good Loubet's presidential palace. It was yet too early for the crowds which later seat themselves upon the walk to sip coffee and cognac, and gaze idly at the ever changing panorama of passersby. But facing each other, at one of the little round iron tables, sat two men. One was a pimply-faced, anaemic youth in his twenties, the inevitable silk hat and ill fitting frock coat, the badges of his British birth. And his companion, sodden, shabby, blear eyed and bloated, sprawling loosely across the little round iron table, was Oscar Wilde. There was no mistaking him. My companion, a well seasoned boulevardier, and an actor who had performed in Wilde's own plays, had known him with some intimacy in the golden days, and hailed him by name. And the fallen idol of his once rosy hued and lily scented realm of aestheticism, toying nervously with half emptied absinthe glass, accorded sullen, shame faced recognition and made reply. It needed no spoken word to disclose his identity. He could not be mistaken, this brutal, bestial, besotted hulk of humanity, despite the almost twenty years of debauchery, and the clinging taint of Reading goal, into which the lash of the law had scourged him for bitter expiation, tortured reflection, and, let us hope, the repentance that is voiced with agonized plaint in his heart breaking apologia.

"How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?" mused the melancholy Dane beside Ophelia's new made grave. And the grim, cynical digger prefaced his reply by the qualification, "Faith if he be not rotten before he die."

Oscar Wilde was morally and physically putrescent before the worms fed upon his wretched remnant of mortality. But his was a gigantic and brilliant intellectuality, such as God gives to but few of his creatures, no matter how high in the scale of mental development. His manner of thought, as well as of living, was oft times perverted, but his marvellous brain created precious fancies that enrich, beyond price, the poetic and dramatic literature of our time. They will endure with as insistent vitality as if this modern Villon had walked through life clothed in chastity and exalted for his good works.

Custom and convention do make strange cowards of us all. While Oscar Wilde, jeered and derided and deserted by all men, was undergoing his forlorn and hopeless trial in the London courts, a West End manager, swayed by a fine sense of commercialism, revived "The Importance of Being Ernest," one of the most wonderful plays in the English language, yet he did so anonymously. He frankly confessed that he dare not fly in the face of public sentiment by advertising the author's name. But all that is changed. Within the coming week the Alcazar players will recite the brilliant epigrams of this comedy, which flings off dazzling flashes of wit like the myriad sparks from an emery wheel and the name of Oscar Wilde is blazoned forth upon the bill boards so boldly that he who journeys by swiftest of electrically propelled conveyance may clearly read. There is a keen revival of interest in Oscar Wilde's best literature in France, England and Germany,

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and it is coming in America. This is well, for no matter how repulsive may have been an author's physical attributes, or how pitiful his moral lapses, the broad catholicism of art should cherish the wholesome products of his brain. Death softens asperities and modifies human judgments. The grave buries resentments as well as corrupting flesh. The works of Oscar Wilde will long outlive the memory of his ignominy.

The Stage

The Great Interrogatory

Jack London's "The Great Interrogation," in dramatic form, is a maiden effort that will not induce the blushes of the author in years to come, even though he achieve something worth while. Yet "The Great Interrogation" is not a play to be proud of. It is not in the slightest degree suggestive of genius. A familiar theme is treated in an unfamiliar manner. A man engaged to be married to one woman, losing her, and being subsequently afforded an opportunity to retaliate—this is the scenario of many plays that one has seen before encountering "The Great Interrogation." But Mr. London and his collaborator, Lee Bascom, who is responsible for the crudities of construction, have developed it in a new way. Hitherto the man has always been torn between sacred and profane love, and at length, with a great effort, has reconciled happiness and duty by marrying the woman he loves best. David Payne does nothing of the kind. He sticks to his squaw who, in this instance, is the pivot of the play, though quite a passive little person. She holds him through gratitude, not through love. David apparently prefers the woman who, some years before, had thrown romance to the winds to marry old Moneybags for the sake of her poor family. After the death of her husband she goes in quest of David and finds him in a lone cabin on the bleak Yukon, keeping house with Winapie, an Indian girl. She pleads for forgiveness, and tells him of her unfaltering love. He tells of his relations with Winapie, and then the white woman proceeds to argue the matter, with a view to convincing him that he is under no moral obligations to remain faithful to the Indian girl. Instead of setting her own charms against those of his companion, or resorting to feminine wiles to lure him back, or relying on an appeal to his emotions, she plunges into a philosophical dissertation. It is all very unwomanly, yet David hesitates and seems on the point of yielding, when he hears Winapie's voice. He is reminded of his thrilling experience with a hungry bear on the occasion when Winapie saved his life. Gratitude conquers. He shows the woman the door, and he does it in a way suggestive of a great struggle between love and duty. You feel sorry for him. It is terrible to think of the fate of a man who has resolved to be the faithful partner for life of a simple-minded Indian girl who has aroused in him no tender or romantic passion. It is not only terrible, it is unnatural. Mr. London's characters are not well realized. The subsidiary characters are not

Scene from "Mrs. Black is Back," in which May Irwin and her company will appear at the Columbia next week

SUSIE FISHER
Whose extraordinary Baritone Voice will be heard at the Orpheum Tomorrow Afternoon

touched in with a sure hand. Kaltou, the old squaw, is dragged in to accentuate Winapie's dread of being deserted by the white man, but she is unnecessary. So is Bill Brown. However, the play has some charm. It has the virtue of suspense but it leaves an unpleasant taste. Its weakness of construction could be forgiven were it essentially plausible. It has atmosphere, and it gives scope for representation of life in the dreary north, but it has little else to commend it. It is not poetic, it is devoid of literary style, it presents no moral problem and it is founded on no intellectual idea. *Theodore Bonnet.*

The O'Sullivan

The Celtic Society is holding no indignation meetings this year to express its disapproval of Denis O'Sullivan. Denis is once more at the Grand disporting himself in a revival of the Boucicault drama, and the Celts are thronging the house at every performance, lustily applauding his realistic portrayal of romantic Irish character. But the representatives of the green isle are not the only admirers of the young Californian enjoying his performances. The Grand is doing a tremendous business, lovers of the vocal art as well as sympathizers with the down-trodden of Ireland taking advantage of the opportunity for delightful entertainment. There is no man on the stage today better skilled than O'Sullivan in the art of interpreting the sentimental and pathetic lyrics of Ireland. He sings them not only with consummate art but with soul-stirring fervor. Moreover he enters into the spirit of his role histrionically, giving realistic color to the scenes and eliciting the sympathy of his audiences. This is no small achievement nowadays, since we have outgrown the Boucicault drama. But "Arrah-Na-Pogue," the current attraction, is a play that gives scope for sincere histrionics. Shaun the Post is a role that has been played by great artists, and Denis O'Sullivan plays it in a way that induces conviction, despite its highly melodramatic flavor. There has been no neglect of details in the production, and the star is receiving very fair support. Alice Lonnon, who plays Fanny Power, is a graceful actress, and she makes a very pleasing impression in a part that gives little opportunity to judge of her powers.

She's a Rich Woman

There is no other actress in the United States so genuinely and generally popular as May Irwin. In New York, you can never get a seat in her theatre unless you order it a long while in advance. Wall street men call May Irwin "the only sure cure for the blues." Off the stage the comedienne is not a bit like a stage personage. She owns an island, one of the Thousand Isles in the St. Lawrence river, and there, during her vacations, it is her delight to live. Both this place and her New York house are under her personal management. There is nothing about housekeeping that May Irwin doesn't know. If her cook should leave her in the lurch, without giving notice, it would not feaze her a bit, for she could get up the dinner herself, from soup to dessert and coffee, as well as a paid *chef* could do. On Irwin Island she plays golf, swims and practices with the foils, but all in moderation. May knows well enough that her plumpness is part of her stock in

DENIS O'SULLIVAN
As Myles na Coppaleen in "The Colleen Bawn," Grand Opera House beginning tomorrow (Sunday) matinee

trade, and she would never be so foolish as to reduce her avoirdupois to any extent. She is the richest actress in America, and her son Walter helps her to look after her immense real estate holdings. Her other son, Harry, is a naval cadet at Annapolis. Both the boys are as devoted to their mother as they would be to a sweetheart, and she is their good comrade always. I remember a few years ago the report came from Chicago that the jolly comedienne was married to Hugo Toland. A reporter went to ask Miss Irwin about it, and she showed him her big boys, and then asked him whether he thought they needed a step-papa so near their own age, or something to that effect. Hugo Toland and May Irwin have always been good friends, but there is no sentiment beyond friendship in their mutual affection. They appeared here together in "The Junior Partner" with Henry Miller.

Next Week's Bills

The California, which has passed under the management of the well-known manager, Charles P. Hall, will re-open this Sunday evening for the much discussed season of the "burlesque wheel," which is to revolve for forty-two consecutive weeks and cover the entire theatrical territory of the United States. The first company forming the "burlesque wheel" consists of the well-known Dainty Paree Burlesquers, composed of forty prominent singers, comedians, dancers, show-girls and chorus singers, who will present the latest musical comedy, "A Married Bachelor." The company, which is under the direction of Dr. M. Campbell and J. H. Barnes of New York, comes here direct from that city. Among them are John A. Boone, J. Gaffney Brown, Thomas Duffy, May Booth, Dessie Ryan, Charlotte Ivar, Alicia Nipetrick, F. Hanley, M. J. O'Rourke, Florence Vardo, The Mound City Quartet, The Keller Zouave Girls from London and Yvette, the sensational electrical dancer, direct from the vaudeville houses of Paris. Under Manager Hall, the California will be run at popular prices and will give matinees on Tuesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of each week.

May Irwin, in the George V. Hobart farce, "Mrs. Black is Back," will be at the Columbia. In this play the inimitable May will sing a number of new coon songs—an important feature of the Irwin entertainment. The company includes Roland Carter, Jane Busby, May Donahue, Lottie Staveley, John E. Hazard, Edward P. Joyce, Victor Cosmod, Louis Foley, F. Elliott Jenkins, Johnston Burr, Edna Mitchell, Nina Collins and Kathleen Burr. George A. Nichols is musical director.

A special Sunday matinee of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" will be given at the Columbia this week. This arrangement has been made in order to accommodate the extraordinary rush for seats. The last performance of the play will be given on Sunday night.

"The Great Interrogation" will be repeated next week at the Alcazar, in response to the demand, in connection with the production of "The Importance of Being Ernest"—the Oscar Wilde play, given during one of Henry Miller's seasons, and now produced for the first time at popular prices. Kipling's "The Light That Failed" comes next, the play in which Forbes Robertson and Gertrude Elliott appeared in London. Robert Homans, the Alcazar's new heavy man, will make his local debut in the Kipling drama.

At the Grand, in "The Colleen Bawn," Denis O'Sullivan will play the good-hearted vagabond, Coppaleen, and will sing the old Irish airs, "The Ninepenny Fiddle," "The Short Cut to the Rosses," "The Cruiskeen Lawn," "The Smith's Song" and "My Dark Rosaleen." The cast will be an excellent one. Monday evening the performance will be for the benefit of the Ladies' United Hebrew Benevolent Society. Sunday matinee, September third, Mr. O'Sullivan will produce for the first time in America, "Peggy Machree," in which he scored a tremendous success in the British Isles.

The first presentation of Francis Wilson's version of "Erminie" will be at the Tivoli tomorrow (Sunday) night. It ran for eleven hundred nights at the Casino, New York. The coming production will be a most beautiful and perfect one. Scenery, costumes and effects have been specially prepared and Max Freeman, who produced the opera for Mr. Wilson at the Casino, has devoted weeks of toil to the staging of it at the Tivoli. The cast will include Aida Hemmi, Anna Lichter, Bessie Tannehill, Aimee Leicester, Arthur Cunningham, Teddy Webb, William Schuster, Frank R. Hayes and Barron Berthald.

The sensational melodrama, "On the Bridge at Midnight," by William M. Roberts, will be the attraction at the Central. The scenic effects will be on a massive scale and the management has gone to a great expense in the matter of the production. One scene shows a den beneath the Chicago and the flooding of the place by the waters of the river. The second, which is a quick

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change in sight of the audience, will show the Jackson street "knife bridge" in working operation. The scene requires the services of twenty-five mechanics to operate the mass of machinery utilized. The bridge rises fifty feet into the air and ships and tugs pass across the stage, in view of the audience. There is a daring ascent made in this scene by Herschel Mayall and Edna Ellsmere, who are carried into the air by ropes attached to the ascending bridge.

At the Orpheum the new bill will include: The famous "Four Emperors of Music," after a triumphal tour of England and Europe; Burton's comedy acrobatic dogs; Radford and Winchester, comedy jugglers; and Susie Fisher, the phenomenal barytone.

The newcomers at the Chutes will include Albini, with his company of entertainers; Nellie Maguire, in "Characters We See Every Day"; and the Earl sisters, a singing and dancing duo.

Charles P. Hall, who will manage the California hereafter, is one of the oldest and most experienced theatrical managers in California. He managed the Bush street theatre during its palmy days, when attractions like Crane in "The Senator" were every fortnight occurrences, and later he directed the fortunes of the Macdonough of Oakland and the Victory of San Jose. He also married into the profession, his wife being Fannie Bowman, the charming ingenue who was with Frederick Warde for many seasons. Charley Hall received his early training in the theatrical business in New York long before the present magnates of the trust came to the front, and today he is more widely known in the business than any manager in California. The California is to have high-class burlesque as its attraction, and Mr. Hall promises some delightful novelties.

Chamber Music Concerts

The Minetti String Quartet announces six chamber music concerts in the Maple room, Palace hotel, on the evenings of October twentieth and twenty-seventh, November third, tenth, sixteenth and twenty-fourth. The quartet this season consists of Giulio Minetti, first violin; Andre Verdier, second violin; Eugenio Marcellino, viola; Arthur Weiss, cello. Herman Genss will be the pianist.

Drifted Into the Limelight of Fame

Madge Carr Cook, who is playing "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is an actress of variable and exceptional abilities, especially in the character line. Her daughter, Eleanor Robson, has lately been attracting as much attention as her gifted mother. It was only a few short years ago that she was graduated from college and was confronted with the problem of her future work in life. One day mother and daughter frankly discussed the outlook, not exactly as it was told in one of our Sunday papers. "I've turned over everything in my mind," announced Eleanor, "and to confess the truth I've as much ambition to become a dressmaker as a famous authoress." "How about being a sculptress or a gifted stenographer?" smiled her mother. "Either one will do," assented her daughter, cheerfully. "The truth of the matter is, I don't seem to have a call for anything in particular." "Then what's the matter with following my calling and going on the stage?" suggested her mother. "That's a better idea than the others," nodded her daughter, "for then you see, mother dear, perhaps we can get into the same company and so be able to travel together." Following her mother's direction she began to study for the stage. She picked up the tricks of the craft in remarkably quick time; but for more than a year she happened on no part that aroused her dormant genius. One part followed another in an educational way till one day, by a stroke of luck, she was given a chance to play the leading role in "Merely Mary Ann." Her success in the East was great. She was taken to England and has there repeated it. Now she is rated as one of the bright American stars in her line.

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MAJESTIC BLDG, Write for Booklet. SAN FRANCISCO

"Mizpah," which had its premier production at the Majestic, is to be one of Charles Frohman's New York offerings this season.

Wilton Lackaye's third season as a star opened last week in Duluth. He comes to this city shortly, probably appearing in "The Pit," "Trilby" and "Pillars of Society." He will give his own stage version of Hugo's "Les Miserables" in New York later in the season, playing Jean Valjean himself.

"On the Wabash," at the Central, should have come two months earlier, or else two weeks later. As a Fourth of July or Ninth of September offering it would have been very timely. There is a Fourth of July scene in which the little Hebrew orphans from the asylum are represented by their band, which plays patriotic tunes, and in another scene the Orpheus Quartet renders selections.

"Ticks and Clicks," at the Orpheum this week, is one of those amusing cressyisms that is to laugh, though we do not always catch the point of the witticism. O'Brien and Havel, who interpret it, are a lively due who work in admirable and humorous harmony. Violet Dale gives a clever imitation of Mrs. Leslie Carter's Du Barry, and other creators of parts not so well known to us. The Millman trio are real stars in their line, the tight wire. Hoch, Elton and company have a lively French farce.

Greenbaum's Plans

Will Greenbaum, who furnishes this city with most of the high class concert and platform attractions, and who was associated with the late Alfred Bouvier, and with Charles W. Strine in the local management of the Grau and Conreid opera companies, announces a most attractive list of entertainments for the coming season. Emma Eames heads the list. This great artist has only been here during one season of grand opera, and this will be our first chance to hear her in concert. She has a fine concert company with her—Herr Joseph Holmann, one of the greatest living 'cellists; Emil Gorgoza, baritone; Amherst-Webber, pianist and accompanist—incidentally composer of the opera "Fiorella." Calve is another big attraction. She will give two concerts here. Gadski, Muriel Foster, contralto, and our own Alice Nielsen will give recitals. It is also possible that Burgstaller of "Parsifal" fame may appear for a special engagement. The pianists promised are Harold Bauer, Alfred Reisenauer, Raoul Pugno, and Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, who will give two of his interesting "Lecture-Recitals." The violinists are Hugo Heerman, Henri Marteau—who was a veritable matinee idol during his last season here—and Kubelik. With Heerman will come his son, Emil. The Westminster Choir Concert Party of fifteen members will give a short series of concerts. This company visited here some three years ago. Outcault, of Yellow Kid and Buster Brown note, will lecture. So will Edwin Monsen; the latter will show his views of "The Great Southwest." Fraulein Stolle of the Berlin Academy of Art in Boston, will give a series of illustrated talks on European art. A series of Sunday afternoon "Pop" concerts are also included in Mr. Greenbaum's program for the autumn and winter.

Grand Opera at the Tivoli

Those who remember the last great season of grand opera at the Tivoli—and who is there who does not?—will be rapturous when they learn that Tetrazzini is to be heard there again before beginning her three years' contract with Conried. In November Tetrazzini goes to New York, but in September and October she will be with us. The Tivoli announces a six weeks' season of grand opera, opening Monday night, September eleventh. Beside the adorable Luisa Tetrazzini, there will be in the company Olive Petrella, an Italian dramatic soprano. Petrella is a Roman by birth, and was educated at the historic Academy of St. Cecilia. She has been five years on the continental stage, and recently scored a big success, I am told, in Berlin as Elizabeth in "Tannhauser." Maddalena Ticci and Rosina Lucchini are the other soprano prime donne. The contraltos are Maria Grassi, one of Italy's best beloved singers, and Vittorina Cesarini. We don't know so much about Angioletti, the tenor, but I am informed that Polacco, the celebrated conductor, ranks him among the three greatest dramatic tenors of the day. Polacco, by the way, does not include Caruso among his three greatest tenors. Cappola and Bazelli, who was here last season, complete the Tivoli's tenor list. Think of the baritones, though—Gregoretti and Salassa! Both are coming with this company. The bassos will be our old friends, Dado and Cervi, and Gravina, from Milan. The repertoire will include "Aida," "Trovatore," "Othello," "Gioconda," "Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Lucia," "Barber of Seville," "Puritani,' "Sonambula," "Lakme," "Mignon," "Tosca," "Boheme," "Andrea Chenier," "Manon Lescaut," "Tannhauser,' "Cavelleria Rusticana," "Lohengrin."

—The Playgoer.

EUGENIE THAIS LAWTON
Supporting White Whittlesey at the Alcazar

The Blotting Pad

By Lawrence Martin.

So innocent it looked as it lay there in the reading-room, on the green-baized cover of the writing table. So innocent, like a virginal bud upon whom life has as yet traced no disfiguring lines.

The man whose duty it was to see that the appointments of the reading-room were correct in detail had placed the clean blotting-pad on the table with new pen-points in the holders, and filled the ink-wells with fresh fluid. He had not the slightest idea that within a few hours that innocent-looking pad and those apparently harmless pen-points would be the means of causing one of the most sensational upheavals the hotel's history had ever recorded, and afford a topic for the veranda bavardes that would last for days, and give copy to many hungry society reporters.

There was a large mirror back of the writing table, a silent witness that helped give damning testimony in the forthcoming social sensation.

To the hotel, in the early season, had come Mr. and Mrs. Corly-Brown. She was young and beautiful. He was old and immensely rich. They were just back from an extended wedding tour to Europe. Corly-Brown had bought him a wife as he had purchased his horses and dogs. He was particular about the pedigree of his horses and dogs, and when he chose a wife he had also picked one of blood and breeding. That she was poor had not deterred him from proposing for her hand. He had lived many years absorbed only in the accumulation of wealth, and late in life he had decided that he would like an heir to perpetuate his name and his achievements in the world of finance.

What girl of the hour, ambitious for position, would not have jumped at the chance of annexing that immense fortune, even when encumbered by the aged owner? For the matter of that, Corly-Brown was not so very old. Older men have won young and lovely brides and raised sons and daughters.

Maude Sellon had been brought up in the worldly school. She had danced and flirted through six seasons till the moment when Corly-Brown turned his connoisseur-eyes upon her. Till he appeared no millionaire had come her way, but she had been beloved by various detrimentals. She allowed them to make love to her, for she loved the Cupid game for its own sake. Without an adorer or two on the string life to her would have seemed utterly flat and unprofitable. Few men had been able to resist her fascinations. Scarcely a man in her set had not at one period or other been numbered among Miss Sellon's worshipers. True, they usually married other women, but that fact never troubled Maude Sellon. She had never desired a man "for keeps"—until she met Sumner Brooke.

Brooke appeared upon the social horizon the season before Corly-Brown decided to take a wife. He was from England, and had a pedigree that was as long as his bank-account was short. He was looking for an heiress, and had been directed to California as a likely field for success in his pursuit. And he could have married ordinary wealth in the first months of his sojourn, for on the skirts of society there flutter golden-tinted butterflies that may be captured by a handsome man, especially if he affects the Englishman of pedigree, dollarless or dowered with wit.

Unfortunately, Sumner Brooke met Maude Sellon and fell hopelessly in love with her at first sight. And because he was so different from the others who had knelt at her shrine, and struggled against the infatuation in efforts to escape, Miss Sellon also fell a victim to the blind god's dart.

It was sad enough. For what could be the outcome of such a passion? One by one the lightly dowered heiresses who had been willing to lay their dots at the Englishman's feet retired from the field. They saw that against Maude Sellon's bright eyes their fortunes cut no figure. Miss Sellon and Mr. Brooke went everywhere together. Dinner-givers did not dare to invite one without the other, or place their name-cards far apart at the formal eating functions. Their mutual infatuation was town talk.

Great, therefore, was the surprise when Maude Sellon, in a number of graceful little notes, announced her engagement with Corly-Brown. More surprised were the tabbies when Brooke, instead of appearing with a gloomy face after this announcement, smiled serenely, and if anything his serene calm was reflected on the face of the beautiful fiancee of Corly-Brown. The riddle of such smiles was too much for the gossips; so they gave it up, and expectantly awaited the arrival of the wedding invitations. Immediately after the ceremony Sumner Brooke disappeared. Gone back to England, some one said.

Seven months after their wedding the Corly-Browns returned from their wedding trip and took possession of several handsome suites in the hotel, unmindful that within a fortnight Fate, in the shape of the man of the pads and pens in the bijou waiting-room, was to prepare the tragedy of their lives. Unmindful, for Corly-

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Brown on that day,' as he received the congratulations of his friends, was one of the proudest men in California. He fairly glowed in his pride, for he knew that he was to be the father of an heir.

As for Mrs. Corly-Brown, she was handsomer than ever. She courted retirement and received in her apartments only her most intimate friends, and treated them royally. She was the most popular matron at the hotel.

One name no one ever had the boldness to mention to her, though the curious would have given much to learn whether she had ever seen Sumner Brooke. Some one had seen him in London, and others had spoken to him in Paris, but where he was now no one knew. They wondered if Mrs. Corly-Brown could tell.

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Corly-Brown rose from the writing table in the bijou room where she had been penning a long letter. She had blotted it carefully, and pressed her lips to the writing before she placed it in its envelope. A sweet, languorous expression was in her eyes. The dreamy expression was there long after she had reached her room, after giving the letter into the keeping of her maid, to post.

Half an hour later a scream was heard from the apartments of the Corly-Browns. It was such a piercing shriek that nobody could have failed to hear it, and there was a general rush to the place whence it issued. The door was locked, but the chamber-maid opened it with her duplicate key, just as the maid came along the hall, back from her errand to the post office.

A shocking sight greeted the eyes of the guests who rushed to the scene. Mrs. Corly-Brown, in her negligee, was prone on the floor in convulsions. It was noticed that there were blue marks, as if some one had been trying to choke her slender throat. Corly-Brown, his mouth open and his hands still clutching a large white blotting-pad, lay beside her. He was not dead, but the physician who was hastily called pronounced his condition most serious. He was paralyzed, and at his age it was not likely that he would ever recover. Not a word could he utter. In trying to take the blotting-pad from his clutching fingers it was torn across. Later the hotel detective deciphered a few words of what he was sure was the explanation of the sensational scene:

"Dearest, when are you coming . . . I begin to feel nervous . . . what if he suspects . . . I am glad . . . a memento of our love . . . I wonder if he will let me . . . Brooke . . . soon . . . may die—"

* * * * * * * * *

The Corly-Browns' hopes of an heir were doomed to disappointment. The baby was born dead.

* * * * * * * * *

Five years have gone since then and the Corly-Browns are living at their country-place up in the mountains. Mr. Corly-Brown has never recovered the use of his limbs or speech. His wife is very devoted to the invalid, whose eyes, the only thing about him that possess a semblance of life, follow her about with a grim, accusing look, as she ministers to his wants. She rarely comes to town, and then never sees anybody but the family lawyer.

Sumner Brooke came once to California, but only stayed a day and then left for the Orient, whence he has never returned.

The average temperature at Coronado last week was fifty-seven degrees. Among the arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, from San Francisco, were Mr. and Mrs. L. Q. Haven, S. M. Yates Jr., George T. Hawley and J. A. Hughes.

San Franciscans registered at the Hotel Rowardennan last week included Miss Renee Kelly, E. P. Farnsworth, Mrs. Alex Heynemann, N. J Lafayette-Savay, John A. Emery, H. D. Rustler, Mr. and Mrs. A. Jenkins, Mrs. E. Innes, Ethel and Anne Innes.

San Franciscans at El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, include George Miller, Jr., H. H. Price, Mrs. Henry Krebs, Mrs. George B. Miller, H. G. Parish, R. M. Tripp, F. H. Green, C. A. Batchelor, Mrs. E. J. Brien, Mrs. Horace B. Sperry, C. Helwig and wife, R. W. Sanford, Miss Carrie Howlett, Word Green and wife, William Goegel, H. B. Harkness, J. K. Goodell, J. Schoenfeld and wife, C. S. Butterick and wife, H. F. Brown and wife, S. B. Moore, Thomas R. Rownden, H. H. Bell, J. B. Hicks, Carl B. Fien, B. A. Norris, R. G. Newell, R. D. Maxwell and C. Livingstone.

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Music

The Bohemian Club Concert

Though the piece de resistance of the program at the Bohemian Club concert, at the Tivoli last Friday, was supposed to be the "Quest of the Gorgon" music that was given at the last midsummer jinks, in reality the strongest impression was made by Dr. H. J. Stewart's suite movements, the nocturne "Under the Redwoods," and the Fiesta dances, "Spanish dance" and "Tarantella." These compositions are from an unfinished suite, "Scenes in California," and are most melodious and graceful, besides being finely orchestrated. They won for the composer very genuine appreciation. Mr. McCoy's Hamadryad music, which has been given before, was the opening number and made a much more favorable impression than upon its first rendition. It is the kind of music that gains with each hearing. A charming serenade, from Mr. McCoy's suite "In Bohemia," followed. Joseph D. Redding's "The Man in the Forest," also heard at the last Bohemian concert, was finely played, and the orchestra waked up to Mr. Redding's baton as it had not done in the preceding number. Whether it was the wild Indian music or the magnetism of the leader one cannot say, but the men, one and all, played this composition as if each had a personal interest in its success, just as they did under Mascagni. Mrs. Edward F. Schneider sang her husband's songs to the composer's accompaniment. Her voice has not sufficient power to fill such a large auditorium as the Tivoli, but she sings with rare understanding and with much of the manner of Mrs. Henschel. The "Abscheid," words by Goebel, is an exquisite classic song, and the "Horch auf," words by Baumbach, contains strength and dramatic power. The other songs, words by Edith Thomas and Tennyson, are dainty settings but seemed of less interest coming after the others. After Dr. Stewart's suite, the Gorgon music was rendered, Dr. J. Franklin Shiels reading such of the text as was necessary to explain the music, and the solos being sung by L. A. Larsen and Thomas Rickard, with a chorus of forty male voices. The prelude promised so well that it was something of a disappointment that the promise was not wholly fulfilled in the succeeding movements. The Dionysian revel lacks fire, which would seem to be a very necessary quality in a revel of any nature. But the solo that goes with this chorus is remarkably fine, and I can imagine it being sung at one of the Loring Club concerts with great effect. Mr. Larsen sustained this solo, bringing out its dramatic effects well. The second part, "The Arming of Perseus," was less effective than what had gone before, but Mr. Vogt redeems his muse in the final triumphal hymn when the Gorgon, grim care, is slain. I can fancy all this music would have sounded impressive in the forest, and several of the club members tell me that such was the case; that it needs the solemn setting of the giant redwoods to bring out its strong qualities. Mr. Vogt's leading was a delight throughout, marked by precision and intelligence.

The Hawaiian Royal Band

It may have been music hunger on the part of the public, and on the other hand it may have been the reputation of the Royal Hawaiian Band, but the fact remains that while band concerts have failed to draw for some time past in San Francisco, the Royal Hawaiian organization attracted large and enthusiastic audiences to the Alhambra during the latter part of last week. There was a piquancy about the entertainment that caught public attention. The band itself is a study. It numbers about thirty khaki-clad, lei-decked natives with complexions running through all shades of brown, and with expressions varying from the mildness of the Jap to the ferocity of the Samoan warrior; truly a picturesque assemblage. Captain H. Berger conducts and is some-

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thing of an attraction in his own right. Then there is Madame Nane Alapai, the vocalist, in black holoku and orange lei, who received a prima donna's reception. Madame Alapai has a head voice of a reedy quality, well adapted to the music she sings. Her charm consists in an entire absence of conscious method. There is not attempt at rounding of tone or dramatic expression; she has all the unsophistication of a girl in her teens. She created genuine enthusiasm and was compelled to make numerous reappearances. The Hawaiian Glee Club gave several vocal numbers to an accompaniment of strings. The banjo player was a host in himself, and in voice and person made himself the centre of observation. On Thursday evening a compatriot in the gallery was so carried away by enthusiasm that he could not restrain his loud comments of approval as his favorite strains were wafted up to him. He shouted to the singers and they sang back at him, and there was good feeling all around. The band, as a whole, plays with good spirit and tone, though with a certain swing of its own with regard to time. It contains many excellent soloists.

The Pasmores' Concert

The program for the Pasmores' concert at Lyric hall, on Thursday evening of next week, presents many interesting features which should draw the lovers of music in large numbers. The largest interest naturally centres in the young girls, who will play Mendelssohn's fine and difficult trio in D minor, op. 49, complete, and the "heavenly" andante from Schubert's op. 99. As solos Miss Mary will play the Ernst "Hungarian Dances," Miss Suzanne Liszt's "Nightingale," and Miss Dorothy Saint-Saens' "Romance," and Popper's "Tarantelle." Mr. Pasmore's contributions, the original part songs "A Summer Song" and "Wedlock," sung by Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Ingeborg Larsen, Miss Grace Needham and Miss Wolfskill, Messrs. A. E. Nowlan, J. C. Lacey, Herbert Hidden and H. B. Pasmore; two songs to words by Charles Keeler, "Where Cowslips Grow" and "The Mountains," sung by Mrs. Gardner; "The Message," for voice, piano, violin and 'cello, sung by Miss Aldanita Wolfskill; duet, "At First Sight," sung by Mrs. Beulah George Faull and Mr. Charles Trowbridge. The concert will conclude with the sextette from "Lucia," sung by Mrs. Gardner, Miss Needham, Mr. Trowbridge, Mr. Nowlan, Mr. Hidden and Mr. Hadley Lawrence. These choral numbers were sung with fine success by these young singers at the Greek theatre, Berkeley, at the Southern Oregon Chautauqua and elsewhere. The Pasmores leave September tenth and sail from Baltimore September twenty-seventh, expecting to arrive in Berlin October tenth.

Mrs. Marriner-Campbell's reception in honor of Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine was one of the interesting affairs of last week. It was given on Friday evening at Mrs. Campbell's home, and among the enjoyable features of the occasion were some songs, charmingly sung by Mrs. Fine; some Indian music themes interpreted by the composer, Harvey Worthington Lewis, and a reading of Longfellow's "Sandalphon" by Edwin S. Belknap, to Mr. Loomis's piano accompaniment.

Sir Henry Heyman will reopen his studio next week.

Cecile von Seiberlich has reopened her studio in Polk street for the season.

Theodor Vogt has opened a music studio in "The Roosevelt," 546 Sutter street.

Jan Kubelik, whose meteoric success on his first visit to America four years ago will be remembered, is coming again. Hugo Gorlitz, the London impresario, has arranged a tour of one hundred concerts for the Bohemian artists, beginning at Carnegie hall, New York, on December first. Kubelik this time will play in many cities where he has not yet appeared. Besides making the East and the middle West as before, he will go to the Pacific coast, through the Southern states, and to the City of Mexico.

—The Music Critic.

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Automobile Topics

Try the Boys

The Spectator of "The Outlook" recently advised travelers by automobile route to seek their information concerning highways and their condition from the boys they meet. It is good advice under any circumstances. When the directory, the corner grocer and the policeman fail one, there is yet a court of last recourse in the gamin of the sidewalk. Trust him to know the name of every newcomer in his locality, and to keep track of the blocks where numbers have been run over or street names changed, and if it is out in the open country he will know not only the best and shortest route, but every landmark along the trail. Small boys seem to have a faculty for picking up information much as they do bits of string and bent nails or anything else which has no apparent use. It is waste of time to address inquiry to girls, though in these days they roam about as freely as their brothers, whether in town or country. If one could describe the person wanted by some peculiarity of costume, it is probable that the girls would be able to respond, but otherwise, their information is vague and indefinite, if it is there at all. A boy will locate a place by the distance, as a mile, half-mile or two miles, but his sister will tell you it is "about as far as from here to that tree," or "pretty near as far as to the top of the hill," and it is the same with shorter measures. A man or a boy will speak of anything as a yard long, a foot wide, or three inches thick, but the other sex is content with a space measured in the air and "about so long, wide, or thick." It is a sort of extra faculty, like "machine sense," born with the majority of one sex but not to be acquired by the other.

The New White

The first of the 1906 side-entrance White steam touring cars have arrived simultaneously in San Francisco and Los Angeles this week and are attracting a great deal of attention. The garage in this city, as well as that in the Southern city, is crowded with auto enthusiasts ever since their arrival. The new White is known as the model F and has a wide, comfortable door. The wheel base is one hundred and fourteen inches and it has an entirely new burner, constructed so as to eliminate the necessity for side flues, together with other changes tending to increased efficiency and convenience of operation. The rear of the body is so shaped as to deflect dust. Under the rear seat is a storage compartment of ample proportions opening from the rear. The base of the burner is without perforations and the only air which is admitted is that which is mixed with the gasoline vapor entering through the induction tube. The fire is thus absolutely protected and it is practically impossible for it to be blown out, regardless of the velocity or direction of the wind. The products of combustion pass upward between the coils and instead of issuing through side flues as in former models, pass downward through an annular flue which surrounds the generator. By the time the gases have traveled to the bottom of this flue they have given up practically all of their heat, and because of the liberal dimensions of the down flue, they are widely diffused and are dissipated in the open air without their escape being in any way noticeable by the passengers in the car. Other features of the model F White are the inside overflow for the water tank, which readily permits of flushing and getting rid of accumulated oil in the water tank, and compensating brakes in which a continuous wire cable is substituted for brake rods, the arrangement being such as to insure under all conditions an equal application of the brakes on both rear wheels.

Auto Trucks

Says the "Motor Way" of Chicago: "Few observers have noticed the very common sight of three or four horses drawing enormous loads of coal through the city's streets without wondering whether this field of transportation did not offer unusual opportunities for motor-driven vehicles. Such is indeed the case. So much so, in fact, that even now the horse is being driven from the field. Coal merchants are learning that an enormous saving is effected with motor-driven vehicles, since with electric trucks, electric windlasses are used for raising and lowering the self-dumping bodies and coal is quickly unloaded, while increased speed over horses is accomplished even with heavy loads. The Electric Vehicle Company of Hartford, manufacturers of Columbia automobiles, has lately designed a number of powerful coal trucks with self-dumping bodies."

An Auto's Age

"Speaking of the life of an automobile," said a gentleman who has been watching the progress of automobiling during the last four or five years, "I believe the small Oldsmobile runabout,

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with regard to wear, will outlive any of the larger machines. I now have in mind some Oldsmobile runabouts of the 1902 model which I see almost daily in use in and around San Francisco and different parts of the state. G. H. Cunningham, for instance, of the Builders' Supply Depot, has run his little Olds for four seasons. He touches it up every now and then and it appears on the street as bright and nice as though it were a new machine. Mr. Byron Jackson is another person who has run his little Olds for four seasons and it is still giving good satisfaction. Mr. Walter Hansel, of Stockton, the owner of several automobiles, uses his 1902 Oldsmobile in preference to any other machine whenever he wishes to make a long run. F. N. Isaac, of Hanford, has an Olds runabout which has done three years' service. It is the progress of these little machines which is calling the attention of the business world to the use of automobiles. I predict that within the next two or three years you will see small machines of this type in use in quantities equal to bicycles at the present time."

Off to Mexico

Doc Sargeant the well-known automobile enthusiast of Stockton, who is the possessor of several automobiles, left last week with his wife and some friends for a trip to Mexico. He chose from his stable a model C Winton touring car in which to make the trip. According to the last account received, Mr. Sargeant was nearing the Mexican border, without having had any mishaps whatever.

Fred H. Gray, of Oroville, will make a trip from Oroville to Monterey, with his family, during the coming week, in his two-cylinder Oldsmobile. After touring Santa Cruz county, Mr. Gray will return via San Francisco, spending a few days here.

—The Chauffeur.

Recent arrivals at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, from San Francisco, were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Dalzell Brown, Miss Ethel McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McNamee, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Charles S. Tripler, A. D. McBride, W. H. Smith, Jr., R. Brent Mitchell, Miss Mitchell, Dr. and Mrs. A. K. Marshall, W. D. Sheldon, Archdeacon Emery, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Finley, E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bigelow, Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Foster, G. A. Pope, James McNab, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Metson, Milton Bernard, F. B. Wilcox, Robert Lewers, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Merchant, Mrs. C. F. Stock, Miss E. G. Smith, Miss K. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. L. K. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Barnett, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Prior, Mrs. F. A. Will, R. B. Stewart.

"The Jessica Letters" have progressed to a second edition, but without data as to how many copies constitute an edition, or how many of the first printing are still unsold, that means nothing. The "important" announcement concerns the authorship of the hitherto anonymous correspondence. They are the joint production of Paul Elmer Moore, literary editor of the New York "Evening Post," and Mrs. Lucinda Howard Havens, wife of the professor of Greek in Emory College, Oxford, Georgia. One can hardly imagine that this will add interest to a set of dull, dry epistles, but still, there is no knowing. The desire to inspect the correspondence of others with a view to discovering "mice" may do something toward sales.

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For the Autumn and Winter

The styles for autumn and winter are just coming in, and women who like to be at the head of the modish parade are already making their selections. S. Kramer, the ladies' tailor at 218 Powell street, has just received a splendid assortment of new fall and winter woollens, also the latest fashion-plates from Paris, Vienna and New York. Kramer's workmanship is quite famous among our smart dressers, and whenever you see a tailored gown that is especially well fitted, and suited to the individual style of its wearer, you may be rather sure it is one of Kramer's creations.

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Advice to Missionaries

(Continued from Page 8)

and declare their faith in the essential unity of the entire Christian Church, returning like the Prodigal Son to the Mother Church, the problem of soul saving in foreign mission fields would be vastly simplified, and in China alone native Christians would be numbered by millions where they are now estimated at less than two hundred thousand, including about thirty thousand distributed among the two-and-seventy jarring sects of Protestants. I fear, however, that the breach between the original Church founded by Paul and the fragments of the church founded by Luther and Melancthon can never be healed. It would greatly surprise me if the fragments should once more consolidate as proposed by the organizers of this Federation. It will require some of the old-time casuistry of the Sorbonne to satisfactorily demonstrate the existence of anything approaching "essential unity" between a Hard-Shell Baptist and a Ritualist of the Episcopal faith; and to meet a Methodist or Congregationalist on common ground the Presbyterian must abandon his belief in the doctrine of predestination that insists on the profession of Presbyterianism before the Christian can feel assured that he is of "the elect"; while the Congregationalist and the Methodist may be compelled to adopt, as a concession of compromise and theological expediency, the "essential" doctrine of the Presbyterian "faith" relating to infant damnation.

It is imperative that these warring factions of the Protestant Christian Church shall patch up some sort of peace if they would achieve more than mere personal success in "converting" Chinese Buddhists or Japanese Shintoists from a "faith" that is older than Wesley, or John Knox, or Henry VIII, or Martin Luther, to a belief in such "essential" tenets of Christianity as may be agreed upon by the delegates to an "inter-church conference." The missionaries must present a solid front to the powers of Darkness that have during the past million ages controlled the spiritual destiny of heathendom. The religion preached in China especially must cease to be Tewksbury's religion, Dr. Martin's religion, Dr. Ament's religion, or any man's religion; it must cease to be the religion of any specified nationality; it must be known to the people as the Christian religion.

Many International Missionaries will be surprised to learn that the Christian religion is not propagated by the two-and-seventy jarring Protestants in China and Japan. Others, who have traveled or lived in those countries, will probably deny the statement that I have made; but the denial will not alter the fact, and the honest missionary will learn the truth when an effort is made to consolidate the various conflicting sects of Protestantism now operating in the Orient, and a cry very different from that which emanated from Macedonia is heard from the throats of the Tewksburys, the Aments and the Partridges of the Far Eastern vineyard. There will be strenuous objection from these owners of the religions now preaching and teaching "convert" on earth when he thinks that his interest can be necessary to begin the work all over with a complete new missionary outfit delegated from the new dispensation. It will not take long, however, to make a satisfactory showing for the Consolidated Christians. A Chinese is the easiest "convert" on earth when he thinks that his interest can be subserved by his "profession of faith." Just now there is more money for a Chinese in a knowledge of the English language and American business methods than there is in Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism or any other pagan ism. Some of the missionaries try to keep the avarice of their

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servants within the twenty Mexican dollars a year limit, but these "converts" do not stay long in the service of a sect that will not help them to serve Mammon also, and in consequence the feminine section of the sectarian missionaries is frequently forced to do its own household work as it did in Missouri, Iowa and southern Illinois, when the struggling young minister was "on circuit" or when he was still debating whether he would "take up the ministry" or stick to store-keeping on the Pike county crossroads. It is part of my advice to the International Missionaries that they avoid this unnecessary drudgery of their vocation by permitting all "converts" to learn the rudiments of the English language at least—the pidjin dialect of the China coast or the lingua franca of the Malay and Indian littoral.

2. Don't do unto these heathen as you sometimes do unto each other.

Under the second head of my discourse I would advise that the International Missionaries refrain from denouncing the indigenous religions of the pagan countries in which they may elect to obtrude. I offer this advice as a suggestion of policy. The Consolidated Christians of the Protestant "faith" might study with profit the Jesuit method of dealing with the custom of "ancestral worship" in China. It has been decided by the Jesuits that the Chinese do not really worship their ancestors, dead or alive; it is merely a custom arising from the age-long habit of filial obedience—a civil and domestic rite rather than a religious ceremony. The Protestant sects have always bitterly opposed this love of the living Chinese for the dead mother or father, and they have sought by every means in their power, not omitting the consul and the gunboat, to eradicate this "heathen idolatry of ancestor worship." Consequently the missionaries of the Church of Rome have gathered to that fold ten converts for one that has been gathered in by the two-and-seventy.

While on this branch of my subject, let me suggest that another reason exists for refraining from criticism of the native habits, customs and prejudices: It often happens that the half-baked missionary of the Chautauqua sect butts up against a wise pagan who floors the superior person from Oshkosh with a single retort—and it is not pleasant to be left without a word to say after an encounter of wits with one whom we have regarded as our inferior. To illustrate: Mrs. Archibald Little, who knows more about China and the Chinese than any other white woman in the world, once rebuked a native of Yunnan for laying a roast pig on the tombs of his ancestors.

"What for this fool pidjin?" said the white lady. "You think your father come up eat him pig?"

"What for you talkee fool pidjin my?" the yellow philosopher rejoined. "What for you puttee flower alla same? You think you mother come smell um?"

Mrs. Little is the protagonist of the "anti-foot-binding movement" in China. One day she asked Chang Chih-tung, Viceroy of Honan, to assist her in her crusade against the "little feet."

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Madame Little," answered the aged Chesterfield; "but I fear that if I added my feeble effort to your powerful activities in this matter I should be accused of inconsistency."

"How so, your Excellency?" asked Mrs. Little.

"Why, my dear Madame," the Viceroy returned with a sweet smile, "if I should tell my people that they must obey your command to unbind their women's feet some of the literati would inevitably ask me why I had not used my influence to make you stop wearing your waist-binding corsets."

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heather, and that is why I advise the International Missionaries to avoid, as far as possible, any controversy with those whom they propose to "convert." Let well enough alone. Be satisfied with the "profession" of the "convert" and don't inquire too closely into the motive of his "profession." List him with your "communicants" and count him as "another brand from the burning." By this method of enumeration you will swell the Christian host in your corner of the vineyard and the financial response from the Home Board will be large in proportion, for nothing succeeds like success, even in the missionary business. Don't forget that it was to assist and encourage the missionary in foreign lands, that John D. Rockefeller, that golden pillar of the Baptist "persuasion," gave a hundred thousand dollars the other day and would have given much more if voices of the other "persuasions" had not objected on the absurd ground that the money had been stolen and was not fit to be used for the support of missionaries earning an honest livelihood so far away from home.

If what I have advised in this brief epistle to the Holier than Thou Christians of the Jarring Sects is of value they are entirely welcome to use it as they find most profitable. I will be pleased to answer any questions touching the missionary outlook in China and Japan, that the missionaries who may be thinking of settling in either of those countries may desire to ask. I can direct these doubtful ones in the best way to go; I know the pleasant places in the Far East; and I know where the opportunities are good, where they are only fair, and where they are limited to salary, home contribution, and the missionary baby bounty.

Another American Story.

"The Memoirs of an American Citizen" might be sub-titled "the self-made merchant in the making." The book, which is autobiographical in form, purports to be the history of a millionaire Chicago packer, beginning with his arrival in that city penniless, with an unsavory reputation in the little Indiana village from which he hailed, and leaving him, a plutocrat, about to take his seat in the United States Senate, to which he has been elected through what we may as well acknowledge as the usual means. Edward Harrington made his own success. He worked himself up partly by energy and business capacity, but these would have availed him nothing had he been scrupulous about taking advantage of his opportunities because of a too finicky sense of honor. He did nothing that his contemporaries did not do, or would not have done if it had occurred to them first. He made up his mind to succeed and he did succeed, though none but himself and his intimate associates knew by how narrow a margin he skirted failure, nor by what means he staved it off. He recognized no moral law that was not on the statute books, and as long as he was legally safe, gave himself no concern about anything else. The senior member of the firm with which the youth found employment is credited with being "a strictly honorable merchant," yet one must question the business capacity of a man who did not know that his company accepted rebates or gave bribes when they wanted favors, and when, towards the last, the big merger was in course of being accomplished, his strict sense of honor did not prevent him from throwing his stock on the market in direct violation of his agreement with the others in the combine. In fact, as Harrington sententiously sums up the situation, it is "dog eat dog; eat or be eaten." Of all the Pharisees who are shocked at each new discovery of crookedness, it is only brother Will and his wife who refuse to profit by the means they profess to scorn. They are all ready enough to worship "the great God, Success." "Get money—honestly, if you can, but get it anyway," and having that, all sins will be forgiven and transgressions forgotten. "The Memoirs of an American Citizen" should be bracketed with "The Plum Tree." One chronicles political ascendancy, and the other, business dominance, but the methods in both are alike. These "Memoirs" will, naturally, appeal more to men than to women, but once began the book will be read through at a sitting. The author, Robert Herrick, has made some notable contributions to recent fictional literature. Published by the Macmillan Company. —**The Bookworm.**

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Our Spectacular President

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's love of thrilling adventure is inciting him to rash diversion. It is time to call a halt. We complaisantly viewed his excursions into the wilds of Colorado in pursuit of big game, knowing that he was an experienced hunter, and that he was in good company. We felt that he was safer in the jungles of Colorado than he would be in the crank infested streets of Chicago. But we do not approve of his voyage in a submarine boat for experimental purposes. The President of the United States has no right to court danger. The submarine boat has not yet reached a state approximating perfection. It is in its infancy and it does not always act as its captain dictates. A trip to the sea depths is a perilous one, and it should not be taken by the President of the United States, occupying as he does a very important position of trust, the duties of which he has sworn to perform to the best of his ability and for the best interests of all the people. It is not to their interest for him to put his life in jeopardy. The death of a President of the United States is always a serious matter. The seriousness of it is in proportion to the value of the services he is capable of rendering and is likely to render. The passing of President Roosevelt would perhaps be more calamitous than any death that has occurred in the history of this country, for there appears to be a crisis approaching, one that he is expected to handle felicitously and fearlessly, and one that we should not care to have handled by a Fairbanks. So we earnestly hope that Mr. Roosevelt will quit flying into the teeth of danger. Having ventured among the fishes, he will probably wish to soar with the birds. Perhaps some railroad rebater is already arranging to have an airship presented to him.

The Taggart Scandal

Why have the newspapers given so much space to the Taggart divorce suit? Not because it involves people of great prominence. Not because it points a moral. Not because it is out of the commonplace or mirrors unique social conditions. Why then? Because it is an army scandal and affords an insight into the normal conduct of men and women who flatter themselves that they are representatives of a superior caste. Army officers and their wives are not popular. There are too many snobs among them. When brought in contact with civilians they affect an air of superiority that is very offensive. The discipline of the army is conducive to snobbishness, since it makes caste imperative. The officer holds himself aloof from the private, and in time he falls into the habit of looking on civilians as men available for enlistment and therefore beneath him. The average officer is pompously patronizing toward men who have not been educated at the expense of the Government at West Point. This is because the average army officer is not to the manner born. His chief regret is that the discipline of the American army is not so strict as that of the armies of Europe, where the common soldier is at all times subject to the most drastic treatment. However, the average army officer, with all his imperfections, is a pretty good man. Tradition and environment are responsible for his absurd conceits, and they are also responsible for his virtues. Unfortunately, these virtues, in many instances, are as artificial as the life he leads. They have been assumed because they are essential to the dignity of rank and an army officer is nothing if not dignified. He feels it incumbent upon himself to live up to the virtues which are prescribed as part of the equipment of the West Point graduate. An officer must be no less proud of his honor than of his sword. But unfortunately temperament is not an artificial product. It is not made at West Point, and there are graduates of that training school who are not temperamentally inclined to moral conduct. They may have courage and strength and be ready to defend their country to the death, and they may have a lively sense of that knightly honor, that child of pride and folly which is a survival of the feudal system under which every nobleman was a petty sovereign, and yet they may be lacking in those finer instincts that make for sound moral and innately noble character. Men of the Taggart type frequently win distinction in the army. They are men of honor in all the ordinary affairs of a strictly military nature, for they have had the importance of honor in a limited sense drummed into them. To be honorable they merely obey certain well defined rules of conduct. Outside of the military sphere, with only a military sense of honor to guide them, they are likely to wander far afield. This Taggart scandal is a very nasty one. It is highly discreditable to the army. Mrs. Taggart is perhaps not an ideal wife, but she did not receive the chivalrous treatment which is popularly believed to be accorded women at army posts. Her indiscretions have been greatly magnified, and many of the improprieties that have been charged against her are of a most trivial character. Many unconventional women, who enjoy the respect and confidence of their friends, have done some of the things which Mrs. Taggart has been gravely accused of doing, without exciting the slightest bit of adverse criticism. From the evidence it appears that Major Taggart was very much of a boor, and that nearly all the other officers involved are more concerned about their own standing in the army than about the reputation of the one lonely woman in the case. Mrs. Taggart has received rough treatment, and the whole army should blush for the conduct of those who are responsible for her predicament.

Conscription Urged in England

It now appearing that universal disarmament is as far off as it was one hundred years ago, there is agitation in England of the advisability of compulsory military service. Lord Roberts startled the nation the other day by asserting that imperial defense was a vital problem, and some leading statesmen have been wondering whether the invasion of the islands was not a contingency to be seriously considered. There is unquestionably much alarm in England, especially since the rumor of a coalition of Scandinavia, Germany, Russia and the Sultan. As it is believed that the Kaiser is never so happy as when he is riding a whirlwind, he is constantly under suspicion, and Germany is looked upon as the pivot of Europe. It is felt that if her ambitions are pushed to their extreme conclusions the British might be forced to engage in hostilities in order to save not only themselves but the whole continent. And facing, as they believe, a probable crisis, they are conscious

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of the fact that their military forces are dangerously weak and that their auxiliaries are totally unfit to take the field against the regular troops of other European countries. Now Lord Roberts is insisting on the deficiency of officers, and the *Saturday Review* says that the only logical inference which can be drawn from his pessimistic view of the situation is that conscription, and nothing less, is necessary to meet the nation's wants. Lord Roberts, however, scouts conscription, and urges universal training and service for home defense. He favors the training of all boys up to the time of their reaching the military age in drill and rifle shooting. Conscription is a word that jars on British nerves, but it is a consummation hardly to be avoided. Germany's navy is growing larger every day, and before many years it will be so large that the Kaiser, with his superior land forces, will become a more serious menace than ever to the peace of Europe. England is, at this time, far from prepared for war. Her navy exercises a deterrent influence on the other expansionists of Europe, but she cannot afford to neglect her army, nor can she rely on a militia.

Making It Easy for the Murderer

An Eastern philanthropist, working his charitable inclinations overtime in the interest of murders, recently hit upon a new scheme. He arranged with one of the condemned, scheduled to perform a *pas seul*, to signal by wiggling his thumbs that consciousness survives after the springing of the gallows trap. If the expected sign is made the kindly enthusiast thinks he will have incontrovertible proof that hanging is cruel and barbarous, and that straightway it will be abolished. Now if he and his kind could only be induced to look at this matter with both eyes, they would be speedily convinced that murder also is cruel and barbarous, and they need to go to no such lengths as agreeing to an elaborate signal code to establish the fact that the victims of their proteges retain both consciousness and feeling after the fatal wound is given. Often they survive for days and even weeks, suffering both the agony of pain and the knowledge that those who have been dependent on them will be reduced penury. Men who are struck down by footpads, women who are murdered in their homes, little children who fall into the hands of fiends, cannot be said to court their fate. They do nothing of their own accord to hasten their end, and they are very often in the pursuit of their peaceful, legitimate and laudable occupations when they are fallen upon and maltreated for no other reason than to deprive them of their possessions and prevent them from testifying against their assailants. On the other hand, murderers are under no obligation to engage in their dangerous occupations. They are not performing any labor by which the public will benefit. Nor can they claim to be driven by necessity, as are the freak performers at circuses and vaudeville shows, when they take their lives in their hands. Of the yearly ten thousand murders which are committed in the United States fully one-half are the outcome of other crimes meditated if not actually consummated. They follow upon burglaries, robberies, hold-ups and attempts to escape arrest and are the work of desperadoes whose legal elimination is for the benefit of society. Their perpetrators have deliberately made choice of a criminal career because they expect to profit by it to a greater extent than they would by honest work. It is rarely that the plea of not knowing better can be honestly put forth, for they think that they do know better, and cannot be convinced to the contrary until, having tried and failed often enough, they either lose their nerve or else become hopelessly entangled in the meshes of the law. For the man who acts hastily in the heat of a passion, and using his weapon kills his opponent —for him who thinks he has a grievance great enough to justify him in acting without the intervention of the law, for the man who takes a life in self-defence when he has not been the instigator of the quarrel—we may temper justice with mercy, and be reasonably assured that the heaviest part of the punishment will be inflicted by their consciences, but for the cold-blooded, deliberate crime, the desperate act of the cornered criminal, nothing but the lack of moral backbone can find tolerance. The law no longer prescribes brutality in connection with capital punishment. It tries to make death as easy as possible, and it is safe to assert that no physical pain that follows the springing of the trap is as great as the mental torture that precedes it. It is silly to worry about the brief pain that is suffered by the unconscious individual dangling at the end of a rope. He has perhaps endured worse many times without giving it a thought. If we must devote ourselves to the amelioration of the sufferings of the condemned, let us minister to the mind in torture that contemplates the last sad hour.

The Frat Evil

The Berkeley high school was dropped from the list of schools accredited to the university this year, and Superintendent Waterman has laid the blame at the door of the fraternities. He took occasion, at the opening of the term, to give his opinion of these institutions in unmistakable terms. Now hear Zoe Green Radcliffe on the subject:

> Laying aside the pleasant social life which is a feature of the frat, it has its uses. Money has come to be the aristocracy of America—the line between the rich and the mere person must be drawn some time—why not in school? The discrimination causes many a heartache, of course, but while they are learning other things, the non-frat may as well learn to be philosophical. The girl who is really a lady will be so whether she belongs to a frat or not, and the other kind doesn't count, so the snub that the frat girl bestows occasionally where she thinks it will do the most good should find the sensible non-frat invulnerable to the intended hurt.

According to Zoe's ideas, a public high school is to be maintained by general taxation in order that a few half-baked snobs may cultivate their upstart notions of exclusiveness. Getting right down to primal facts, a public school of any kind, be it college or kindergarten, is a charitable institution designed to render such assistance to the children of the community as their parents are unable or unwilling to

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furnish from their private means. Up to the last generation this was universally acknowledged and people who could afford to pay for the tuition of their children would as soon think of applying to charitable soup kitchens for their meals as appealing to the public to educate their offspring. We are told that to educate a community is to benefit the State; that the State is recouped in good citizenship for all that it has expended in training the young, but this theory is full of blow-holes. The State has suffered as much from the education of some of its citizens as it has gained from the education of others. But conceding the virtue of education, the fact remains that it is sought for a selfish and not for a patriotic purpose. When the rich began sending their children to the public schools it was because the private schools had deteriorated. They were intent on taking advantage of the best they could get. Immediately thereafter the public school departments began to cater to this select trade, and from that day dates the imposition of fads and fancies in place of the substantial rudiments, until now it is the private school pupil who is obliged to learn and the public protege who strays along the royal road to ignorance. It does not appear that the pupils of the Berkeley high school have lacked philosophy in their attitude towards fraternities and sororities, but unfortunately the teachers and the superintendents have failed to grasp Miss (Mrs. ?) Radcliffe's idea of the situation. They appear to labor under a delusion that the schools are organized for other than social purposes, and that their success or failure as educational institutions depends on something besides the amount of fun that their attendants get out of their secret societies. As a matter of fact the pupil who, for any reason, is not a member of one or more of these organizations, has as hard a time as a labor "scab" could look for in a union shop. About all he can claim is the privilege of reciting his lessons in the class-room, but on his way to and from the school house, in the halls and yards and recreation rooms, he has to run the gantlet of hazing, snubbing, and petty molestations and annoyances which can have no other object than to discourage him from pursuing his education. The fraternities assume extra-scholastic privileges and carry matters with a high hand. They use the class-rooms for their meeting places, run the school journals, and in various other ways virtually determine which of the children of a tax-paying public may take advantage of the opportunities supposed to be open to all. Children, no matter what their station, are not many years in this world before they discover for themselves that there is and must be discrimination, that all cannot have everything. But it is one thing for them to learn to accept the inevitable and be content with what they can get. It is another thing altogether to be told flatly and in so many words that they must bow down and kow-tow to their richer classmates. There is no denying that we have established an aristocracy based on wealth alone, but when the scions of this class resort to grafting in order to obtain an education the distinction should be obliterated. Those fine flowers of modern civilization who cannot treat their classmates as equals when all are alike pensioners on the public bounty should attend private schools where they may command deference in proportion to the size of their purses.

Still Harping on a Monument to Adam

That jocose fantasy, a monument to Adam upbuilt by the whole human race, has again been taken up seriously by a number of enthusiasts in the East. It is safe to say that this attempt will die in the same soporific fashion as did the first notable effort when, in a moment of inspiration, Mark Twain launched the idea. The popular-subscription monument seems to be as alluring a bait with which to catch gudgeons as the perennial brotherhood-of-man colony scheme. The wrecks of popular-subscription-monuments strew the country from the time of Washington to McKinley. But the monument to Adam is the gem wreck-idea of the lot, as the great humorist intended it should be. A generation ago, when he proposed the project, it wasn't by any means received with a guffaw by the enterprising citizens of Elmira. Local bankers declared themselves as being delighted to subscribe money for the undertaking. They hooked themselves with the idea that it would be a splendid advertising proposition. In a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* Mark Twain, with great gusto, recounts their superabundant enthusiasm to thus honor their great ancestor. The eagerness with which the idea was snapped up was enough to tickle the vanity of the most purblind humorist. The Elmira capitalists never for a moment regarded the fact that the swarming races of Asia, Africa and the antipodes know as much of Adam and his story as they do of the names of the patients in the City and County hospital. Each race has its own cosmology dealing with the tradition recounting their descent from this or that other first man and giving detail of unimpeachable evidence. All this and more never penetrated the dollar-bound caputs of the zealous Elmirans. All they saw was the father of mankind, or rather the father of themselves in particular, standing on a pedestal describing the rare virtues of certain soaps, anti-bilious pills, and cough syrups, and advertising Elmira's fame to the world Like others with the same kink in their brains for acquiring dollars, they did not sense the country's laughter, but were hypnotized with the mountain of the country's currency they saw rolling their way. As a business proposition the scheme failed, just as it had to fail as a matter of religious sentiment and as a matter of art. It remains to this day one of those luminous illustrations in the fields of art and invention where the man who gave it birth was the only one who made fame and a penny out of the idea, and he was an arch-humorist.

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Oscar Wilde Redivivus

BY JOHN COWLEY-BROWN.

Thrice I saw Oscar Wilde. Once, on the introduction of his brilliant brother "Willie" (the same whose incontinent craving to consume firewater quicker than the distillers could make it led to Mrs. Frank Leslie's divorce from him); again, at the Grosvenor Club, when the great man was good enough to approve of a vivid green cravat I happened to be wearing; the third and last time I saw the the greatest Irishman since Sheridan, was at the historic Old Bailey, where Wilde was on trial on terrible charges preferred by the Public Prosecutor at the instigation of the Marquis of Queensberry, father of Lord Alfred Douglas, a notorious young London pathic.

Wilde at present seems to be enjoying a sort of posthumous vogue. The recently published "De Profundis," the piercingly poignant diary of his prison-life, has heightened the impression made by that flaming robe of verse, "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" (the greatest poem written in the last hundred years), by his sole novel, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by his clever *contes*, his exquisite essays and his notable quartet of plays, "Lady Windemere's Fan," "An Ideal Husband," "The Importance of Being Ernest" and "A Woman of No Importance."

Where the carcass is, there also are the vultures—and the vogue of Wilde's writings has encouraged the pirating fraternity to get in their fell work. A case in point: A Boston Barrabas ("now Barrabas was a publisher"—Byron) under the catchy caption of "Epigrams and Aphorisms by Oscar Wilde," has just published, or rather perpetrated, a compilation put together apparently by his office boy. Now a collection of Wilde's epigrams might very well be made a notable event of the publishing season, for a veritable lord of language, Wilde *teste* his long, melodious sentences, crystal-clear, sentences unfolding his meaning as graceful curves reveal a beautiful figure. He had a pen that flashed like a diamond and stabbed like a stiletto. His every page glitters with epigrams that explode like bombs. You can almost hear them burst. But the egregious donkey responsible for this miserable Bostonese hotchpotch apparently has but a hazy idea as to what an epigram really is—viz., an effusion of wit, tersely or sharply expressed. He seems to have bought Wilde's works (crassly overlooking that latest and greatest cloth of gold, "De Profundis") and also a paste-pot and shears. With these he has scissored and pasted enough extracts (many of them friable frivolities, not in epigrammatic form at all) to make a book sufficiently bulky so that the book-reading public, looking rather to quantity than quality, will not kick when soaked two bucks.

Above I have said that any intelligent compiler from the writings of Oscar Wilde could collate a treasurable collection of epigrams that flash like a jewel and cut like a whip. For Wilde's epigrams are the very flower and blossom of his genius. In every trifle that he wrote—a letter to the elephantine *Times*, his verbal tilts with "Jimmie" Whistler, his lectures in America—he poured out, as rich men who care not for their gifts, brilliant epigrams, some crystallizations from the commonplace, others (e. g., those in his incomparable "The Soul of Man Under Socialism") of deeper and more spiritual significance.

Merely to adumbrate what rich literary pickings there are on the every page of this master of a difficult art, I have taken down Wilde's "Works" from their corner, and opening them almost at hazard have pulled out such "plums" as the following, hereby altruistically offered to any literary "gent" as the nucleus of an adequate compilation of Wilde's caustic epigrams and mordant aphorisms.

"Anybody can write a novel. It merely requires a complete ignorance of both life and literature." (Oscar Wilde must have been reading the master-work of that master-mind—our own Californian Philip Verrill Mighels, when he got this off.)

"The difference between literature and journalism is that journalism is unreadable, and literature is not read." (How true that is! In the last month more copies have been sold of Vance Thompson's vulgar book—that is no book—"Diplomatic Mysteries," than of all Ambrose Bierce's books put together.)

"Modern journalism justifies its own excellence by the great Darwinian principles of the survival of the vulgarest." (Wilde wrote this in 1882; wonder what he would have said of the saffron sheet of today.)

"There is this much to be said of modern journalism. By giving us the opinions of the uneducated, it keeps us in touch with the ignorance of the community." (Will this rapier-like thrust pierce the thick hide of Arthur Brisbane's colossal self-conceit?)

"In centuries before ours the public nailed the ears of journalists to the pump. In this century journalists have nailed their own ears to the keyhole." (Alan Dale—fits the shoe?)

"One knows the popular idea of health. The English country gentleman galloping after a fox—the unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable."

"American women are wonderfully clever in concealing their parents." (Mrs. Leiter, Mrs. Bradley-Martin and Mrs. Goelet "do not like the plays of Oscar Wilde.")

"It is an odd thing, but every one who disappears is said to be seen in San Francisco. It must be a delightful city and possess all the attributes of the next world." (A "delightful city" it is, but unfortunately one lacking as yet all the attractions of a world where alimony is not, where men neither marry nor are lured into marriage by scarlet-

lipped summer-girls in peekaboo shirt-waists and open-work stockings.)

"I can resist everything except temptation."

"There is only one class in the community that thinks more about money than the rich, and that is the poor. The poor can think of nothing else. That is the misery of the poor."

"Cheap editions of great books may be delightful, but cheap editions of great men are absolutely detestable."

"It is always with the best intentions that the worst work is done." (Edwin Markham: read, learn, mark, and inwardly digest this admirable apothegm.)

"Charity creates a multitude of evils."

"From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life, he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than any one has ever known it. He is our first authority on the second-rate, and has seen marvelous things through keyholes." (At the time this was written Mary Maclane had not emerged from Butte, Montana, nor had erotic, erudite Ella wheeled her nuptial couch from the recondite purlieus of Paddle-in-the-Mud, Wisconsin.)

"A cynic is a man who knows the price of everything, and the value of nothing." (One of the many epigrams lifted bodily by Impudence Incarnate Clyde Fitch without so much as "with your leave" or a "by your leave." The few original Fitch epigrams are machine-made, for the Fitch brain is patent-leather as well as the Fitch shoe.)

"There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. (*Cf.* Mark Twain's "I spent the first half of my life trying to get into the papers; I am spending the last half of my life in an endeavor to keep out of the papers.")

"The book of life begins with a man and a woman in a garden. It ends with Revelations."

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us sometimes look at the stars."

From this saying psychologists may plumb the dual nature of this Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. The good that Wilde would—that he did not; and the evil that Wilde would not—that he did. Yet despite his flagitious predilections Wilde was no mere sensualist. Wilde sometimes—nay, Wilde often "looked at the stars." He left Reading Gaol a deeper man. His period of compulsory mansuetude had taught him to eat his bread with tears. The "wild regrets," the "bloody sweats," the "human heart that broke," all the thorns of his colossal humiliation were the means of his finding in Reading Gaol a greater treasure than any of the pleasures that he a tired Hedonist, had had to revoke—the treasure of Humility.

> Who ne'er has ate his bread in sorrow
> Who never spent the midnight hours
> Weeping and waiting for the morrow,—
> He knows you not, ye heavenly powers.

How Goethe's lovely lines, that his mother taught him, in after years came back to this sinner of scarlet sins. For years Wilde threw the pearl of his soul into a cup of wine. He went down the primrose path to the sound of flutes. He lived on honeycomb. His was a stunted, sunless life, for all those glad mad years he was starving his own soul. But lo! and behold! when the gates opened for him, Wilde was no longer the London aesthete. Before his downfall Oscar had walked on the sunny side of life, and, like his fetich the sunflower, had declined to turn his face towards the shadow. The poseur dropped his pose. A lesser man, armed with flippancy, would have come out of the place of punishment with the airs of a fallen Titan. . . Ah! after all, according to Plato himself, punishment may cure the soul of evil. So let us hope it was with poor Wilde. Certainly Wilde reaped the whirlwind. Sorrow made his days her own and bound him to her wheel. *He who lives more lives than one more deaths than one must die.* And not the least bitter of those deaths in life was Wilde's anguish and grief at the shame he had brought upon his mother—Lady Wilde "Speranza." She and his father had bequeathed him a name they had made noble and honest, not merely in literature, art, archaeology and science, but in the public history of his own Emerald Isle, in its slow but sure evolution as a nation. He had disgraced that name eternally. He had made it a low byword among low people, Julian Hawthorne and all those unctuously rectitudinous *canaille*. He had dragged it through the very mire. He had given it to brutes that they might make it brutal, and to foes that they might turn it into a synonym for folly. *More deaths than one must die.* And the greatest Irishman of letters since Sheridan—nay, since the great Dean himself—died thrice before the crowning mercy in the Phryne of cities. Once at an English railroad station. This first death he describes in "De Profundis." A second time, when his comely twins, Cyril and Vivian *aet* eight, were suddenly taken from the future custody of the father whose unspeakable name was stamped on their innocent brows for men to point at as they passed; and lastly, when his wife, "a lily-girl not made for this world's pain" (of whom Browning wrote in a gorgeously bound copy of "Pippa Passes," "from a poet to a poem"), died towards the close of his sentence of two years' imprisonment with hard labor. Her friends were glad when she passed on. "Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea."

* * * * * * *

"Infamously immortal, if immortal at all," hiss the Unco Guid. "The man is nothing, the work is all," as Louis Robertson's clarion defiance puts it.

Few men in English literature have had a stranger career, suffered more or shown a more brilliant genius than Oscar Wilde. To the Philistines he was little more than an impudent charlatan. But those who really knew him recked only of the rare artist, the accomplished scholar, the greatest sonneteer in the world of poetry since Rossetti, and above all, the kindly gentleman whose heart was a mine of generosity and good-nature.

The work is all! and what rich and rare work Wilde has left for posterity to appraise. Take "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," Wilde's monument more during than brass. I would rather have written this ballad beautiful than have built the Brooklyn bridge. It was more difficult—it will last longer!

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Hunting With Gun or Camera

BY G. V. FITTOCK.

Some men like to go hunting with a gun; others prefer a camera, and there are many that are content to be equipped in their rambles afar from the madding crowd with nothing but a field-glass. It is the lure of the woodland that is felt by them all. The hunter thinks he has an incentive all his own, but he hasn't. The thrill that he seeks is akin to that which is experienced by the camera man who comes upon a wild animals and nervously prepares for his "shot." It is not vastly different from that which quickens the heart-beats of the mere observer who, when communing with nature, finds an opportunity to enter into the secrets of the chipmunk and is permitted to study the motives of the squirrel. To him there are few occupations so delightful as that which he engages in far up in the mountains when he finds himself in some mossy glade or rugged glen, beyond ear-shot of human bustling, and feels himself one with the wildlings of nature.

This is the season of the year when the quail hunter and the deer hunter take to the woods, the tall timbers, the fern-covered ravine, and the cool meadow, intent upon achievement of which he may prate proudly in the closed season. He enjoys every minute of his outing, even though his patience is oft-times exhausted, for the exciting prospect is always before him, and the environment is always invigorating. He is visiting with the pine squirrel and the chipmunk. He takes deep breaths of the balsam-laden air as he goes up the little trail that wanders across the hillside. He sees the blue jay navigate the tops of the alder thicket on business of his own. Now a wandering bumblebee drones his bass solo among the small blossoms at the foot of an old stump and calls attention to the ants that travel to and fro in sinuous lines from the cavity under the stump's roots to the crevice in a chipmunk's log. They have their own little duties and engagements, and are busy as they always are when the sun shines. The birds are busy all around. Their voices sound from the thickets, and tell of the busy life that is unseen. The hunter's blood is coursing through his veins in ecstacy, for he is as close to nature as he can get, and his heart-strings are attuned to her keynote. He is bent on slaughter, on testing his skill with his rifle, on securing a much-prized trophy, but it is because he is where he is that his spirits are light, his soul care-free and his whole being flooded with pleasing sensations.

But camera hunting is no less invigorating and fascinating. It is as pleasant and satisfying to obtain a fine negatve of a bird feeding her young as to take her life. In this sport there is no close season, no restriction as to what, when or where you shall hunt. Anything from a humming bird to an eagle, a chipmunk to a deer is the camera man's legitimate game. It is not necessary to have an expensive outfit, for very good work can be done with an ordinary camera. A long-focus camera is to be preferred, one with a lense of ten or twelve inch focus, whose combinations can be used separately. For some work, as birds in flight, insects, large animals, etc., a Reflex, long focus

(Courtesy Western Field)

Band of Wild Elk

is ideal. Use any good brand of the fastest plates you can purchase. The wonderful photographs of animals in their haunts which have appeared of late have given great impetus to photographs "in the field." Perhaps in time the hunter will substitute a camera for a gun, but not yet awhile. He scoffs at photography as an incentive to an outing. It is not sufficiently picturesque to suit him. It lacks, among other things, the aftermath at the camp-fire when you have the pleasure of eating what you have killed. The pursuit of the fugitive also has its charm for which there is no satisfactory substitute in camera hunting, and above all it is not so conducive to thrilling narrative, to recitals of moving accidents by field and flood. The camera tells most of the story, but the hunter is privileged to give play to his imagination, and unless he can weave plausible romances, he is not versed in all that pertains to the sport.

Philoprogenitiveness

BY HARRY COWELL.

I have long had in mind a brief word on the love of little children, a theme very much to my taste, but have not brought it forth until now, having time and again put off the day of its birth, in the old fear that when born it should prove a changeling and no child of mine.

But a rumor that it is dying out, this exquisite white passion, around which the blessedness of the life—nay, the life itself—of our race revolves, has of late reached me, remote on my hillside, in the refuge these hands have built me against the wind, the rain, and the world; which rumor was the ergot that hastened the hour of this, my waif-word's birth.

Time was when desire of offspring was of the essence of womanhood; every maiden was at heart a would-be mother; barrenness was one of the bitterest draughts a wife could well drink. The typical "old maid," fore-doomed to childlessness, flat-chested, narrow-lipped, all angles, voiced like a hobbledehoy, spending a perverted philoprogenitiveness upon dog and cat and parrot, was a sight to move woman to pity and man to scorn. To the world of that day it was as if the wrath of God had taken this repellant form so different from that other fore-ordained to motherhood, the personification of His smile. The idea of Madonna and child was then full of a sweet human significance.

Now, all this is changed, 'tis said, and the love of little children, fallen sick of a strange malady, is like to die. Our sons and daughters—more especially, our daughters—are loath to make us grandfathers and grandmothers; are willing that the torch which has been kept burning since life first was lit should go out in their hands. Things have indeed come to a sorry pass when our talk is of the duty of keeping it alight, instead of the joy. Were the human race to depend for its existence solely upon duty, how long do you think it would last?

What will be the effect of this rumored decay of the desire of children on the grand passion itself? To what degree is woman's love of man love of offspring? How much of her love of children may woman lose and still retain all her ineffable charm? Is there anything in man or woman more lovable than philoprogenitiveness in its finest sense?

The greatest lover of children I ever met was a rich old bachelor whose delight it was to fill his garden with them; free flowers, real and romping enough, but taking with him the place of "dream children," such as Elia's, sons and daughters of some Alice Wetheral long dead. So, at least, it always seemed to me; for when asked why he, so fond of children, had none of his own, he would make no answer, taking advantage of a deaf ear, open only to prattle, but would turn away to caress a laughing child who sobered on the instant, or to press, after a quaint fashion of his, a rose-bud against his cheek, which invariably, no matter how far spent the day, left a drop of dew glistening there like a tear. He had a curious passion for flowers, holding that they gave love for human love, calling them his friends, treating them with inimitable tenderness and courtesy. Children for him were gifts direct from heaven, godsends desirable above all others, bringing with them I know not what strange brightness of the far-off country whence they came, retaining as it were some wonder of the maker's hands.

This old man, deep read in all the arts and sciences, master of many knowledges, with wisdom writ large upon his brow, would sit for hours in his summer-house, a child, half-flower, half-butterfly, on either knee, gathering, so he said, from their little sayings incomparable lore. Once I heard one of them say to him: "Grandpa, what nice wrinkles you have! They smile." And to his ear—whether a wiser or a more foolish ear than that of other men is not for me to say—the word of the child was as God's "Well done!" and the baby lips that pressed the many-wrinkled brow seemed to his simple heart to set the seal of Heaven's approval upon his life. The incident, trivial as it may seem, made him happy for many a long day. Never had the still small voice of conscience said anything to him half so sweet.

"Take an old man's advice, my boy," he used to say to me, a hand upon my shoulders; "never do anything that might make you ashamed to look a child or a flower in the face." Men, young and old, have counseled worse.

Woman he loved as only he can who has lost her; reverenced as no one can but he who is supremely ignorant of her. A woman was of the same sex—was she not?—with his dead Alice, or Laura or Beatrice, or whatever dear name was hers (he never spoke it), and therefore worshipful—but at a distance. I never saw one in his garden. In his beautifully purblind eyes, woman was not as she is, but as God intended her to be. He ever spoke of her in terms which in any other mouth would have been

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laughable extravagance but which in his sounded just a little less than the truth.

He is now gone and his garden, overgrown with weeds, knows no more the voice of little children.

As for me, I would rather trust "the man that hath no music in himself" than him who is not moved by the laughter of baby lips. Hatred of babies ill becomes a woman's breast. Of course, they whose dislike of children is extreme tend to extinction. What a strange and tragic ending that would be, were a loathing of offspring to cause man to perish from the face of the earth! But, for my part, I do not think that the world will ever come to any such bad end.

To my eyes, it is sad to see life shorn, be it ever so little, of childhood and youth and the love thereof. As the earth ages, man seems to be born older than he used to be when the world was young. We of today are adult before we are adolescent; and there is a beauty in being just a boy or a girl that we can in no wise afford to lose. The love of youth in the author of "Marius the Epicurean," and in him who wrote "Virginibus Puerisque," for me adds immeasurably to their charm as writers. To be a man or a woman who does not love children is to be neither man nor woman. Who dies childless is doubly dead. Surely, it should warm the heart of December to have a daughter for looking-glass, as Shakespeare hath it, a lovely April wherein without envy to see herself at her prime.

When the love of little children "begins to sicken and decay," is it not high time to ask ourselves: "How is it with love in general? Is it well? Is it ill?" In almost every tongue, diminutives are used as terms of endearment, a fact whose significance is not far to seek. Not for long, lacking philoprogenitiveness, will brotherly love continue, nor love romantic, nor "sisterly sweet hand in hand"; not easily filial affection, not friendship, nor any likeness of love.

The desire of offspring chastens the love of man for woman and the love of woman for man; keeps it well above the point where it is in danger of becoming one with lust. I am the last man in the world to deny that love may be an end in itself. Full well I know, too, that a woman may have for sole child a husband on whom she lavishes a love of offspring, pure, passionate, inexhaustible. To be without children is one thing; to be without love of them, another.

Though the rumor, I take it, is not altogether baseless, the desire for sons and daughters to fill our places when haply they know us no more, is not dead among us, nor dying, nor yet seriously sick, but sleepeth in the breasts of men absorbed in "the game," and of women weary with the bustle of absurd "social duties," or the work of genuine "social adjustment." A little while, and it shall wake again, a giant refreshed, and once more shall the old world go wandering towards those isles of the blest whither for ages the little hands of children unborn have beckoned it.

The Saunterer

A Belated Savant

Professor Jeremiah Lynch, our eminent Egyptologist, has discovered that Manepthah, the Pharaoh who chased the children of Israel down to the Red Sea, did not perish therein "when the waters returned and covered the chariots and the horsemen." In a recent lecture Professor Lynch announced that the discovery of Manepthah's mummy within the past three years seemed to refute the Bible account of the death of this Pharaoh. It is evident that Professor Lynch is more erudite as an Egyptologist than as a Bible student. If, when he has leisure, he will read the fourteenth chapter of Exodus he will regret that he wasted so much valuable time thinking that the Pharaoh was drowned in the Red Sea. It does not require the acumen of a higher critic to perceive that the Pharaoh who had overtaken the children of Israel encamping by the Red Sea beside Pi-hahiroth before Baal-zephon, was not included among those Egyptians who "pursued and went in after" the Israelites, nor is he mentioned as one of the host that was covered by the returning waters. No doubt Professor Lynch was a close student of his Bible before he became an eminent Egyptologist, and it goes almost without saying that he must have read the fourteenth chapter of Exodus; but his memory was probably not tenacious of the details of that Red Sea episode. Still as an eminent Egyptologist he should have complemented his research among the tombs of the Pharaohs with such historical evidence as bore upon the subject of his investigations. It was not necessary to discover the mummy of Manepthah to prove that he was not drowned in the Red Sea, for nobody vested with authority to speak of that incident ever said that he was drowned.

Jumped at Their Conclusion

The popular idea that the Pharaoh of the exodus was drowned in the Red Sea originated in one of those fool Sunday School books that have done so much to pervert the mind of the Christian youth. The writers of those books were ardent partisans of the fugitive Israelites and took it for granted that the author of all the evils permitted by Jehovah to be inflicted upon his Chosen People would be punished for his tyranny and oppression. These commentators could not conceive how a "God of wrath and vengeance" could allow the Pharaoh to escape after all that he had done to the Chosen People. Furthermore these Sunday School book compilers read that "the Eygptians pursued and went in after them, and the waters returned and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh *that came into the sea after them;* there remaining not so much as one of them;" and enlightened by an inspirational inference, they paraphrased the Hebrew chronicle to read: "Whereupon was Pharaoh drowned in the Red Sea." These pseudo-historians did not even know that "Pharaoh" is the name of the office—they thought it was the name of the king. It is something of a shock, however, when an eminent Egyptologist is placed by lack of thorough knowledge of his science,

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in the position of one who "takes issue with Scriptural history" that was never written.

Degrees With Strings Tied to Them

Mr. Arthur McEwen suggests that, as it is customary for colleges to signify approval of and pride in an eminent son by the conferring of an honorary degree, it should be deemed proper to inaugurate dishonorary degrees for those who have disgraced the institutions at which they were graduated. The expediency of discrediting dishonorable graduates was suggested in these columns more than a year ago. About that time Abe Ruef had appeared at a banquet of the alumni of the University of California. He addressed the alumni on the subject of the civic duties of the citizen, and he was given respectful attention though every man present knew of the manner in which he was exercising the talents that had been trained and developed at the expense of the state in Berkeley. Apropos of that incident I suggested, not the issuance of dishonorary degrees, but the revocation of those that had been earned at college by upright conduct as well as by scholastic proficiency. A college degree attests not only the learning but the moral fitness of the possessor. It is a license authorizing the possessor to hold himself out to the world as a man who, by his mental and moral distinction, won the approval of the faculty of the institution by which it was issued. It is not essentially different from the license issued to a member of the bar enitling him to practice law in the courts of the state. Why should it not similarly be subject to revocation? No greater disgrace could overtake a college graduate than the revocation of his degree for immoral conduct. If the power of visiting such disgrace were vested in every college faculty, perhaps the percentage of morality among degree holders would be higher.

Wheelan Must Take a Back Seat

That the politicians of the Republican League are not worrying very much about the machinations of Ruef is evident from the fact that they have developed a split in their own camp. They have fallen out over the chairmanship of the convention. Their differences, however, are not going to affect the main issue. On one side are arrayed the pure and undefiled reformers who inaugurated the clean government movement. At their head is that most uncompromising of reformers, Mr. Fairfax Wheelan. He has selected Secretary Ryan for chairman of the convention. Mr. Ryan is an able and popular young lawyer, but the gentlemen who took the reform movement out of the hands of Mr. Wheelan for the primary election having no desire to make him the boss of the party, have determined to thwart the ambition of Mr. Ryan. So they will put the gavel in the hands of Mr. Will Davis. The chairmanship is of considerable importance, for the chairman of the convention will become chairman of the County Committee, and he will appoint the Conference Committee and the committees on credentials and resolutions. Fancy the politicians permitting Mr. Wheelan to dictate in such matters! Mr. Ryan hasn't a chance. The delegation from his own district—the fortieth—is for Davis, and Davis will handle the convention.

To Glorify Schmitz

Ruef has no longer any hope of organizing the convention, but he is still bluffing. He sees no way of preventing the fusion of the two old parties, and it is hard for him to figure out how Schmitz can win against a joint candidate. That candidate has already been agreed upon, but his identity is a profound secret. The mistake of setting him up as a target is not to be made. Meanwhile the politicians are looking forward with great interest to the Labor Day parade. Schmitz and Ruef expect to make an impressive display of their strength on that day. They have been rounding up their adherents and demanding that they get into line. They promise to send forty thousand men along the line of march. All the labor lieutenants are at work registering men for the parade and Schmitz buttons will be distributed and will no doubt be worn by ten or fifteen thousand men who have not yet been admitted to citizenship. The parade is to form in two sections, one to be headed by Mr. Schmitz and one by McDougald. As the latter has not given up the hope of being nominated for Mayor, his friends will see that he is not neglected during the march. On this occasion the fact will be accentuated that the workingmen of San Francisco have determined to control the municipal government. The parade will be largely in the nature of a glorification of Eugene Schmitz. It should start many a lukewarm citizen on the way to the registration office.

A Lure For Metcalf

Secretary Metcalf's friends are once more discussing the likelihood of his resignation from the Cabinet. There is a rumor afloat that he is to be succeeded by Commissioner Yerkes of Internal Revenue. Yerkes, I hear, is regarded as a coming man at Washington. He was formerly a Collector of Internal Revenue. His promotion has been rapid and he has been slated for a Cabinet position. If Metcalf leaves the Cabinet he will become the head of a local banking institution. The position has been offered to him, and being sensible of the uncertainties of a political life, he is reluctant to let the banking job get away from him.

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Characteristic Procrastination

From indulging his habit of proscrastination, our tergiversating statesman, George C. Pardee, Governor of the great State of California, finds himself once more trying to protect his heels from a pack of ululating politicians. Many weeks ago Judge Green of Oakland having adjourned court *sine die* at the behest of a higher tribunal, the duty devolved on Governor Pardee of filling an imperative want. Had he filled the vacancy promptly he would have avoided all the trouble now on his hands. But there are many factions in Oakland politics, and Pardee thought it expedient to hold back. He looked over the situation, and as usual was sagaciously reticent. He could not offer the old excuse that he was investigating conditions and capabilities of candidates because no one in the state has a better apprehension of them. The fact is that he hoped to devise some way to repair the effect of former blunders. As time passed on new candidates entered the field and now there are six by actual count—Will Harris, Judge Yule, H. A. Powell, George Reed, Senator Lukens and Judge Allen. As the business of the court is at a standstill by reason of the Governor's dilatoriness, there is much complaint among the members of the bar who think that in such matters Pardee should refrain from doing politics.

"What did you say when she asked your advice about marrying me?"

"I said I didn't think she could do any better."

A Crisis in Grape Juice

It is surprising that the dailies have not devoted some space to the news respecting the big fight that is now in progress in Washington over the wine industry of California. This is one of the most important industries of the state and it is virtually tied up on account of existing revenue laws which were passed long before the introduction of present methods, and which are in restraint of the industry. In recent years the business has been revolutionized and it has grown to such proportions that it is almost impracticable to carry it on under present regulations. Our Senators and Congressmen intend to urge the necessary amendments at the next session of Congress, but the wine men wish to be permitted to carry on the industry meanwhile without fear of molestation. Great pressure is now being brought to bear on the Federal authorities to persuade them to suspend the operation of the oppressive laws, and Percy Morgan, president of the Wine Makers' Association, has urged the members to shut down their wineries pending the decision of the Revenue Department. The crisis has been reached and millions of dollars are at stake.

The Successful Earl

Among the arrivals this week from Los Angeles was Mr. E. T. Earl, who is owner of one of the most lovely and also one of the most artistic homes in the southern part of the state. Mr. Earl may well be called one of the most fortunate men in California. He began life in a small way in the north and drifted into the fruit business. He formed a fruit car company and sold out for a large sum to the Armours. He is a successful dealer in real estate and he also owns a paper. In addition to this he is a great churchman and has selected a religion, namely, the Episcopalian, which does not require any great burden to carry in the way of obligations. It is certainly a comfortable church for a man to belong to who has been in the fruit business.

Purpose of Kirkpatrick's Trip

Colonel Kirkpatrick of the Palace has gone East, and before he returns there will be some important developments affecting the hotel business under his direction. A representative of Lady Hesketh and representatives of other Sharon heirs are to hold a conference in New York, and they will probably meet Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and come to some agreement respecting the management of the Fairmount. Among other things to be discussed by the Sharon estate representatives are proposed alterations to the Palace hotel. It is almost certain that two stories will be added to the building, and that the interior will be remodeled. The Palace is now one of the biggest money-making institutions of its kind in the United States.

Aged Millionaire—Would you like to be my wife, Miss Breezy?

The sordid one answered in the affirmative, but as she afterwards confessed to herself, "It's his widow I would like to be, but sit still, my soul, possess thyself in patience."

He Has to Work

One of the jolliest figures in the city is ex-Senator Kearns of Utah. Kearns is an exceedingly rich man and withal so modest that none not knowing who he is would think he owned a penny. He is rather partial to California and has purchased the old Hood property near Santa Rosa. He has a large family and it is his ambition to make things as pleasant for them as he possibly can. The pet of the family is a little daughter who has her father's eyes and who thinks as much of her pony, Pearl, and her dog, Snowball, as the ex-senator does of his railroad and mining interests. "I have to get back to Utah and work," he said with a sigh the other day. "Do you know that a man has to work at something or other when he has a farm in your golden state? Farming is expensive work and a man has to have a mine or two to indulge in the luxury."

One of Warfield's Droll Stories

One of the best stories told at the Bohemian Club jinks was out of Dave Warfield's repertoire. Warfield is at his best when telling Jew stories. He related that there was once a Jew who went gunning for one of the Chosen People for having alienated his wife's affections. The man with the gun, in telling of his experience with the culprit said, "and ven I pointed the revollver at his head he looked it all over and he asked me vot I vanted for it."

"Did you kill him?" he was asked.

He answered in disgust: "You can't kill a man vat vants to do peezness mit you."

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Dowson Speaks for Himself

Our readers will remember how Arthur Symons' word over the vagabond poet, Dowson, gone on his last journey, caused the bee in the *Bulletin's* bonnet to buzz in righteous indignation and solemn warning. It would take the pen of a Maurice Maeterlinck—no less—to do justice to the moral wrath of that bee. 'Twas a dull day, it seems, in the editorial office of the newspaper aforesaid and the little insect's proverbial desire to improve each shining hour set it to beating its wings all to no purpose in the vacant air. Our daughters—yes, that was it, the burden of the buzzing—were in no small danger of going Dowson-mad. The poor fellow was safe in the "vasty roadhouse," served by the most astonishing of all inn-keepers, drinking with Paul Verlaine and Francois Villon the strange wines of the dead, chatting in the dim underworld of lands that know the light of day, musing aloud over that which had happened and, above all, over that which had not happened, in the barren pre-death years. No matter: he was still a menace to our morals. Was the life of Ernest Dowson well or ill lived? God only knows. Was his poetry well or ill written? Man may answer, though Time alone can say for sure. But let the lyric following speak for itself. It is said to be autobiographical, and, I take it, diffuses to perfection the curious aroma of the maker's personality. Read it over seven times, and then, if the least faint buzzing of the moral bee bother you, say to yourself: "Men have loved worse—that is, lived."

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM BONAE SUB REGNO CYNARAE

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

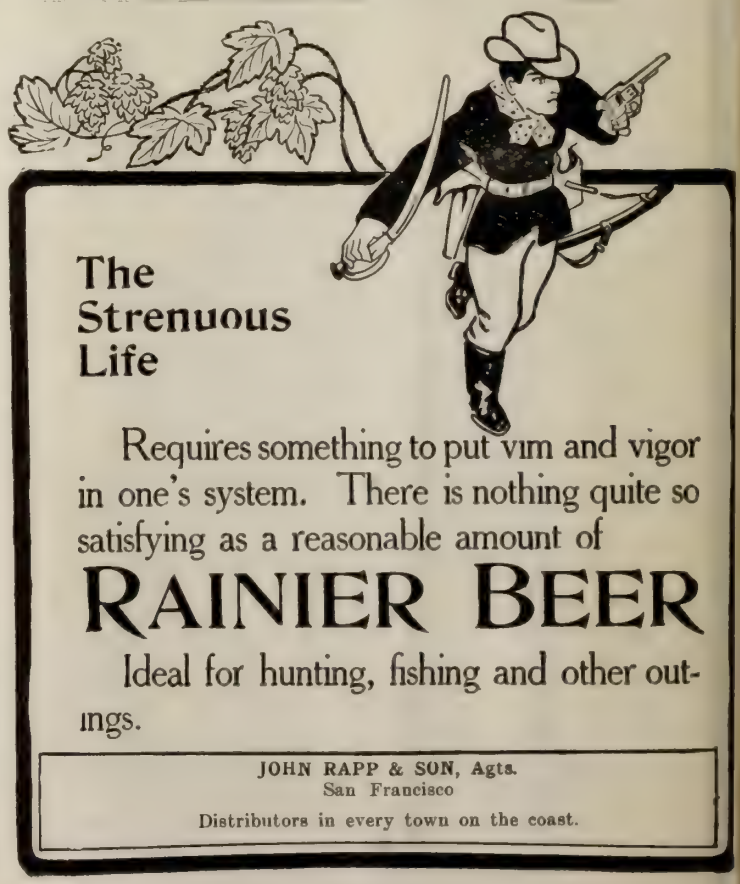
I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

Bruguiere's Futile Trip

If the Pedar Bruguieres are irreconcilable, and Pedar sticks to his resolution to regain his liberty, he will have to try again, for there is small likelihood of his being permitted to prosecute his suit in Nevada. His friends are wondering why he went to Reno to get a decree of divorce, and it has been suggested that he probably thought that his wife could not afford to carry on a contest so far away from home. His effort to establish a residence in Nevada was ludicrous. He went to Reno, rented a room, paid for it six months in advance, obtained a license to practice medicine in the sagebrush state, and started for home. The courts do not approve such procedure on the part of divorce seekers. A bona fide residence is not to be obtained, even by actually living in the place, if it can be shown that the only purpose of establishing it is to obtain a divorce. In cases which are not contested the person establishing a residence meets with no obstacles, but it is different when the question of jurisdiction is raised. Mrs. Bruguiere does not intend to submit tamely to being divorced, and therefore the fickle Pedar will find that he wasted money on his Reno room.

Tetrazzini and Conried

If Herr Conried, of New York, does as the despatches say he intends doing, he will please Tetrazzini very much. The despatches say that he purposes instituting injunction proceedings against her to restrain her from appearing at the Tivoli. By so doing he will give her a grand advertisement, and yet perhaps fail to silence her golden ductile voice. But the threatened suit should prove of mutual benefit, even though it be lost, for it would promote newspaper exploitation in New York, where the prima donna is comparatively unknown. And nothing succeeds nowadays like notoriety. By instituting a suit Conried will testify that he thinks Tetrazzini worth while and that he appreciates her worth. Of that she is not sure and it would therefore please her very much to be sued, and yet she wants to sing at the Tivoli. The fact is, she needs the money. This breezy, unconventional songbird is always in need of money because she gets it but to part from it. She has lately been singing in the provinces of Mexico with a company with which she would not dare venture into the metropolis of that republic. For two weeks she had our old friend Wanrell as basso, but he left on account of friction in the company. His friends say that he made Tetrazzini jealous. Borghesi was the baritone, and Cortesi, the Tivo-



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li's utility man, was second tenor. The musical director was an organist and he had five musicians to lead. Tetrazzini made the show go by interpolating "La Paloma" in all the operas in her repertoire. The people raved over her and the management made money.

When Rossi Heard

To music lovers who appreciate the rare art of Tetrazzini it seems preposterous that she should be identified with a third-rate company in the provinces of Mexico. But the little Italian songstress is as enigmatic and peculiar as one of Baudelaire's women. A daughter of passion, who speaks a language every word of which is a caress, she seems indifferent to the potentialities of her art, an art that covers a multitude of eccentricities. In New York her personality should prove one of her strongest assets, especially if she be permitted to break away from her professional environment. Men that enthused over the Duse temperament should find much to interest them in the Latin blood of the lady who caused the arrest of Uriburo, who came hither under the protecting wing of Signor Rossi, the basso, and whose cause has since been championed by the ardent tenor, Bazelli. Like all women of mind and heart she possesses an independent spirit, and if all the stories that come from within the inner circle in which she moves are true, then she has had her full share of romance. Even her late tour of Mexico, it is said, was not uneventful. One of her most passionate admirers gave a tragic manifestation of his love, but it was of little consequence to Tetrazzini, for she was reaping a golden harvest with "La Paloma." And now this Queen of Song, the memory of whose mad scene made Sembrich's seem tame and incomplete, is once more in town, ready and eager to renew her artistic triumphs. Let us hope that Conried's injunction doesn't enjoin.

One of the Nobility in the Troupe

Tetrazzini is not the only interesting personality in the opera troupe that has been rounded up for the Tivoli by Musical Director Polacco. In the company is a Madame Olivia Petrella, a dramatic soprano, whose romantic days are over, for though still young she recently married an Italian nobleman with a large fortune. She married him, it is said, on condition that he would not interfere with her professional career. After the honeymoon she returned to the stage, and hubby is ever at her side. He will accompany her to this city.

"Mamma, do society people go to heaven?"

"They don't want to, dear, since the ministers abolished hell; it's not exclusive enough up there."

One of the Literary Sisterhood

Mrs. Ramon Wilson, who has been invited to deliver the Channing lectures, is one of the few women of high mental culture and rare intellectual gifts in local society, but she does not figure very often in the bavarde columns. She has no press agent. She is going to discuss German history and literature, subjects which she had the opportunity to study during a long residence in the centres of German culture. She was asked, the other day, by a club woman, what books of reference she had borrowed for the coming lectures. She replied that she was not depending on books, that she had made an exhaustive study of the subjects, and intended to give her hearers the benefit of her own observation and her own reflections. Mrs. Wilson is a leading spirit of the Century Club and she is a woman of many accomplishments. The other day she gave a very entertaining talk in San Rafael on Greece and Athens, and she has just completed a book of cheerful philosophical aphorisms. She is one of the most industrious of literary workers, and she has written several magazine articles on art and life.

Dr. Clampett's Big Walk

Dr. Frederick Clampett of Trinity is achieving a reputation as a pedestrian and is threatening to deprive William Greer Harrison of his laurels. The clergyman has become one of the most strenuous of Olympic Club athletes, and he has shown wonderful form in the handball courts. He was recently challenged to a long distance walk, and he made the trip to the top of Mount Tamalpais and back, and over a great deal of Marin county territory. The distance was thirty-one miles.

Roku Is Dead

Henry P. Bowie, of San Mateo, received word the other day, from Japan, of the death of his distinguished friend, Iwaga Ichi Roku, the scholar who wrote the inscription for the bronze tablet which is to ornament the gateway at Severn Lodge, which is filled with rare art treasures from Nippon. Mr. Bowie, by the way, has had plans drawn for a Japanese cottage which is soon to be erected on the grounds that surround his country home. He is now having a Japanese garden laid out.

Why His Friends Were Glad

"Billy" Macdonough's friends were in great glee last Saturday, when the news came over the wire that he had won the big Futurity stake. The glory of the victory scarcely pleased them more than did the capture of the purse, for "Billy" Macdonough's devotion to the sport of

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kings has cost him many a penny. It has been a very expensive pastime for him, and he hasn't as much money to throw to the birds now as he had in the days when he paid one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for Ormonde. That proved a very unfortunate investment, though it should have been a very profitable one. Macdonough's judgment was all right, but after the famous stallion was shipped to this country he was very badly used before reaching California. But having won the Futurity Macdonough is now in a fair way to recoup himself.

Another Army Scandal

A Manila correspondent writes me that there is great indignation in that city over the President's action in remitting the sentence of dismissal of First Lieutenant Earle W. Turner, Seventeenth Infantry. When stationed with his regiment at Zamboanga, he was accused of having boasted of his improper relations with the wife of a brother officer who heard the slander and threatened the young man that if he did not get out of the regiment he would shoot him. Tanner applied for a transfer to the Fourth Infantry. General Wood was advised of the reason, and ordered a court-martial, the findings of which he approved. The papers were sent on to Washington, with the result that good offices prevailed with the President. Lieutenant Tanner is a son of ex-Pension Commissioner Tanner, and his pull is therefore tremendous.

The Strenuous Harriman

News has not as yet reached us as to the impression the Harriman family have created in Tokio. Mr. Harriman has gone to the Far East to take a rest and he has taken along with him two secretaries. There is a shrewd suspicion in Southern Pacific and the rest of the railroad circles dominated by that little man that no real rest is coming to those who have anything to do with this restless and indomitable financier. When Mr. Harriman is in this city he has the through telegraph line to New York kept clear for him for an hour or two, and then he transacts business with his New York office. Everything is referred to him and he does his work just as if he were in Gotham. It takes a peculiar man to get along with him, as he has a knack of answering a question before answered, and if a man hesitates about an answer he is lost. It appears that the feminine portion of the Harriman family have an aversion to any kind of notoriety and, women-like, they wanted to go through Chinatown. They were very much afraid that if this were known the reporters would be on their trail and the most extraordinary precautions were taken to keep the matter a dead secret. The party started out about midnight and did not return till the gray dawn, and they saw all that was worth seeing.

Schwerin Is Getting There

Some curiosity is expressed whether Mr. Harriman will be able to make so good an impression on Mr. Taft as to get a permission to build that Carquinez bridge and have more lenient concessions in the Philippines for his railroads. This much is certain, that the Schwerins are getting on the inside track with the Harriman party, and other railroad men are watching developments with keen interest. Schwerin has the knack of making himself most agreeable, it is said, but he has shown that side of his nature here only when there was some extraordinary call for the display. Nowadays men with tact are very much in demand in the railroad business and those without it are not coming to the front very fast. Even Mr. Kruttschnitt, it is said, is becoming positively amiable. As for J. C. Stubbs—well, he has genius and needs nothing more. Besides, he has gone back to religion and there is nothing more pleasing to that "oppressor of the producer" than to order his private car and travel some few thousand miles to deliver an address before a body of the Y. M. C. A. His sermons are said to be gems in their way. It is also said that Mr. Harriman has his opinion of them.

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Gould's Representatives

One of the most important men in the railroad world in the city is J. F. Veale, who is the chief counsel for the Gould lines in the west. Mr. Veale looks like a typical British barrister. He has the distinguishing side whiskers and he has a quick, short and snappy way of speaking. He does not believe in wasting words, and though he is said to be rather distant to the members of the press he is one of the most approachable of the big men that have come out here. There is very little doubt that Bert Worthington will be the general manager of the Western Pacific when completed, or before it is entirely completed. Gould pays his men well, and there are several of the local railroad men eager to get in on the ground floor.

"Why do you think he's not much of an artist?"

"Because he spends so much time trying to affect a Bohemian air."

Mrs. Redding to Come West

Joe Redding has gone to New York to escort to California Mrs. "Joe," who will make a visit to her old home in the West. Mrs. Redding has resided for a number of years in Paris with her young daughter who is in school there. She is a fascinating and a very beautiful woman. Some years ago she said she would return to New York to remain for two years, but she had scarcely been there a month before she returned to Paris. She said she could find no one who could do her laundry decently.

Hammersmith versus Gleason

Once more the Olympic Club is greatly agitated over its annual election. In recent years there has been no excitement over the election of officers, for there has been

little or no opposition to the program formulated by President William Greer Harrison and his associates in the Board of Directors. Mr. Harrison has ruled the club with an iron hand, and the club has been willing to be thus ruled, for Mr. Harrison has been looked upon as the club's saviour. He pulled it out of a financial hole some years ago and the members have been duly grateful. They have shown their gratitude by repeatedly re-electing Mr. Harrison to the presidency, but in accepting the presidency Mr. Harrison insists that he be surrounded by directors eager to support his Administration. So the whole club has been virtually under the management of Mr. Harrison, and there has been no friction. Indeed friction has been impossible, for Mr. Harrison has had nothing to rub up against. The first rift in the lute came when "Jack" Gleason, the club leader, decided to stand for another term. He had become *persona non grata* to the Harrison Administration, and besides Johnny Hammersmith, the jeweler, who was leader in the long ago, wanted his old job back again. So Hammersmith and Gleason are running against each other, and it is a hot contest. The Administration is supporting Hammersmith, circulars are being sent out urging members to support the regular ticket, and members are told that Mr. Harrison will be very much displeased if Hammersmith is beaten. The principal objection to Gleason, it is said, is that he has been too prominently identified with professional sport. His friends are saying that it is about time for Mr. Harrison to let the club select its own officers. They argue that although the club is indebted to Mr. Harrison for valuable services, Mr. Harrison is indebted to the club for the great prominence he has achieved in athletic circles. It is also hinted that Hammersmith is more interested in his jewelry business than in the club. So the contest has been productive of spirited controversy and a pretty high temperature.

Slightly Inaccurate

Mrs. Fred Kohl was no doubt amused to read, in last Sunday's *Examiner,* that she has been entertaining friends at her country home at Lake Tahoe. The statement would have been less inaccurate if Mrs. Kohl had a country home at Lake Tahoe, for she has been entertaining friends at the lake, or to be more accurate, on the lake. Her entertainments have not been of a very extravagant character, consisting mainly of rides on her launch. Mrs. Kohl should soon be ready for a very strenuous winter campaign, for she has not been very active at the lake. Despite her reputation for hospitality, comparatively few San Francisco society people have gathered at the lakeside. At no time were they sufficiently numerous to justify her in holding court.

His Storkship Gets Wise

The John Charles Adamses are to spend the winter at the St. Francis while the Edson Adamses are to build a beautiful home at Adams Point. Mrs. John Charles Adams, having just presented her husband with a son, after having had three daughters, can have anything she wants, and the winter at the St. Francis is what she has chosen. Other happy Oakland families where a succession of three and four girls has been broken by the welcome son are the San Leandro Stowes and the Ned Howards, in both of which cases the stork has shown discriminating taste at last. Usually he is as blind as Cupid and twice as stupid.

When He Shall Dictate

Edwin Markham, whose fame as a poet rests securely on a temporary inspiration entitled "The Man with the Hoe," has been telling the readers of the advertising pages of a ten cent magazine what he would do if he were Dictator. He speaks in prose, consequently there is no opportunity for the slightest misconception of the Markham intention. He says that if he were Dictator every man should have a chance to work. He would establish enough State or municipal shops to absorb all the idle labor; shoemakers should be set to making and mending; bakers to kneading and baking; ("making" and "baking" are rimes, but Poet Markham is now writing prose, so he is indifferent to rimes, and while he cannot prevent them he may deliberately misplace them, thereby indicating that it is as difficult for Poet Markham to write prose as for less gifted mortals to write poetry). This is the sum of Dictator Markham's "dictation" (to his typewriter). He says nothing of the competition of this State and municipal labor with the product of free labor. When a poet stoops to prose it is not necessary that he should at the same time arrive at a logical conclusion.

His "Niche" is Reserved

I assume, of course, that it has been authoritatively conceded that Edwin Markham is a poet. I know that during the heat and burden of the day that won fame for Mr. Markham there was talk of an injunction to prohibit him from wearing the bay and a proposition to habeas corpus the author of "The Man with the Hoe" to show cause why the laurel should not be denied him. As neither of these restrictive and restraining measures were acted upon I take it that "the world has acknowledged" Mr. Markham's right to take his place with the minor poets of the "Corner" and the magazines. It is now in order to dispute his right to sit with the prosers.

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The Revolt of Two Mavericks

A local reviewer of books, who is also a man, notes with glad surprise that a certain literary journal of New York contains not a single line of prose written by a woman. He takes occasion in this comment on an extraordinary circumstance to call attention to the fact that "most of our magazine fiction is supplied by graduates from the women's colleges," and it is as plain as a pikestaff that he wanted to add: "And that is why this fiction is so uniformly bad." He finds two flies in the ointment, two small rifts in the lute, two poems written by women—of the sort that women write, of course—but he merely mentions the blot on the 'scutcheon and declares, with the exultation of the worm that has turned successfully, that "the magazine as a whole is a masculine triumph." My sympathies are entirely with this reviewer in his outcry. Woman is writing too much. Her gentle influence is altogether too prevalent in "current literature." The magazines are over-sloppy with woman's tears and over-joyed with woman's idea of humor; they read like a bevy of seminary seniors all talking at once; their "happy endings" are monotonous, and their "psychic analysis" verges (unconsciously, it is hoped) on that which is forbidden in our politest literature. I only regret that this reviewer and I have not the power to stem the overwhelming tide of "female writing" that threatens to sweep out of everything except journalism every vestige of the virile genius of man. I picture the reviewer and myself standing on the shore of this feminine sea of ink industriously, laboriously, and vainly sweeping the liquid abomination from the sands of time.

Great in Their Class

Jimmy Britt, the prize fighter, has reviewed Jack London's novel, "The Game." As a "literary effort" Britt's critique of "The Game" bears the same relation to his subject that London's description of a prize fight does to a similar episode in Bulwer Lytton's novel, "Kenelm Chillingly." It's an illustration of the old saying, "Every man to his trade." Britt is a prize fighter; London is a best seller; Bulwer Lytton was a novelist.

"Is Ripley in financial trouble?"

"Why no, he married last week."

"I know, but I heard that he went into the hands of a deceiver."

The Joe Tobins, who have been spending the early summer at their ranch, are back at Burlingame.

No One to Blame

Here is a bit of "inside" naval history which has never yet appeared in print, as far as I know. It will be remembered that several months ago the cruiser *Baltimore* ran ashore in the East Indies, and was floated off without serious injury. Her commanding officer, Captain J. B. Briggs, and her navigator, Lieutenant-Commander I. K. Seymour, were both tried by court-martial for the accident. At the time I commented in these columns on the affair, and expressed regret that two such good officers, and such thoroughly good fellows as "Polly" Briggs and "Ike" Seymour, should get into such trouble. I am glad to record the fact of their acquittal, but the feature of this little story is the ground on which they were acquitted. It is something unique in the history of navigation. It was shown that all the usual precautions of prudent navigators were taken by both officers, who were the ones responsible for the navigation of the ship. Their charts were corrected up to date, proper lookouts were kept, the compass deviation had been accurately determined and properly checked up the very day before the stranding. The proper course had been laid down, the proper soundings had been taken with the "lead." Nothing had been neglected. To the astonishment of all, it was found that the vessel had been thrown out of her course during the night by the "grounding" of the electric wires leading to the standard compass, which happened to be also the steering compass, the result being that an electro-magnet was formed about the binnacle. An entirely new, not to say unprecedented, element had thus entered into the compass error, and nobody was to blame.

"Here is a joke," said the would-be contributor, "that has never appeared in print. I can guarantee it."

"You don't need to," said the editor, amiably, as he passed it back.

Aiken a Tenderfoot

"Mr. Aiken is a comparative newcomer to California, but has made a host of friends for himself since his residence here," says a *Bulletin* writer in discussing the marriage of Miss Ednah Robinson and *Sunset's* editor. Well! Well! how great is the obscurity that doth envelop a man who labors anonymously in the journalism of a great city! Twenty years ago I was a contemporary of Charley Aiken on the "police detail" in this city. He was then the police reporter of the great daily in which he is now referred to as "a comparative new comer to California." Nobody now connected with that paper had any expectation at that time of ever contributing to its columns. Aiken was one of "Deacon" Fitch's bright young men, assiduously applying himself, as a reporter, to a cultivation of a knowledge of the rudiments of the profession in which he has won distinction. The announcement of his engagement to Miss Ednah Robinson, which was speedily followed by their marriage, occasioned no surprise among their friends, for it has been known for months that they had capitulated to Dan Cupid.

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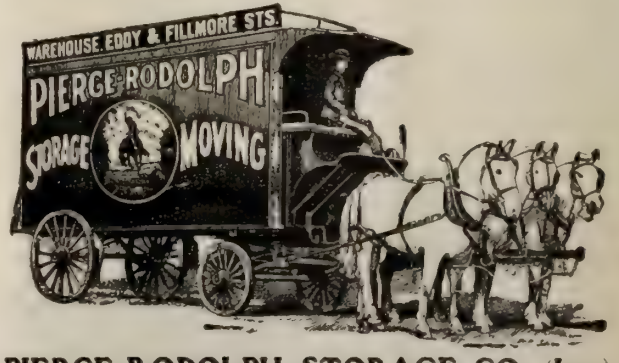

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The Aikens are to live in Chestnut street when they return from their honeymoon trip, and their Sequoian friends naturally expect there will be a deal of entertaining done there this winter. The Sequoia Club was the outcome of Ednah Robinson's desire to start a salon in San Francisco, and its prosperity is a proof that its founder was a clear-headed, brilliant woman.

Their Cumbersome Costume

In a letter to a San Rafael friend May Sutton says that she was much astonished to find how English women dress when playing tennis. One of her opponents in the woman's tennis championship contest wore white kid gloves, a white linen choker, shirt-waist sleeves primly fastened, with a skirt almost down to her heels. Perhaps Miss Sutton would have had a harder time winning the championship if she had attired herself after the manner of her British cousins. From her description of the regulation British tennis costume I should judge that her opponents played under a serious handicap.

Could Not Break It

Though the George Moores have no objection to young Arthur Geisler as a son-in-law, they tried desperately hard to break the engagement between him and their daughter. Mr. Geisler is an estimable young man but the Moores wanted their daughter to enjoy the social whirl untrammeled, but it was not to be. The result was that her first year in society bored Miss Moore almost to extinction. Mr. Geisler did not go out in her set and everything was gall and wormwood to the pretty girl. She could not remember the names of the women she met and she was relieved when the winter was over.

Cannot Stand Oakland

Just why the Will Henshaws returned to Oakland at all no one seems to know. They have not the slightest intention of remaining there but will leave almost immediately for New York, where they will spend the winter. Mrs. Henshaw is accompanied by her three children and her bosom friend, Miss Alice Grimes. Mr. Henshaw went to Paris, which has been Mrs. Henshaw's home for the past ten years, and returned with his family around the world. Mrs. Henshaw is almost as pretty as ever, with a svelte Parisian figure and the same enticing blondeness which, as a girl, made her by far the prettiest of the Tubbs girls.

Mary Must Take a Back Seat

According to the despatches Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India, has resigned his high office, the loftiest executive position in the gift of the British crown. The news is of interest in this country because Lady Curzon is one of the celebrated Leiter sisters, all of whom married into the British aristocracy. Ten years ago Mary Leiter married Lord Curzon. A year ago Nannie Leiter married Major Colin Campbell and a few months later Daisy Leiter became the wife of Henry Molyneux Paget Howard, Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, whence the hogs come. This was a great social boost for Daisy who, through this marriage, took precedence of her elder sister, a circumstance that seemed to interest American journalists as much as it did their British cousins. The resignation of Lord Curzon is a great blow to the Leiters, for now Mary must return to the rank of minor peeresses. For seven years she has occupied a quasi-regal state in India and therein she shocked court circles and offended the King by insisting on taking precedence of his sister-in-law, the Duchess of Connaught, at the great durbar in Calcutta held to celebrate Edward's accession to the throne.

Genesis of a New Club

Plans are rapidly maturing to form what is expected to be the finest club in San Francisco, and that means, of course, the whole Pacific West. Certainly it will take a leading rank among local clubs and will cut a Titan figure in business circles. It will be called the Miners' Club and its leading members will be representatives from all parts of the globe. Montana, Nevada, British Columbia, Alaska, Colorado, far distant South Africa and Australia will have some of their best known mine owners on the club list. There is no doubt of that, for John Hays Hammond and a number of other prominent experts have signified their intention of joining; some of them are on committees engaged in the preliminary work of organization. Cost is a side consideration with these men. They are determined to erect a club-house worthy to be their headquarters in what they believe is the metropolis of the next mining centre on the globe. Dues and initiation fees have been fixed at the start with the idea of taking in only the elect of the craft. The initiation fee will be one thousand dollars and the annual dues one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in advance. The membership will be limited to five hundred. Those handling the plans claim that there is already more than a quarter of a million dollars in sight in initiation fees alone.

An Ideal Headquarters

This money will be used to start the club-house, which is to be built on the latest and most complete club lines. Not only will the members have all the comforts of a home and a model club, but they will enjoy all the conveniences

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appertaining to an up-to-date mining man's business office. Maps of all the great mines of the world will be on file as well as reports on all the leading mines, as far as they can be gathered. The library will have an annex containing one of the best collections of metal literature in the world. Rooms will be arranged so as to give members all the privacy of an office in transacting business with their guests. In brief, anything and everything that a big mining man may desire at hand for social or business purposes will be furnished by the club. Even club automobiles, notified by wire or 'phone, will meet members at trains and boats to whisk them to the club.

Birth of the Idea

The idea of the club was evolved among a number of multi-millionaire mining men who were knocking about several down-town hotels trying to do business with one another. One day there were some representatives of big English exploration companies present and the group united in bewailing the fact that San Francisco, the centre of big things in the mining line these days, had no special place where mining men with big schemes could congregate in privacy. A ten minutes' pow-wow crystalized in the fertile phrase: The club's the thing. And so the idea was born and now it's well under way. These shrewd delvers for gold have hit the idea exactly. San Francisco is the heart and centre of the latest uplift in mining. The recent big discoveries in Montana, Alaska, British Columbia, Nevada, Arizona, Mexico and in Northern and Southern California are at her very doors and she is the natural entrepot for the head offices of the companies conducting the work; just as she is for the same companies planning to develop the gold fields in the Philippines, China and South America. Within the past year representative agents of some of the biggest development companies in the world have opened offices here. The smelting trust, with prophetic eye, has recently taken over all the big furnaces on the coast. No better mining machinery in the world is made than that turned out right here in San Francisco. Mining experts from all over the globe delight to visit the Comstock lode to study the great problems so successfully worked out there. The establishment of this new Miners' Club on such a superb scale indicates that the biggest metal producers in the world believe that San Francisco is to be the heart of the great mining belt of the next generation.

Captain and Mrs. H. L. Roosevelt, who came to California with the Taft party, and have been visiting Mrs. Roosevelt's parents, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, returned to Washington last Saturday, where Captain Roosevelt is on duty.

From Europe I hear that Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels have just left Carlsbad for Paris after finishing the usual cure.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Lynde have reached Lucerne, on their continental trip.

Precautionary Regulations

Apropos a recent melodramatic occurrence these rules have been posted in the police reporters' room in the Hall of Justice, under the caption "San Francisco *Chronicle* Office Rules":

1. All applicants for positions will first be examined by the office boy. Concealed weapons will be confiscated. The City Editor needs them in his business.

2. If your card is recognized, apply to the office boy for a sheet iron vest and a pair of tin drawers. Deploy in open order on your advance, taking advantage of any cover. An ambulance is kept in waiting by courtesy of Michael de Young.

3. As the City Editor advances down the Local Room to give you your details, cover him with your shotgun (These will be supplied, with pencils, by the Librarian), and keep your head upon him until his back is turned. In case of trifling cuts and flesh wounds, ring for office medical corps, and cost of attendance will be deducted from space.

5. Any *Chronicle* reporter found carrying a dynamite bomb or razor in range of the City Editor will be subject to prompt dismissal. This office is governed by the rules of international warfare, as laid down by the Geneva Red Cross conference. Dum-dum bullets and poisoned cigarettes are strictly barred.

6. Target practice upon the bulletin board or on the heads of any of the editors, except copy readers, will be considered a gross breach of etiquette. Be gentlemen, if you cannot be dead shots.

7. Personal conversation with the City Editor will always be conducted by a telephone in a bomb-proof booth.

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Letters will be sent in care of the Hague Peace Tribunal.

8. All doves of peace building nests in the clock tower are reserved for target practice for the City Editor.

9. In case a general engagement should break out, do not ring for the police. Ring up the Morgue. Better dead than fired.

Mrs. P. T. Norwood, granddaughter of Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," is visiting friends in this city en route to the Portland Fair. Today she will be driven through Golden Gate park and will be shown the monument erected in honor of her famous grandfather.

Mrs. Atherton's Daughter

Mrs. Albert Russell, who enjoys the distinction of being the daughter of Gertrude Atherton, has returned from abroad, whither she went with her mother. A few years ago it was reported that it was the boast of Mrs. Russell that she never read any of her mother's novels. She inherited no literary taste, but since her trip abroad she has come to the conclusion that literary people are quite interesting.

Alice and Tsi An

A correspondent writes me from Manila that he was present when Alice Roosevelt received her invitation to visit the Dowager Empress of China, and that she was in great glee over the prospect. My correspondent wrote that as both Representatives Longworth and Cochran were regarded as open rivals for Miss Roosevelt's favor, it was thought that some inkling as to the inclination of Miss Roosevelt herself might be found in the personnel of the younger members of the expedition who would remain in her company, after the breaking up of the main party at Hong Kong. Later it was learned, however, that both Cochran and Longworth would accompany her. It was believed in Manila that the old Empress whose merciless lust for power has made her one of the horrors of modern history would arrange great spectacular ceremonies in honor of Miss Roosevelt. The old lady is a unique personality. More than seventy years old, she has exercised practical sovereignty over the huge Chinese empire for more than forty years, and in such a masterful fashion that she has made her power felt not only throughout the length and breadth of her own empire, but in all the chancelleries of Europe. She has been compared alike to Queen Elizabeth of England and Catherine of Russia, and it may be added that she always took an almost childlike interest in everything that concerned Queen Victoria, keeping elaborate scrapbooks filled entirely with pictures and clippings concerned with the principal events of her life. Yet this woman, who has shown such a remarkable gift for governing, was not born to the purple. She was only one of the many secondary wives of the Emperor, Hien Fung, but it was her son who succeeded to the throne at the age of five, and through his long minority she held the reins of power. The mysterious death of the young man shortly after he attained his majority and assumed authority is only one of many crimes that have been laid at the door of the Empress.

I have been looking in vain for any reference to that "Western Authors' Week" which was to have been a feature of the Lewis and Clarke Exposition. If memory serves me, it was to have begun on July fifteenth, but beyond the preliminary announcement, nothing has been said. There was to have been a whole Joaquin Miller day, but Joaquin Miller came back without bearing any banner, and crept quietly up to his home on the heights. What happened, or why was the idea abandoned?

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The Skinning of James

Hail to Barbara Moss! Would that I had a hatful of sounding dithyrambs to sing her praise; (I must be careful how I word my phrase), I'd take it off to Barbara. As they say on the corner, she's the best ever. I have frequently said that Henry James is a pretender; I have called him a literary charlatan, a word-monger, a sentence-twister, a rhetor devising a bad grammar for a grammarless tongue, a thought-forsaken wanderer in the labyrinth of language, a spouting geyser in the desert of fiction. (I deny that I called him a "geezer"), a mountain of egotism to mother a mouse of doubtful paternity, a jerk-word journalist, a solemn old quack who has quacked so long that he has come to believe in his own quackery—all this I said of Henry James since his self-canonization in the calendar of literary saints whom it is rank blasphemy and flat sacrilege to refuse reverence; but mine was the coarsest of coarse invective compared with the cold irony and the icy sarcasm of Barbara Moses. She skinned this lettered ass of his lion's hide and the trophy serves now for a foot mat at the door of Barbara's dissecting room. The ass still roams the plain.

A Worthy Successor

I wish my poor dead friend Dr. Doyle were still afoot to join in this chase of Jamesnark—this pursuit of the elusive boojuminkerinktum; how that worthy disciple of mighty Juvenal would have chortled as he drew his snicker-esrsnee and jobberwocked adown the slithy toves. Alas, the day of Doyle's judgment is past, and the small deer of Arden and Arcady range wood and dale all unafraid. We still have Bierce, but his game is now larger than peeping poets and best sellers—Bierce is no longer concerned with the lesser cattle of the literary shambles. Therefore I hail Barbara Moss Avenger of the Afflicted. I commend her to all who delight in vivisection. She is new to me; perhaps thereby I argue myself unknown; but as I read her in a *"Bulletin"* of last week she is fit for the work she has in hand. Her Skinning of Henry James was worthy of Max Beerbohm or Bernard Shaw—it was better than the Shaving of Shagpat. Long live Barbara Moss—sweet Barbara of the mordant wit; though much I fear she is of the tribe of women who write for the newspapers; or, perchance, a schoolmarm of withered maturity. Be that as it may, she has won all my admiration—and if she demands my own unworthy hide for a kakemono on which to inscribe her opinion of the Lesser Critic, she is more than welcome to skin it when she pleases.

Among the Artists

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Towne have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Clarice, and E. Benoit Courvosier. The artists are much interested in this wedding, which will be solemnized tomorrow—Sunday—afternoon in the picturesque Swedenborgian church at Washington and Lyon streets.

Most of the artists who have returned from their summer outings are preparing their work to be shown at the fall-winter exhibition. The School of Design has reopened, and a batch of promising pupils have registered this term. I hear that there are some particularly bright embryotic sculptors in the class.

F. Edith Whitefield left on Wednesday for the Santa Cruz mountains. She will be away until October first and expects to bring back many sketches of the mountain scenery.

Since the Frank McComases have elected to live in Southern California, at least for a time, it is probable that McComas will send up some bits of southern scenery for exhibition when the season opens.

A Clever Family

"Patrick Bidwell," billed as the author of "Peggy Machree," is in private life Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, wife of the star now crowding the Grand every night. Mrs. O'Sullivan was Elizabeth Curtis, the eldest of the children of Mr. and Mrs. James Marvin Curtis. She is an artist, and was one of the founders of the Art Students' League here. The O'Sullivans, by the way, could establish a little salon here and people it with their relatives and family connections, nearly all of whom are talented or accomplished. Mrs. Curtis, Mrs. O'Sullivan's mother, is a sister of Benoni Irwin, the portrait painter, and Mary Curtis Richardson, the artist and pioneer of the Russian Hill colony, is also a near relative. Edith Ladd, the pianist, is Mrs. O'Sullivan's cousin, as are the Chamberlain sisters, authors of "Mrs. Essington." Alice Lonnon, now appearing at the Grand, is another cousin. Mrs. Tom Magee, Mrs. O'Sullivan's sister, is a fine pianiste and was one of the Abbey Cheney amateurs.

Amos Burr, passenger agent of the New York Central, was at Byron Hot Springs this week. Other Eastern visitors were Dr. Robert Bell, Mrs. Bell and Miss McKay of

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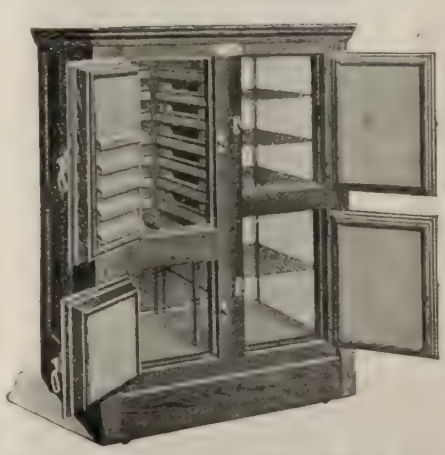

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Boston. A C. Bernard, the mining magnate of Phoenix, Arizona, also stopped over at Byron, with Mr. and Mrs. George H. Cook, of the same city.

In Praise of Poetry

"Slang," says Jack London, as reported by Ashton Stevens, "is poetry—natural, rude, primitive poetry. I'd like to know it all." Well, we, too, all of us, would like to know it all, slang included, but that's another story. The south of Market street is full of this precious poetry. Tramps, thieves, prostitutes, the denizens of dark half-worlds, are poets all, inimitable, Miltons not mute, but inglorious, with whom 'tis vain to compete. And yet not only is slang a "short-cut to thought," as our author has it, but it is nowadays the shortest possible cut to infamy and fortune. The writer who works it for all it is worth is dead sure of his dollar and death. There is even more money than poetry in it, as is proved by the pocket-book of many a well-known word-smith whose sole literary creed seems to be Jack London's "I believe in slang." No doubt, "every word was once a poem," as saith a greater than our London,—a poem quick with a strange heart-stirring aptitude. Poetry there is also in the perfect word sought the world of words over by a Walter Pater or a Gustave Flaubert. The priceless thing, in its native state, so to say, is not confined to short-lived neologisms begot by God knows what necessity, in night unspeakable, born in bitter places of nameless mothers. Short-lived. Not even the art of Villon could make slang live. His poems in the prison argot of his day are now puzzles insoluble as the hidden speeches of Panurge. Whatever of poetry is in slang is for the tongue, not for the pen.

A Fool's Advice

Writers, attention! If you would see many dollars, though few days, put a little cheap wisdom, a little cheap wit,—all you have,—into an uncouth mouth, where 'twill make a great showing. Put it—your all—into the crapulous mouth of a Mulvaney, as did Rudyard Kipling, with what success is known to all the world; into the mouth of a Dooley, as does Dunne; into a Dutch mouth (Dinkelspiel); into the mouth negroloid of some Miranda (Dorothy Dix); into that of a little Bobbie or little Johnny (a very small i does this to perfection); into the mouth of a Mrs. Wiggs, to whose cabbage-head philosophy the England of Locke and Hume and Herbert Spencer is now listening awestruck. In this way are mountains made of molehills. All the wit and wisdom with which a niggardly nature has endowed you, in your own mouth, in decent adult English, would of course, look ridiculously small. For God's sake—for the sake of your own bank account, I mean—never let the public suspect that you would not dare to create a cultured wit or philosopher, being incapable of putting appropriate sayings into his mouth. A numskull to utter your deepest thoughts, misspelling misspelled, bad grammar made worse, natural inability to write, an appreciative public, and there you are—nothing easier in the world! I call the shades of the murdered Muses to witness that I speak the truth—not the whole truth, however; that is unspeakable.

An Engagement

The engagement is announced of Miss Carolyn Richards, daughter of J. P. M. Richards, President of the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, with Lieutenant George C. Rockwell of the Tenth United States Infantry. Miss Richards made her debut in society here less than a year ago and is exceedingly popular in the younger set. The wedding will take place in the early fall.

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The Indemnity Claim

Though Japan withdrew her demand for an indemnity it is now said that she secured all she wanted. Then it was Japan, and not Russia, that was doing the bluffing while the peace negotiations were on. Yet while those negotiations were pending the impression prevailed in this country and Europe that the Russians would in the end agree to the very reasonable demands made by the Mikado's representatives. It was said that the Russians would take anything they could get, despite the fact that, with the purpose of making a less severe bargain, they had assumed the attitude of the conqueror rather than of the vanquished. If it was so generally believed that the indemnity would be given it seems strange that now, after the declaration of peace, virtually on Russia's own terms, Japan should be credited with having won a diplomatic victory. The Japs may be deserving of applause for their forbearance, but not for having come out of the war with all the logical fruits of victory. To argue that she has got all that she was entitled to is to assume that she went to war without adequate cause. And if Japan is satisfied with the result of the peace negotiations then she must feel that she did not go to war to redress a specific injury, or to obtain justice, or to prevent injury, or to defend any right which Russia was bound to respect. For if she went to war for any of those purposes she was entitled to an indemnity. On the other hand, if she went to war without adequate cause her demand for indemnity was outrageous, and for withdrawing it she is entitled to no praise for forbearance. She can be credited with achieving not even a moral triumph.

The Subjects of Dispute

It is said that Japan was particularly desirous of getting control of Corea, and that therefore she should be pleased with the outcome of the negotiations. It appears to be forgotten by many pundits of the press that there was no serious controversy about Corea when the war opened. Corea was involved in the original controversy preceding the war, but Russia declared herself willing to recognize Japan's privileged commercial and economic position in that country with the right to protect it by military force, but not to use the territory for strategic purposes. Then Japan extended her demands to Manchuria and Russia declared that she would evacuate that country in the military sense a soon as China could maintain order and protect property therein. And it was universally admitted that this was a matter not more important to Japan than to England, France and Germany, and even the United States. So far as Manchuria was concerned Japan was fighting for several Powers, and whatever concessions she has gained in that country was for the benefit of those Powers that shared none of the cost of the war. So it appears that as a result of the Peace Conference Japan has what she could have obtained without going to war and a little less that what she won by force of arms, for she yielded up half of Saghalien, which had fallen into her possession.

The Calendar of Terpsichore

The several society oracles have announced the dates of their dances, but nobody knows just who and who is not to debut at these affairs. Many of the buds who were expected to bloom this winter have changed their minds, some going back to school and some abroad. But the dances will come off, buds or no buds. Mr. Greenway announces his dances for November fourth, December first and twenty-second, February twenty-third and March twenty-third. Mrs. Voorhies will preside over the Assembly dances, on November sixth and twenty-seventh, January fifteenth and twenty-ninth. Mrs. Shorb-White's Friday Nights will be on November seventeenth, December fif-

Oriental Art at Auction

An event of more than ordinary interest is promised in the forthcoming auction of the collections of Dr. Orlof N. Orlow. As a "citizen of the world"—one of those indefatigable travelers and students to whom each centre of art, and every record of the thought and work of different civilizations become Meccas that imperatively summon—Dr. Orlow has read the mysterious Orient in the original. No more interesting record of the researches of this noted connoisseur and student could be made than the collections of ancient objets d'art which have been one of the chief attractions of the interesting United Crafts and Arts shop on Presidio avenue. Old sacred rugs of Persia, jade jewelry of a type rarely seen outside the palaces of mandarins, tapestries that seem to shake the dust of the middle age in one's eyes, priceless early Japanese prints by such masters as Torii Kiyonaga, Suzuki Harunobu, Katsugawa Shunsho, Utamaro, Utagawa Kuniyosh, Kokusai, and Hiroshige I—altogether these curious mementos of world travel from one of the most interesting exhibitions ever brought by a savant to San Francisco. It is understood that the Doctor will dispose of these famous collections in their entirety, in order to use the capital in expanding his work in crafts furniture and decoration. The crafts idea is Dr. Orlow's greatest enthusiasm and the work that has been accomplished at the shop on Presidio avenue has done much to develop better ideals of interior decoration on the Pacific Coast.

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teenth, January fifth and February ninth. The Confederate Daughters' ball will be given on October sixth, but as this is an opn affair to any presentable person having the price of a ticket, it can scarcely be called the opening of the season's gayeties—not the close season for society, any how. It is hoped by the patronesses that Miss Roosevelt, who will be in town then, may be lured to this ball. Governor Taft is to be invited and it is expected he will be good enough to come.

The Professional Charity Worker

From Los Angeles to Portland there is denunciation of a prepossessing young lady who makes a good living for herself by engineering charity entertainments of which she is the chief beneficiary. The scheme is so old that it is surprising there are still communities unsophisticated enough to fall victims. It was worked for years all over the East before it was transported to our coast, and there have been exposures without end, but apparently the directors of charities are still gullible enough not to look beneath the surface. These benevolent ladies are most charmingly plausible. All they ask is that they shall be officially recognized, that there shall be a committee of patronesses of unimpeachable social standing, to give them countenance, and that all the hard work be taken from their shoulders. If the institution to be benefited happens to be for juveniles, the children are always included in the program, and must be drilled and costumed and escorted back and forth, and looked after by their guardians and the routine of their lives disorganized, but then, there is the golden plum dangled before the managers all the time. And the only return that is asked for all this seemingly disinterested benevolence is a percentage of the gross receipts or a fixed sum independent of financial returns. The expenses always mount up alarmingly, and the labor involved is enormous. Often the net profit to the institution is so small that those concerned are ashamed to make it public. Often too, they face an actual deficit which they make up rather than advertise the failure. It is good business policy to steer clear of fascinating ladies with entertainment schemes in their heads. They make no mistakes for themselves, but gain the advantage of much free advertising and a filled purse, not to mention the chance of making acquaintances whom they can exploit on other occasions.

Sarah Slighted

Sarah Bernhardt has been cruelly disappointed in not receiving the much-coveted and confidently-expected decoration of the Legion of Honor, which was bestowed on Madame Bartot, her successor at the Comedie Francaise. Madame Bartot is the first actress to be thus distinguished, for, though there is another lady, formerly an actress, who has been decorated, it was distinctly advertised at the time that the award was made not for her histrionic ability, but because of her charity and philanthropy. Madame Bartot succeeded Bernhardt at the Comedie Francaise in 1880, when the "divine Sarah" broke her contract, and she has remained faithful in spite of her numerous and flattering temptations to forsake her post. It was this unshaken fidelity and the example of her upright life that were factors in the preferment.

Ada Rehan has almost recovered from her recent attack of appendicities and will sail for New York in September. Miss Rehan is very fond of her country home in Wales, and remains there every summer until within a fortnight of the time appointed for the first assemblage of her company. George Bernard Shaw has seen the actress on several occasions this year and has discussed with her every phase of the part she is to play in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion."

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over **seventy** years ago, **Lea & Perrins** first put on the market a table sauce known as

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A Bit of Repartee

The gallant Dick Hotaling is reported to have shelved his chivalry for a brief while at Bohemian Grove, just to give play to his irresponsible wit. During the period when outsiders were barred three society girls from San Francisco surreptitiously entered the grove, hopeful of getting a glimpse of forbidden sights. In the outskirts they encountered Hotaling, who demanded the purpose of their presence.

"Are you a Bohemian?" one of the intruders asked with a pleasant smile.

Hotaling confessed that he was. "Well, all the Bohemians in San Francisco, whom I know, are gentlemen. You talk like a scavenger," said the fair Beatrice.

"That is what I am," said Hotaling, "and my business is to remove trash; so git."

Contraltos Coming Back

Mrs. Lillie Birmingham has returned to San Francisco and one wonders how long it will be before the other contraltos scattered by Schumann-Heink return to their old pasturage. They all sang for the great contralto and she, being desirous of pleasing, told them all that they had magnificent vocal organs which only needed European training. Mrs. Birmingham, I believe, did not even need training but was to sing "Kundry" at Bayreuth at once. On her way home to San Francisco Mrs. Birmingham gave a recital in New York at Carnegie Hall. Miss Genevieve Maroney was her accompanist. Neither received the encouragement they deserved from the critics.

A publication of considerable value to tourists, and also to residents not entirely familiar with the city's topography, is "Candrian's Handy Guide." It is of convenient pocket size, and contains a map of the city, in sections, showing what car lines reach the various points. Everything else that could possibly be needed to acquaint a stranger with our city is contained in this valuable and handy little volume.

Recent arrivals at Del Monte were: A. H. Wilcox, Harry N. Stetson, H. R. Simpkins, A. Shilley, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Sutton, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Misses Anita and Genevieve Harvey, Maurice Dore. Rudolph Spreckels, R. M. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Miss Maud Payne, Chas. A. Son, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Aiken.

A Matchmaking Papa

Lady Tenderfoot is visiting her husband's American cattle ranch for the first time, and is introduced to twelve comely sisters of the plains.

"So you are all married," says Lady Tenderfoot, "how lovely! And I suppose they were all love matches?"

"Oh, partly," naively replied one of the cowboy belles, "but I reckon dad helped them along—dad always carries a gun, you know." —*The Eavesdropper.*

These are the last two days of the midsummer clearance sale at S. & G. Gump Co.'s, 113 Geary street. The sale positively closes Saturday night. During this clearance sale all pictures, art goods, crockery and glassware are sold at a liberal discount.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

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Dear Ross, I mind me how your startling slang
Like pistol shots through Stanford's classrooms rang
In days of old, and how in half-affright
Our young ideas learned to hit the white.
Now, master mine, I trust you won't object,
Should I shoot off my mouth to like effect.
Or e'er this patent-leather life of ours
Lose us for aye our place among the pow'rs;
Before our social climbing prove our fall,
This people pass, and pass beyond recall:
My Muse inspired suggests that every bride
A ribbon take against race suicide;
Moreover, to the selfsame end, that no man,
Unless she take the ribbon, take the woman.
The daughter of our day and generation,
Flapdoodling, fails in duty to the nation.
In childless arms she dangles pug and poodle—
Her darlings these who leads the life flapdoodle.
She idolizes Maeterlinck and Mabie,
On Browning dotes, but cannot bear a baby.
If this keep up, I fear me, O my brothers,
Our children's children will go short of mothers.
What, then, I ask, becomes of life's brief span
Flapdoodle, patent-leather, or brogan?

Harry Cowell.

Triolet

She mixed me a cocktail of whisky,
Not knowing the dangers that lurk—
Such talent is just a bit risky.
She mixed me a cocktail of whisky—
And I, in a mood rather frisky,
Behaved like a naughty old Turk.
She mixed me a cocktail of whisky—
Not knowing the dangers that lurk.

—*The Clubman.*

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The Stage

Mrs. Black is Back

Some years ago I heard of a dispute between two chambermaids over the question, "Who wrote May Irwin?" Considerable hair was pulled but the question of authorship remained open. I was reminded of the dispute at the Columbia last Tuesday night when I heard a young woman ask her escort, "Who wrote this piece?" He, who had been guffawing stentoriously through a whole act, replied, "I don't know, but I guess she wrote it herself; it's just like her." Thus did he unconsciously compliment Mr. George V. Hobart, the most industrious comic writer before the public, the man who goldbricks the Hearst syndicate with Joe Miller done into German dialect. Mr. Hobart has written a melange of mouldy inanity which fits the breezy May like a silk stocking. All she has to do is play herself, and as you sit through the performance (if you ever heard of that literary dispute between the chambermaids) it will occur to you that whoever wrote May Irwin wrote her on enduring brass, for the breezy, buxom May is the same exuberant jollier that she was as the sparring partner of Pete Daily in innumerable persiflage set-tos, and except in weight she is much the same as she was in that remoter period when Augustin Daly snatched her as a brand from the vaudeville burning to play servant girl parts in "A Night Off" and "Dollars and Cents" and to sing "La Paloma" in "A Country Girl." May Irwin's miming is distinctly masculine and that is why it is so fetching. She says and does things with the sophisticated air of a wise rounder without altogether losing her effeminacy or becoming in the slightest degree indelicate. She affects your risibles in the same manner as the comic climax to a serious and tragic story. You don't expect the climax; neither do you expect trousered drollery from one of the skirted sex. But in addition to the tricks of her art and the efferescence of her individuality, May Irwin has an infectious and magnetic personality. Some mummers weary with their mannerisms. Without hers May Irwin would be bankrupt. They are the whole show. In putting "Mrs. Black is Back" together Mr. Hobart provided a succession of foils for the star. And he did his work cleverly, though not artistically. The play might just as well have been called "Mrs. Back is Black," or "Mrs. Prank is Rank," or "Mrs. Mose has Went." Mr. Hobart resorted to the old, familiar trick of making one fib the father of a host of lies that complications innumerable might ensue. In the early stage of development the consequences of that prolific fib come thick and fast and keep the audience swaying in a gale of laughter. Toward the end you can guess what's coming, and then you are only politely amused at May Irwin's mannerisms. But you are never permitted to feel bored, for the clever actress varies the monotony with a little rag-time. The most commonplace ditties become inspiring when she handles them, such is the effect of her refreshing personality. As for her company—it will suffice. They all play into the hands of the star with graceful team work.

Theodore Bonnet.

Stories of May Irwin

"One night in New York," related a man in the Columbia lobby the other night, "just when May Irwin was telling her funny automobile story, the Bijou cat walked upon the stage. When the audience paused a moment in its loud laughter, the cat made a peculiar noise as if it were displeased. Miss Irwin looked about and saw the cat. She stopped in her story. 'Here's some one who's not enjoying it," she said, 'Hear those mournful sounds. Those are cat knocks. Still I might have expected it. He got in for nothing.' "

The Avon Comedy Four, who will present their original farce, "The New Teacher," at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

May Irwin, like many plump women who should leave bright colors to their skinny sisters, is passionately fond of red. She invested one hundred and eighty dollars in a brilliant carmine gown to wear in the second act of "Mrs. Black is Back," when Mrs. Black made her New York debut. Jim Ford, who writes articles on American society and other things for the Saturday Evening *Post*, dropped in upon May in her dressing-room just as her maid had put the finishing touches to her brilliant toilette.

"Don't I look beautiful?" she said to Ford, "I expect to make the hit of my life in this frock. Now confess, Jim, don't I look like a peach?"

"No," returned Ford, "you look like a tomato."

The Wilde Play

When I witnessed the Miller production of "The Importance of Being Ernest" at the Columbia, three years ago, I was somewhat bored, for though an enthusiastic member of the Wilde cult I was disinclined to enthuse over such a talky play. The Miller players gave me the impression that Wilde, though pre-eminent among persifleurs, was not to be appreciated on the stage. I left the theatre with the impression that when his loquacity was attenuated to the point of garrulity his sparkling raillery and pungent epigram had a soporific effect. But after seeing the Alcazar players in "The Importance of Being Ernest" I felt that I had done Wilde an injustice. The Alcazarians may be less convincing than were the Miller mummers but they are more coherent, and they have a better grip on their lines. Wilde cannot be mumbled as he was mumbled by Miller(or be only half remembered as he was by William Courtleigh), and yet be effective. Merry quip and sprighly banter abound in the play and at the Alcazar you lose not a word. White Whittlesey and Ernest Glendenning give the lines their true significance and the performance on the whole is most creditable.

Blood Will Tell

Ernest Glendenning's Algie in "The Importance of Being Ernest" is a really brilliant achievement. The Alcazar now has a magnetic young juvenile man who is breezy in light comedy. His voice is musical, his diction charming and the way he speaks the English language is a delight. Glendenning has barely reached his majority. Aside from small parts with John Drew, Annie Russell and Mrs. Pat Campbell, his experience has been limited. Mr. Price engaged him in New York a few weeks ago, chiefly because of his personality, and his judgment has been vindicated. The elder Glendenning was the original Laird in "Trilby" and is Nance O'Neil's leading support in Australia. Ernest's mother, who died a few months ago, was a singularly brilliant and accomplished woman, very prominent in the affairs of the Professional Women's League. The importance of being Ernest has a peculiar significance this week.

A Vile Nuisance

It is no longer good form for a woman to wear her hat in a theatre. Custom has corrected an abuse that was tolerated for years. But there is another evil just as flagrant. Just before the final fall of the curtain there is a rustling and scrambling and a jabbing of hat-pins; and what is to many people the most interesting part of a play is ruined. Nothing more clearly reveals the boorishness of a woman's nature than this manifestation of inconsiderateness.

At the California

The California held a large and friendly audience on the opening night of the Burlesque Wheel, which is to revolve for several weeks. The first spoke of the wheel proved somewhat trying to delicate nerves. It has a very Gallic flavor, and is productive of numerous shocks. The management will no doubt require a toning down of the risque witticisms.

The Theatrical War

The Shuberts, who are said to be contemplating the erection of a theatre in this city, are leading the fight

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"I do not mean," said the physician to several of his colleagues announcing his success, "I do not mean just another pill that breeds the pill habit. My remedy is a cure. By gently forcing all the digestive organs to perform their functions it restores them all to health and strength.

"THE MORE, THE LESS."

"The more you take the less you need until you need none—for you are cured. My effort all along was to avoid the evil of the ordinary remedy which pampers organs already weak and so makes the patient a slave to the pill. Remember—Nature expects every organ to do its duty."

Physicians have long recognized the fact that constipation is at the bottom of nearly every disease. It saps all energy, and makes life a burden; it opens the doors to all evil germs and makes the body too weak to resist them.

"THE VELVET WORKER."

This new discovery is in small tablets, easily taken, and they are packed in watch-shape bottles which fit the vest pocket. The tablet is mild, all vegetable, never gripes or injures the most delicate organs. But it does the work! So naturally and soothingly they stimulate and regulate and strengthen that they have been nicknamed "The Little Velvet Workers."

Don't shuffle along with this great burden! Be healthy, be strong, be happy. Read our offer:

FREE

To any reader who sends us his or her name and address with five stamps to cover postage expenses, we will at once mail a full-size 25-cent bottle of Chase's Constipation Tablets, the worker that cures. Not a sample, mind, a full-size 25-cent bottle. Let us prove it to you. Write to-day, addressing Chase Mfg. Co., Newburgh, N. Y.

against the syndicate. They have issued a "press sheet" which is regarded as the opening blast in the theatircal warfare. This is the introductory paragraph:

"I have tried to let it be definitely understood that there is no alliance of independent managers except such an alliance as exists between any manager who controls a theatre and any other man who plays his attractions there. We have not formed an opposition trust or syndicate. We simply are trying to protect ourselves from the existing combination, which has barred our productions from its own houses and from the ones it represents."

Following Mr. Shubert's statement comes a rather ironical note comparing the quality of the attractions offered by "The Independents" and by Klaw & Erlanger. It reads:

"In the matter of attractions for the coming season, the so-called Theatrical Trust and the independent managers seem to be rather fairly matched. The announcement made by the former shows the same artistic tendency, the same striving for ideals, the same high aspiration and desire to appeal to the best intelligence of theatregoers that has always been notable in the plans of Klaw & Erlanger."

Then follows lists of attractions of the two forces. For the "Independents" are mentioned:

Sarah Bernhardt, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Fiske, Mrs. Leslie Carter, David Warfield, Blanche Bates, Henry Miller, Margaret Anglin, De Wolf Hopper and Jefferson De Angelis.

For Klaw & Erlanger are mentioned:

"Lifting the Lid," "The Whole Damm Family," "The Ham Tree," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" and "In Tammany Hall."

The Tivoli's "Erminie"

"Erminie" is so old that it must be brand new to a large portion of the Tivoli audiences. It is one of the better class of light operas, at once comic and tuneful and with a fairly coherent plot. The Tivoli cast makes the most of whatever there is to it, and the opportunities for pretty staging and picturesque costuming are not neglected. Teddy Webb and Arthur Cunningham, as the thieves, come well to the front in the comic play, while Frank Hayes and Bessie Tannehill run them a close second in their respective parts of the Chevalier and the Princess de Grampeureaux. Webb has a role which is just made for him in Cadeux and he loses no opportunity to make a success of it. Cunningham's baritone is as full and round as ever, while his pedal agility is fully equal to his vocal. Bessie Tannehill has the role of a giddy old dame who loses her heart and her jewels to the enticing Cadeux. Her hoopskirt and her cackling laugh alone would make a success of the part. Miss Aida Hemmi fills the role of Erminie very charmingly. She is in good voice, and her "Lullaby" quite wins the heart of her audiences. Barron Berthald, however, easily takes the lead vocally with his solo in the second act, rendered in tip-top artistic fashion. One regrets that there is not more of him. The choruses are pleasing and the stage effects extremely pretty. The performance has the requisite "go," and there is no reason why it should not attract full houses until the opening of the grand opera season on September eleventh.

"'And what is your fortune, my pretty maid?'
'Milk Chocolate Creams, kind sir,' she said."
Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATRE
Every night—including Sunday
THIS and NEXT WEEK
The Dispenser of Good Cheer
MAY IRWIN
In Geo. V. Hobart's great comedy hit
"MRS. BLACK IS BACK"
Monday, Sept. 11.—Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit."

ALCAZAR THEATRE
Phone "ALCAZAR"
Belasco and Mayer
Proprietors
E. D. Price, Gen. Mgr.
WEEK COM. MONDAY, SEPT. 4
WITH SPECIAL MATINEE LABOR DAY. Regular Matinees Thursday and Saturday
WHITE WHITTLESEY
In the first San Francisco production of
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"
Rudyard Kipling's famous romance
Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 25c to 50c
MON., SEPT. 11—Otis Skinner's romantic play
"VILLON THE VAGABOND"
Mr. Whittlesey as Francois Villon

CALIFORNIA
Bush Street
Chas. P. Hall, Proprietor and Mgr.
Phone: Main 127
New Company and Plays Next Week
THE BURLESQUE WHEEL SEASON
Commencing with Monday Night, Labor Day. All Week.
Matinees, Tuesday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday
THE FAY FOSTER BURLESQUE CO.
Thirty-five Clever People Big Chorus of Pretty Girls Twelve Vaudeville Specialties
Two Sparkling Farces The Biggest Success of the East in Many Years
PRICES:—Evenings, 15 to 75 cents. All Reserved
Matinees, Gallery, 15 cents. Everywhere else, 25 cents reserved

★TIVOLI★
Cor. Eddy and Mason Sts.
Last Week Begins Monday Night of
Francis Wilson's Original New York Casino Version of
"ERMINIE"
ONLY MATINEE SATURDAY
Usual Tivoli prices—25c, 50c, 75c.
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 11
OPENING OF THE GRAND OPERA SEASON
Seat Sale begins Next Monday Morning. Prices—$2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75c, 50c.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Phone "Grand Opera House"
Grand Opera House Co.
Lessee
Week Beginning TOMORROW (SUNDAY) MATINEE.
(Extra Matinee, Monday Next, Labor Day.)
Positively Last Week of
DENIS O'SULLIVAN
First time in America of
"PEGGY MACHREE"
Music by Nichele Esposito, with additional numbers by Clarence Lucas
Lyrics by the author, and various old Irish songs selected and adapted by Denis O'Sullivan
Mr. O'Sullivan will sing "Welcome Home," "Widow Malone,"
"The Birds Fly South," "Oh Lovely Roses" and O'Driscoll Aboo"
Cast includes the famous Gaelic dancers
New Songs Regular Matinee Saturday New Dances
Popular Prices—Evenings, 25c, 50c and 75c Matinees, 25c and 50c
SUNDAY MATINEE—September 10—"York State Folks"

Orpheum
O'Farrell between
Stockton and Powell
Streets
Week Commencing
Sunday Matinee, Sept. 3d
Special Matinee Monday, Labor Day.
VIBRANT VAUDEVILLE
NINA MORRIS AND COMPANY; Howard and North; Avon Comedy Four; Mr and Mrs. John Allison; Redford and Winchester; Four Emperors of Music; Susie Fisher; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last week of BURTON'S DOGS.
Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c.

CENTRAL
Belasco & Mayer, Props. Phone South 533
Market Street near Eighth
Opposite City Hall
Commencing with Labor Day Matinee, September 4th
Every Evening, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Big Scenic Production of the Border Melodrama
"THE JAMES BOYS IN MISSOURI."
A powerful story of the lives of the bandits
Thrilling Production of the Train Robbery
The Fight with the Robbers
Blowing up the Cars
Hershall Mayall and All the Favorites
Prices eve., 10 to 50c; matinees, 10, 15, 25c.
NEXT—"WEDDED BUT NO WIFE."

MAY IRWIN
In "Mrs. Black is Back" at the Columbia

The Passing of Hanley

As with so many men, not all actors, Lawrence Hanley's moral and physical rehabilitation came too late. Like Maurice Barrymore, he "slept beneath the sun" and "died with nothing done"; that is nothing in comparison with what he could have accomplished with his talent, his magnetism and his opportunities. Hanley had too many friends. He was too much of a "good fellow." When he first began to be known as a promising actor he was in the support of Booth and Barrett, but perhaps he was best known when supporting Margaret Mather. It was about that time that his good-fellow propensities began to trouble him, and he was not always reliable in his appearances. I remember when the fair Margaret was playing an engagement at the Bush street theatre, and Hanley was her leading man. The management was never sure from one day to the other that the leading man would show up in proper fettle for the performance. Hanley's next venture here was in an adaptation of his own from "David Garrick" which he called "The Player," and gave as prologue an act from a Shakespearean play. He was a wonderful David Garrick, and critics suggested he was that winsome devil-may-care actor of the long ago, reincarnated. In "The Player" appeared, as leading lady, Hanley's young bride, Edith Lemmert, daughter of a Los Angeles hotel-keeper. Miss Lemmert's father disliked the idea of her becoming an actress but as she had money of her own, and was not dependent on the parental pocket-book, she followed her own sweet will. She married Hanley and they were devoted lovers for some moons. Like Minnie Seligman and "Bob" Cutting, the married lovers were photographed together in an affectionate pose. But the Los Angeles girl's happiness did not last long. Hanley's cruelty drove her to divorce and she returned to her father. Quite awhile later her little boy was run over by a trolley-car in Los Angeles, and she felt that life no longer had charms for her. To stifle remembrance, perhaps, she returned to the stage, appearing here and then in the East with a traveling company. Hanley meanwhile had engaged as Rose Coghlan's leading man, and also appeared in other good companies, but his reckless way of living in time undermined his health. He had tried the gold cure but its results were not permanent. Three years ago he was lying in St. Mary's hospital, this city, so ill that few thought he could last a month. But he recovered, and six months later I heard of him in the South where he was giving Shakespearean readings with considerable success. Just before his death, this week, his wife was reconciled to him.

Sutro's Latest Play

Alfred Sutro, whose play "The Walls of Jericho" met with great success in London last season, has been introduced to American theatregoers in New York through the medium of a new play, "A Maker of Men." A correspondent in whose judgment I have confidence writes me that it is a very pedantic play, lacking virility and more suitable for perusal than for stage presentation. The play is an exposition of the charms of a happy marriage. It is more in the nature of a conversation than a drama and the dialogue is tiresomely stilted. In the background one can always see the playwright going through a series of literary poses. The play abounds in fine phrases, but they do not flow convincingly from the lips of the Sutro puppets. They smell of the midnight oil.

Edwin Stevens is now playing a comedy role in a new piece called "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," with which the season in New York opened two weeks ago.

Charles Waldron will be the Alcazar's new leading man when the stock season opens. Among the plays to be given during the stock season will be "Ranson's Folly," also "The Eternal City" and "The Dictator."

An Evidence of Courage

To the list of people who risk their lives in the pursuit of their daily avocation must be added the leading man and leading lady of a stock company that plays melodramas. It is safe to say that not even an electrician who dares death

Bridge Scene in "On The Bridge at Midnight" at the Central

from electrocution, or a railroad engineer at his throttle, would care to change places with Herschel Mayall this week in "On the Bridge at Midnight" at the Central. There is a thrilling scene where a bridge over the Chicago river is shown in working order. Ships and tugs pass beneath it, and the effect is very real. As the bridge parts in the centre and rises thirty feet, clinging to the ropes are seen

Mayall and Miss Elsmere. They rise with the bridge and are safely lowered into a passing tug, but their escape from death is not merely a sensational feature of the play. It really takes courage to perform this act. Being fastened to a buzz-saw, as Mayall was in "Blue Jeans," and nearly run over by a quickly descending hand-car down an inclined plane, as was his case in another melodrama, were not such calls upon his courage as this bridge scene is.

At the Orpheum

Redford and Winchester do some remarkable juggling at the Orpheum this week. Their juggling is in burlesque for the most part, but it is clever nevertheless from other than the comic viewpoint. The leaping greyhounds are the stars of the canine troupe directed by Burton. Susie Fisher is the usual thing in female baritones, and gets out some startlingly deep notes. Her peculiar costume rather intensifies the startling effect of her voice. The Orpheum will add another matinee to its list next week—Monday, Labor Day.

He Sang "Molly Bawn" oh, So Sweetly

Though Denis O'Sullivan, according to the dailies, is suffering from a cold, it was scarcely noticeable in his singing on Tuesday night. His art is wonderful in its concealment of physical weakness. Myles na Coppaleen is not a role calling for difficult and continuous histrionics, which was good for the star if his voice needs nursing. His songs were by far the best part of the performance. He sang several old Irish airs arranged by modern composers, and his voice increased in power and beauty as the evening wore on, until he finished with "Molly Bawn"—and I can assert with decision that I never heard him sing it better. The audience rose to him after that sweet love song, which "The Duchess" has immortalized by naming one of her novels after it. There's not much to be said about "The Colleen Bawn," which was enjoyed by our grandmothers and still makes an effective background for a star of O'Sullivan's magnetism. John Ravold, as Danny Mann, the cripple, showed remarkable if gruesome art in his death scene, one of the most realistic I have ever seen. Lillian Albertson made a dear little Colleen Bawn and Alice Lonnon an effective Colleen Ruaidh.

Lillian Russell has gone into vaudeville and Grace Van Studdiford has been engaged by the Shuberts to star in her opera, "Lady Teazle."

(Continued on Page 34)

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

BEGINNING

MONDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 11

SEASON OF GRAND OPERA

(IN ITALIAN)

TETRAZZINI

POLACCO

PETRELLA

List of Principal Artists

SOPRANI—Signorina Luisa Tetrazzini, Signorina Oliva Petrella, Signorina Maddalena Ticci, Signorina Rosina Lucchini.

CONTRALTI — Signorina Maria Grasse, Signorina Vittorina Cesarini.

TENORI—Signor Angelo Angioletti, Signor Vincenzo Coppola, Signor Giorgio Bazelli, Signor Giulio Cortesi.

BARITONI—Signor Adamo Gregoretti, Signor Gaudenzio Salassa, Signor Enrico Moreo.

BASSI—Signor Giovanni Gravina, Signor Augusto Dado, Signor Natale Cervi.

ANGIOLETTI

GREGORETTI

GRAVINA

Conductor...Signor Giorgio Polacco
Assistant Conductor .....
..... Signor Giuseppe Longo
Stage Director...Mr. Max Freeman

SALASSA

Orchestra of 50
Chorus of 50

MOREO

Repertoire

Othello	Verdi
Aida	Verdi
Trovatore	Verdi
Rigoletto	Verdi
Traviata	Verdi
Lucia	Donizetti
Lohengrin	Wagner
Tannhauser	Wagner
Sonnambula	Bellini
Puritani	Bellini
Norma	Bellini
Barber of Seville	Rossini
Gioconda	Ponchielli
Cavalleria Rusticana	Mascagni
Boheme	Puccini
Tosca	Puccini
Manon Lescaut	Puccini
Pagliacci	Leoncavallo
Andrea Chenier	Giordano
Adriana Lecouvreur	Cilea
Carmen	Bizet
Mignon	Thomas
Dinorah	Meyerbeer
Lakme	Delibes

Scale of Prices for Reserved Seats

$2, $1.50, $1, 75c, 50c

Sale opens at the Box Office of the Theatre next Monday, Sept. 4th, 1905. Orders by mail, accompanied by check or money order, will receive attention in the order in which they are received.

TICCI

Confessions of an Autofiend

June first.—I have invested in a blue devil. The demstrator spent two hours showing me how to manage it. It goes like the wind. I never thought I would get the craze, but I feel that I have it bad now. Tennis, golf, riding or driving is nothing to motoring.

June second.—I had my first accident this morning. Ran over a chicken. I felt very bad about it, for it seemed dreadful for the poor fowl to come to its end in such a manner. I felt so sorry that I gave the farmer who owned it a fiver.

June third.—Second accident—yellow dog. I have no doubt it was a wretched little mongrel, but the kid who owned it sat down in the road and cried so hard that I got out of the machine and tried to console him. I promised him a new dog, a thoroughbred, and gave him two-and-a-half to dry his tears. This motoring is hard on the tear-glands. Also on the pocket. Tom, who has been autoing for three months, says that I will soon get over this propensity to make the sorrows of others my own, and my first thought when running over anything will be to speed away as fast as I can work the throttle. I don't believe him.

June fifth.—It was a cow this time. Farmer got the town officers after me, and I paid a big fine, besides compensation for the loss of the bovine. It was an ancient animal, and I believe the farmer was glad to have her die. I even believe he put her in the road so that she would be run over.

June twentieth.—I am trying to outdo Barney Oldfield. Am entered for the Del Monte races. Practice is rather costly, though. Have had to pay damages to two farmers, the owner of a wagon whose wheel I broke off in one of my mad races, and to the mother of a kid I ran over. The baby wasn't injured, but the mother said it might have sustained some injury that would show itself later. She hung on to the auto so I couldn't get away until I planked out a check for two hundred.

July fourth.—Tom was right. I am getting hardened. Grief no longer perches upon my brow when I scare a horse or run over a chicken. I try my best to get out of the road and if it can't be done, I attempt to avoid the consequences. In my efforts I have three times been run in for breaking the speed ordinance. But I am acquiring great progress in running my blue devil. I see now why they call 'em devils. They are devourers of virtue—innocent chickens, cows, horses, dogs and kids.

August ninth.—The day that doesn't pass now without some accident I find bores me to death. To a crack motorist the sensation of running over something or somebody is the life of the sport. I agree with Tom in sneer-

(Courtesy Western Field)

ing at those prosy individuals who jog along quietly in their touring cars, satisfied to see beautiful scenery and cover miles in so many minutes. To dash across country, feeling the sheriff must be after one in a minute; to feel your machine crushing a few cow and chicken bones, not to speak of more valuable properties—that is the exhilaration of motoring.

August sixteenth.—In hospital. Two ribs, left leg and right arm broken. Collision with a red devil. When red meets blue then come broken bones. Narrow grade—lost control of machine—don't remember the rest until I found myself in this cot. Begin to appreciate the feelings of those my motor has run down in the past. Wonder if the taste for accidents is acquired, and if I will want to run into danger again when I get out of this. Guess I will take to slow touring for a change.

The Financial Field

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange shows quite a falling off, though still above the average. Bond transactions amounted to $397,000; Shares, 7,888, as follows: 2,485 Lighting, 1,860 Water, 1,330 Miscellaneous, 113 Banks and 2,100 Sugars. Alaska Packers' made another sensational decline from last week's closing price, 78 to 70, the latter being the asking price. Rumors of a cut of the monthly dividend, or the passing of it altogether, had been set afloat, but no change has been made and the usual seventy-five cents has been declared. The company has made a substantial cut in the price of salmon and is reported as making free sales, thus rapidly disposing of its hold-over stock. The often discussed lighting situation remains in statu quo. Contra Costa Water stock scored quite an advance to 48, the fashionable rumor of a sale of the control to an Eastern Syndicate being the stimulant administered. Sugar stocks remained quiet and unchanged.

Jack Boy Mining Co.'s mines in Madera county closed Tuesday: 46 bid, 48 asked, an advance during the current week of 10 cents.

The following letter was received from the Superintendent of the Double Eagle mines.

"Tonopah, Aug. 27, 1905.

"The May vein continues to improve in width, with accompanying values; the quartz is coming in stronger all the time. The work of the past week has developed a marked improvement in the appearance of the vein and casing, in that the free gold principle is apparent in almost every piece of ore hoisted; a great deal of the ore has wire gold, but this value is unfortunately lost through the concussions of the blasting; this will be obviated when we begin to drift, as then we can keep away from the ore and break it down without loss. The casing shows stronger indications than ever that the values are spreading into the formation; this is evidenced by the gold we are now getting in the pannings. The entire hoisting plant is giving the utmost satisfaction, the engine using only a minimum amount of gasoline.

"Very respectfully yours,

(Signed) *"T. J. Costello."*

Copy of telegram from the Superintendent Double Eagle Mines: "Tonopah, Aug. 29, 1905.—Three inches of vein goes thirteen hundred dollars per ton. (Signed) T. J. Costello."

Comstock shares continue rather dull, but from all appearances stocks will liven up soon. The Union shaft is about ready to resume work in the lower levels. They are back to the place where they left off when the Horsberg works burnt down a year ago. This will enable the Sierra Nevada, Union Consolidated and other companies to do some active prospecting. Ophir will soon be ready to open the 2,200 foot level. Tonopah and Goldfield stocks are rather inactive. Now that the railroad has been finished to Goldfield, livelier times are expected. The news from Double Eagle continues very good. —*The Financier.*

Georgia Cohan and Fred Niblo, Jr., whose combined ages are just ten years, made their first appearance at last Saturday's matinee performance of "Little Johnny Jones" in New York. Fred is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Niblo (Josephine Cohan), while Georgia is the idol of "The Yankee Doodle" comedian and his clever wife, Ethel Levey.

The Jack Boy Mining Co.'s placer property on the Chowchilla river, in Madera County, is situated at a point where the river runs through a canyon more than a thousand feet below the level of the surrounding country, forming a natural pocket for all gold washed down from the numerous mines and rich ledges above. The pay streak of gravel covering the eight claims owned by the company shows, according to the numerous tests made, a very rich deposit of coarse nugget gold. Luckhardt reports under date of June 12th, 1905.

Lot No. 72508. Herewith find returns on sample of concentrates, the same being concentrated from four 'pans.' From this sample we extracted 162.9 milligrammes, which has a value of $10.75. Therefore one cubic yard of the original material, according to calculation, is worth $3.23."

Financially the company is in an excellent condition, besides having a thoroughly equipped plant, capable of washing from 3,000 to 6,000 cubic yards of gravel a day, erected on the property, and fully paid for; they still have between $6,000.00 and $10,000.00 in the bank as a reserve emergency fund which in all probability will not be drawn upon as the clean-up due Sept. 15th will, from present indications, not only pay all expenses to date but enable the directors to declare a handsome dividend to the fortunate stockholders.

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Member San Francisco Stock Exchange
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COMSTOCKS AND TONOPAH
GOLDFIELD OIL STOCKS
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Send for Marius Duvall's Bonanza Orezone of Tonopah, Nevada

Now selling the Treasury Stock of the Double Eagle at 15c

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$30,000

Sacrifice, owner departing for Europe. Cost $45,000

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Sperry's Best Family.
Drifted Snow.
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RUTH ALLEN
At the Alcazar

Next Week's Bills

The last performance of "Mrs. Black is Back" at the Columbia will take place on Sunday night, September tenth. "The Pit," Channing Pollock's dramatization of Frank Norris' novel, with Wilton Lackaye in the stellar role,is to be seen for the first time here on Monday evening-September eleventh. Lackaye will be assisted by such well known people as Jane Oaker, Robert Warwick, William Hazeltine. and A. H. Stuart. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday. Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday" comes after "The Pit."

More than the usual interest in a new production has been aroused by the announcement that Denis O'Sullivan will appear in "Peggy Machree," the musical play written for him by his wife, for his last week at the Grand Opera House. In this play O'Sullivan achieved a big success at Wyndham's theatre in London, and throughout the provinces. The character of Barry Trevor is said to be the best of vehicles for the magnetic star. There is a splendid role, too, for a prima donna. Mr. O'Sullivan will make his role particularly attractive by singing "Welcome Home," "Widow Malone," "The Birds Fly South," "Oh Lovely Roses" and "O'Driscoll Aboo." The Gaelic dancers will appear in new reels and jigs, and the company will be strengthened by the addition of John O'Hara. Hallie White, Mrs. H. D. Byers and a chorus. There will be a special matinee on Labor Day.

Next week White Whittlesey will appear at the Alcazar in George Fleming's dramatization of Kipling's novel, "The Light That Failed." This play was first produced in London, and subsequently in America, by Forbes Robertson and his wife, Gertrude Elliott, Maxine's sister. Robert Homans, the new heavy man from New York, will make his local debut in the role of the war correspondent. To follow comes the first local presentation of "Villon the Vagabond," in which Otis Skinner was starring a season or so ago, and which deals with the same characters and incidents subsequently embodied in the Sothern dramatization of "If I Were King."

The second spoke of the "burlesque wheel" season at the California will consist of the Fay Foster Burlesque Company, which has been one of the standard burlesque attractions in the East for many years. The company will be seen in up-to-date farces; "The Mysterious Mrs. Baffles" and "Cleopatrick in Central Park." Both farces will be handsomely costumed and brilliant scenery and electrical effects will be utilized. Among the specialties will be Louise Dacre, the happy girl; Vivian, the female baritone; the Rozinos, in the juggling of a billiard table; McNatti, Keegan and Mullaney, in farces; McIntyre and McAvoy, the colored comedians; Bessie Rosa, the petite soubrette, and Charles Wilson, the "turkey man."

Next week will be the last of "Erminie" at the Tivoli. The grand opera season opens on Monday night, September eleventh.

Beginning with the Labor Day matinee, the Central will present the border melodrama, "The James Boys in Missouri," founded on incidents in the lives of the bandits of that name. The drama deals with the good traits of the two men. Herschel Mayall and True Boardman will enact the roles of the James brothers. Many thrilling scenes will be shown, including the passing of a full-sized locomotive and cars, the hold-up of the train, the fight between the bandits and the train crew and the blowing up and robbery of the express cars.

The new features on the Orpheum's bill will be: Nina Morris and company in "A Friend's Advice"; Howard and North, rapid-fire conversationalists; the Avon Comedy Four, who made such a hit here last year, in their new success. "The New Teacher"; Mr. and Mrs. John Allison, for several seasons stars with the Broadhurst comedies, in "Minnie from Minnesota," a farce dealing with the troubles of family life in a New York flat.

The chief features of the Chutes bill will be: Albini, the illusionist; Joseph J. and Myra Davis Dowling in "A Sage Brush Widow"; and a boxing kangaroo. There will be fireworks on Monday night in honor of Labor Day and on Saturday night in honor of Admission Day.

Tivoli Grand Opera

The grand opera season that opens at the Tivoli the eleventh promises brilliancy of an unusual order. The principal artists will be: Soprani, Luisa Tettrazini, Olivia Petrella, Maddalena Ticci, Rosina Lucchini; contralti, Maria Grasse, Vittorina Cesarini; tenori, Angelo Angioletti, Vincenzo Coppola, Giorgio Bazelli, Giulio Cortesi; baritoni, Adamo Gregoretti, Gaudenzio Salassa, Enrico Moreo; bassi, Gioganni Gravina, Augusto Dado, Natale Cervi; conductor, Giorgio Polacco; assistant conductor, Giuseppe Longo; Max Freeman will be the stage director. There will be an orchestra of fifty and as many in the chorus. The repertoire includes Othello, Aida, Trovatore, Rigoletto, Traviata, Lucia, Lohengrin, Tannhauser, Somnambula, Puritani, Norma, Barber of Seville, Gioconda, Cavalleria Rusticana, Boheme, Tosca, Manon Lescaut, Pagliacci, Andrea Chenier, Adriana Lecouvreur, Carmen, Mignon, Dinorah and Lakme. The sale of seats begins next Monday morning at nine o'clock at the Tivoli box office. The prices will be $2, $1.50, $1, 75 cents, and 50 cents.

IN ORDER that the entire floor space of the United Crafts and Arts Building at 147 Presidio Avenue may be utilized for the construction and exhibition of furniture conceived in the decorative motive of the Crafts Renaissance introduced to the Pacific Coast by Dr. Orlof N. Orlow

The world-famous collections of Dr. Orlow, comprising ancient Oriental carpets, Japanese prints of the early classic periods, rare tapestries, massive rosewood library tables (the rosewood used in the manufacture of these tables is over 100 years old), beautiful antique Chinese Jade jewelry, and numberless masterpieces of the handicraft and art of old races and early eras, will be sold to art lovers and collectors at

Auction,

Commencing MONDAY, the ELEVENTH of SEPTEMBER, at 11 o'clock a. m. and 8 o'clock p. m., continuing until the sale is completed.

Those desiring to visit the shop and inspect these remarkable collections are invited to call between nine in the morning and ten in evening within the next week, at

United Crafts and Arts

147 Presidio Avenue

Till the End of the Season

By Esther Manheim.

Scene: A Beach. Young woman in white, with parasol. Young man in flannels with book, from which he has been reading aloud. Dog.

He: This summer has been like heaven. How I hate to go back to town and the old "demned horrid grind."

She: But you are coming back every Saturday, aren't you, until I leave here?

He: If it were not for that hope, I should never leave—I couldn't tear myself away.

She: And to think we have known each other only six weeks.

He: The six weeks seem like a day, now they are all over.

She: I wonder how I managed to exist before I met you.

He: That was my own thought.

She: It was fate that drew us together.

He: Prince here was Fate. (Fondles dog.)

She (also fondling dog): Isn't he a darling Fate?

He: I shall buy him a new collar when I return to town.

She: You must write to me every day.

He: Won't a wire do? I am such a busy man that letters are almost impossibilities—unless I dictate them to my typewriter.

She (hastily): Oh, that would never do. Send a wire—it will do provided it is warm enough.

He: And we shall read out of the same books—you here and I there. In that way our souls will be attuned.

She: You have opened a new world to me with your books. I am glad you love books. It is a chord in common.

He (with an enigmatical smile): I love books above everything else.

She: Except me—darling?

(Fond kisses. Dog acts as chaperon.)

II.

From Her to Him:

It is only a few hours since you left me, dear, and your kisses are still warm on my lips. But how can I stay here without you? The beach—where we were so happy—looks bare and gray, like the month I must spend here with only the bright spots that your Saturdays-to-Mondays will make in the darkness. I am trying to read—for the book you were reading aloud to me is my only consolation in your absence. I am expecting that wire every minute. Your own GIRL.

III.

From Her to Him, two weeks later:

No wire. I hope you aren't ill. It seems a year between Saturdays. You will come again, won't you, dear?

IV.

From Her to Him:

It was a bitter disappointment, darling, when you wired that you could not come. What a horrid man your partner is. The idea of taking Saturday—our Saturday—to be married on. He would have postponed it, I'm sure, if you had insisted. Perhaps you didn't care. Are you sure there isn't some other woman? Oh, I'm wild till I see you.

V.

From Him to Her:

Dearest Baby,

I am awfully sorry that I can't come any more to the seaside. I can't go anywhere. My pard is off on his honeymoon trip and of course I have to do everything in his absence. Saturdays are particularly busy days. You must write to me, and often. I am glad you are going to Del Monte and then to the Vendome. It will seem a bit nearer. But this winter I shall have you close at hand—and then—well, we'll make up the kisses then that we've had to miss. If I do not answer your missives—those bright bits of sunshine in my gloomy workaday life—as promptly as you wish, remember, darling, I am a busy man. A thousand kisses, sweetheart, on your sweet lips.

P. S.—I received the poems. Thanks, baby mine. I have kissed the pencil marks your dear fingers made about our favorite passages.

VI.

From Her to Him:

I am glad you enjoyed the books I sent. How nice it is that we love the same kind of things. So few men care for poetry. You say you have worn the volume to tatters. I am glad of that. Till I come to town—Your own BABY.

VII.

Scene: An Office. Time: Saturday afternoon, one month

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later. Office unoccupied, and very dusty. Young woman, very modishly gowned, enters.

She (looking around): Poor dear, he has to work in this horrid place. Guess he's out to lunch. (Seats herself and eyes roam about, taking in all there is to be seen.) Why, look at all those dusty books on top of his desk. (Rises and examines the volumes.) Why, these are those books I sent him, and which he said he kept at home so that he could read them at night. (Examines them more closely.) He said he had read every word many times—and this one still has the wrappings on. (Tears off brown paper covering.) Well, poor boy, I guess he didn't get this when he was here and someone has mislaid it, or put it where he couldn't see it. (Spies a pile of unopened letters on type writer-desk.) Why, those look like a woman's letters. (Picks them up.) They are mine. Why, where is my darling boy? I wonder if he has gone away?

(Enter office boy.)

She: Is Mr. Jones in?

He: No, ma'am. He's out. Was you the lady who rang up just after he left?

She (coldly): No, I did not ring. Will he be in soon?

He: No, ma'am, he won't be in today. Always goes over the bay Saturdays.

She: Over the bay?

He: Yes, ma'am; races.

She: Oh, races.

He: Will you leave a message, ma'am?

She: You might tell him that a lady called—a lady who—oh, yes, you might tell him it is the lady who is interested in books.

He (grinning): Yes, ma'am. It's the lady who's putting up the dope for his book. It's a dandy book.

She: So it's a dandy book, is it? (aside) So he is writing a book. He never told me about it. (aloud) What kind of a book is it?

He: A book on the races. A big one, too.

She: And doesn't it interfere with his business?

He (promptly): Oh, no, ma'am. It helps business. The ponies and Mr. Jones is good friends all right.

She: Well, tell him what I said.

He: I will tell him a client called. Is it a divorce, ma'am?

She: Not exactly, but it might have been.

VIII.

From Her to Him:

I should be very grateful if you would return me the remainder of my letters. I have with me the last ones—which you did not happen to read—and for which I am glad now, as they would no doubt have afforded you only amusement. An immediate reply will oblige.

I am so glad you enjoyed the BOOKS.

(By bearer.)

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The average noon temperature last week at Coronado was sixty-nine. Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco were J. A. Merigola and Joe Zuckerman.

Recent arrivals at El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from San Francisco, were: J. H. McDonough, R. C. Easton, Paul H. Wagener, Mrs. W. S. Hamilton, Mrs. E. Gunz, Ed. Ernst, Will F. Sergeant, H. E. Gearon, W. D. Caldwell, H. R. Verroue, J. P. Thorn, J. Young and wife, H. S. Hachly, Geo. E. Crothers, Thomas A. raham, J. H. Goodell and wife, F. E. Barstow, Miss M. J. Elzy, G. L. Smott, F. H. Green, B. Bacchi, Wm. H. Hill, E. J. Singer, L. D. Coleman, A. D. McIntyre and wife, Mrs. F. M. Larkin, George Pierce.

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Automobile Topics

A San Francisco Opinion

A local chauffeur who is touring Europe in an American car says, in a recent letter to a friend: "None of their French bubbles for me, no, sir! The American car has the foreign ones skinned a block." Why buy a French car? Because it costs more?

Just a Suggestion

There were not many automobiles at the park last Sunday afternoon, and I presume the reason that the park is not very popular with the motorists is that they do not find the south drive attractive. But I think that if the authorities would place a few benches along the south drive it would soon grow in favor. There are plenty of people who would like to watch the autos speeding to the Cliff House along the south drive, but it is dreary work standing up on a hot day. There are too few benches in the park anyway.

An Interesting Tour

S. C. Hammond and family returned to town last Saturday after a trip of eleven hundred miles through California and Nevada, going as far East as Wadsworth, Nevada. He has over one hundred photographs taken at different points of interest on the trip, some being convincing proof to anybody doubting the ability of automobiles to climb hills. The party kept an accurate account of the trip, Mr. Hammond's car being equipped with a speedometer to tell him the actual percentage of every grade taken on the entire trip, and he speaks of climbing grades ranging from twelve and a half to twenty-seven per cent as a mere nothing. On the entire trip he only had to use his low speed on two different occasions. The party went over roads and visited towns and villages which had never before been visited by an automobile, and a warm welcome was given the party and Mr. Hammond's big car. Details of the trip will be cheerfully furnished by Mr. Hammond to any one anticipating a trip through that part of the country.

For Delivery Purposes

Motor cars for delivering goods are being sold very rapidly. The Cadillac delivery wagons were recently sold to the White Star Laundry, Oakland and San Francisco; the American Steam Dye Works, Oakland and San Francisco; and to the Campbell Grocery Company, Oakland.

Round and About

Walter Scott—cowboy "Scotty of Death Valley"—drove out to the beach last week in a Pierce Arrow to watch champion Jimmy Britt go through his training stunts. Mr. Scott is an enthusiastic automobilist and it would not surprise me to see him enter the races September third.

Mr. Rhodes, traveling salesman for the Fairbank-Morse Company, spent last Sunday in the city, after having made another five hundred mile run in his Oldsmobile French type touring runabout. Mr. Rhodes says he never was happier, business never better, and the only way for a traveling man to cover territory is in an auto.

M. C. Merrill, in company with Mr. Malpy of New York and other friends, recently made a trip of five hundred miles through Santa Cruz and Monterey counties in Mr. Merrill's model C Winton. Mr. Merrill has run his car thus far this season over five thousand miles.

H C. Tilden and party are back again from their Southern trip, which was made in a Pierce Arrow.

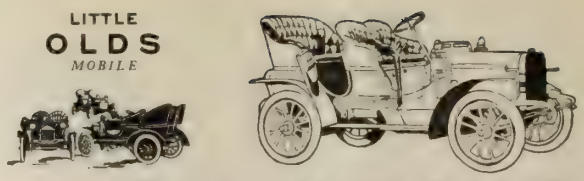
Dr. Montgomery Thomas of Fresno and party enjoyed a trip around the bay Sunday in their Pierce Arrow.

Miss Jean Reid, of Stockton, who recently purchased a model B Winton touring car, has made some delightful runs from Stockton to adjacent towns. Last Sunday Miss Reid, in company with a party of friends, made a run from Stockton to Niles Canyon. Miss Reid has become an expert chauffeuse.

Henry C. Smith, the architect, is the recent purchaser of a new two-cylinder side entrance Oldsmobile touring car. Mr. Smith expects, after he becomes familiar with the machine, to do considerable touring in Northern California.

The Mobile Carriage Company has delivered to George L. Fish a 20 h. p. Pierce Arrow, which he drove through the park last Sunday. Mr. Fish caught the auto fever on his recent trip to Europe, where he toured the continent in a motor car. Now he intends to tour the state and gets an American car for American roads and American temperament.

Mrs. Ramsey of Berkeley has her auto on the go all the time and if she is not going away on a trip into the northern counties it is down San Jose way. Last week the enthusiastic chauffeuse



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spent touring about Monterey, her Columbia car having been run down to Del Monte last Saturday.

Dr. O. C. Joslen, accompanied by a party of four, arrived in Los Angeles last Sunday after an easy jaunt from this city in a 1905 White automobile. A week or two will be spent touring Southern California, visiting points of interest at San Diego, Riverside and Redlands.

Mrs. Drexler has taken up automobiling with a vim and already handles her Autocar runabout almost as well as a professional.

John Rowe, of Savannah, Ga., is touring in Southern California in his White car. Local automobilists will remember that it was Mr. Rowe who made a wonderful record for himself a few months ago by driving his White steamer from Savannah to Buffalo, New York. He is touring in California with the same car in which he made his phenomenal long distance tour.

To Byron Springs

Walter Hobart, Harry Simpkins, Robert Coleman, A. S. Lilley, Alfred H. Wilcox and Harry Stetson registered at Byron Hot Springs during the past week. They traveled in two autos, a Thomas and a Pope Toledo, and were most enthusiastic over the trip. E. W. Woods, E. J. Musto, G. Dohrmann, and S. L. Swift made the run from Stockton to Byron in a Cadillac.

Another Ryus Feat

H. D. Ryus of Los Angeles has accomplished some more wonderful feats with a White steam touring car. The other night he ran his auto down a steep mountain in record time. The well-known motorist, who with his White car has achieved all sorts of records in Southern California, started out from the Big Horn mine on Mount aldy, the place to where the proposed endurance run is to be held, at 8:30 last Sunday evening and reached Los Angeles the next morning at two o'clock. "And I guess that's humping a bit when you come down a mountain and travel 130 miles in five and a half hours," said Ryus. "The moon didn't shine until late that night, either, and the hardest part of the trip was made in absolute darkness. I suppose we came within inches of taking tumbles down the mountain side any number of times and I know we knocked the bark off more than fifty trees. Next time I go up I intend counting the trees we hit on that trip. Fenner may be the kingpin mountain climber in these regions but for coming down I tunnel in some myself."

W. F. Hunt, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, returned on Sunday last from a three weeks' trip in the Tonopah district. Mr. Hunt, while in Nevada, visited all the mining camps, in order to gain an idea of road conditions in that part of the country. There are some sixty or seventy automobiles in public service in the Tonopah and Goldfield districts and road conditions could not possibly be worse. Nothing but sand, sand, sand everywhere. Mr. Hunt, while there, delivered a 40-50 horse-power model A Winton to Mr. John McKane and the machine was given several tests, some of its runs being marvelous.

—**The Chauffeur.**

"It's too bad th' Irish dimagog has gone out iv fashi'n in San Francisco."

"Why?"

"It'll be so har-rd f'r Redmond to raise money to free Ireland."

"Oh, I dinnaw; there's a few ould counthry servint gyurrls left."

Dr. C. W. Doyle's "The Shadow of Quong Lung" has been adapted by a German librettist, and will be given an initial performance in Leipsic this autumn. If it is successful it will be brought to the United States. The book is described as a novel but it is hardly that—rather a sequence of short stories in which the wily Chinese, Yale graduate, and "Master of Arts and of destiny," to quote his own characterization, holds the thread of Fate. The scenes are all laid in our own San Francisco Chinatown, and the characters include, besides Quong Lung, members of the police force, highbinders, and "ladies of quality."

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Music

A Musical Evening

The musical evening given by Mrs. Marriner-Campbell on Friday evening, August the nineteenth, in honor of Mrs. Beatrice Fine was an event of more than usual interest. Mrs. Fine is one of our California girls, and recently returned from New York, where she has made a place for herself in the musical world. Besides occupying the position of soprano in the West End Collegiate church, her brilliant work has caused her to be in demand for concert work and club receptions. Miss Grace Rollins is another Californienne who is making a visit to her old home after six years of successful work in New York city as a pianist and accompanist. She accompanied Mrs. Fine in last season's concert work, and has also assisted Madame Schumann-Heink in a like capacity. Mr. Edwin Star Belknap ("Ned" to his friends) is another whom fame has not slighted. His charming reading of "Sandalphon," and a pantomime given with delightful reality, gave a taste of his quality. Mr. Belknap was accompanied with incidental music on the piano by Mr. Harvey Loomis. A feature of the evening was a constellation of contraltos—Mrs. Birmingham, Miss Marian Robinson and Miss Elsie Arden. The distinct qualities of their voices could not escape remark. Mrs. Birmingham's tones are passionate and thrilling, Miss Robinson's warm and sympathetic, Miss Arden's brilliant and scintillating. The three ladies had their foundation work under Mrs. Campbell, but Miss Arden has the addition of foreign training. She has now returned to her own city, where her brilliant qualities as a singer should find recognition. Mrs. Klippel Schafter's pure, liquid soprano always makes a favorable impression. Besides her charming group of songs she gave "Romeo's Ladder" by request. Mr. Walter C. Campbell sang "Honor and Arms" from Handel's "Samson" and "Pro Peccatis" from Rossini's "Stabat Mater" in his usual capable style. Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis has been interesting the people of New York in American Indian music. His "War Dance," "Rainbow" and "Chattering Squaw" showed how finely he has harmonized these primitive melodies, while retaining the wild atmosphere and native rhythm of the red man. Besides Miss Loomis, who accompanied Mrs. Fine, Mrs. Batchelder and Miss Julia Tharp assisted at the piano, and Mr. Marshall Giselman contributed some instrumental solos. Mrs. Campbell certainly succeeded in gathering a galaxy of artists who have honored California in places afar, and the occasion will long be remembered by her fortunate guests. The program was as follows: "Honor and Arms," oratorio "Samson," Handel, Walter C. Campbell; "Frulingsziet," Becker, "Folks Song," Brahms,. "God keep thee, dearest," Dunlop, Miss Elsie Arden; "Aus deine meiner augen fliesser lieder," "Wiegen lied," Franz Ries, May Morning, Mannay, Mrs. Klippel Schaffter; "Oh; that we two were Maying," Gounod, "The Poet to his Lyric Love," Gerard Barton, Ballad of the Trees and the Master, George Chadwick, Mrs. Marion E. B. Robinson; "Valse Bartlett, Mrs. Beatrice Fine; readings, "Sandalphon," Longfellow, Edward Starr Belknap, with incidental music by Harvey Worthington Loomis; "La Fiancee," Rene, "Lied," Richard Strauss, French Song, Hahne, Mrs. Lillie Birmingham; "Pro Peccatis," Rossini, Walter C. Campbell; Music of the North American Indian, harmonized and played by H. W. Loomis—"War Dance," "The Rainbow"; "The Chattering Squaw"; Nocturne, Chopin, Mr. Marshall Giselman; Fruhlingsziet (piano solo), Sinding, Miss Grace Rollins; by request, "Romeo's Ladder," Chadwick, Mrs. Klippel Schaffter.

The Minetti Concerts

The six chamber music concerts announced by the Minetti Quartet promise some unusually fine entertainment for lovers of classic music. For many seasons Mr. Minetti has endeavored to interest the community in chamber music, and oftentimes at a financial loss to himself. But he has persevered in his mission, as one may call it, and from interesting the few he has gradually drawn the attention of the many to the importance of this branch of musical culture. His quartet this season consists of himself, as first violin, Andre Verdier, second violin, Eugenio Marcellino, viola, and Arthur Weiss, violoncello. Mr. Weiss, by the way, is a solo artist of more than local fame. Hermann Genss will be the pianist. The first concert will be given on October twentieth, in the evening, in the Maple room of the Palace, at which place the other concerts will be given, at 8:15, on the evenings of October twenty-seventh, and November third, tenth, sixteenth and

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Southern Pacific

twenty-fourth. The program for the first concert will be: Piano quartet in B flat, No. 1, Mozart; Adagio and scherzo from string quartet in D minor, op. 77, Raff; Piano quintet E flat, op. 44, Schumann. At the second concert, Haydn's piano trio G major, No. 1, will be given, also a fantasie for piano by Genss, and Beethoven's serenade for string trio in D, op. 8. Mozart's string quartet B flat, No. 15, will be given at the third concert, with a Humoresque by Dvorak, "Abeille" by Schubert and Schumann's piano quartet E flat, op. 47. Mendelssohn, Grieg, Schutt, Schubert, Arensky, Rubinstein, Beethoven, Bach and Brahms will be the composers to be interpreted at the succeeding concerts.

Mr. Percy A. R. Dow has reopened his studios at 1511 Larkin street, this city, and Suite 68-69 Macdonough building, Oakland, for the season of 1905-1906.

A Noted Hymn-Writer

Fanny Crosby, the author of over six thousand hymns, whose eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated recently by the Methodist churches of the United States and Canada, is a remarkable woman. Though she has been Mrs. Van Alstyne since 1857, she is still called by her maiden name, and usually with the prefix Miss. Indeed, if one were to refer to her otherwise, she would probably not be identified. She was a pupil of the New York School for the Blind, and while in that school developed a faculty for versification, but it was not until in her forty-fifth year that she became a writer of hymns. Some of her other songs enjoyed a wide popularity, among them "Music in the Air" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." A few years ago Miss Crosby had a curious experience. In the loft of a Presbyterian church in New Jersey was found the organ on which she used to play when a girl at the Blind school. She was led to the old instrument and once more her fingers touched the keys on which, fifty years and more ago, she had played for such distinguished guests as Henry Clay, Martin Farquhar Tupper, General Scott and Napoleon's Marshal, Bertrand. It was at the same institution where Miss Crosby obtained her education that ex-President Cleveland spent some of his earliest years as a teacher.

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Mrs. Zilpha Ruggles Jenkins has been appointed solo soprano at Calvary Presbyterian church, where a new choir has been formed under the direction of Mr. W. H. Thorley. Mrs. Jenkins has for some time been a member of St. Dominic's choir, and is a pupil of Dr. H. J. Stewart.

Kathryn Hilke is visiting her relatives in Stockton. She will return to New York in the autumn to resume her vocal teaching and concertizing. Miss Hilke has filled many fine choir positions since she went to New York, among them the important one of soprano at St. Patrick's cathedral.

Next Tuesday evening, in Lyric hall, under Will Greenbaum's management, Mr. Harvey Leroy Worthington Loomis will give a concert recital of his compositions, and Edwin Star Berknap will give some of his delightful pantomimes. The program will include songs, pianoforte compositions, studies on the music of the North American Indian, and other compositions of Mr. Loomis, and the romantic pantomime "The Enchanted Fountain," devised by Mr. Belknap, music by Mr. Loomis. It will be performed by the pupils of Jenne Morrow Long.

Greenbaum Futures

Mr. W. L. Greenbaum announces during the month of October: Mr. Hugo Heermann in conjunction with Mr. Emil Heermann, violinists; Mr. Harold Bauer, pianist; Madame Emma Eames, soprano, assisted by Emilio DeGargorza, baritone Joseph Hollman, violoncellist, Amherst Webber, pianist.

The Pasmore concert, on Thursday evening at Lyric hall, occurred too late to be reviewed this week.

Tolstoi and Music

"Song is a trivial and undesirable thing. Why should good and thoughtful men sing? In my country old men like to talk about worthy subjects, about faith, God's will and life, and like to read good books. This is worthy of all praise. But what is singing? It may be compared to wine or tobacco—mere empty pastime if not worse than that, since it often incites cruel and wicked deeds. In war song is considered essential; special music is written for soldiers, in order to excite and hypnotize them, just as liquor is served to them for the same purpose. There is no denying the power of song; but there is this difference between wine and song: the former makes people brave and bold, the latter only reconciles them to their fate and induces resignation. Song, in truth, is not a high manifestation of the human spirit; it is something sensuous and low. People acquire the habit of singing, but an exercise of will can rid us of it. Personally I have never cultivated the habit. I do not sing." Thus saith the Lord! No need to inaugurate a guessing contest as to the authorship. It is, of course, Count Lyof Tolstoi. And yet, if it had happened to please him to imagine that he could sing, there is no danger that the triviality and immorality of song would have occurred to him, and as to annoying other people with his vocal exercises, who would have dared to hint as much?

—The Music Critic.

The A. S. Barnes company is trying an innovation in the matter of book-prices. Instead of the $1.50 rate with liberal discounts, which enable the department stores to sell at a profit anywhere between ninety-five cents and the full price, they are issuing some of their publications at a net price of $1.20.

Marguerite Stabler is preparing to give a series of readings of her own stories in the East.

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The Reporter for the "Burr"

By Oliver White.

If ever you have occasion to dine at the Bohemian Cafe (and if you do not have occasion, you should make one), ask Shrimp, the head waiter, to point out Cheesebug's table. It is not any different from the rest of the tables, but you will be impressed by the expression on Shrimp's face and the strange, awed tone of his voice as he says:

"This is it, sir, this is where Mr. Cheesebug always sat."

Then, if you should have an inclination to sit at the celebrated board, you will be courteously but firmly informed that it is still reserved for Mr. Cheesebug, and that he is expected in any moment.

But Mr. Cheesebug never comes. He has foresworn the cosmopolitan grill and eats his meals in an elegantly furnished flat up town; his wife, whom he met at the Bohemian, is serving him.

Some day you will, if you are interested, know the story of Mr. Cheesebug's little romance, and why the table is reserved and waiting for him, but at present I want you to read an entirely different story—that of the Reporter for the "Burr." It may not give you the most favorable impression of Mr. Cheesebug, for though he is the hero of my stories, he is seldom, if ever, the hero of his own. But it will serve to introduce the most human side of the man's nature—his weakness.

So often, in attempting to depict such a character as Mr. Cheesebug's, his biographer speaks or writes only of his strength, his victories; but as much as I wish you to like the man, I shall not blind you to his faults.

Cheesebug was, after all, one of us, and in certain conciliatory moments he might be heard to murmur with a sigh, that there was really not much difference between himself and the rest of humanity.

At this time Cheesebug lived at a stag hotel and took his meals where whim suggested, but evening invariably found him at the "Bohemian," for in two visits he had become known as an extraordinary character, and while he did not, wilfully, seek such a reputation, it was not so unpleasant a sensation that a man of his temperament would object.

At his own request he had been assigned a table in a secluded part of the room where he might observe the glittering frivolity, and if he desired, be unobserved himself. In a quaint nook that could be hidden by two red velvet portieres, stood a tastefully arranged table, set for two—always for two. A tiny ruby-shaded candle diffused the required light and the cloth glistened in its whiteness.

The atmosphere of the cafe was that of recherche bohemianism— that is, bohemianism with clean collars and short hair. Occasionally an eccentrique dined there, a poet or a writer of magazine poetry, but although the dishes were tabulated in French, the prices were written in English, and were not encouraging.

Mr. Cheesebug was glad he was an artistic dilettante himself, but he saw no reason why hair should be long just because Art was.

As Mr. Cheesebug sat in his usual chair and picked up the evening edition of the "Burr," he noted that extra preparation had been made at another table.

"For a fashionable dinner party," said Shrimp, head waiter, in answer to Mr. Cheesebug's slightly raised eyebrows.

Cheesebug sneered. "Silly women and sillier men. How tiresome," he said cynically. Then he glanced at the "Burr."

For the past month a series of articles had been appearing in this popular newspaper. They were both wonderfully and entertainingly written. "East Side Stories," they were called, and dealt with the rougher side of San Francisco life. The author was evidently familiar with the life, and all the town was talking of his realistic manner. Many were the surmises as to the writer's identity, which he concealed under the obvious pseudonym of "Squint." Some attributed the work to Mr. Jim Hopper, some to Mr. G. Burgess, while one daring personality advanced the theory that is was the joint work of Mr. London and Marie Corelli, which brought forth marvelous bits of invective literature from both parties; the notoriety was unpleasant to them.

Cheesebug did not commit himself, although he had his own opinion on the subject. He had decided on the writer's name after reading the first instalment, and he smiled at the absurd guesses of the rest of San Francisco.

The stories were fascinating and even Cheesebug commended them, lightly of course, but still a noticeable commendation.

"The author writes well," he was heard to remark.

As Cheesebug was interested in the paper, his waiter, Mertz, brought the usual order.

The story was the last of the series, and so engrossing was it that Cheesebug ate and read at the same time, a very impolite thing to do and a thing that Cheesebug condemned in others. He finished the story and his dinner at the same time, and lighting a cigar, leaned back in the chair, still enthralled.

"Remarkable story," he said, "remarkable."

The Hungarian orchestra was playing an unusually dreamy piece of music, and with the fumes of a mild liqueur and the fragrance of an expensive cigar blending into a delicious sensation of ease, Mr. Cheesebug was satisfied with life. And he began to dream, the pleasantest sort of a dream—a waking one. He was always of a sensitive nature and the merest shade of an interruption would jar his mood, and it is fact that makes the next incident the more noticeable.

While he sat there, inhaling, dreaming, enjoying, the dinner party arrived. There were eight in the party, four men and as many women—conspicuous by their superb manners, attire and refinement. Ordinarily Cheesebug would have come out of his trance and thought some witty or caustic thought, but in this instance he seemed to sink deeper in his chair, and the light of a strange happiness gleamed in his eyes.

The cause, you ask. A woman; a beautiful woman; and as such indescribable. She looked like your wife—or your best friend's wife. Let that suffice. If you like golden hair, she had it. If you care for any other color, very well. In that case let it be a matter of imagination. Think of her as you will—whatever type you fancy—but beautiful she was. She sat at the head of the table, and would have been as regal had she sat on the table.

At this time Cheesebug was a bachelor. He did not care for the ladies; they annoyed him with their attentions until he had grown to dislike to speak with them or even to acknowledge their bows. But this woman had by some indescribable trick of manner or expression fascinated him. Could we have read his mind, we would have deciphered:

"By heaven! what a queen! There is the one woman who has in her all that man desires in this or any other world. There is a good woman, a beautiful woman, a brilliant woman. There is

(Continued on Page 45)

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The Reporter for the "Burr"

(Continued from Page 43)

the one She for whom I would sacrifice my freedom—God bless her!"

And yet Cheesebug calmly puffed at his cigar and sipped his liqueur as though nothing unusual was transpiring. Marvelous composure and self-control? Pshaw! you are just beginning to know the man.

The conversation at the table was of the usual light character, but the woman at the head of it seemed in serious mood. Once she looked toward Cheesebug—was it a smile on her lips? Undoubtedly, but was it intended for Cheesebug or conjured by a glinting fancy? Who knows? Perhaps Cheesebug might have puzzled it out, but for some reason his analytical powers were deadened. Cheesebug was in love.

He tried to tell himself that he was a fool, but he was deaf to his own voice, except when after a struggle he heard himself say:

"You must meet this woman; she is to be your wife."

That much decided upon, and Cheesebug never changed his mind. The woman was his by the law of instinct and he took pride in her beauty. Already he called her his own. He was just deciding on the shade of wall-paper for the parlor when a clamor disturbed him.

A typical specimen of the tramp shoved his way through a line of waiters. His hair was long, his face was dirty and unshaven, and his hands were large and red. His clothes were stuck on him in pieces an inch in diameter and his movements were awkward and lurching. Every action is polite at the "Bohemian." The waiters are gentlemen. The tramp was not, therefore it was brute strength against courtesy, and the beast in man usually wins. While the waiters were trying to bring themselves back to earth, the tramp rushed over to Cheesebug's table.

"Let me sit with you, for God's sake," he whispered. "I'll explain."

This was said quietly, and some strange impulse caused Cheesebug to point to the chair opposite –

"Sit there," he said.

And the tramp obeyed.

Shrimp hurried toward him. Shrimp was about to forget all gentlemanly instincts, but Cheesebug smiled.

"The gentleman is my guest; let Mertz take the gentleman's order," he said.

This little incident is partly responsible for Mr. Cheesebug's reputation for eccentricity. He did many queer things, both before and after, but when Mertz was curtly requested to take this grimy specimen's order, Mr. Cheesebug was stamped as a character.

Imagine that ragged and unkempt piece of humanity sharing the table with one of the most distinguished clubmen in town. Cheesebug, rogue that he was, knew in his heart how bizarre was the situation, yet such a master of emotions was he that he puffede at his cigar with as much indifference as though his companion was nothing more peculiar than a painter of pictures, or a writer of artistic plays—yet beneath the action was a motive.

As the tramp struggled with the waiters the dinner party had arisen, and in the lady's eyes Cheesebug fancied he saw fear, and he said to himself:

"I shall show her that I am a master of men." Hence his ready acquiescence to the tramp's request.

But the tramp, you ask? After the momentary excitement of the conflict had worn off, he, in response to a nod from Cheesebug, ordered a dinner that taxed the creative genius of the most resourceful chef in San Francisco, and even astonished Mertz, who bowed with respect and walked away with the light of awe in his eyes.

"You are very good," said the stranger, "tomorrow I will send you my check for the amount."

"Your check?"

"I am not what I seem. If you wish, I shall tell you my story. It is not a long one, nor a strange one, but it will explain everything."

"I shall be glad to listen. I perceive by your conversation that you are not what your clothes would indicate," and Mr. Cheesebug smiled in return to the stranger's slight bow of acknowledgment.

"I see you have the 'Burr.' May I glance at it a moment?"

"Certainly."

Mr. Cheesebug tossed the paper to him and the stranger

(Continued on Page 47)

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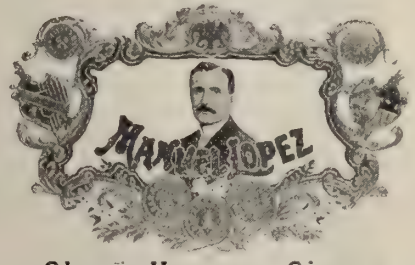

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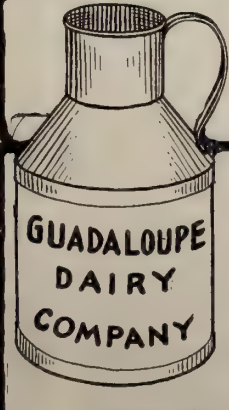

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The Reporter for the "Burr"

(Continued from Page 45)

turned the pages rapidly until he came to the editorial page, on which appeared the story by "Squint."

"Ha," he said, and for five minutes was seemingly deeply interested.

Mr. Cheesebug was pleased with himself. From time to time he glanced at the lady, who was somewhat preoccupied. She appeared unconscious of her table companions and her thoughts were evidently busy with some problem.

"What a woman!" Mr. Cheesebug had forgotten the stranger's presence and he was dreaming again. He had decided on red for the parlor.

At this moment Mertz appeared with the first of the stranger's order. Even this scarcely disturbed Cheesebug's revery and he continued to build air-castles. It was not until the stranger leaned over and touched him on the shoulder that he realized he was in the "Bohemian" Cafe.

"Pardon me," said the man, "but would you close those curtains? For Heaven's sake be quick." He was trembling, and Cheesebug clased the portieres quickly.

"Thank you," said the stranger. His nervousness had vanished and he began to eat. He swallowed his soup hastily and noisily and was half through with his fish before he spoke again.

"God bless you, my friend," he said, "you have made me a happy and a contented man."

"Who are you?"

The stranger was about to reply when the chicken with its accompanying wine was placed on the table. When Mertz had retired he smiled sadly.

"The victim of a woman."

Now at any other time this would have made Cheesebug smile, but in this peculiar instance it irritated him, for being in love had cast a halo about the head of all womankind. Still he made no sign.

The stranger ate the chicken with some little noise and drank the wine quickly.

"My name is Marivale," he said. "I was born in New York and educated at Harvard. This has little to do with the story, but I want you to know at the start that I am not what I seem."

"Come down to immediate facts. The woman, what of her? What did she do?"

"She didn't do anything. She was an only daughter of a wealthy man whose name is sacred. He does not know to this day of the disgrace, the awful disgrace."

The stranger's head began to sink, but with an evident effort he straightened up and started in at the dessert which Mertz had just placed on the table.

When they were again alone he continued with a strange sadness in his voice—an irritating whine it seemed to Cheesebug.

"We were married and were very happy. I had an income at the time, and in my leisure moments wrote articles for the magazines, and was becoming known when the affair occurred."

"Another man?"

"Yes, I saw she loved him, and tried to accept my fate, but I worshiped the woman, worshiped her. She never kissed me that I did not feel, by the look in her eyes, that she imagined me her lover."

"She was not aware you knew?"

"No, I could not tell her. It would have either killed her or made her hate me. Think of my feelings when I was forced to share my wife's love with another man. Share it? Nay, worse, I might have been content to share it: even a glance that I might call my own would have given my supreme joy, but I had no part of her love. It was all—all for him."

He bowed his head and Cheesebug heard him sobbing.

Mertz had returned with a Creme de Menthe and cigars, and had gone again when the stranger looked up.

"I remember that last night. We had been sitting together—she was reading and I was watching her—hungering for her. Finally after kissing me, she insisted that I retire while she finished the story. Unconscious of any danger, I left her. At about three in the morning I woke with a start—she was not in the room. I rushed down stairs—she was just going out of the door."

"'Lydia,' I called, 'Lydia.'"

"She turned; something flashed in her hand and I fell. She had shot me, she whom I worshiped."

Cheesebug's cigar had gone out and his throat was dry.

"The Devil!" he said, in a tone of disgust, "did you hunt them down?"

Again the whining monotone of the stranger irritated Cheesebug's sensitive ears.

"I hunted her, but not with revenge in my heart. I loved

(Continued on Page 49)

No Dinner Complete Without It

No Dinner Complete Without It

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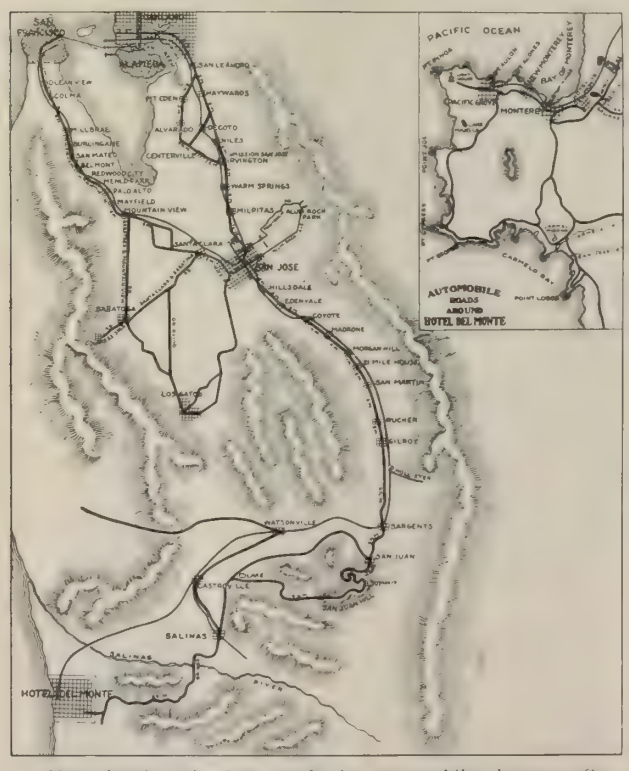

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The Reporter for the "Burr"

(Concluded from Page 47)

her, and made up my mind if I could be near her for an hour, I would be content. But she had disappeared. All my money was gone, so, forced to work, I turned to literature and applied for a position on a paper. For awhile my heart was not in my work, and I failed. Until one day I chanced to write a story of low life that appealed to my chief, who commissioned me to do more in the same line. Of my success you know."

"Really, I do not."

"But you have it before your eyes; I am 'Squint.'"

"The writer of the stories in the 'Burr'?"

"Yes; now you understand my mode of dress, the localities I visit requiring such a disguise."

Now this was a surprise, and Cheesebug smiled at the curious chance that had given him possession of such a secret.

Was it a whiff of wind that caused the candle light to flutter and go out? Perhaps, but it was the stranger's hand that reached across the table to detain the rising Mr. Cheesebug.

"Don't open the curtains. What I have to tell you must be told in darkness."

The voice was low and intense and Cheesebug was impressed.

"Listen. Tonight I finished the assignment and was going toward my room to change this bundle of rags for a more fashionable guise, when I saw the woman."

"Lydia?"

"Yes. She was stepping from a carriage. By her side was her lover—they were laughing. In a moment they were joined by another party,—they did not notice me, and I feasted my eyes on her—my wife. Forgetting my disguise,I followed them here."

"Here."

"But for you I should have been thrown out. You are my benefactor. I shall never forget that you have given me what I prayed for, an hour near her. Thank you. God bless you."

The stranger had placed an arm around Cheesebug's neck and breathed deeply.

Cheesebug, half strangled by the weight and by mental agony, gasped:

"The woman is here? Quick, where does she sit?"

"At the head of the table and her lover is by her side."

The portieres were parted quickly and Cheesebug stared with repugnance and horror at the woman whom he had fancied was his soul's own, and she stared in return.

"Are you sure?" asked Cheesebug.

But the stranger was going out of the room and there was pathos in his very walk.

The fashionable dinner party was ended. The guests were rising, and light laughter and chatter mingled with the strains of the Hungarian orchestra. Suddenly the beautiful lady moved toward Cheesebug's table. With every step she took, his loathing and contempt for her increased. He noticed the slim bediamoned hand, and fancied he saw the flashing revolver in it. Then she stood at Cheesebug's side.

"Pardon me," she said, "but can you tell me the name of the man who was with you?"

"I can," he said coldly, "but I do not intend to."

On closer observation he saw that the woman was not beautiful.

"Oh," she said, smiling, "then I am sorry I interrupted you."

"Don't worry, madam," said Cheesebug, "our conversation was ended, but may I ask what you intend to do?"

"I don't think I understand."

"Do you intend to keep on as you have in the past?"

She frowned for a moment and then laughed at Cheesebug's stern face.

"How did you know?" she asked.

"He told me."

"Why, how could that be. I scarcely fancied he would recognize me, and it has been an absolute secret until tonight. That is why this little dinner was given—just to announce it to a few friends."

"To announce what?"

"Why the authorship of the East Side stories," she blushed and began to regain her beauty. "I am 'Squint'."

"But he, your—who is he?"

"McVey. The college-bred pick-pocket—I thought you said you knew him?"

Ten minutes later, when Mertz came for his tip, Cheesebug borrowed carfare from him.

It was very embarrassing.

August, 1905.

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Letters

The Tyranny of the Dark

Perhaps there never was a period in the history of the world when occultism has had such a hold on people of all ranks and classes. Palmistry, clairvoyance, and all the kindred phenomena and sciences are looked upon as almost normal, and the seer no longer inhabits a dreary dwelling on a side street or affects an oriental garmenture. It is not surprising, therefore, that Hamlin Garland has made the subject of clairvoyance the theme of his novel, "The Tyranny of the Dark." In view of the comments and criticisms of the unbelieving Mr. Garland has vouched for the truth of the circumstances described, as coming within the scope of his own knowledge, and as the author was for some time the secretary of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research there can be no doubt but what he has a sufficient fund of material for any number of uncanny tales. He does not hold a brief for either side, and "The Tyranny of the Dark" cannot be seized upon as a tract for either denouncing or furthering the cause of Spiritism. Whether or not Viola Lambert was a victim of the spirit of her dead grandfather and her little brother, she was certainly being sacrificed by the fanaticism of her mother and the once Reverend Clarke, both of whom were ardent believers in her clairvoyant powers. The girl was physically strong and healthy, yet subject to trances during which the usual spiritual manifestations were made, knocks, rustlings, and communications both through speech and by means of writing. These had begun in her tenth year, and, as far as could be discovered, she was not guilty of any trickery or complicity. The manifestations, whatever they were, began to appear soon after the death of her little brother, and both parents accepted them and became ardent believers in spiritualism. They were living in a Colorado mining town, where her mother married again, a prosperous, matter-of-fact miner who did not countenance this signaling across the void, yet did not feel that he had any right to interfere between mother and daughter, when apparently there were no evil results. The next character to enter upon the scene is Anthony Clarke, a popular preacher from the East, afflicted with weak lungs, an enormous egotism, an intensely nervous organization, and a beloved wife on whom he depended. Mrs. Clarke suffered from a weak heart, and the mountain altitude was as detrimental to her as it was beneficial to her husband. Her death and a supposed communication from her turned Clarke's attention toward Spiritualism, and meanwhile, the family doctor, who had begun to examine the child years before, on the supposition that she was a victim of some form of epilepsy, has also been convinced that he is receiving messages from his wife and child, so that by each for his own purpose, the girl is being held in bondage. She is told that she is being set apart, that she is the one chosen from all the world to make known great truths, and that she must set aside her own desires for youthful pleasures and sacrifice herself to the purposes of Clarke and her dead relatives. It is at this stage that Morton Serviss enters. He is an assistant professor of biology in an Eastern college, a frank materialist, believing nothing that is not susceptible of proof. Passing through the Colorado town, he meets Viola and her mother and is interested in the girl because of her beauty and a certain haunting sadness in her attitude. The resident physician in the town proves to be an old acquaintance whose own weak lungs have driven him westward and who has inherited the notebooks of his predecessor. Dr. Britt enlightens Serviss to the best of his ability, with the result that Serviss decides that the Lamberts are just ordinary impostors, or dupes, and that it is the part of wisdom for him to see no more of them. He takes his departure for New York, where, two years later, all the characters are grouped together once more. Clarke has developed into a species of vampire, bigoted and fanatic, Mrs. Lambert is entirely under his direction, and Viola on the verge of madness, and all are in the power of a hard-fisted millionaire who has been converted to Spiritualism by the loss of his whole family in an ocean disaster. Clarke has a book to publish and a challenge to issue to science, the success of both depending on his keeping control of the psychic; Simeon Pratt, the old millionaire, wants to keep her as a sort of private medium, for his own use; her mother wants nothing but what Clarke approves; and the girl herself wants to break away and be as other girls are, free from all her uncanny powers. In contrast to this we have the professors, Serviss and Weissman, sane, material and clear-headed, and Dr. Britt, urging them on to an investigation. The climax is not the demonstration of truth or fraud, but the rescue of Viola from certain madness unless she is removed to a saner atmosphere and cut off from unwholesome human influences and restored to a normal existence. No one will be converted or turned aside by reading this book, and neither is the intention of the writer, but to tell a strange story and perhaps to point out the dangers which obviously await upon the surrender of the individual will and the too ready inclination to attribute a supernatural origin to whatever phenomena are obscure. Published by Harper & Brother.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, September 9, 1905 No. 680.

No. 10 ***William H. Crocker***

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TOWN TALK

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The Astute Mr. Schmitz

The Union Labor Party has given Eugene Schmitz, Mayor of San Francisco, a clean bill of health, and Mayor Schmitz has put his hand and seal thereto, giving it the weight of his official authority. According to the Union Labor Party Mayor Schmitz has been atrociously maligned by a venal and subsidized press, and according to Mayor Schmitz no city was ever more beautifully or virtuously governed than San Francisco has been during his benign administration. Mayor Schmitz has invoked the principle of the right of a public official to demand that his qualifications for a continuance of the service he has rendered be passed upon by those to whom he is expected to hold himself responsible. The people will pass upon the qualifications of Mr. Schmitz in November, and we believe that their judgment will be sound notwithstanding the fact that the issue has been somewhat clouded by the crafty Mayor and his thrifty mentor. If there had been no conflict between the labor unions and the Citizens' Alliance then Mr. Schmitz would be better able to get an expression of opinion on the question of his honesty. By reason of that conflict he is destined to receive the vote of a large element of the community, a vote that should be more than offset by those who are inclined to snicker when they hear the Ruef puppet prating about the goodness of being good, the rightness of being right and the wrongness of being wrong. It is to be regretted that there should be a large element of this community quite eager to be deluded into accepting a man of the Schmitz calibre as a champion, but there is excuse for the obtuseness of many of his supporters. He has played with considerable skill on their credulity, being aided in a great measure by the ineptness of his enemies, who have furnished him material out of which he has made political capital. He was not invited to the Taft banquet, and in the platform of his party appears the statement that he was barred because the merchants were afraid that he would challenge Mr. Taft's utterances on the subject of Chinese immigration. This is good political buncombe and it appeals to the mob. It makes a hit with the unsophisticated wage-earner. Some time ago a story was published to the effect that Eastern capitalists were afraid to buy our bonds because of the rottenness of the municipal administration. This was as far from the truth as is the Schmitz explanation of his absence from the Taft banquet, but in the Labor party platform it is stated that the controlling financial interests are in league against the Mayor and have been deterring prospective foreign investors from purchasing bonds. This explanation will no doubt be accepted by many wage-earners. If the newspaper that published the first story expected to deceive its readers with the absurd falsehood, why should not Mayor Schmitz expect to hoodwink voters with his version?

Why Reformers Fail to Reform

Ambrose Bierce tells us that the reformer is a failure who does not hate the criminal; that in this age of toleration the reformers are too often inclined to evince a profound respect for the rogue's powers of evil and that consequently they do not accomplish anything worth while. Mr. Bierce believes that the "robber barons" will disappear from commercial and political life when, ceasing to find excuses for them, we take to hunting them out of social life, and he adds: "He who speaks well of them is no better than they, to shake hands with them is to be an accomplice." Unfortunately, there are but few reformers with the moral courage of a Bierce. And there are fewer who would be justified in exhibiting the moral courage essential to the successful prosecution of reform. Mr. Bierce has vindicated his moral courage on numerous occasions. He is consistent in his scorn of rascality, and it is a matter of history that he publicly refused to take the proffered hand of one whom he considered a rogue, and a very big and powerful rogue he was, too, great in the councils of the nation and of colossal strength in the financial world. It was a simple thing for a man to do who is sincere in his detestation of rascality, but how many of the reformers now before the public would thus humiliate a Rogers or a Rockefeller? Is not the average reformer awed by Success? Does he not secretly worship it? Until the "robber barons" are hunted out of social life they will not, as Mr. Bierce says, disappear from commercial and political life, but they will be tolerated in social life until we cease to applaud the commercially successful and learn that Success vulgarizes everything it touches.

Japan's Unfortunate Backdown

Prior to the agreement of the Russian and Japanese representatives at Portsmouth it was the consensus of opinion in this country that the Romanoffs would finally consent to the payment of an indemnity to their conquerors. There is no paper on our exchange list that did not express the opinion that peace could be had on no other terms, and no paper of which we have any knowledge, British or American, believed that Japan's demand for indemnification was unreasonable. Russia was ridiculed for taking the position that it would be beneath her dignity and a sacrifice of her honor to pay any money to the Japs. She was repeatedly told that she lost her honor before the war and that she had neither honor nor dignity to lose by paying the cost thereof. She was advised that it was dishonorable to break into Manchuria and steal, and that it would not be dishonorable to pay the damages she had caused by her unlawful act. Indeed, it would be dishonorable to refuse to pay the damages. Even the Portsmouth correspondent of Grand Duke Alexander's *Slovo* wrote, "This is feigning a question of honor when in reality it is merely a question of money." Nevertheless, the Russian plenipotentiaries held out and Japan receded from a position which the world conceded to be justified by all the rules of the game. Thereupon, the world applauded her for her magnanimity; President Roosevelt was felicitated on having averted further bloodshed; the Mikado, ruler of an unmoral people, was eulogized for having achieved a moral triumph, and all the pundits of the press told us that from every viewpoint the outcome of the negotiations was a glorious consummation. We dissent. In the first place, it is inconceivable that the Mikado was moved by a spirit of magnanimity when he agreed to call the war off. That is a spirit that has not yet begun to animate the

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Orient. Far more likely is it that the Mikado was moved to moderation by financial reasons, by consciousness of the fact that Russia's resources are immeasurable. Praise of the Mikado's magnanimity is largely cant, and those who praise the President for averting bloodshed are unmindful of the fact that the war was leading to the liberation of millions of Russian serfs and the institution of reforms that are prerequisite to the advancement of civilization in the Czar's dominions. Moreover, in the years to come it may be shown that this praise was premature and undeserved. If Russia were forced to pay the costs of war she would not be so quick to resume hostilities. Russia has not renounced the hope of extending her influence on the Pacific. It is therefore unfortunate that she should be vouchsafed peace on terms that will permit a resumption of her plans of aggression at a more propitious time.

William's Interests

Some day we may learn that William of Germany played as important a part in the peace negotiations as did President Roosevelt. This is a suggestion born of the recollection of that mysterious conference of the Czar and the Kaiser at sea some weeks ago. It was after that conference that the Czar exhibited symptoms of a stiffening of the vertebrae. Emperor William was responsible for the war in the Far East, and it must have been his desire to see it continued or else ended on terms that would permit a resumption of Russia's plans. He was responsible for the war, because it was Germany's seizure of the Chinese harbor of Kiao-chou which impelled Russia to secure later a lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan. Having secured the tip of the Liaotung peninsula Russia naturally felt that she should connect it with the Trans-Siberian Railway by a branch running through Manchuria. To protect her Manchurian road she had to occupy Manchuria in force at the time of the Boxer outrages, and afterward she was reluctant to evacuate that region. Then she was tempted to encroach on the forests of Corea, and that circumstance led to war. Thus we see Germany started the trouble, and during the war it must have occurred to German statesmen that if Russia were forced out of Manchuria, the Kaiser's tenure of Kiao-chou would be brief, and the dreamed-of absorption of Shantung would be hopeless. The German Emperor must wish Russia to remain a great military power in the Far East, and in all probability he urged the Czar to cling to a foothold on the Pacific, and to refuse to burden his country with a debt that would long delay the resumption of her aggressions.

The Revolutionary Movement

We cannot see why the world should rejoice over the ending of a war that threatened the overthrow of the monstrous system of government under which millions of people are maltreated and afflicted with miseries indescribable. While the war continued the scourged subjects of the Czar were filled with hope. That he deemed it expedient to placate them was evident when he published the imperial edict creating the "consulative assembly." It was of course a sham, but the Grand Dukes thought that it would hold the people for awhile. It argued, at least, a conciliatory spirit, though wherever the name of liberty is respected it was jeered. It needed but a few more disasters to Russian arms to force greater concessions from the throne. Without those disasters to aid them the people must rely on their own efforts, and the probability is that we shall soon hear of another revolutionary movement, for there has been widespread denunciation of the travesty on popular government that has been proposed. The revolutionary spirit is not to be mollified by the repudiation of the principle of universal suffrage.

Sensitiveness to Criticism

Mr. H. W. Lucy reviewed for London *Punch* the Biography of Sir John Robertson which was prepared by Mr. Noy Thomas. In the course of his remarks Mr. Lucy made use of the expression, "mangled remains." Mr. Thomas felt aggrieved and brought suit, with the result that he obtained a favorable verdict and damages amounting to fifteen hundred dollars. There has been a deal of protest against the advance notices and prepared puffs which used to be sent forth by the publishing houses and misused by the indolent writers of book reviews, but if the French and English law courts are to be taken as establishing precedent it will speedily become a matter of common prudence for editors to solicit these reading notices and reprint them as advertisements in connection with the books. Already in France this is being done. An author may review his own book or get some partisan friend to do it for him, and if he is willing to pay for the insertion can have as much space as he wants. There has been a vast amount of discussion over the decline of criticism, and the value of reviews, with, of course, the blame laid heavily on the shoulders of the reviewers and hints at log-rolling and mutual admiration associations. It is true that there is a tendency toward puffery, and a desire to exploit the best points of books until it verges upon a suspicion that review copies are looked upon as gift-horses, not to be too closely scrutinized, but on the other hand, in those good old days when the art of criticism is believed to have flourished, the condemnatory articles were too often written by personal and political enemies and were dictated by causes entirely outside of the books themselves. Moreover, few people bothered themselves about either books or authors, and what Andrew Lang characterizes as "blackguard slating" was often but one move in an intricate game which only the initiated could follow. Nowadays, a reviewer connected with any reputable periodical is presumed to be interested in the book and its contents and to be competent to judge it on its merits only. It is a point of honor to refuse to review the work of friend or enemy, but otherwise there are no restrictions apart from such as good taste and common sense dictate. If authors like Mr. Noy Thomas and T. W. H. Crossland are to fly

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to litigation every time that exception is taken to their matter or their manner of using it, there will be a speedy cessation to the publication of book reviews. No critic will care to take the responsibility of causing his employers to be mulcted of damages and neither will editors show any eagerness to secure matter which is as dangerous to handle as dynamite. The result will be that the captiousness of a few writers will deprive the whole body of authors of an enormous amount of gratuitous advertising, and we may live to see a new development of trades-unionism in which the kickers will be studiously boycotted by their thicker-skinned brethren of the pen.

Why Women Are Supplanting Men

A Chicago professor has made the alarming discovery that race suicide is an accomplished fact. Not only are babies becoming scarce but males are dying out, and in the course of measurable time the race will disappear unless some new method of propagation is discovered. He asserts that more girls are born and fewer die, while the aggressive female is rapidly driving the male from gainful occupations, ousting him from official positions, and leaving him choice between annihilation or returning to the heavy manual toil where his superior strength will insure him a brief foothold. We have had so many absurd theories put forth with every appearance of solemnity that one more or less hardly counts, but as, just a little while ago, some of our pseudo-scientists were worrying because the girl of the period was so tall and so much better developed than her brother, here ought to be a solution of their difficulty. Since the man, cooped up in store or office, has deteriorated in size and stamina until the woman has overtaken him in the race and wrested the prize from his feeble hands, let him go back to the earth, renew his communion with Mother Nature, build up his bone and muscle, and when the inevitable fate has overtaken his female supplanters, and they in turn have grown stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested and inert, be ready to rise with his end of the see-saw and let the women recuperate. It is true that women have supplanted men to some extent and that girls have practically ousted boys from office work, but there are comparatively few women conducting successful businesses on their own account, and fewer still who do not rely upon an experienced male manager. The great mass of women are in subordinate positions, and if the truth must be told they are there not because of any special fitness or efficiency but because they are cheap. If employers could be obliged to pay equal salaries to all their employes, based on their intelligence and capacity, not partly on sex consideration, they would prefer men to women. It behooves every man in the working world to exert himself to the utmost to secure for women equal pay with men. Then the inefficients will be dropped because they are too expensive and their places filled by those who can do the work, and in most instances it will be found that the men will be given preference. As to the propagation of the species, we need not worry. The Creator is not likely to delegate that matter to the college professors.

Is the Ten-Cent Magazine a Dead Issue?

Cyrus Townsend Brady thinks that the day of the ten-cent magazine has gone, and that not only will publishers cease to start new periodicals on that price as a basis, but there will be from now on a tendency to increase the price of those now sold for the small sum. He bases his conclusion on a comparison of the cost of production with the returns from subscriptions and advertising patronage, and thinks the publishers are not fair to themselves. Of course Mr. Brady is referring to the better class of periodicals, those which are printed on good paper, with good pictures and a list of contributors practically the same as that of the higher-priced monthlies. It is a condition which has puzzled many of the more thoughtful readers, how so much could be sold for so little and the business made to pay. A few years ago there were some sanguine prophets who saw in the near future a general reduction. The ten-cent magazine of any literary or artistic pretensions was then just making its appearance, and several of the old standard monthlies made tentative cuts from thirty-five to twenty-five cents, with a promise of possible further reduction. Most of them soon went back to the old price, after a season of disastrous experimenting, and now some of the best of the cheap monthlies have found it advisable to charge fifteen cents, apparently without detriment to their patronage. Evidently people are willing to pay a fair price for what they want when they cannot get things for less. The same may be said of bound books. Fifty cents is too little to pay for a really good book, and too much to give for trash. It is human nature to buy in the cheapest market, but many of the most regular customers of the remainder sales acknowledge that when they really want a book they are willing to pay three times as much for it rather than go without. It is a question whether the average man really appreciates what costs practically nothing. Attendants at free baths have discovered that in spite of the uproar which is raised when a small charge is made for towels or soap, the property is less subject to abuse than when absolutely free. The pauper patients of alms houses and free hospitals are always complaining of neglect and ill treatment, and the patrons of free libraries and reading rooms need constant surveillance. It is not until the people are asked to pay for things that they, as a rule, appreciate what they are getting. The ten-cent magazine of the better class has come almost to the verge of public ownership. There are, of course, plenty that are sold at that price which would be dear at ten for a cent, but they are outside consideration.

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The Bigoted Mrs. Mackay

BY THEODORE BONNET.

How stupid is smart society with its colorless women, its muliebrous men and its small talk! Smart society has greatly deteriorated since the days of Rochester, for the rakes of the Restoration were not fools, the women of the Merry Monarch's court had wit. It is something to be immoral without being jejune. Today smart society has nothing to palliate its vulgarity. But as it is human nature to prize most highly that which is most difficult of attainment, the smart setters spend a great deal of time fortifying a pretense of learning under the misapprehension that a veneer of culture is accepted as the reflection of a brilliant mind. A fair estimate of the intelligence of American smart society can be made by gauging that of its most brilliant intellectual lights. My purpose, however, is to consider only one—Mrs. Clarence Mackay, a lady who is regarded in the circles in which she moves as one of the most cultured of American women, a modern Madame de Stael distinguished for her sympathetic patronage of artistic folks, her excursions into the realms of literature, her personal beauty, her liberality with her husband's coin, and her feminine caprices. As De Morny said of the Princess Mathilde, she is "the man of the family."

The other day I was surprised to learn that Mrs. Mackay is a very ignorant woman, and thereupon I reflected on the stupidity of the society which pays deference to her as its cultured queen. Mrs. Mackay revealed her ignorance by disclosing her bigotry. The unpleasant disclosure was made in a letter written in response to the request of a parishioner of a Catholic church near the Mackay home, for a contribution to a fund to furnish a new parochial school. The request was made because Mrs. Mackay had been posing as a patron of educational institutions. Mrs. Mackay wrote:

Madam,

Yours of the fifteenth has been forwarded me here and in reply I wish to tell you that I absolutely disapprove of parochial schools of the Romanist faith, and consider them a grave menace to our country. Needless to say, I am not a Romanist, and will not help you. Yours truly,

August 17. KATHERINE MACKAY.

Now it is obvious that Mrs. Mackay is not only a bigot but also a very rude person. It is bad manners to indulge in wanton insult. It was unnecessary for Mrs. Mackay to express the opinion that the Catholic parochial school is a menace to the country, and it is most offensive to Catholics to have their religion referred to as the "Romanist faith." The polite solicitation of a donation was quite reasonable in view not only of Mrs. Mackay's professed interest in educational affairs, but also of the circumstance that she is being supported by money accumulated by a Catholic, and of the fact that she is the wife of a Catholic.

It is hard to determine which is the more deplorable —Mrs. Mackay's bad manners or her bigotry. There is a cognatic relationship between them, the one proclaiming the imperfect training of her heart, the other the insufficiency of the cultivation of her mind. It is only by the habit of mental cultivation that we are able to rise superior to religious prejudices. Mental cultivation makes for religious tolerance as well as for cosmopolitanism. When the iron heel of Napoleon was trampling the fields of Germany Goethe said to a friend, "How can one write songs of hatred without hating? How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth and to whom I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?" How can Mrs. Mackay, who professes to be so zealous for the cause of education, hate an institution that is doing so much for that cause? Solely because of her ignorance. Ignorance is the parent of bigotry. If Mrs. Mackay apprehended the character and aims of the parochial schools of the Catholic Church she would not consider them a menace to our country. It is not to her discredit, however, that she is not cognizant of the methods and purposes of the parochial school. But it argues a lamentable state of mind that she should pass judgment on something that she knows not of. If she had had the advantages of an adequate scholastic training she would not envelop herself in the triple brass of an impervious conceit to give offensive expression to a silly prejudice.

If Mrs. Mackay were to be interrogated on the subject of Catholic education it would be found that she was harboring the notion long prevalent among the illiterate that the darkness of the Middle Ages was due to the Catholic Church's opposition to enlightenment. It is hardly probable that she is aware of the fact that all honest Protestant writers have disavowed that popular theory and have ascribed the darkness to the political and social condition of the nations after the Northern barbarians had nearly annihilated ancient civilization. Mrs. Mackay has no doubt overlooked, in her quest of knowledge, such writers as Frederick Paulsen, of the University of Berlin, or that other German Protestant, Ranke, who wrote a history of the Popes. She probably bases her opinion of the Catholic parochial school on the pleasing fiction of Eugene Sue and Honore Balzac. I doubt whether she knows that Charles Carroll of Carrolton and John Carroll, the first Archbishop of Baltimore, signers of the Declaration of Independence, were educated at a Catholic parochial school, known as Bohemia Manor, on the eastern shore of the Chesapeake. And of course it is unlikely that she ever read the speech of Senator Vest of Missouri, delivered in the Senate on April 17th, 1900, from which I quote:

I was raised a Protestant. I expect to die one. I was raised in the old Scotch Presbyterian Church, my father was an elder in it, and my earliest impressions were that the Jesuits had horns and hoofs and tails, and that there was a faint tinge of sulphur in the circumambient air whenever one crossed your path. I was assigned by the Senate to examine the Indian schools in Wyoming and Montana. I visited every one of them. I wish to say now what I have said before in the Senate, and it is not the popu-

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lar side of the question by any means, that I did not see in all my journey a single school that was doing any educational work unless it was under the care of the Jesuits. The Jesuits have elevated the Indians wherever they have been allowed to do so without interference of bigotry and fanaticism. No man ever went among the Indians with more intense prejudice against the Jesuits than I had when I left the city of Washington to perform this duty.

Surely those who have taken the trouble to elevate the Indian are not training the American youth in the way he should not go. Nor is it likely that the ministers of a church which makes patriotism essential to holiness are instilling into the youthful mind doctrines subversive of constituted civil authority.

The fact is that the parochial school is doing more than any other institution in this country toward safeguarding the nation against evil, for the educators of the parochial school attach more importance to moral than to intellectual training. They are seeking to develop character on a foundation of Christian virtue, and that is rather an indirect way to menace the welfare of the country.

One of the most disquieting features of this age is that many of our educators have lost sight of the fundamental principle of education. The emphasis laid upon the moral training in the parochial school forms the most marked distinction between the true educator and the mere instructor, of whatever creed he may be. The defects of our people lie in morals rather than in intelligence. The mere accumulation of knowledge cannot make morally better an individual or a society. Education of the mind is an aid to morality, since it enables the individual to understand, to distinguish right from wrong, and to apprehend the consequences of evil, but it is not a cure for cupidity or an incentive to virtue. For Mrs. Mackay, however, to thoroughly apprehend such matters it would be necessary for her to drop light literature for awhile and saturate her mind with Jesuitical philosophy. It is not hard to master if one has taken the elementary course in a parochial school, and it is far more edifying than the breezy nonsense in "Fads and Fancies."

A Letter to Lawson

FROM CHARLEY SHORTRIDGE.

DEAR LAWSON: Few know, or will admit, the secret of your power,—your genius. I know it, and you know it; others know it, but few, if any, will admit it; the reason is, they feel that so much honest praise as is given to you, is so much taken from themselves. From all this I conclude: the financial world fears you; the literary folk admire, but pretend not to see and know the power of your pen. Your power is felt by the cunning and corrupt rich; the literary ones pass you coldly by now, but, in the days to come, your genius will find ample praise, and every panegyric which tardy justice can pay to merit will be heaped mountain high upon your new grave; indeed, if all the flowers of rhetoric, then offered, could be gathered and placed upon your grave you would "rest beneath a wilderness of blooms —a mountain of flowers."

I said before, I know your power and its cause; that sounds like Lawson, but it's not—it's Shortridge. Here is the idea: your style is your power. Style is the man; it's the means of all literary triumph; "it's the end of the author's and the orator's labors." Indeed, "style, after all, rather than thought, is the immortal thing in literature. The charm of style is indefinable, yet all subduing, just as fine manners are in social life." In reality it is not of so much consequence what you say, as how you say it; fine prose, living poetry, reduced to its last analysis, consist—in the "witchery of style."

All facts of history are well known to students, are easily found in books, have been caught and carefully recorded; but it took a Froude to write the life of Cæsar, and hence the history of Rome; albeit, every fact which Froude adorned with his masterful style had stuck for years in some rock, or picture, or encyclopaedia; he made no facts, but he set them in order and painted them with the master's brush—tinted them with heaven's dyes. The whole world was practically unknown until after Thomas Henry Buckle had devoted fourteen years to the study of style, and finally produced the "History of Civilization in England," and set it in a style so clear, so forceful, that all mankind saw and understood it as it was; and understood also that facts are horrid things, when not dressed by a master of style—a conjurer of words—a poet in prose, when not done by a daring man in action.

Romeo lived and loved his Juliet long before Shakespeare embalmed him as the personification of love gone mad; and Othello, the love-killed Othello, clutched the fair, white throat of the girlish Desdemona ages before the noble Moor was cozened to his grave by the snake-tongued Iago. It's style—it's how it's done; yea, "the style 's the thing—wherein we'll catch the conscience of the King." So, with you, my dear Lawson; and it might be said of you as it was of Burke, "your style is rich with all the higher graces of composition; your diction is varied and copious"; and, then some jealous monster added, "your phraseology, at times, is cumbersome"; not so: no one knows the falsity of the charge, and the truth of my deductions, better than the penny-a-liners who sell their ill-made stuff to newspapers. Now, for the purpose of demonstrating that I am myself a master of style, I conclude: You are a good and willing witness; every fact you utter, you write, was known to some one before you penned your "Frenzied Finance"—Rogers and others knew of them, but only one man could or dared tell of them; and only one man in the world could weave the dry, nasty facts into the fascinating, the entertaining story now flowing from your pen, and by its power enthralling the nation.

"The great thinkers of every age do not differ from the little ones so much in their thought, as in the manner in which they wreak their thoughts upon expression"—it's in the manner of doing the thing that genius triumphs over mediocrity; "hard-handed stone-masons collected the dome of St. Paul's, but it was a man of genius who hung it in air"—you have not invented the stones or other material, but with a master's hand you have placed them before an astonished world—and there they will remain forever—

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Of course your story is full of stones of truth as the rock-ribbed hills; and you are the architect whose cunning hand and fertile brain has transformed them from gorgeous heaps of dead and meaningless stone into a cathedral tower—now piercing the sky, and which will reflect the last, lingering rays of this century's sun.

Lawson: you are a conspicuous mark in the onward march of civilization!—you are a Buckle and a Froude of the dry-as-dust facts of the big financial crimes of the day; your style will live long after the facts have lost their interest to mankind. When taken from your pages, Rogers and Rockefeller are common clay, but as there embalmed, we see giants of mind and frame—colossal characters which make men stand open-mouthed, as children, admiring the creations of your rhetoric. Stripped of your fascinating rhetoric—your seductive and enthralling style, they are but plain dirt; removed from the glitter and glow of your rhythmic and dynamic sentences—the now living, breathing creations are, as before you made them attractive to men who think—plain Rogers and plain rich Rockefeller.

Lawson, you are performing a very great service to mankind; you are writing the most thoughtful and entertaining matter which has been printed in America in a hundred years; never since the day when a remnant of Washington's patriotic army stood on Boston heights, and "registered their love of liberty with bleeding feet on frozen snow," has such powerful, stimulating, and graceful rhetoric flown from an American pen; indeed, you are doing as much for truth and right living as the immortal Thomas Paine did for liberty, human rights, and self-government. "Common Sense" in 1776 is "Frenzied Finance" of today; and "Frenzied Finance" of today is but "Common Sense" charmed by Lawson. Having produced "Frenzied Finance," you can well afford to die poor, if such a blessing might be vouchsafed to you; you may then close your eyes in sleep with confidence that you will live in the hearts of men long after every honest and dishonest dollar of Rogers and Rockefeller has crumbled into dust.

I care nothing for your motives for writing—although I believe them good; but I do care very much for the effect you are having upon all men who think—for the new style, new power, and new graces which you are wringing from the use of words.

What a pity it is that the newspapers of the country do not all turn to help you; how depressing the thought that men who write fairly well have not the honesty to see and acknowledge your premiership over the writers, small and great—including those who write for pleasure, for money or for fame.

Finally, if the great publishers of the world would but adopt you, take you to their heart—an intellectual revolution would take place in America; and Lawson and Truth and honest Editors would kill Cowardice and lift up man to be regarded above dollars; and demonstrate to all the world that honesty does pay, and that stolen wealth is a curse to be shunned as we do the pestilence.

On Seeking One's Own

BY HARRY COWELL.

No sooner are we born—nay, conceived—than the door of destiny closes silently behind us. There is no return. Things of greatest moment have been settled for us. We are of a certain sex, race, time, place. Parents not of our choosing are ours. Of all persons in the world, why these particular two for father and mother? Why, for me, the male half of life, the other seen only as in a glass, darkly? A Southern gentleman of the old school can more easily put himself in the place of a negro than in that of his own wife, or daughter or mother. The gulf between sex and sex is wider and deeper than that between race and race. He is a happy man who, having arrived at years of discretion, would choose in everything exactly as Chance has chosen for him.

Take the case of a young woman I know, one in practice much given to making the best of things. She is of good birth, as we say, and born to an automobile; daily her looking-glass tells her nice things enough to turn a head less finely sane than hers. Health, too, she has, and to spare. Not Hygiea's self could ask for better. In short, life fairly beams upon her. And yet she has a sorrow, a sorrow curious, unaccountable, but very real and hard to bear. In secret she regrets—this Christian maiden—that she was not born a male child, a Pagan, a Greek, in Athens, at the time of Sophocles. How incredibly wide of the mark went this living arrow! Is she an ingrate? No, far as she is from being thoughtless, she is even farther from being thankless. This regret of hers that is a desire is of the soul, deep-rooted, ineradicable.

Like this maiden, we are all, more or less, born out of time and place. Seldom indeed is destiny commensurate with desire. Rarely do we meet a man that has come to his own, found his real self among the many pseudo-selves by which each of us is surrounded, with which each is confounded, for one or other of which a person will even at times take himself. Not often does a man lead his own life, think his own thought, do his own work in the world. Is your country yours, or the land you were born in? Is your religion yours, or the first to hand? Is your God yours, or that of your fathers? Is your wife yours, or do you live, not altogether innocent of adultery, with her who of right is your neighbor's? Your books, music, pictures, houses, clothes—yours, are they, beyond a doubt?

He who is himself is sure to incur the charge of affectation, may even pass for a prodigious poseur. Nevertheless, a man's first duty in a monotonous world is to differ from other men. A new commandment, therefore, give I unto you: Love your neighbor as yourself without in the least desiring to make him like yourself. If you can't both love him and let him be himself, then don't love him. Life is still in the experimental stage. Intolerance comes of thinking that it isn't. Let a man be never so wise, he none the less goes his way empirically. Every man worthy the name is in a large measure self-made; he has not just growed, Topsy-wise. But what architect of his own character can tell me, in making myself over, how much violence, for instance, to my original nature it is well for me to do in behalf of my ideal? A man, mind you, is not himself when he is one of his savage ancestors.

The successful traveler who has gone far in search of his own will tell you that he has found them—or it, as the

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case may be—in out-of-the-way places, often so much disguised as to be almost unrecognizable. The itinerary of such is of no little human interest. Many a traveler have I followed many a mile in thought, as nearly step by step as possible; but in fact, never a foot, knowing full well that to find my own I must take another road. On this voyage each has to steer by his own star. Better to follow the toss of a penny—head, I go here; tail, there—than any man's trail. Time and again, in my wanderings, have I observed men seeking with strange diligence much that was not their own, and finding it—and tragedy. The world over, the same astonishing sight: in every mart rich and poor alike buying that which, when bought, did not—could not possibly—belong to them. Knowledge of what not to grasp at is very rare; and the wisest of us, seeing other men let our *summum bonum* go by them without so much as lifting a finger, are moved to absurd wrath. Every now and then I catch myself saying—wonder in my voice—"There goes a man with Italy lying idle at his bankers!" forgetting for the time being that there may be little or nothing that is his in the land of Petrarch and Dante, of Leonardo da Vinci and Michaelangelo.

A small boy whom many years ago I knew very well was once left by his mother to keep house, in company with a puppy, which he loved with all the intensity of a passion not quite a day old. Some strawberry jam had been left on the dining-room table—expressly, so said conscience, for a good boy; it had been put away in the cupboard else. Now, as it happened, strawberry jam was, at that time, the small boy's *summum bonum,* the end of existence, the one thing needful, his affinity, his very own, to be had at any sacrifice. Accordingly, without the least hesitation, he took it, and, after a sharp skirmish between flesh and spirit, made up his mind to share it—and his sin, if, haply, the jam had not been meant for him—with the beloved puppy. The boy devoured his half, appetite increasing with every mouthful. The puppy nosed his, and finally left it untasted. Great was the small boy's astonishment, greater his disgust, greatest, his wrath. His passionate love having in an instant turned to still more passionate hate, he kicked the blameless despiser of strawberry jam out of doors, and then, for half an hour, sat looking wistfully, dejectededly, at that spoiled saucerful of *summum bonum* which he was too fastidious to touch, thinking the while long, long thoughts of youth. He has since, I am glad to say, come to a better understanding of canine nature, and his own. An uneaten dish of jam as the cornerstone of a man's character is hardly credible, but such in the hands of Providence it proved to be. Looking back, it seems as if that little possibility in bib and tucker might have been any one of many very different men. Did he, I wonder, make choice of the best of them? Not the worst, surely; no, not that!

Which of us is so self-satisfied, so incurious, so matter-of-fact, as never to go back in fancy to where the road forked, and lead another life? A single life is at best and fullest such a little thing that it is not at all surprising that so many make the mistake of leading double lives. All married persons lead double lives. To marry is to double your life as well as to "domesticate the recording angel." I once thought seriously—O, so seriously!—of becoming a professor of sociology. What would have become of *me* if I had gained a chair God only knows. Between your friend, Harry Cowell, and a pedagogue is a whole world. The twain stand in antipodal relation, the one to the other. The self I see sitting in that chair, from which my demon happily dissuaded me, cuts an exquisitely ridiculous figure in these Bohemian, laughter-loving eyes of mine, and in my leisure moments affords me no little divertisement. When I am tired of amusing myself at his expense, I make him die, a condemned pedant, spectacles on nose, and bury him in a shroud of examination papers, saying over him a significant "Dust to dust." "That which I longed to be, and was not, comforts me."

In no small measure, life is a seeking of our own, and that, whether we elect to stay at home and wait for our own to come to us, or to go abroad in quest of it. As for me, I just had to go abroad to find myself, to say nothing of my scattered belongings. Whatever the fortune of other men, I, for one, did not drop into my place in the world like a silkworm's egg deposited on a mulberry leaf. My people were not my people, nor their God my God. This I now know is, I take it, the state of life to which it has pleased God to call me, and not that I knew when, as a child, I duly parroted my catechism. Certain, it is, that I have met my own, many of them, traitors all to some of the most sacred and cherished traditions of race, caste, family, but all loyal to the truth as they see it. One thing noteworthy, too, touching our theme, I have learned on my travels—of whom, in what school, I leave you to guess. It is this, that in all great seeking is a great finding, never absolute failure.

RUGS

Charming in their quaintness are some "Pilgrim" rugs received within the last few days. They are quite as attractive as the dainty "Colonial" rugs which with the "Pilgrims" are on exclusive display here. Both are so delightfully old-fashioned.

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BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

From sire to sire for such long cheerless time
Have we accepted tears as heritage,
And dol'rous droned through lengths of ancient rhyme
With ceaseless sorrow for unchanging theme,
That life has come to be a weary page
And joy the phantasm of a fevered dream.

So long have wrappings of unyielding gloom
Close-swathed the heart, that we resent the word
Which pleads for happiness this side the tomb.
For us no note of earth must vibrant rise;
For us the nearer music to be heard
Is lost in seeking that of distant skies.

We call him pagan who in gladness strips
From glowing truth the dull, dogmatic sheath,
And kisses pleasure full upon the lips;
We call him Christian who embraces care,
Who hunts the thorns to weave in crowning wreath—
For heaven more fit if girded by despair.

We leave the brilliant substance for the wraith,
And deem him sainted by conjoint acclaim
Who wears a smileless face in show of faith.
Like mewling children, of the dark afraid,
We cling to crude supports, abstruse and lame,
And keep to doleful covenants, self-made.

When will the sons of men, as one agreed,
Consent to read the word that shines above
Unbound by dwarfing hindrances of creed?
When will the fallacies to which we cling
Be merged in one great universal love?
When will we say "The Father," not "The King"?

September, 1905.

The Saunterer

Shortridge to Lawson

Now comes Charles M. Shortridge, journalist, lawyer, orator and statesman, as a self-constituted authority on style. This is a new role for the erratic spellbinder, and it will be seen from the manner in which he has conducted himself therein that he takes it seriously. Mr. Shortridge is a man whose talents cover a wide range, but it has not been generally known that he is a student of literature, or that he had developed into a literary critic. It is interesting to learn that Mr. Shortridge appreciates the literary art, for we must infer that as an orator he believes in something more than the stentorian harangue. An orator who has cultivated a taste for style knows the value of the rounded period, the efficacy of the polished phrase and the charm of the melodious sentence. But Town Talk has not vouchsafed space to Mr. Shortridge merely to enable him to disclose his appreciation of the subtleties of the literary art. These columns have been thrown open to him because he has something to say about a man in the public eye. He has discovered that Tom Lawson of Boston is something more than a reformer, that he is a rhetorician who as such is destined to win the acclaim of posterity. I have known that Lawson's screaming sentences, hackneyed images and bombastic phrases appealed to the mob. I never thought of attributing my own erroneous impressions of his swashbuckling style to envy, nor did I dream that his detonating utterances would excite the admiration of so competent a critic as Mr. Shortridge. It should interest many to learn that Lawson has aroused the envy of the literati. "Frenzied Finance" is seasoned with the salt of life, it quickens the pulse and is centrally human, but it is not every one who can detect therein the conscious or even the unconscious touches of the literary artist. None but a scholar, a student of style, could point out Mr. Lawson's punctilious observance of the proprieties of his medium, or enthuse over his adaptation of word to matter, or rejoice in the freshness of his illustration and the accordance of his expressions and ideas. But these triumphs of the literary art have appealed to Charley Shortridge and that is why Town Talk has published a copy of the letter which the statesman has forwarded to the Boston millionaire.

"The Wickedness of Josephine"

This is the Frenchy title of a little volume with which Mr. A. M. Robertson, the publisher, who encourages Californian literary talent, expects to provoke discussion and pique curiosity. "The Wickedness of Josephine" is to make its appearance in a vapor of mystery. The authorship is not to be disclosed. Indeed it has been hinted that Mr. Robertson is himself in ignorance on that point. I have seen the original manuscript, which is said to have reached Mr. Robertson in a mysterious way, and my judgment is that the chirography is that of a woman, but that is not proof strong as holy writ of the author's sex. However, the circumstances under which the manuscript reached the publisher justifies, in a measure, the suspicion that it is work of a society woman who dabbles in literature. The supposition is that she does not wish her friends to know that she is quite so sophisticated as her printed reflections indicate. The sub-title of the volume is "A Woman's Comment." The comments are epigrammatic and highly seasoned. Some of the maxims are desperate efforts at spici-

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but nearly any collection of maxims or epigrams palls. Reading a number of these tidbits is like making a meal of salted almonds.

Samples of Wickedness

But "The Wickedness of Josephine" with its attendant mystery should arouse some interest, especially as it bears evidence of intellectual agility. Take this, for example: "A reserved woman is a treasure, and sometimes three or four men think they have reserved her." And this: "Many young women declare their intention of becoming old maids. It is their polite way of claiming that to be still possible." Some of the maxims are a little too broad for reproduction in a family journal, but at Burlingame they should serve as a fund from which to spice the dulling conversation. Indeed the possession of this collection of epigrams might give a society woman a brief summer reputation for wit. It is easy to paraphrase a maxim and pass it off as original. De la Rochefoucauld and Chesterfield have served as first aid to the exhausted wit of many a jaded writer. Here is a flexible witticism from "The Wickedness of Josephine" susceptible of paraphrase: "A woman standing in French heels, and drinking champagne, is the highest product of civilization." The difficulty of writing epigrammatically of some things in English is shown by the following: "Some women attract by graceful conversation; others by a graceful motion of the hips." That could be stated much more gracefully in French. Also this query: "One of love's mysteries: Why do silk stockings enhance the value of a kiss?"

A Hint to Her Identity

Under the head of "Slander and Reputation" we are told that, "Sometimes, after a woman's character is picked to pieces, sad angels put it together again"; also, "When a woman gets herself into hot water, she stays in the house and is sedate for nearly two whole days afterwards to prevent her reputation from catching cold." I should judge that Josephine is a brunette, for she tells us that "She who bleaches her hair darkens her reputation; but a dame naturally blonde never had a reputation to lose." If ever the authorship of these reflections is revealed it will be interesting to ponder this one: "I can laugh at those who criticise me; they do not guess the worst." A chapter entitled "The Progress of Woman" leads off with this: "A young woman is uninteresting until her curiosity has changed to regret; regret soon coalesces into recklessness. But a woman never feels wrecked until covered with the ridicule of all men; and she will not receive that until she becomes too fat and abdomenesque for a corset or too thin and skinny for a muddy crossing." Josephine is poetic at times and in telling of her first love affair says that she felt as though a bolt of moonlight had shot through her. She gives a hint of polygamous tendencies in this: "Sometimes it requires three men to sweeten one woman," but the manuscript contains no other hint as to her identity. That she has a past is evident from this: "Those who complain that the rose has thorns have never loved the rose." In this she suggests the temperament of Mary MacLane of Butte: "There may be a dozen ways of eating an orange or singing a song or loving, but eventually we get back to the simplest, that is, the coarsest way." There are a good many new applications of old truths in this collection of frank philosophy, and many are in tune with the superficial elements of modern smartness, but despite their cleverness such mental food is to be partaken of sparingly if indigestion is to be avoided.

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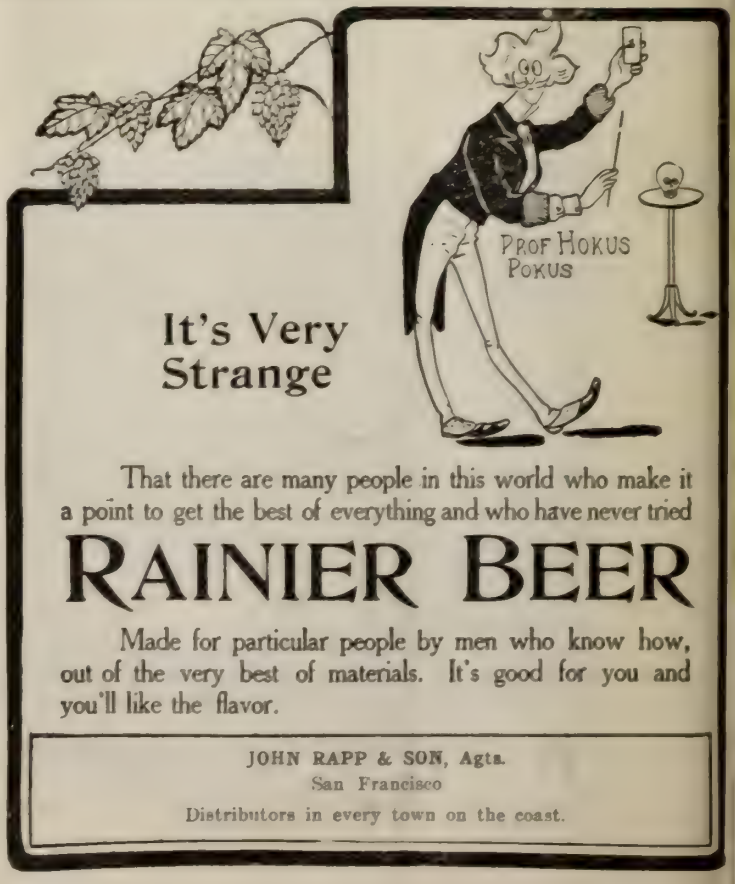
Mrs. Shorb's Ball

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White showed some sagacity in setting the date for her first dance two weeks after the initial Greenway ball, for she will be able to observe the shortcomings of her rival and avoid any mistakes he may make. Last year she made up her mind to surpass the Greenway supper and succeeded by supplying a greater variety of dishes at less cost. Indeed, the gate receipts were so small that there was barely money enough in the treasury to defray expenses. I should therefore not be surprised if the tax were increased this year. As Mrs. White is not a champagne drummer she should not be expected to pay the piper when society dances, for she has nothing to gain.

When Ned Rounds 'Em Up

Ned Greenway has decided to pull off his first dance for the season on his birthday, November fourth. He will then enter upon the twenty-fifth year of his reign as the Czar of the 500. On the evening of that day he will summon the *creme de la creme* of the Friday Night Club to hang their trilbies 'neath the mahogany. Mr. Greenway's list of annual dinner guests is always an index to who's who, for it includes only those of the smart set whom he considers worth while. The debutantes are always invited whether they be of the really swagger push or not, but the matrons are culled from the flower of the provincial aristocracy of wealth. On such occasions Ned always pays deference to the powerful of the fashionable herd. The debutante list, by the the powerful fashionable herd. The debutante list, by the way, has been growing shorter, several mammas having decided to postpone the appearance of their olive branches, the reason being that they do not wish to be considered older than they think they look. Mr. Greenway confesses that the fewer the debutantes the happier he will be, for it



has always been his custom to honor every "debbie" with a dance at his initial ball. During the past few years this time-honored custom required an heroic struggle on the part of the paunch-burdened cavalier. If, as I have heard, there are to be only five buds, Ned's terpsichorean efforts will not subject him to the danger of an apoplectic stroke.

It's Going to be Swell

The daughters of the Confederacy are making a mighty effort to impart tone to this year's ball. Last year and the year before the Confederacy dance lacked eclat. They were attended by too many of the persons who crowd the *Examiner's* Chaperon columns which, by command of Mr. Hearst, I believe, are devoted to the glorification of the plain people. If you are written up by the Chaperon you are not of the swim. Some of the howling swells have promised to attend the Confederacy ball this year, and Secretary Taft and party have been billed as headliners for the occasion, so there should be a pretty stiff demand for tickets.

"Papa, why do they call it Labor day?"

"Because, my son, the professional working man works his jaw more industriously on that day than on any other."

They'll Not Parade Alice Again

When Alice Roosevelt returns from the Philippines in November she will be besieged by the smart set and loaded with invitations. It has already been arranged to schedule her for two or three days at Burlingame, where she will meet the horsey set and find congenial company. Nobody will attempt to repeat the Martin fiasco, the history of which has never been written. Alice Roosevelt abhors the lioness stunt. She hates being paraded at a formal function. Her prejudices against the ostentatious "sassiety" affair found expression at that sadly memorable Martin function which the genial boosters of the daily gush columns went into ecstasies over, but which had almost a funereal wind-up. If Mrs. Martin didn't weep when it was over it was because she knows that tears furrow the cheeks and nowadays beauty doctors come high. So Alice will not be called upon again to serve as the motif of a social branding function. It is now known that she won't stand without being anchored on such occasions, and a big reception at which the guest of honor merely pays her respects and backs out is hardly worth while.

The Blingum Ball

There is to be a ball at Burlingame during the stay of Alice Roosevelt, but it is not to be a three-ringed affair with the President's daughter as the star performer. It is to be a house-warming in the new club house which is being rushed to completion, and nearly all the guests will be residents of San Mateo county. As Mrs. Will Crocker is very active on the committee of arrangements, there will be no advertising done in the daily prints. I have been assured by one of the Blingumites that the ball will be a polite affair conducted in strict accordance with the canons of good taste.

The Bunkers Confession

The news that Senator Bunkers had been persuaded to peach on his pals caused something of a sensation in political circles, and startled boodling statesmen from Siskiyou to San Diego. It is safe to say that every man who was bribed in either of the last two sessions of the legislature read of Bunkers' confession with blanched cheeks and a twitching of the wrists. When a corrupt official turns state's evidence then every man who has permitted himself to be debauched in public office becomes sensible of the awful risk which he incurred when he bartered his honor. He can never feel absolutely at ease. The fact that the person by whom he was debauched is equally guilty does not insure him against punishment. There is always the possibility of the other man's becoming conscience stricken, or finding confession expedient. Unfortunately the Bunkers confession may prove of little value, for that shameless individual has not a very large supply of reliable information. During both sessions of the legislature his hand was always out for a bribe, and his fellow statesmen often amused themselves by telling him of corruption funds that had no existence. Everybody in Sacramento knew of Bunkers' cupidity. It was a favorite topic of jest. He was sent on many a wild-goose chase after a sack, and frequently he was in a towering rage over his failure to be taken in on corruption deals that were never made. So it is not unlikely that he told a great deal that was purely fiction. Yet he participated in a number of sack distributions, and the mere narrative of his own experience should be interesting.

Abe's Latest Proposition

Abe Ruef has not given up all hope of breaking into the Republican convention. The fight over the chairmanship has filled him with glad expectancy. He sees in it the prospect of a serious split, and he has devoted himself to the promotion of fatal discord by throwing out the suggestion that in the event of Fairfax Wheelan and his reformers being driven out of the convention he will put on the Labor ticket nearly all the Republican nominees. This is

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was expected to vote for John Hammersmith, and Harrison's activity in the latter's behalf led to an unpleasant incident. Harrison had been basing his opposition to Gleason on the ground that the latter was not so well qualified as Hammersmith for the job. Now it happened that Gleason had in his possession a letter from Harrison given to him for introductory purposes on an Eastern trip. In this letter Mr. Harrison pronounced Gleason a gentleman and a scholar and guaranteed him as all wool and a yard wide, or words to that effect. Mr. Gleason distributed copies of that letter for campaign purposes, among the members of the club. As it was not a private letter but intended for exhibition among strangers, Gleason was advised that it was no violation of propriety to show it to members of his club over which the writer presides. Mr. Harrison, who is a Chesterfield as well as an athlete, a stickler for the proprieties as well as for the amateur rules, expressed his views of Mr. Gleason's action in this letter, a copy of which was sent to every member of the club the day before the election: "Referring to my introductory letter given to Mr. Gleason a year ago and now used as a campaign document, permit me to express my surprise and annoyance that an ordinary introduction given to Mr. Gleason, who was visiting New York and who asked me for such an introduction, should be used for election purposes. I have given similar letters to members of the club, and the letter referred to was given for an express purpose, viz., to make things pleasant for Mr. Gleason. The use of the letter is an abuse of the purpose for which it was given —its issue reflects no credit upon Mr. Gleason.—William Greer Harrison."

A New Name for Richmond

Some of the inhabitants of a town called Richmond, on the other side of the bay, are much exercised because some of the other inhabitants propose to change the name to Rockefeller. The reason for this proposed change of name is in the circumstance that most of the town belongs to Standard Oil, the remainder being part of the Santa Fe system. The other day the citizens held an election for the purpose of incorporating the town and to avoid paying taxes Standard Oil and the Santa Fe insisted on being left outside the corporate boundaries of the new town—they intend to derive all the benefits of municipal government without paying for it. Consequently the city limits of Richmond as they are depicted in the surveyor's map resemble a photograph of forked lightning or the working edge of a cross-cut saw. With these facts and details in mind several very appropriate names suggest themselves as applicable in the event that the tax-dodging corporations succeed in changing the name of their part of the town. It might be called Zigzag; or it might be named Shirkopolis; or, if the kicking citizens are very mad, they might incorporate by the name of Taintville. Jesting aside, however, why not call the new town Tarbell or Lawson?

Science That Was "Popular"

I hope that my anthropological friends accomplished more than the daily newspapers reported of their proceedings. Otherwise I see no valid reason for the convention recently adjourned. As far as I have been able to learn from the newspapers the bulk of the session was wasted in listening to stale anecdotes of the local aborigines largely furnished by women. I suppose this "folk lore" is deemed of importance to students of mankind, but for my part I would rather hear something authentic concerning the migration of the Toltecs, the origin of the Mayas, or the source of the civilization of the Aztecs. Moreover I am disappointed in the meagre results of the discussion regarding the famous skull of that pliocene man found in a prospect hole "near the tenement of Jones" over in Calaveras, so-called because it is a place of skulls. I had hoped that the mystery of that skull would be definitely "solved" by these learned men. As it happens these anthropologists have only darkened the counsel of previous investigators, and left the subject more palpably a joke on Professor Whitney than it was when Bret Harte reported the proceedings of our Society on the Stanislaus. I read that the session closed with an excursion en masse to Santa Rosa to call on Luther Burbank. Why? Luther Burbank is a scientist, to be sure, but he is not an anthropologist. I'll bet my well preserved specimen of a mesozoic five-toed horse (ungulatus digitalis) against any Brummagem mummy in the Society's collection, that it was one of those aboriginal lady essayists who proposed that they swoop don on "the wizard" in one fell swoop. It has gone abroad that Burbank has "perfected" some everlasting millinery, and that report has done more to advertise his fame in the four corners than has the fact that he has produced a potato that has won the encomiums of crowned heads all over the world. I repeat: I am grieved and disappointed with the net result of this session of the Anthropological Society of America; speaking, of course, more in sorrow than in anger, as befits the occasion.

Their Wedding Trip

The Howard Huntingtons went to Oneonta on their wedding trip because that New York town was the old home of the Huntington family, and the bridegroom's grandmother still resides there. They had a few days in New York later, and then sailed for Cherbourg, France. They expect to be away about four months, journeying through France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, Norway and Great Britain. This is young Huntington's first long vacation in years. It had been one of his warmest desires to go abroad, and now the wish is being realized in a doubly delightful way.

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SAMUEL GASKINS "CAUGHT NAPPING"

From the portrait in black and white, by Ada Romer Shawhan, which was exhibited under the title of "Caught Napping." Samuel Gaskins—not Gasking, as the despatches had it—died at Santa Cruz last week, at the age of ninety-three years. He was some years back one of the editorial writers on the New York *Herald* and *World*, and came to California about thirty years ago, and lived in this city before he went to Santa Cruz, where he bought himself a small country place. He was known as the "Man of Mystery," and it was said that he was a son of the Earl of Wimbleton, and a schoolmate of Queen Victoria. He was a very well-known figure in the streets of San Francisco. Mrs. Shawhan, who excels in the portrayal of characteristic expression, has pictured the old man in one of his most habitual poses.

Modest William Keith

William Keith, the artist who has made five hundred thousand dollars with his brush and can paint a landscape in an hour, is one of the most delightfully self-satisfied men on God's footstool. There is something so naive about his self-appreciation that one cannot help forgiving him. He and John Muir have been life-long friends and there is nothing on which the artist and writer can agree. "John," said Keith to Muir one day, "you have more money than you know what to do with. Why don't you make some good paying investments?"

"What are they?" asked Muir.

"Buy some of my pictures," said the artless William.

"What do I want with your old pictures?" replied the other.

"Want with them?" cried Keith, "why, you don't know what you are talking about. I shall die some day, and then think of the value of a Keith!"

Leopold Michels' Statue

Mr. Leopold Michels, who is an art connoisseur, had a gift sent him from Italy the other day with a way-bill attached. Now Leopold Michels is one of the most gentle and amiable of men, but when he found that he had to pay about two hundred dollars for freight he was not pleased. Then he discovered that the present was a statue. "I have not seen the statue," cried Michels, "and I have to pay two hundred dollars on a present. I don't want such presents. How do I know that the statue is worth two hundred dollars?" Ed Chambers, of the Santa Fe, to whom Michels was looking for sympathy, suggested that he make the statue a present to the park if he did not like its looks. "I tell you what," said Michels, "look here, Chambers, you pay the freight and take the statue. I am sure it is a good one and a great work of art, because the man that sent it to me is a great connoisseur—one of the best in Europe."

"No, no," said Chambers, "I won't rob you—couldn't think of such a thing. Besides, you'll want it for your rooms."

"No, my rooms are full. Why, man, this is a chance once in your lifetime. You can stick it up in your office,' urged Michels.

"I won't rob you of your work of art," said the magnanimous Chambers, and he went away leaving Michels solemnly heaping maledictions on the head of the fool relative who sent him the statue.

With the Artists

The Maynard Dixons have found a picturesque abode under the shadow of the unfinished Fairmount, near Clay street. They intend only, however, to abide there for a short while as they will go East in October. Mrs. Dixon has resigned the presidency of the Arts and Crafts Society.

Joe Greenbaum spent his vacation at Tahoe, boating and fishing, and sketching just a little.

Frank McComas is no idler, and during his honeymoon trip he painted busily so he has now, I hear, enough canvases to give another exhibition. However he has such good luck at selling his pictures almost as soon as he puts the last stroke on them that there is no need for him to exploit them for advertising purposes. Since his marriage there has been even a greater call for his pictures than before.

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Miss Briggs "Arrives"

I hear from friends of Miss Anne Frances Briggs, the water color artist, that she is having the time of her life in London, where she is a guest of Mrs. Thornburg Cropper. By the way, it was owing to Mrs. Cropper's faith in her friend's paintings that the latter arrived. She gave Mrs. Cropper a picture or two and that lady sent them to the Salon, where they attracted a great deal of attention. Then Miss Briggs went to London and now it is said King Edward has commanded her to attend some doings at the Palace and if that is not worth a commission or two I do not know my London.

"Do you think they will hang Dauber's picture?"
"I should recommend drawing and quartering."

He Got the Dog

William McMurray, who left the city on Friday to become the Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, is one of the most resourceful men in the business. This quality is what the railroad companies mostly need, and a man that can rise to any emergency is certain to rise to a position of dignity and emolument. Some years ago McMurray was sent by the Southern Pacific to escort Sarah Bernhardt as far as New Orleans. He was told that he must please the tragedienne and that any wish, never so absurd, must be promptly granted. McMurray did not like the job, and he was in a state of anxiety all along the road. One morning the divine Sarah sent for him and told him that she must have a hairless Mexican dog. They were then somewhere on the deserts of New Mexico and McMurray was in a quandary. There was not even a common cur in sight, much less a hairless Mexican beast. "When do you want him?" asked the diplomatic McMurray. "At once," said Sarah. "Will you wait till we get to El Paso?" inquired "Mac," as he is familiarly called. "Perhaps," and Sarah shrugged her shoulders. El Paso was reached and McMurray started in to find a hairless dog. There was not one in El Paso. He delayed the train and sat down on a stoop and mopped his brow. "I have to get that dog," he soliloquized, "and where?" And as he spoke a common yellow cur crossed his path. Then genius came to "Mac's" rescue. He seized the dog and rushed into a barber's shop. "Will you shave this dog clean for me? I'll give twenty dollars for the job. There must not be a hair on him—not a hair." The job was done skilfully and "Mac" boarded the train with a hairless dog. He rushed to Bernhardt's car. The train was just beginning to move. It had been delayed till the dog was shaved! "Here is your dog, Madame," he cried. "Heavens, what a beauty! Mr. McMurray, you are an angel." This is the kind of man that Harriman wants and if our railroad men do not look out "Mac" will make Oregon the great hunting ground of the West, as that is the business he intends to corral.

Educated Men Wanted

It seems that the day will soon be gone when our great railroad men will come from the ranks. The Southern Pacific Company is inaugurating a system which will probably work well. It sends to the two universities for likely young men who have taken a course in engineering and makes them students. These lads get a thorough training in railroad work and are given a chance to see the workings of many offices. They thus get a general and also a practical idea of the duties of a railroad man. I understand that one of the most likely lads engaged by the Southern Pacific is a son of "Pop" Cahill of the *Examiner,* who has inherited a good deal of his father's brilliant mentality. "Pop" has another son who is a clever mining engineer. This new recruiting system of the railroad company is the pet of General Manager Colvin, one of the brainy self-made men on the Harriman staff.

Ryan Wasn't Lionized

In local financial circles very little interest was taken in Thomas F. Ryan. I doubt whether any of our bankers called on him. Though he is a big railroad man, the railroad people did not put themselves out of the way about him, and though he is a big mining man the mining men did not bestir themselves to do him honor. Mr. Ryan is interested with the Guggenheims in a variety of enterprises, and he is also a large owner in the big steel combine which is to put up a copper plant somewhere near this city. A gentleman who has had dealings with Thomas F. Ryan said to me the other day: "He is going to be the greatest financier in the United States and will completely overshadow Morgan. He is to my thinking a bigger man than Morgan now. In a few years Ryan will make his power felt and he will make the giants of today appear as pigmies."

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The Handsome Ritchie

There is no doubt that Mr. Ritchie of the Chicago and Northwestern is the most distinguished looking man in railroad circles. He is also undoubtedly the best dressed man. The other morning Ritchie appeared on the street in a beautiful dove gray suit. A generous sun was shining and Ritchie looked summery, cool and happy. A turquoise pin was resting in a snow white silk ascot and Ritchie looked as glad as the morn. And then there blew in from the West dark masses of clouds and the day was overcast and sad. "Wonder how Ritchie will look now," mused Harry Buck as he glanced at the gloomy skies. And lo! there was Ritchie in a dark blue suit and a dark blue necktie. "Even this blamed climate can't get ahead of Ritchie," said Buck as he turned into his office with a look of admiration at the immaculate Ritchie.

Pollock's Rise to Affluence

I hear that Allan Pollok has become a rich man. A few years ago Allen Pollok came to this city from San Diego friendless and unknown. He obtained a small position in a hotel and proceeded to learn the business. In time he became the buyer for the Palace, and formed a nice line of acquaintances. It was noised about that he had a genius for systematizing small details, and that he was very attentive to his employers' interests. When the St. Francis was projected Pollok was offered the management, and a little later Colonel Kirkpatrick discharged him. He didn't want an employe ingratiating himself into the friendship of his patrons on the eve of his assumption of the management of a rival business. He was at the St. Francis only a short time when he was offered the management of the gas company. He put all his savings into gas stock on the ground floor and sold out the other day at ninety, clearing up a tidy sum. Assuredly the Scots are a great people.

The Eccentric Sharons

San Franciscans who have recently seen Mrs. Fred Sharon, whose automobile was stoned in Germany the other day, agree that she is the youngest-looking woman in Paris —for her age. She looks not more than thirty-three. I hear that she and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Breckenridge, are now on friendly terms and that she allows her fifteen thousand a year for her clothes. The Sharons are a very eccentric couple. Mrs. Sharon is always accepting invitations and declining them at the last moment. Fred Sharon sleeps all day and lives all night.

The Bradens Are Coming

San Francisco society is soon to be joined by another wealthy family from Montana. E. B. Braden, who represents the Guggenheims on this coast, is to make San Francisco his home. Mrs. Braden, I am told, intends shortly to come to San Francisco. She is one of the most generous hostesses of Helena, and her home has long been the objective point of distinguished visitors to Montana. Braden is a lover of horses and a good judge of horseflesh, and will no doubt have a fine stable when he establishes himself here.

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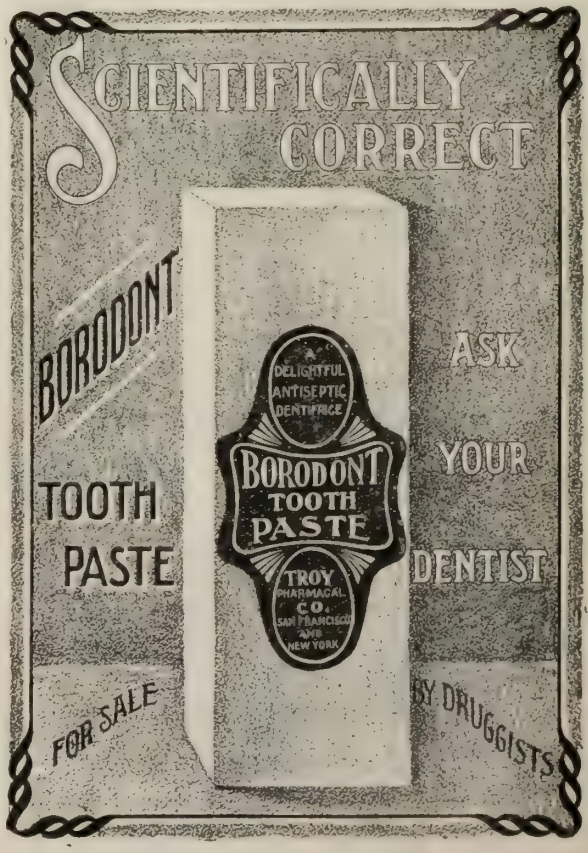

Engagement Rumor Revived

Again the rumor is going the rounds that Maude Bourn and Frank King are engaged. This rumor was started about two years ago, shortly after the debut of Miss Bourn. It was promptly denied and was dormant until a few weeks ago. Miss Bourn will be a big heiress some day. Mr. King is one of the most successful of our young business men and he is a very fine chap.

May Get the "Petrel"

Captain George W. Bauer is receiving the congratulations of his friends over the prospect of the Navy Department's assigning to the use of the California Naval Militia, which he commands, the steel gunboat *Petrel,* as a practice ship, to replace the obsolete and almost worthless wooden corvette *Marion.* The naval militia have been criticised more or less on the score of being tin soldiers rather than bronzed sailors, but with the advantages furnished by a modern war-vessel, with modern guns, modern engines and modern fittings generally, Captain Bauer is justified in the belief that his organization will in the near future become not only naval but a considerable factor in the nation's reserve strength. Interest in the *Petrel* is increased by the recollection that she was one of Dewey's original squadron in the battle of Manila bay.

To Be Tried By His Peers

Commander Lucien Young, of the *Bennington,* has no reason to complain of the personnel of the court-martial which has been convened to try him, for it is composed of as intelligent, level-headed and "square" a lot of men, with one or two exceptions, as could be readily brought together. Admiral Glass, who will be president of the court, may be depended upon to demand the whole truth, and he will have the earnest co-operation of "Willie" Winder, "Herschell" Holmes, Stacy Potts, "Fudge" Gearing, and others noted for their professional zeal. It is safe to say that there will be no white-washing, even of so popular a man as Lucien Young, nor any attempt to curry favor with the department by an unduly severe finding.

Mrs. Crocker at Del Monte

The social calcium is focused on Del Monte this week, for every one in society who had the price hurried down there. The desire to be present at the tournament animated everybody, rich or poor. Mrs. Eleanor Martin went down, of course, and all her family except the Peter Martins shared the limelight with her. The Harvey girls are very popular, and as they play a fairly good game of golf, are much in demand. Jennie Crocker is the particular star at the hotel this week, but is not considered appreciative of the attention lavished upon her. She is a sensible girl who abhors toadies.

The Alexanders

The C. B. Alexanders have their three daughters with them at Del Monte. Harriet, the eldest, is named after her mother, but resembles her father's family. Janette, the second daughter, is a genuine Crocker. Both Harriet and Janette are favorites in Newport, their intimate friend being Blanche Oelrichs, Mrs. Peter Martin's sister. The Alexanders go about in New York and Newport society much more of late than they did for the first few years after their marriage. They are regarded as topnotchers in the exclusive Tuxedo set.

Captain and Mrs. John Leale are at Lake Tahoe.

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MIMI, IN "LA BOHEME"
(From the painting by Ada Romer Shawhan.)

Linda Montanari, the wife of the tenor Agostini, was the original of the painting of "Mimi" by Ada Romer Shawhan, which the artist dedicated to the music lovers of San Francisco. Montanari was the first to sing the role of Mimi in San Francisco, and San Francisco was the first city in the United States to hear Puccini's "La Boheme." Although the greatest singers in the world, including Melba, have sung the part here since, none but Montanari was the ideal Mimi, according to the judgment of most of the local artists and musicians. Montanari's first child was christened Mimi, and I have lately heard—though I cannot verify the report—that in giving birth to a second child Montanari died. The company which included Agostini and his wife stranded here, and the privations that they suffered undermined the prima donna's health. I have heard that they almost starved before they finally secured an engagement at the Tivoli. Mrs. Shawhan has painted Mimi as she first enters the studio of the Bohemians in the first act, where she asks Rudolpho for a light for her candle.

"Lucky" Baldwin Unbends

Writes my Los Angeles correspondent: "The smiling acres of the Santa Anita rancho, the finest of 'Lucky' Baldwin's several San Gabriel valley holdings, assumed their fairest aspect in the early morning hours of August twenty-ninth, when Miss Anita Baldwin, daughter of the E. Jackson Baldwins and niece of 'Lucky,' became the bride of Herbert A. White, a wealthy young sojourner from Pittsburg. Miss Baldwin was brought to the famous rancho when a babe in arms and was the second Baldwin girl to be named for the place. The White brothers, Herbert and Frank, came West for the benefit of the former's health, and had intended to spend four years traveling, but the meeting with Miss Baldwin changed their plans. 'Lucky' Baldwin, who is now eighty years of age, has an aversion for kodaks and newspaper men, but in the midst of the good cheer which pervaded the atmosphere of Santa Anita on the wedding day he joined the family group for a picture under the palms, and opened for the newsgatherers the choicest wines of the Baldwin cellars, which have gathered cobwebs since the days of the padres."

The Metropolitan Lure

The moneyed men of Los Angeles are beginning to drift to this city in search of opportunities for investment. One of the most persistent of them is "Bob" Rowan, the Napoleon of the real estate market in Los Angeles. A few years ago he was a clerk in an office, and now he is a big operator. Bilicke, the hotel man, who happened to drop into Los Angeles about the time of the first boom, and who couldn't help getting rich, has come up here to start a cheap hotel on the Windsor site. Then there is Colonel Lankershim, who is going to build a hotel or an office building on the site of the Metropolitan Temple. This historic landmark will shortly be torn down and a modern building will take its place. It will be remembered that the father of the Colonel was a great admirer of old preacher Kalloch and built the Temple for him. His son, who doesn't exactly belong to the romantic school, does not hesitate to pull it down and build something in its place which will produce more revenue. There are other Los Angeles men coming up here to invest, and they are doing so because Los Angeles has more big buildings already than she needs.

Had a School in Nevada

Bishop Whittaker, who attracted a fashionable feminine audience at Trinity church on Tuesday afternoon, is a great friend of the Requas. The Whittakers and Requas lived in Reno many years ago, and the Bishop was then at the head of a school. Many of his old pupils attended the reception given last week at Highlands, the Requas' home, where the Bishop and his wife have been visiting this summer. The affair was a celebration of the Whittakers' fortieth wedding anniversary.

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Society Boat Builders

The Collier boys, Will and Page, recently resigned their positions in the Union Iron Works, and started in to make boats for the renters at Lakeport. I am surprised that no Sunday suppist has considered their original move of sufficient interest to make a page story of it. The Collier boys enjoy the simple life, and declare that pink teas and the glitter of society do not appeal to them. The Collier family, by the way, have been entertaining house parties as usual this year, and have had Kate Clement Hewitt, Edith Berry, Sidney Salisbury, Angelo Conte and others up for a few days or longer.

Will Take Place in Town

It is expected that a small contingent of Chicago society people will come out to be present at the marriage of the Mayo Newhalls' daughter with Mr. Houghtelling of the windy city. Miss Margaret is at present visiting her fiance's people, and is seeing the smart resorts of Illinois and Wisconsin under their chaperonage. The marriage is not to be a country-place affair, after all, but will be celebrated at the Mayo Newhalls' new home in Green street. As soon as the house is finished, the invitations for the wedding will be issued.

"Don't you think Reginald is a very mild-mannered gentleman?"

"Yes; he's so effeminate I'm always expecting him to ask me if his hat is on straight."

Her Generous Self-Sacrifice

Grace Whitney, whose engagement with Rev. A. Harold Phillips, an English clergyman, has just been announced, is a sister of the Whitney brothers, so long champions of the tennis courts. She is a young girl of charming and unselfish disposition, to which she gave beautiful expression when her mother, Mrs. Frank L. Whitney, went to Europe some time ago. She wished her daughter to accompany her but the young girl preferred to stay behind with her brother, who has been an invalid ever since his accident on the tennis court. She remained with him in the country, cheering him during his long confinement by her companionship. Mrs. Whitney, Grace's mother, is prominent in club circles and was president of Laurel Hall Club when it was first established.

His "Views" on Divorce

The marriage of Eleanor Center of Alameda with Ralph Kirkham Blair, son of the late "Lady" Yarde-Buller, is to take place at Christ Episcopal Church in Alameda. The popular Rev. Guthrie, who recently returned from the East, will officiate. When this clergyman was in New York, by the way, he was asked by a reporter his views on divorce. He met the query by a counter question: "Is it better for two persons to live together like cat and dog or to separate and each do his duty in the world?"

To Be Married Next Week

Alice May, whose marriage with William Sexton will be solemnized at St. Ignatius' next week, is one of the prettiest girls of the Ashbury Heights set. She is a brunette of rare coloring and piquant features. At the fete of the California Club last winter she made a great hit in the production of Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works, costumed as a French doll, with a blonde, curly wig. Miss May has been very much feted since the announcement of her engagement. One of the most unique affairs given in her honor was Mrs. Joseph Belleau Coryell's reception—an *al fresco* function—at Menlo Park on Tuesday. Mrs. Coryell delights in entertaining but she never dispenses her hospitalities after moss-grown ideas. She invites people who are clever and who are willing and able to contribute their part to the general pleasure of the company. Except perhaps Dick Hotaling, the de Youngs and Ethyl Hager, there is no more original hostess in this section than Mrs. Coryell. She is very fond of amateur theatricals and is quite a clever actress herself.

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A London Verdict

The book reviewer of the London *Saturday Review*, in the latest issue of that weekly, discusses Jack London's "The Game" as follows:

By the aid of wide margins, numerous grotesque illustrations and large type this short story has been bulked out to the standard six-shilling novel. Mr. Jack London is a writer who is very frequently described as "virile." He possesses undoubted power. "The Call of the Wild" was a book of haunting memories. It exhibited unusual force and vitality and placed its writer at a bound among the men who count. Mr. London has done nothing so good since. His later volumes in spite of their fluency are somewhat machine-made. They lack inspiration. The idea of "The Game" is excellent. It is the apotheosis of the prize-fighter. The description of the fight itself which forms the greater portion of the book is skilfully done. But it is only good journalism. It has not that quality which renders the description of the fight between Kit Ines and Benny Todd in George Meredith's "The Amazing Marriage" a thing of art and beauty.

Jack London's offering to literature in the fall publications will be a new juvenile.

Townsend's Bohemian Club Article

The Bookman is running a series of articles on "Literary Clubland" and the fifth paper, in the current number, is by "Ned" Townsend. It treats of the Bohemian Club, and is illustrated by interior views of the club's home. Mr. Townsend could have written a much better article if he had not been so long out of the atmosphere of the club. In his opening paragraph he says:

Its material prosperity has not pined under the blight of worldly opulence, as has often been predicted would be the unhappy case. Although the present home of the club, its third, is as large, including a bridge-annexed theatre, as any but one or two of the great clubs of New York, a new house is about to be built on a site lately acquired, at a cost, for land, house and furnishing, of probably half a million. A peculiar piece of information to report about a "Bohemian" club, yet not discouraging in view of the fact that with worldly prosperity has come no diminution of literary and artistic activities.

For Filthy Lucre

Mr. Townsend has a graceful way of telling us that scribbling bohemians often try their wares on the dog on jinks' nights.

This form of entertainment, carried on for a quarter of a century, has developed a goodly lot of talent; and that it is not goodly only in the estimation of partial club critics is proved by the number of dramatic and musical sketches written for the club and afterwards sold for stage use—one such was recently produced in Paris—and the number of essays first heard on jinks nights, but afterwards seen in print, perhaps paying thereby the writers' "Mdse." account for the jinks night.

Egan Promoted

Martin Egan, the ex-*Chronicle* reporter, has been rewarded for the good work which he did for the Associated Press during the war, by promotion to the management of the office of that institution in Paris. The position pays about five thousand a year which is, of course, far from commensurate with its importance. The Associated Press is noted for its parsimony, a circumstance explanatory of the character of the service which it gives.

Is It to be Renewed?

Now that Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee and Captain Lee are visiting the McNutts, the friends of Miss McNutt are on the *qui vive* for the announcement of her re-engagement to the captain. When their engagement was broken the supposition was that Miss McNutt objected to becoming an

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army bride, and that Captain Lee could not be persuaded to separate himself from his uniform. It will be remembered that Miss McNutt's sister, who is now Mrs. Potter, married into the army, but that her husband resigned his commission. An army officer has many charms, but considering the material drawbacks, he needs them. Miss McNutt is a very popular girl, and has had many suitors, but none that could make a very strong appeal. She has been abroad with her sister, and it was thought that she would make a brilliant match before her return, but Cupid failed to flutter her heartstrings. Perhaps it may turn out that Captain Lee more closely approximates her ideal than any other suitor she has met. Captain Lee is a gallant officer whose friends believe that he is destined to rise to distinction in the service.

There Was a Naughty Lilt to It

Those two esthetic New Yorkers, "Ned" Belknap and Harvey Worthington Loomis, are being made much of by the ultra-Bohemian set. Mr. Loomis is generous enough to play his Indian music at nearly every affair he attends, and Mr. Berknap is likewise generous with his pantomimes. The other afternoon Mr. Loomis played an Indian melody at a particularly cultured gathering. One of the tunes, a Cree Indian song, has a motif something like that in "She Had Never Seen the Streets of Cairo." Some of the guests who were just arriving were quite shocked, I am told. They thought they had wandered into the wrong place.

Trouble in Ebell Again

There is a grand scrap on hand, I hear, in the Ebell Club. Members who would not turn a hair if asked to pay hundreds of dollars for personal adornment simply will not stand for an added cent of yearly dues, which are, they say, high enough now—something like five dollars a year! The committee's idea is to raise the annual tax to seven dollars and a half. When the new session opened this week, and the dues question was raised, for a time I am told, the great ladies forgot their manners. Like Sara Crewe, they seemed to be saying: "I wish you knew what I think of you! I wish you knew what I think of you!" The result? It is on the lap of the gods. Maybe there will be a new building, and may be there will not. But the old club house is bullet proof, as it proved on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Perkins, who came out here to attend the Green-Huntington wedding, are leaving this week for Japan. They will travel through the Orient before returning to New York.

(Saunterer Continued on Page 27)

The plans elaborated by Dr. Orlof N. Orlow for the extension of his now famous work in crafts furniture and interior decoration, involve the complete removal, by auction beginning Sept. 11, of the rare oriental collections which have taken up a considerable part of the floor space of the United Crafts and Arts building, and which have long been one of the most interesting art features of San Francisco. These collections, which reveal the indefatigable work of the owner in one of the most fascinating fields of research open to the student, are conceded by eminent European savants to form the most complete exhibition in existence of the classic handicraft of the Far East. They comprise ancient Persian rugs, antique Chinese jade jewelry, mediaeval tapestries, massive library tables made of rosewood over a century old, all manner of rare and beautiful curious, and early Japanese prints by such masters as Torii Kiyonaga, Suzuki Harunobu, Katsaguwa Shunsho, Utamaro, Utagawa Kunikosh, Kokusai, and Hiroshige I. The idle capital represented in these famous collections will be used not only to expand the crafts work in the present quarters of the United Crafts and Arts, but also to initiate certain new plans which Dr. Orlow has been maturing, among which is another building for the manufacture of "crafts things," for which there is a rapidly increasing demand among seekers of the home beautiful.

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The Stage

Scene from "The Pit" in which Wilton Lackaye will appear at the Columbia next week

Lackaye's Reminiscences

They were talking of Maurice Barrymore, in the smoker, on the way down, and Wilton Lackaye, who opens here in "The Pit" next week, said: "Dear old Barry, he was the most brilliant man by miles I ever met. When you think of the pitiful jests which justify Horne Tooke and Charles Lamb in ringing down the ages as wits, it is wonderful to recall the scintillation of an evening with Barrymore. His speech in the most ordinary conversation had prism lights, and he poured off wit and humor, badinage and sarcasm, like an overfull pitcher. I remember one night he said something at which I did not laugh, though most of the people at the table roared. 'You don't care for that?' asked Barry, turning to me. 'No,' said I, 'but it had its value to an observer. It illustrates the value of a vogue.' He asked me to explain what I meant by a vogue. 'Subtract the intrinsic value of your gag from the laugh the unthinking gave you,' I said, 'and the remainder is vogue. Mind you, I don't wish to belittle vogue; it has its value. Whenever I want to try a story and am uncertain as to its laugh value, I always begin: "Have you heard Barry's latest?" "No," every one answers, an anticipatory smile breaking over the faces of the group. Then I tell it. If the laugh is only one complimentary to the alleged author, I bury the story. If it is hearty and unforced, I take off the quotation marks next time and acknowledge the brain-child as my own.'

"'Excellent idea,' said Barry. 'I tried that long ago. I wanted to spring something one dull evening, of which I was secretly ashamed, and I said: "Did you hear what Lackaye said last night?" But everybody got up and ran away, and I don't know to this day whether the "brain-child" would have been a Marshall P. Wilder or a John L. Sullivan.'"

Lackaye's Epitaph

It was Wilton Lackaye, one night in a San Francisco cafe, who tossed off the epitaph on his friend Barrymore, that has been quoted and mis-quoted many times since the latter's death:

"I talked beneath the moon
And slept beneath the sun;
I lived a life of going-to-do,
And died with nothing done."

If any one could write a book of reminiscences of Barrymore that would be as worth while as any of the biographies of Jimmy McNeil Whistler, it would be Lackaye, who knew him so well. Lackaye said once that he was the only one of that gay set of actors who managed to slow up in time to escape paresis or heart failure. He has been a quiet liver since his marriage with Alice Evans, of the Frawley company, five years ago.

The Affluent Mr. Ade

George Ade, a correspondent writes me, is making more money than all other American playwrights combined. This season he will have nine companies paying royalties. It has been said that Clyde Fitch reached one hundred thousand dollars in royalties for a single season, but a conservative estimate of Ade's earnings for this year places the total at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Besides all this he will receive remuneration from seven books, and he has just contracted to write a story embracing nearly all the rural types in his different plays. So it will be seen that the genial Hoosier has come to prosperous days. Two companies will appear in "The College Widow," two in "The County Chairman" and one each in "The Sultan of Sulu," "Peggy from Paris," "The Shogun," "The Bad Samaritan" and "Just Out of College." Money is pouring in on Ade so fast that he says he does not know what to do with it. To the suggestion of a friend that the difficulty would be met by marriage Ade replied that it was a question of matrimony and money, and that he preferred the money.

G. W. Morrissey, patentee of the once famous Emma Abbott kiss, writes me that Madame Modjeska has fully recovered her health and will soon leave her Californian home for the perils of "a season." The "farewell benefit" fund is, probably, "retired," even though the distinguished Polish artist has decided not to do so herself.

Laura Crews is playing the part of the country girl with stage aspirations in "Frederick Lemaitre" this week, with Henry Miller at the Twenty-third street theatre in New York. This is the one-act play which Miller presented here years ago as a curtain raiser to "The Junior Partner," with Emily Bancker as the country girl. Miss Crews, by the way, now writes her name Laura Hope Crews.

"The Light That Failed"

It is better not to read "The Light That Failed" before you go to see the play. "The Light That Failed" is a good play but it is not good when considered as a dramati-

MISS ROSE STAHL
Who will present "The Chorus Lady" at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

zation of Kipling's novel. Taken as a play, without any novel in the background, it is deeply interesting. It absorbs and retains the attention to the end, which is, I think, a test of any play's power. But it can be freely criticised, for it is open to criticism. The climaxes of the acts are not artistic. How much better it would be, for instance, if the third act ended where Torpenhow disappears through the portieres, leaving Dick apparently asleep. All that comes after that is inartistic. I was wishing Ibsen could have written that act. What he would have made of it, for it is full of wonderful material. The last act, of course, had to be. The happy ending is supposed to round out the drama, but I think Kipling would have done better to have been firm in his refusal when his publishers asked him to change his story's conclusion. The first ending was logical and artistic. The play follows the revised novel. Whittlesey is a very human Dick, and plays him just as he is written, with all his faults and weaknesses. Miss Lawton's Maisie, too, is human at all points. Maisie is not a nice character. It always causes wonder that Dick could have wasted his heart upon Maisie. However in the illogical "happy ending," Maisie's own love triumphs over the defects in her mental make-up. Homans, the new heavy man, is quite an acquisition to the company. His Torpenhow is one of the details of the story that makes for the perfect, rounded whole. All the small parts, the correspondents and artists, are in good hands. Miss Allen as Bessie Broke does some of the best work of her career. Her transition from the poor, starved girl of the streets, to the plump and pretty little spitfire of the third act, is most effectively accomplished. Miss Pierce as a model does her one small scene with intelligence that marks her for larger roles. Miss Belgarde is miscast as the Red Haired Girl. It is a part quite out of her line.

The Chorus Is Young and Pretty

There must be a lot of people in this city who were pining for burlesque, judging by the interest taken in the California's "burlesque wheel," the second spoke of which is the Fay Foster company. Though the cast interpreting that "farcical bit of frivolity," as the bill has it, "Cleopatra in Central Park," contains no familiar names, the chorus recalls memories of Fischer's as it was at its best, when Charles Jones had rounded up his symmetrical little amazons. The Fay Foster chorus wears good clothes. It is for the most part pulchritudinous, and it is young. The fresh young faces and agile limbs of this chorus make up for the lack of striking talent in the principals. One of the latter, however, is a very witching little girl—Bessie Rosa. She sings a song, "Venetian Maid," in the second part of the program, and gives a dance accompaniment, in which the chorus joins. I was not favorably impressed by the stout burlesque queen billed as Louie Dacre. She reminds one too forcibly of the Chutes on amateur night.

The Moral James Boys

The James brothers, bandit heroes of many years ago, are resurrected in a Central melodrama this week, but I don't believe they would recognize themselves in the picture. They are metamorphosed into sheep in wolves' clothing and very good sheep they are shown to be, when they emerge from their lupus robes. Mayall and Boardman play these moral bandits, upon whom the kind hand of time has set the seal of approval, glossing over their mis-

ERNEST GLENDINNING
The new light comedian at the Alcazar

deeds as one week's melodrama is blotted from the billboard by another. The show is worth seeing for the hold-up scene, with the train of cars rolling in, and the battle of the bandits and the passengers and crew.

Prof. La Villa, after spending two weeks at Paso Robles Springs, has resumed teaching at his old quarters, 546 Sutter street, where he will be pleased to see all his old and new pupils.

Californian Play for Blanche Bates

Blanche Bates has written to a friend here that she expects to make the hit of her life in the new play written for her by David Belasco. It is entitled "The Girl of the Golden West" and deals with incidents in the early history of the state. Miss Bates says that Belasco has caught the atmosphere of the long ago, and that the play is unlike any of the familiar western dramas. The play will be tried on the dog in Pittsburg.

The Samuels Play

A large audience, in which the Jewish smart set figured prominently, attended the premier of Maurice V. Samuels' dramatization of Balzac's "Le Peau de Chagrin" on Monday night. The drama is rather talky and there is one particularly long conversation between two of the characters which I should advise the author to cut short. Otherwise it is an admirably written drama showing considerable originality in the situations. The part of the Californian miner is the only one that seems out of place. If Mr. Samuels had entirely preserved the French atmosphere the effect would have been more artistic.

Next Week's Bills

The grand opera season, which opens next Monday night, promises to be the most brilliant in the history of the Tivoli. The repertoire for the first week will be: Monday, Friday, Sunday nights, "Il Trovatore" with Petrella, Grasse, Angioletti, Moreo, Gravina, Conductor Polacco; Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday nights, "Rigoletto" with Tetrazzini, Grasse, Sesarini, Gregoretti, Bazelli, Gravina, Dado, Cervi, Conductor Polacco; Saturday night, Conductor, Longo; Wednesday night and Saturday matinee, "Manon Lescaut" (by Puccini), with Ticci, Lucchini, Coppola, Moreo, Dado, Conductor, Polacco. Seats are now on sale at the box office, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents and 50 cents. Particular attention is called to the fact that the evening performances will begin exactly at eight o'clock.

Arthur Sidman's pretty pastoral drama, "York State Folks," will begin a week's engagement at the Grand tomorrow (Sunday) matinee. "York State Folks" is now in its fifth season. It has scored a success in every city of importance in the United States and recently was produced in New York city with gratifying results. The company will include Adelbert Knott, as a lovable and humorously inclined old musician, and L. J. Loring as an irascible village boss; Russell M. Simpson as a gawky young horse trader; Rhea Acton as Jennie Miller and Bess Henniman as Emeline Hubbard, the neighbor's girl.

The Central will present a most powerful melodrama, "Wedded but no Wife," which is one of the biggest successes ever brought from the East. The plot of the drama revolves around a young minister and his bride who are sorely beset by their enemies. Little Ollie Cooper, the child actress, has a splendid role as the child of the minister, and the stage settings of the play will be on a lavish scale.

(Continued on Page 28)

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Saunterer

(Continued from page 23)

Tricks of the Game

Wednesday morning patrons of the prize ring were startled to read in the daily prints that there was a possibility of the contest between Mr. James Britt and Mr. Battling Nelson being declared off. It was hinted that Mr. Nelson was not eager for the fray. The sporting editors gravely announced that the fighters could not agree on a referee, and that Impresario Coffroth was in great distress. And yet those same sporting editors had so successfully worked up public interest in the contest that many thousands of dollars' worth of tickets had been sold. To believe that Mr. Nelson would wiggle out of his engagement at the eleventh hour would necessitate the assumption that the fighters had not agreed to split the purse; for no such agreement having been made, Nelson might feel that, as defeat was certain, there was nothing at stake and that he would lose nothing but a good licking by avoiding the ring. On the other hand, admitting that the division of the purse had been agreed upon, it would be preposterous to believe that the fighters would fail to agree on any of the minor details. The modern pugilist is a business man. He is as thrifty as any money-grubber in the marts of trade. To make the game pay he indulges in theatrics for the gulling of the public and he always has the co-operation of the sporting editors. Those amiable gentlemen go to the front as soon as a match is made, and describe the preparations for hostilities with the solemn air of war correspondents writing history involving the fate of nations. The sporting editors are the press agents of the plug-uglies. They picture the preliminaries in a way calculated to arouse public interest, and deftly marshal the details to make it appear that the fighters are in deadly earnest. They always insist before the fight that the purse is not to be divided but when it is over they unblushingly tell what each fighter received. I am writing this Wednesday morning, and I am not informed on the subject of negotiations between Mr. Britt and Mr. Nelson, but from my knowledge of the history of the ring I feel quite confident that Mr. Coffroth will not be called upon to refund any money. I assume, despite what has been said to the contrary, that the purse is to be divided and that no side bets have been made. I feel that neither of the fighters would refuse to take a licking for the amount of money he expects to pocket when it is over.

The Financial Field

The week under review on the Stock and Bond Exchange has been marked by remarkable activity, though it has been shortened by one day (Labor day). Transactions in Bonds aggregate $315,000; in shares, 12,038, divided as follows: 5,072 Lighting, 2,670 Water, 2,061 Miscellaneous, 40 Banks and 2,195 Sugars. The deal in San Francisco Gas and Electric has now been closed at the figures mentioned in my former communication, and the price steadily rose to 80 under heavy transactions. Next in line were water stocks, Contra Costa rising to about 52 and Spring Valley Water to 42 1-2. Rumors of a merger of the two corporations were the reasons attributed for the sharp advance. I mention the rumors—they may be nothing else—but at any rate the companies are in good condition both physically and financially. Alaska Packers, after declining to 65, reversed its action and took a sudden jump to about 73. The company has disposed of its unsold stock of goods held over from last year and has thereby materially bettered its financial condition. Sugar stocks were less active but with a steady demand.

Business on Pine street continues dull and the brokers are not overwhelmed with orders. The news from Comstock, as far as the work in the mines is concerned, continues favorable; Ophir southeast drift continues in good ore. They just received the returns from Selby of eight cars of ore and a lot of concentrates amounting in all to about $3,800. This will put the company in good funds again. Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog stocks are all lower this week. The railroad is pretty nearly finished from Tonopah to Goldfield and the Southern Pacific will run an excursion the latter part of next week. News from the Double Eagle continues good. The last telegram received from the superintendent reads: "Vein good and strong with high values will start sacking ore." With all this good news it seems times on Pine street ought to get better.

—*The Financier.*

Recent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs included Mrs. E. C. Yoell, Mrs. Milus W. Parkhurst, of Honolulu; Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tyson, Col. William Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Zoeth S. Eldredge, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Milton.

Charles Keilus & Co. of "The Hub" have leased the other corner of the Thurlow Block of which for some years they have occupied the Sutter street corner. When the new shop is finished it will be one of the largest men's clothing stores in San Francisco. The Hub is not having a special sale during this annexation process, however, as they handle no sale goods. They intend to carry a larger stock of the high grade clothes for men only which have made "The Hub" brand so well known and popular.

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The Stage

(Concluded from Page 26)

There will be a big audience at the Columbia on the opening night of "The Pit." The play is a dramatization of Frank Norris's novel. It is the second of the "wheat trilogy" of stories which he planned, but did not live to finish. Beside Wilton Lackaye the cast will include Jane Oaker, Robert Warwick, William Hazeltine and A. H. Stuart.

White Whittlesey has but three weeks to remain at the Alcazar, and they will be given to the first San Francisco production of plays that were successes when presented by Otis Skinner, Richard Mansfield and J. K. Hackett. The first of these is "Villon the Vagabond," in which Skinner starred throughout the East for two years. To follow comes "The First Violin," and then "Don Caesar's Return."

Large audiences are enjoying the novel burlesque wheel at the California. Next week will come the Brigadiers Burlesquers headed by that handsome and popular Californian comedian, Edmond Hayes. The special numbers include the Four Prentises, daring acrobats; the Three Kuhns, fun-makers; the Beaufort sisters, two beauties from London, who sing and dance; Frank McNish the minstrel man, formerly with Haverly and Dockstadter; Miss Blanche Murphy and Horace Strauss, singers. Following the Brigadiers Burlesquers, the California will present the "Kentucky Belles."

Rose Stahl, in James Forbes' comedy, "The Chorus Lady," will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum. The piece depicts the way in which a chorus girl saves a society woman, who is in love with a tenor, from scandal. Dan Quinlan and Keller Mack will present their own idea of "Jest Fun." Francis Gerard, the only living rival of Sandow, will show what can be accomplished in the way of muscular development. Harry A. and Frank Fowler Brown, Indian college boys, will offer a novel act. Frank is a lyric tenor while his brother is a cartoonist.

At the Chutes will be Jacob's dogs; the Lafayette-La Mont troupe of comedy acrobats; the five musical Hewitts; Abbott and Bryant in a Japanese vocal sketch; Thomas and Fuller (the latter a brother of George Fuller Golden); and Edna Grant, character dancer.

It's a good bill at the Orpheum this week, with more life than has been infused into the programs of the past few weeks. Howard and North with their duologue can give the comic suppists points on repartee. Nina Morris and Philip Sheffield have a bright sketch, "A Friend's Advice," of which the green-eyed monster is the motif. Mrs. Allison does her clever Swedish specialty in "Minnie from Minnesota." The Avon Comedy Four are as entertaining as ever and have added some new songs to their repertory.

Ethel Barrymore may give a performance or two of her new play, "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire" during her coming engagement at the Columbia.

Lenora Kirwin will be the Alcazar's principal ingenue during the regular stock season which begins early next month. She is a Rhode Island girl and for the past two years has been alternating the leads in Keith's Providence company.

George Osbourne at last advices was climbing the Lion Mound on the field of Waterloo, and was about to visit Antwerp, the Hook of Holland, Ghent, Ostend and make a trip along the Rhine. He is immensely enjoying his European outing. Mrs. Osbourne and her mother are with him.

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Beulah Watson, who plays the part of Page Dearborn in "The Pit," is the daughter of Colonel Joseph P. Watson of the Twenty-first United States Infantry. She was born in the garrison of Columbus, Ohio, and was adopted by her father's command as "the daughter of the regiment." Until she went upon the stage five years ago, she spent her whole life in barracks. She holds the golf championship of Ohio, and is an expert rider and rifle shot.

The O'Sullivan Play

Denis O'Sullivan has had a very successful season at the Grand. Indeed, few stars have enjoyed more profitable seasons at the old opera house. With becoming modesty hardly to be expected at this late day in the histrionic profession, Mr. O'Sullivan reserved for the last week of his engagement the piece, "Peggy Machree," a brain-child of legitimate parentage, being in the nature of a dramatic olive branch bearing the family brand of the O'Sullivans. "Peggy Machree" is an Irish musical comedy, and in its construction reveals fairly good craftsmanship. It tells a simple story in good, effective style. It has the Irish atmosphere, and abounds in wholesome sentiment without being hackneyed. There are songs galore distributed through the piece and the music is of good quality. The Irish spirit of O'Sullivan vitalizes the performance but he does not monopolize the situations in the development of the story. The piece is gracefully balanced, and highly diverting.

—The Playgoer.

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The United Crafts and Arts building heretofore occupied by these collections will in future be utilized for the manufacture and exhibition of crafts furniture and pieces for interior decoration. Connoisseurs will be interested to know that the auction will comprise Dr. Orlow's ancient Oriental carpets, Japanese prints of the early classic periods, rare tapestries, massive rosewood library tables (the rosewood used in the manufacture of these tables is over 100 years old), beautiful antique Chinese Jade jewelry, and numberless masterpieces of the handicraft and art of old races and early eras.

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Toodles and the Nice Lady

By Richard Valentine.

"I would like some of that," said Toodles, indicating a tall brown bottle on a side table.

"That is not good for little girls," responded Toodles' hostess.

"My papa likes it," said Toodles.

"He is not a little girl," and Mrs. Allen turned the brown bottle so that the label was concealed.

"And you drink it." Toodles was not to be turned from her desire without a struggle.

"But I am not a little girl, either."

"You were once."

"Oh, yes, a long time ago," and the words were accompanied with a sigh. "When I was, I liked lemonade—just like this." She put another spoonful of sugar in the glass. "You'll like this, dearie."

Toodles sipped the lemonade with satisfaction. Mrs. Allen knew very well what little girls like. She placed a generous slice of golden cake before the child.

"You are an awful nice lady," and Toodles' arms went about Mrs. Allen's neck, and a kiss upon her lips. It was seasoned with cake, but Mrs. Allen liked it none the worse for that. She was very fond of Toodles.

"What's a de-ter-rent?" asked the little girl, pausing in her feast.

"A deterrent?" It seemed a big word for the childish lips.

"Yes—my grandma said it was good for me to go about with my papa. That I was a de-ter-rent."

"I guess she meant that you are a very nice little girl, and that your father likes to have you with him."

"But he doesn't—always. He says 'Run away, Toodles, I'm busy,' when he is with those men. They play cards, you know, and have bottles—big brown bottles, like that." Toodles again indicated the bottle whose contents were not for little girls.

"Papa likes nice ladies," she went on, "and I guess he thinks you are the nicest of all." She threw her arms around Mrs. Allen's neck again, and kissed her. "I guess you give my papa cake and lemonade. Don't you?"

"I guess so." Something must have amused the lady very much, for there were what Toodles called "little twinkles" in her eyes, and at the corners of her lips.

"Do you remember your mother?" asked Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, no—why, she's been dead ten, 'leven years." Toodles was just nine herself, but her ideas of arithmetic were vague. "Grandma says my mamma was too good for this world." She mused awhile. "I heard her say to my auntie once that it was a good thing my mamma died when she did—that she could not have stood it much longer. What do you suppose she couldn't have stood?"

Mrs. Allen passed the question. "Come, darling," she said, "if you won't have any more cake I think you'd better go. It's time for you to dress for dinner."

"You do my hair, please," coaxed the child, getting down from her chair, and squeezing the lady's hand with affection, "I hate to have Mollie do it. She pulls so."

"Oh, well, then," and Mrs. Allen took the comb and brush and with gentle strokes brushed and dressed the long golden locks.

"Now go, dear," she said, kissing the round, rosy face uplifted to hers.

"It would never do," she thought, after the little girl had gone. "It would be too hard a fight."

Though to little Ethel Jackson—"Toodles" to her father and his chums—Mrs. Allen was the "nice lady" at the Springs that summer, the other women at that famous health resort did not endorse that encomium. The men did, and Mrs. Allen's cottage was the favorite place of meeting for the masculine contingent at the Springs. It was popularly believed that it was Mrs. Allen, and not the healing waters of the resort, that had brought that young widower, Dick Jackson, to the Springs that year. He said he had rheumatic gout, but as he did not deny himself the liquids that are generally believed to be the cause of such complaints, and instead of taking the waters he spent his time driving or riding with Mrs. Allen, or playing poker with the men, his disease did not seem to be of a serious nature. It was his mother-in-law's idea that Ethel had accompanied her father. Her grandmother was a great lady of society and fashion, and she had suggested that she would enjoy Del Monte better without the child's being along. It was up to Dick to take the hint, and as he was fond of his little daughter in a careless fashion, he annexed Toodles and her nurse to his menage.

The other women at the Springs—the unmarried ones—made much of the little girl during the first week or so after her arrival. Then they saw that their chances of engaging Dick's attention through their interest in his daughter were slim. The child,

The Girl

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dropped by the ladies who had petted her to suffocation for a few days, was compelled to make new friends. Her nurse was having a little affair of her own with a valet, and the child was positively neglected. Mrs. Allen, kindly and generous as are most women of bohemian tendencies, noticed the forlorn little figure one day, and invited her into her cottage. That was the beginning of the purest adoration she had ever received from human being. The child worshiped the woman as the "nicest lady she knew," and not a day passed that Toodles did not visit the cottage and spend hours chatting with the "nice lady" who listened to her childish talk with pleased attention.

The women at the Springs shunned the charming Mrs. Allen, and perhaps they were right in saying that she exerted a bad influence upon all the men with whom she came in contact. There was nothing in her actions that could be objected to by the hotel management, but there was always a deal of life about her cottage. The men knew she would let them drink and smoke there and play cards if they liked. She favored none above the others. Only Dick Jackson knew what her private feelings were. He had known her in town, and followed her to the Springs. He was willing to follow her through life if she was willing.

His little daughter had barely left the cottage after having her hair dressed for dinner by the gentle hands of Mrs. Allen when Dick entered and flung himself down upon the only couch the room contained.

"This can't go on any more like this," he said. "You've got to say something one way or another."

She came and sat by him, lighting one cigarette for him and one for herself, after pouring two small portions from the brown bottle into the tiny glasses that always stood at attention on the table.

"What's the matter, Dick? Cards gone wrong again?"

"Damn the cards," he exclaimed; "let them slide for awhile. You know what it is that is breaking me all up. You've got to be mine, Ada."

She let her fingers twine through his hair, and made a move as if to press her lips to his; then she moved away, as some thought recurred to her.

"Why don't you say something, Ada? I am tired of this wait—wait—wait—as you are always saying. You know I never met a woman in my life before that just suited me. You are the kind of woman a man wants—a good comrade. I never loved before, Ada."

"Toodles' mother?" she reminded him, softly.

"Oh, I was a kid then, and if I had known the hell life with her would be do you think I would have married at all? She was a prude, Ada. She cried when I drank, cried when I played over the limit, cried—cried—cried. Tears are what made my life miserable."

"But she was Toodles' mother."

"Oh, Toodles is all right. She's a good little thing. And, Ada, Toodles loves you."

His tones were wheedling, as if he surmised that Toodles might prove the favorable weight in the scale with her.

Ada Allen shut her eyes. She had never told him that she loved him with the whole force of her nature. She could conceive of no happier existence than the one he had often pictured to her in travel and in the manner that appealed to the bohemian temperament, caring for naught but following their own sweet will. He had the money; she had the desire and the capacity to enjoy with him.

And then she thought of Toodles. "A pretty kind of mother for Toodles I would be," she said to herself.

All this while she was meditating, Dick had his arms about her. He was looking at her—oh, she could not face that passionate glance.

"Well, dear?"

He felt that he had been very patient.

"I can't, Dick." She loosened herself from his grasp. "It can't be. You know what I am. I thought I could give up my liberty—but I find I can't."

"You may change your mind, Ada." How caressing his tones were. She wished she could close her ears to those warm tones. "I will not go back yet—I will stay another week. You can think it over."

"Don't come any more, Dick. It is better not." She seemed to hear Toodles' voice saying "Oh, you nice lady, how I love you."

"It is better not."

"I can't get along without you."

She, too, felt that she could not get along without him. How barren the cottage—and her flat in town—would be when Dick's handsome face no longer smiled from couch or chair; over the rim of the glass or through the smoke of cigarette. How she would miss his happy laugh as she recounted the latest good story she

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had heard, or repeated an epigram she had read.

But she said, calmly: "You managed before you met me."

"I guess you give my papa cake and lemonade," she seemed to hear Toodles say. Toodles had her father's engaging smile. She had his obstinacy, too. How many times Ada had cautioned the little girl not to come so often to her cottage; that her grandmother might prefer her to visit some of the other ladies occasionally. But Toodles exhibited the same preference as her father's for the Allen cottage.

The man rose from the couch, impatiently.

"You never cared. You have just been playing with me—as you did with the others."

The rough words cut her to the heart. How easy it would be to say: "No, I was playing when I said I did not care." What she did say was: "I guess you are right, Dick. Perhaps I did not care so much. One makes these mistakes, sometimes." She hummed a bit of ragtime, as she poured out another glass of whisky for him. "It's all in a lifetime, old boy, you know. If at first you don't succeed——"

He dashed the glass from her hand, and strode from the room, slamming the rickety door so that it shook on its hinges. He did not turn once, which was perhaps as well—for Toodles. If he had turned he would have seen Ada fall with feverish eagerness upon his driving-gloves that he had dropped. As a cat turns its paws about the mouse it means to devour later, Ada stroked the old gray glove. Then she threw it far from her and cast herself on the couch, weeping—weeping.

There was a knock at the door, but she did not answer it. The knob turned, and a tousled head was half-thrust in, as a timid voice said: "Can I come in a minute? We're going home first thing in the morning, and I want to kiss you good-bye." The child was almost crying. "I don't want to go—but papa is awful mad about something and scolded most dreadful—hurry, 'cause Mollie will be after me."

Mrs. Allen rose and dried her eyes before coming toward the little girl. She looked at her face in the mirror and patted the powder-sponge over her cheeks and eyelids.

"Good-bye, dear," she said, returning the child's kiss. "Be a good girl, now, and love your papa always."

"I guess I couldn't help that, could I?" smiled the child through her tears.

Ada felt that she could agree with Toodles.

When the child had gone, she went to the table and poured herself a generous portion from the bottle whose contents were not good for little girls, drinking it down at a gulp.

Music

The Pasmores' Concert

For the farewell concert of the Pasmores, last Thursday evening in Lyric hall, a program was arranged that was in every detail artistic, and which contained some new songs that are sure to become popular among concert singers when they are better known. Mr. Pasmore's muse has always been more or less active, but these latest compositions of his are far beyond anything he composed in his earlier years. "Where Cowslips Grow," to words by Charles Keeler, is a veritable breath of spring, and the music well brings out the spirit of the words—"For it's O, and it's O, Where the soft breezes blow, Mid the sweet-scented clover." "The Mountains," also to Mr. Keeler's words, is more of a dramatic nature, but well within the spirit of the poem. "A Summer Song," and "Wedlock," are fine and strong classics arranged as part-songs, and "The Message" a solo with strings and piano accompaniment. A duet, "At First Sight," is so charming that I cannot refrain from quoting the words. The author belongs to that great army, "Anon":

(He) Hast thou a heart, O deep-eyed girl,
To match that glance of thine?
Hast thou a soul so rich and sweet?
And may I call it mine?

"(She) I have no heart, O blue-eyed boy:
I am a maid forlorn:
For I dreamed of you and lost my heart,
Long years ere I was born!

"(He) I have thy heart, O beauteous maid,
And deep within my breast,
It leaps to meet its owner sweet,
That it may be at rest.

"(She) And I have thine, O fair-eyed lad;
It flutters like a feather!
(He) Then since they may not be exchanged,
Let's keep them close together!
(Both) Then since they may not be exchanged,
Let's keep them close together!

Around these words Mr. Pasmore has placed a frame of delightful melody that has caught the gay yet tender meaning of the verse-maker. There is nothing overdrawn about it, no striving after dramatics. It is simple but wholly satisfying. The only other duet to which I can compare it is "When We Two Were Maying," and being newer than that almost hackneyed duet, I look to see it on other concert programs this season. The part songs were sung by Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Mrs. Ingeborg Larsen, Miss Grace Needham, Miss Aldanita Wolfskill, Mr. J. C. Lacey, Mr. A. E. Nowlan, Mr. Herbert Hidden and Mr. Pasmore. Mrs. Gardner sang "The Mountains" and "Where Cowslips Grow," for which her high, clear soprano is well suited, and Miss Wolfskill sang "The Message" with sympathetic effect. The duet, which may be called the gem of the vocal part of the program, was rendered by Charles Trowbridge and Mrs. Beulah George Faull. The audience insisted upon having it again, though it was the second to last number. The Pasmore sisters played the long trio in D minor of Mendelssohn entirely without notes, which was a remarkable test of memory beside being a technical test. They brought out the shades of expression in the several movements with skill and understanding. Especially well played were the andante and scherzo movements. Later they gave another andante, from Schubert's trio op. 99, with the same intelligent comprehension of the meaning of the composer. Suzanne Nicholine, the pianist, gave as her solos the beautiful Romance in F sharp of Schumann, and the brilliant "Nightingale" of Liszt. She also acted as accompanist for her sisters in their string solos. Mary Broeck, the violinist, showed what an admirable technique she has acquired, in her rendering of Ernst's "Hungarian Airs," and Dorothy, the cellist and the youngest of the trio, played a Saint-Saens Romance and a Tarantelle by Popper. I have always considered Dorothy the genius of this group of talented sisters. She draws a marvelous tone for such a child; though she has been playing now for some years, ever since she could wield a bow, it seems. It has been interesting to watch the growth of these young artists, who have studied so constantly and have been appearing before audiences frequently, ever since they gave their first recitals, some six or seven years ago, at the home of Dr. Powers. Their success has not spoiled them and they are unaffected and simple young girls, all still in their teens. They have not yet acquired the finish that is an artist's "style," when he challenges criticism as a virtuoso, but that will come when they have had their study abroad. They are to leave with their parents for Europe next Friday, giving concerts en route to New York in several of the larger cities. The Pasmores' plans now include four or five years' residence abroad.

Mrs. Rees Gone East

Mrs. Richard Rees was unable to give her concert, announced for August twenty-fourth, in Lyric hall, as she was hastily summoned East to join her mother in New York. She has changed her plans about studying in the metropolis, but will visit there and take advantage of the opening of the New York and Boston musical season. She is also to appear in concert in New York and Philadelphia. Mrs. Rees has studied entirely with Alyce Gates of this city, and has had operatic and dramatic training. Her voice is a high lyric soprano, and has been heard frequently in church and at club affairs, but she has never given a concert here. One of her recent appearances was in Livermore where

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she sang for the benefit of Company "I" at the opera house, which as a compliment to her was packed to the doors. She sang the "Inflammatus" on one occasion with the Simpson Memorial church choir in the Petaluma opera house and made a deep impression. Miss Gates will present Mrs. Rees at a recital upon her return to San Francisco.

Theodor Vogt opened his music studio in the Roosevelt building last Friday evening. An informal reception was held at which many musicians were present.

Five of the great artists who are to tour the country this season, under the direction of Loudon G. Charlton, will visit the coast, the list including: Madame Gadski, the Wagnerian soprano; Harold Bauer and Alfred Reisenauer, pianists; Elsa Ruegger, 'cellist, and Marie Nichols, violinist. Herr Reisenauer, Mlle. Ruegger and Miss Nichols, while well known to Eastern concert goers, will visit the Western coast for the first time. They will appear under the local management of W. L. Greenbaum, who brings Emma Eames and her concert company to us next month.

—*The Music Critic.*

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Automobile Topics

Jay Said to be Convalescing

Webb Jay, the fearless driver of the White car, which has done such wonders on the Eastern tracks this summer, is improving from his recent terrible accident. His injuries involve a number of broken ribs, a broken arm and a ruptured lung; but notwithstanding the serious nature of the injuries, hope is entertained of his complete recovery. The accident was occasioned by a cloud of dust which made it impossible for him to see where he was going, and it is now a question whether there will be much further track racing this year. Kiser and Oldfield are both laid up and now comes Jay, the latest star. He rose out of the West unheralded, and while people were rubbing their eyes and asking questions about the driver of the White spectre which glided around race tracks in such thrilling time, he astounded all by bringing the mile track record down to 48 3-5 seconds. Jay has won the great majority of his races this summer, his latest victories being the following: Detroit, Aug. 9th, defeated Oldfield in $500 ten mile open race, time 5:21; Detroit, August 10th, defeated Oldfield in five mile race for the Diamond Challenge Cup, time 4:52 4-5. Also won the five mile open for $150, time 5:21; Cleveland, August 14th; won Cleveland Derby at five miles, time 4:46 1-5; won the five mile Diamond Cup race in 5:16. Practically all of the foregoing races were heat contests, so that in order to win the finals, Jay ran twice the number of events above mentioned.

Prominent Autoist Here

John C. Speirs, head of the Autocar Company of Ardmore, Pennsylvania, and one of the best known automobile men in the East, is in San Francisco and will remain in this state for about two weeks. It is purely a pleasure trip that Mr. Speirs is on, this being his first visit to California. He is already impressed with our climate and before returning to the Atlantic coast will visit some of our orchards and also see our famous big trees.

Autoists at Byron

The usual large number of automobilists toured to Byron Hot Springs for the week-end. Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Dana and Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Hanley of Alameda, accompanied by Curtis Hillyer, arrived in their big motor-car. They were delighted with the condition of the roads. Mr. and Mrs. R. I. Bentley and Mr. C. H. Bentley made the run over in their new Winton, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Morell of San Francisco in their White. They were all so well pleased with their trip that they intend making the run again in a few weeks.

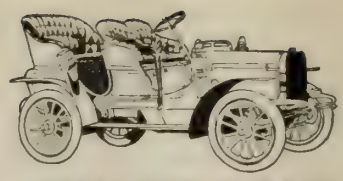
Autos in the Fire Department

At a meeting of the Fire Commissioners, held Friday, September first, contract for furnishing automobiles for the Fire Department of the city of San Francisco was awarded to the Pioneer Automobile Company, agents for the Winton machines. An additional order for one model B 30 h. p. Winton touring car for Chief Sullivan's personal use, was placed. The Fire Department a few months ago advertised for and bought several automobiles for use in the service. Recently other bids were advertised by the Fire Commissioners, stating that the make of automobile recommended by Chief Sullivan and A. W. Riley, Superintendent of Engines, would be purchased. The demand for bids brought very keen competition and all manners and kinds of automobiles were offered to the department. These gentlemen have, for the past three or four weeks, spent a great deal of time investigating the merits of the different automobiles offered, and the Winton car was selected particularly on account of its power and the Winton friction clutch control, which avoids all stripping of transmission gears. The Chief's new car will be shipped from the factory in one week's time. The use of automobiles for the fire department is becoming almost universal. Nearly every city of importance in the United States, at the present time, is using automobiles for this service. The department here, however, has more to contend with than perhaps that of any other city in the country, on account of the hills, roughness of streets, etc., and great care must be taken in choosing a car which will stand this rough usage.

John D. Has One

John D. Rockefeller has bought the first model F White limousine and will use it in going from place to place when he is not taking the "Kneipp treatment."

LITTLE OLDS MOBILE



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The Tavern is now under new and experienced management, and patrons are assured of the constant attendance of the chief of the establishment, and of prompt service at all times. . . .
Special attention is paid to luncheon, dinner and after-theatre parties. . . . . .

Better Than "Man's Best Friend"

Chiefs Sullivan, Shaughnessy and Wills of the San Francisco Fire Department, who in January of this year discarded their sturdy steeds for the more useful and reliable self-propelled vehicle to convey them to the sceneof blazes, and are still having the greatest success with their Autocar runabouts. Many people are not yet convinced of the simplicity and durability of the motor car of today. They need no better example than the automobiles being used in the San Francisco Fire Department. These machines, although they have been subjected to the hardest kind of usage in the past five months, according to the report of the fire engineer are running better this day than when they were first put into the service.

Round and About

C. A. Hawkins, general manager of the White Sewing Machine Company, left yesterday for Los Angeles, where he will remain a few days. The automobile business is reported as booming in Southern California and there is already a great demand for the 1905 White cars, the first of which arrived there last week.

J. W. Shepardson last week purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company an Oldsmobile curve dash runabout.

M. Fisher and family made a trip around the bay on Sunday last in Mr. Fisher's new model B Winton.

Auto Laws

A new edition of the work entitled "Automobile Laws" has been printed by the Automobile Club of America under the supervision of William W. Niles, counsellor-at-law to the club. This contains an exact transcription of every American state law now on the statute books, and an alphabetical index of states with an excellent list of numbered references to the subdivisions of each law. Following is the legal situation in the United States as disclosed by the work: States in which laws have been passed: Alabama, California, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania (new law takes effect January 1, 1906), Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia, Wisconsin. States in which the legislatures have not passed any automobile laws: Arkansas, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nevada, Texas, Utah, Wyoming. North Carolina has passed a law authorizing the county commissioners to pass speed ordinances, and exempting New Hanover and Mecklenburg counties from its provisions.

—The Chauffeur.

Merely a Suggestion

When ordinary wit agrees to be a helpful donor
The critics watch lest it should steal from genius some slight honor;
Why not adopt this plan to stop much useless conversation
Anent divided merit in "The Great Interrogation,"
And add a footnote to the play to all the public telling,
"N. B. Jack London wrote this play; Miss Bascom did the spelling"?

—*The Scoffer.*

Recent arrivals at El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from this city included: H. McClellan, G. W. Beegle, B. Bracchi, W. F. Carpenter, J. W. Van Praag, G. Erlanson and wife, G. E. Miller, E. J. Brown, F. H. Green, Charles J. Wooll, H. L. Heahly, H. Gurman, Geo. I. Taylor, Jack Keller, A. H. Williams, E. K. Hurlburt, Mrs. O. R. Allen and son, Miss Marie Louise Allon, James Smith, B. A. Norris, Paul P. Austin, A. T. McQuaide and wife, Mrs. C. DeNoon, Miss Mabel C. DeNoon, Mrs. E. DeNoon Lewis and W. T. Hawley.

San Franciscans recently registering at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, included: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tasheira. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Mundy, Walter M. Field, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Clark, Miss M. E. Critcher, Mr. and Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mrs. Gertrude W. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Montell, S. F. Booth, C. Clifford, Mrs. N. H. Gordon, R. A. Donaldson, C. J. Jones, H. R. Judah, Pelham W. Ames, Jose M. A. Rodrigues, Mr. and Mrs. M. Stern, Miss Alice Stern, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hamilton, Robert Husband, Mr. and Mrs. L. Schoenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Shloss, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Deering, Chas. J. Bosworth and family, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Chapman.

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New York, Aug. 15th, 1905.

One puncture, caused by a nail, was Megarel's tire record when he had reached Chicago, August 28th.

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A TRIP THROUGH DEATH VALLEY.

(A Human Interest Story.)

(220 Below Sea Level—137 Deg. in the shade, and Somebody Stole the Shade.)

Lige Harris, a character that will go down in the history of the development of the great deserts of Nevada to an undying fame, is one of the most unassuming men the world has ever known. He is quiet and forceful, of magnificent physique, and of undeviating sternness of purpose. He is recognized as one of the pioneers of Tonopah, Goldfield and Bullfrog, and when he extended the writer an invitation to go with him to the Funeral Range country it was eagerly accepted.

Lige Harris, prospector, has ranged these barren, waste and mystic stretches of sage brush and sand until the mysteries were

Leaving Bullfrog for Death Valley

no longer existent, and the silence had spoken with a thousand tongues. Out of the blue and purple distances he has plucked the glamor, from the unyielding mountains he has evoked a golden realism, and as he wandered in familiar places, he has placed his mark on the wastes in a writing legible to himself alone, and making plain the treasures in gold ore he had found.

It was a long and seemingly unending quest, and whenever his provisions gave out he would return to Bullfrog for more. His "blacks" became known from one end of Southwestern Nevada to the other. On each recurrent trip to Bullfrog they came in laden with some 200 pounds of ore from the different localities his unerring judgment had selected as treasure-bearing. These specimens he had assayed, and the silent man kept to himself the source from which he had secured the rock. To his surprise, the ore, after assaying, proved much richer than he had anticipated. It was then that he decided to make a two weeks' trip for the purpose of making a thorough investigation of the claims from which he had obtained the most promising specimens. I had had dreams of untold wealth, and when I was asked to go with him on this trip into an unproven and unknown country I grasped at the opportunity with an eagerness I have seldom shown in any of life's undertakings.

Our ultimate destination was reached after a three days' journey over the hot and rough roads of the desert. It was a place called Green Water. It took us three days from Bullfrog, and at no time during the journey could we proceed faster than a walk. We carried everything necessary for a trip of this kind—water, provisions and the like. We journeyed along over the illimitable wastes of the desert with nothing to gladden the eye save the grey sage brush, and the white-grey sand of the desert, with an occasional bit of color in the out-croppings to be found in the various buttes that dotted the landscape. We arrived at about 6 P. M., and the first thing that it was necessary for us to do was to prepare food, and then for the enjoyment of a sleep to put us in shape for the work of the morrow.

The desert nights are beautiful, and as a general rule cool enough to ensure a sound slumber. We were up again at 3 A. M., and after breakfast we started to locate some of the finest-looking ground one could imagine. I knew as much about this as a baby does, but the trained and unerring eye of Lige did not take long to set us all at work laying our lines and putting up the monuments. A monument is a bunch of rocks gathered from any place you can get them, and piled one on top of another, so as to be 4 feet at the base and 4 feet high. Imagine our work in the hot, broiling sun, at a temperature of about 113 degrees, gathering and piling these boulders. On each claim taken, nine of these beautiful piles must be put up according to law. As I was not accustomed to the heat, I was compelled to take a rest after building one monument. The rest was for about one-half hour, and when I started I had to simply drag myself along. We kept this good work going for a couple of days, until our water had gotten so low that we decided to return and "record" our new possessions.

Good fortune seems to have attended us in these new locations, for within a few months a railroad will be within five miles of our place, and then water, provisions, and all the necessaries of life, will be right at hand. I learned to understand and appreciate Lige Harris during the strenuous time locating the mines. I had long talks with him in the mysterious evenings, when great bunches of stars looked out of the blue skies. He is the original owner and the locater of the Lige Harris Bullfrog mine. This is the mine that has just made a big strike and which was reported by the Associated Press within the last few days. At this place, at a depth of 60 feet, they have struck paying ore. He is also the locater and owner of the original Bullfrog Extension. This is one of the richest properties in Southern Nevada. It would take too long to give a list of his properties and his travels, but it is safe to say that every one in the mining camps knows Lige, and he is identified by his beautiful team of black horses. His travels over the desert would fill a book, and not a small one at that. He knows the country as well as the average San Franciscan knows the city streets.

I have returned to San Francisco, and mentioning my experiences to a number of moneyed people, I was advised to form a company and take out of the ground what there is waiting there for us.

This is my simple statement, and it is made with the view of interesting people in a company which is now formed and incorporated, with Lige Harris as president. There will only be a limited number of shares sold, just enough to cover the expenses of starting developing the property. We have an office and it is located at 124 Sansome street, and is known as the Furnace Creek Gold Mining Company. Our assays reached from $111 to $518 to the ton. These were not picked samples, but taken at random from each of the claims on the surface. It is in these mountains that the famous mine from which "Scotty," the Walter Scott of mining fame, has obtained the immense wealth with which he is buying special trains. Walter Scott and Lige Harris are well known to one another, and they have a mutual knowledge of the wonderful possibilities of the Furnace Creek country.

"Lige" Harris and His Desert Ponies

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Take a Rest

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TAKE TO THE WOODS IN AUGUST

On the line of the CALIFORNIA NORTHWESTERN RAILROAD the woods are dense and watered by clear mountain streams filled with the speckled beauties. The air is fresh with the fragrance of the redwoods and the pine, while the heat of the bright sun is tempered by their overhanging boughs.

Rest while you may, when the Fall and Winter come you will need energy. You can find it in the woods. Take your family with you-they need a rest too.

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Letters

"At the Sign of the Fox"

This is one more argument on behalf of the simple life. It records the financial history of the Lawton family, whose immense fortune disappeared in a day of speculation, leaving them virtually dependent on the work of their hands for a livelihood. There were the father, Adam Lawton, arrogant, self-sufficient, dominant and egotistic; the mother, gentle refined and self-effacing; the daughter, Brook, outwardly the typical society girl, but with a fund of practical common sense; and the sixteen-year-old son, Adam Jr., the usual scion of a millionaire household, mentally dull, without ambition, inheriting the farming instincts of his grandparents, but destined by his father, of whom he was nervously in dread, for a place in the financial world. When the crash came Adam Lawton became paralytic and imbecile, absolutely helpless and unable to render any assistance in the untangling of his affairs. All that was left was the farm on which he was born and which he had in a moment of sentiment transferred to his daughter, with the income of some shares which also had been given to her long before the catastrophe. Poverty is a relative term, and there are a good many people in the world who would feel themselves suddenly raised to affluence if they found that they had "only" a good farm, well stocked, in a fashionable summer locality, with six hundred dollars a year income independent of their earnings, even if there were a brood of young children to maintain and educate, instead of four adults, only one of them a dependent. Brooke Lawton, though she had some talent as an artist, had had too much experience with the impoverished society belle and her futile efforts to make a genteel living by her accomplishments. She determined to put her patrimony to use, especially as it was the only feasible plan by which the family could be held together, and as it fortunately happened that Adam Jr. had a bent towards out-door life, since he had none in any other direction. With the assistance and advice of well-disposed neighbors and the practical experience of the cousins who had farmed the land for twenty years, they were soon established, and with the remark of a garrulous dame and a compliment to Brooke's cookery from the chance descent of some erstwhile society friends, there sprung up the enterprise which was carried on under "the sign of the Fox" —that of supplying tea, sandwiches and other light refreshments to driving parties from the neighboring towns and summer cottages. Of course it is not to be supposed that a story of some three hundred and seventy pages could run its course without a love story. As a matter of fact there are four, equally divided between happy and unhappy endings, the happy ones, of course, being those that ended at the altar. For novelty in the way of proposals probably that of Lucy Dean and Tom Brownell will lead the season's list, since that enterprising young lady virtually did the proposing in the hen house, where they were locked by the snapping of the spring latch, while the squawking poultry usurped the privileges usually reserved for the birds of more melodious song. As the obvious intention of this book is to encourage the "back to the land" movement, it would have been bad policy to deprive Brooke Lawton of success in any direction, but it rather taxes credulity that an artist of recognized ability should be willing to desert his studio, change his name, grow a disguising beard and cross the Atlantic in order to work as a farm laborer for the benefit of his beloved, who calmly accepts his sacrifices and never once suspects his identity. The tone of the story is cheerful and optimistic, and if there are any bankrupt society people who happen to own farms in fashionable localities, together with interest-bearing bonds which will yield them an income of from six hundred to sixteen hundred dollars a year, especially if they happen to have lurking artistic and culinary talent longing for a chance to manifest itself, they cannot do better than follow the example of the Lawtons. Those unfortunates who are just plain "stone-broke," with neither land nor lucre, will have to live their simple lives in back tenements and small apartments as before. The anonymous author, who has made quite a reputation for herself in a short time, places on her title page only the name Barbara, the same which appears on that of "The Woman Errant," "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," and "The People of the Whirlpool," all of which are from the press of the Macmillan Company.

In reviewing F. Hopkinson Smith's late collection of short stories, "At Close Range," the all-wise and dictatorial "Saturday Review" of London says: "We cannot recall having read any of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's stories before, and if this is a first book it is one of such exceptional promise as will make us look out for its successor with interest." For the enlightenment of the "Saturday Review" there are also to Mr. Smith's credit "Tom Grogan," "Caleb West," "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," "A Day at Laguierre's, and Other Days," "The Under Dog," and a few other odds and ends, not to mention his paintings, or the lighthouses, jetties, bridges, and such bric-a-brac. Over on this side of the Atlantic we have a well established habit of "looking out with interest" for everything that Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith does.

—The Bookworm.

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Consequences of Too Much Roosevelt

The news from Tokio of the rage of the people at being baffled of the hard-earned fruits of victory was what should have been expected. When President Roosevelt was being acclaimed by the press of Europe and America for his great service to civilization in persuading the Mikado to withdraw his demand for an indemnity, Town Talk suggested the likelihood of his conduct being misinterpreted by the Japanese. It is quite natural for them to feel that they have once more been buncoed by the wily and selfish Caucasian. It is to be regretted that we have lost the friendship of the people of that Far Eastern nation. Up to the time of the declaration of peace we enjoyed both their confidence and esteem, and we flattered ourselves that their friendship was worth having because of our vast interests in the Pacific and their ascendancy in the Orient. It will be hard to restore their confidence, for they cannot be easily convinced that a reputation for magnanimity is superior to coin of the realm. President Roosevelt having lost prestige in Japan, will not continue to operate as a moral force in Asia. And already, it should be incidentally stated, that there is objection to him as an arbitre of affairs in Europe. Since he defined his views on the Monroe Doctrine, proclaiming to the world that in the future the United States will attend to the castigation of those States of the New World that fail in their obligations toward European Powers, it is felt in England that he is no longer qualified to fill the judicial office. They attribute to him the absurd claim for his office of both the impartial dignity of a supra-mundane authority and the leadership in international rivalries, and they argue that he cannot be at the same time the rival of expansive Powers and the serene arbitre of the world.

As We View the President

Of course when, after the Spanish war, we purchased the principal Asiatic dependencies of Spain, to say nothing of other acquisitions in and around the American continent itself, we should have been expected to abandon the pleasing claim to stand beyond and above the vulgar commercial States of the Old World. But now, in view of the fact that we have a President who is considered the embodiment of disinterested benevolence towards mankind, that claim is not so preposterous as our British cousins think. If Britishers could see Mr. Roosevelt with the eyes through which he is seen in this country they would be quick to acknowledge his fitness for the position of international arbitre. Despite the American sense of humor we are beginning to view our President not only as a man of destiny but also as a great moralist and as an infallible authority. He has been compared to the divinity itself. The other day a learned divine of Chicago said of him: "The one man of the world who matches Jesus Christ in seriousness of purpose, in purity of life, is the President of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt." And not a man in the congregation was overcome with nausea. We are not all so extravagant as the Chicago preacher in our adulation of the President, but we are firmly convinced that he is eminently qualified to settle international disputes, for we know that he believes in giving everybody a square deal. However, it would perhaps be premature to suggest that the Hague Tribunal be composed of one man.

As to Criticism

Mr. Brisbane, of the Hearst editorial syndicate, echoing the sentiments of his collaborator, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, disparages the critical spirit of incompetent critics. When Ella uttered her mind on the subject, some months ago, she was angry at Town Talk, which had called attention to her intolerable masquerading, just as Thomas Babington Macauley had done in the case of one Montgomery, and for the same exalted purpose. We do not know what called forth the Brisbane protest, but we presume that some critic has been pot-hunting on the Hearst preserves. Mr. Brisbane's views on the subject of indiscriminate and prejudiced criticism are somewhat surprising, implying as they do disapproval of his own performances. Mr. Brisbane is a critic of men in the economic and political fields and he has much to say about them that is clearly founded on prejudice. Moreover, according to his own views, he is an incompetent critic, for he is always finding fault with existing systems and he hasn't the ability to suggest sane substitutes. But Mr. Brisbane, who is a very cultured gentleman, addresses his rebuke to those lesser critics who abuse artists and literary workers. The only competent critic, in his opinion, is the one of the Ruskin type, who has the ability to point out merit and suggest ways of improvement. He no doubt feels that they who cannot create have no right to estimate the value of creative work, an absurdity that has been demonstrated even by men who have done great creative work, but who appreciated the value of criticism that deals only with defects. To point out defects is only an indirect way of suggesting the direction in which merit lies. There is much work done nowadays of so crude a character and so barren of the traces of genius that it would be idle for the critic to praise the little merit to be found therein. It is praise of the mediocre that encourages the illiterate, debases art and lowers standards. If perfection is worth reaching then harsh criticism is more wholesome than the puffery that Macaulay condemned. Who knows but that posterity may find that Ruskin diverted art from the straight and narrow path? Even now it is not certain that his views on Turner were sound. But whatever good he accomplished in his defense of the Preraphaelites, his best service to art was through the terror that he inspired in the heart of the careless exhibitor of pot-boilers. The pedestaling of proficiency is of less importance than the crushing of the char-

latan. Why should merit crave applause? Better that genius should occasionally go unrecognized than that pompous pretension should wear the laurel without danger of being unmasked. Applause is not worth while excepting from a material standpoint. It is usually conceit that seeks adulation. When the mob, as was its wont, went acclaiming in the train of Swift he would say, "Pox take those fools, how much joy might all this bawling give my lord-mayor?" It is the duty of the critic to chronicle his impressions, and if that is done honestly there should be no objection. If his impressions have no value that is his misfortune, but they are to be deplored only when they tend to exalt imperfection. To object to criticism on the score of the inability of the critic to create is not only unreasonable, but also quite frequently unjust, for it may be improperly postulated. Some of the harshest critics, men who seldom saw merit in the creative work of their contemporaries, have turned out great creators. George Bernard Shaw is one of them. Many critics are not writing plays and novels simply because they are critical of themselves and severely question their own capacity. They know something of the canons of art because they have familiarized themselves with the best criticism, and they are conscious of their shortcomings. Some of them know they have creative power, but refrain from creating because they have not sufficient confidence in their constructive faculty. Therefore they merely view from without the pastures in which fools gladly gambol. They cannot help detesting them for being fools. They scorn to emulate them, despite the applause of the mob. Though they may not be able to go over the heads of the mob they have no desire to flutter along the dead level. At the same time they feel that they subserve a good purpose in criticising the antics of the mediocrities.

Race Suicide Statistics

An authoritative statement on the subject of "race suicide" has come from the Census Bureau and it bears out what was said in these columns when that sensational theorist, Professor Ross, first uttered his mind to give inspiration to that other distinguished alarmist, Theodore Roosevent. This authoritative statement of the Census Bureau is to the effect that the birth rate of this country is incalculable with any approximation to scientific accuracy from official statistics of births. These statistics are notoriously defective in the states generally. In the city of New York, for example, while the statistics of deaths are among the most complete and accurate of any great community in the world, those of births are notoriously untrustworthy. It is estimated that as many as a quarter of the births are not reported to the Health Department, chiefly from negligence, ignorance and carelessness. To the same causes may be attributed the incompleteness of the official birth-rate in this city. The Census Bureau has consequently not attempted to compute the birth rate of the United States, but simply to determine the ratio of the number of children under five years to the number of women of child-bearing age. This ratio has steadily declined in the last century, but it does not necessarily follow that the growth of population has been seriously retarded. There is no luminous significance to the circumstance that potential mothers are more numerous than children under five years of age. A great many women of child-bearing age who have no children under five years of age have several of riper years. A woman may do her full share toward swelling the census without bearing children to the limit of her capacity.

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In Restraint of Spellbinders

If that terrible instrument of torture, the alarm clock, is ever listed among the incentives to virtue it will owe its glorification to Mr. Blount, of the Texas House of Representatives. Mr. Blount has discovered that the alarm clock fills a long-felt want quite different from the one for which it was designed by its villainous inventor. The alarm clock has long been an incentive to profanity. Even those by whom it is used heap imprecations on it for doing its duty. But Mr. Blount has put it to a new and benign purpose. He called it into requisition to disturb the continuity of thought of long-winded speakers in the Texas legislature, and though, like the pioneer of every new movement, he met with rebuff, we may safely predict that in time the value of his original idea will receive universal recognition. This is the age of speed. It is the age of quick transit, of quick lunch and of get-rich-quick enterprises. Quickness is paramount in everything, and its importance is ignored by none but the spellbinder. We are frequently told that oratory is on the decline, but this is untrue. The quality of our national eloquence has deteriorated, but the orator is as lusty-lunged and longer winded than ever. Indeed he is mostly wind. Conscious of the paucity of his ideas, he has become prolific of words. He retards legislation and prolongs litigation. At a banquet he is a bore and on state occasions he is a nuisance. The alarm clock is a fine remedy for a national evil. If you don't enthuse over it, reflect on Fairfax Wheelan at the Roosevelt banquet.

Woman's Province

They seem to be having an exciting time in Los Angeles over the appointment of Charles Lummis, of *Out West,* to succeed a woman as librarian in the public library. As usual, the matter of fitness, expediency or improvement in the service has been lost sight of, and the only point around which the clamor has arisen is one of sex. It is maintained that as librarians deal so largely with women and children, there is a special appropriateness in the appointment of women, and once attention has been directed to this side of the controversy one cannot but be struck with the rapidity with which libraries are becoming feminized. Practically they are clearing houses for novels and juveniles, convenient places to drop in to when on a shopping tour to look over the weeklies and magazines, and take

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home a supply of light reading matter for leisurely consumption. Since the development of "trained" librarians the attendants are no longer book-lovers with some knowledge of authors and acquaintance with the contents and scope of volumes, but expert cataloguers who can turn out neatly penned lists, cut pages and manipulate rubber stamps. There is no use in asking them for information, for they have none to supply. They can tell whether the latest novels have been added to the stock, and by an examination of the reserved shelf report to clients whether a copy is available for issue, but that is about all. Men are rapidly being crowded out of the libraries. A few of the older members, especially of the subscription libraries, continue to visit the reading rooms to look over the periodicals, but there is a great preponderance of women, whispering, munching candy and rustling their skirts. The old fogies, who have nothing better to do with themselves than to doze for hours over a magazine or painfully follow with forefinger every line in the newspapers, and the young chaps who run in to get the latest "Sherlock Holmes" or "Raffles," will continue to be in evidence, but the ordinary man, the fathers of the children, the husbands of the wives who are the regular daily patrons, find themselves as much out of their element as they would be at a matinee or in a primary school-room. As long as women and children make up the bulk of the applicants for books women will fill the librarian's chair.

Professor Peck's Explanation

Professor Harry Thurston Peck, in accounting for the number of books which are passed on from one publisher to another before they find sponsors, and yet become immediately popular as soon as they are offered for sale, says that the professional readers become so jaded by the amount of manuscript which they are called upon to examine, that eventually it must be something entirely out of common which arouses their attention. The theory is plausible enough, but in that case, how does he account for the fact that the great mass of the books, fiction especially, which is published, is so trivial, puerile and mediocre? Rather, it would seem that instead of readers being persons of mature intellect and jaded appetites, they are this year's graduates who have read nothing voluntarily since they dropped their dime novels and detective yarns, and instead of being over critical, they are just at the opposite extreme, ready to commend everything because they have no standards as a basis of comparison. Critics deal kindly with the average book just because it is of average quality. It is neither especially good nor especially bad, nor essentially different from a thousand others. There is no reason to single out any one for condemnation when any other is equally deserving of it. The effect would be akin to killing one mosquito in a swarm; it would never be missed. There is always a question of the standard from which measurement is taken, too. A book might be excellent if one were measuring up from Laura Jean Libby, and execrable if down from Thomas Hardy. Moreover, readers are stratified as well as books, and there is not a particle of use in trying to make the Corelli-minded prefer Meredith to Hall Caine. The reader of the modern publishing house is swayed by the commercial instinct. He approves those writers that know their public and write down to it. He often reasons that if the public rushed after a certain book which was not better than the one somewhat of the same style under consideration, they are more than likely to continue the stampede in the same direction. That is why we had the flood of Revolutionary and Colonial romances a few years ago; also the doublet and hose brand, and later the Wild West variety. The professional reader is not expected to be a judge of literature, but he must keep a finger on the public pulse. That he rejects manuscript which turns out to be a good seller is perhaps proof of jaded appetite, for picking best-sellers must be a terrible bore, but we must not assume that the professional reader, even though he were not weary, would recognize something out of the common if it were also a thing of beauty and a joy to those that are trained to discriminate in such matters.

A Tolstoi Theory

Tolstoi has written another novel which he calls "Sons of the Fatherland." The plot, briefly, is this: A man has two sons, one of whom elects to go to the city and enter into business. He contracts all the vices and leaves behind him all the virtues, and proves a failure. The other remains in the country, works on the farm, and becomes a model of all the virtues, with success in compound ratio; hence we see that all virtue resides in the rural districts, that God never intended men to live in cities or to occupy themselves in any other manner than in tilling the soil, that God is God and Tolstoi is his prophet. It is neither town nor country that makes or mars a man, neither is it farming nor shop-keeping. The elements of success or failure are in the man himself. There are just as many lazy men living on farms as there are in city slums, and just as many incompetent tillers of the soil as there are unsatisfactory clerks and salesmen. Sometimes the fault lies in the proverbial "round peg" trying to fill a square hole, but just as often the trouble lies in general unfitness for any sort of responsibility. Some are driven to their tasks by the lash of sore need. They must work or starve literally, but they make just as small a return as they possibly can for the wages they receive. Living on farms, where they are not under the supervision of a master, where no one checks up the material progress every night or

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every week, men become thriftless, land deteriorates, crops fail, and buildings go to ruin. They manage to drink and to gamble though they have to travel miles instead of blocks to gratify their appetites. It is as apt to be the son who goes to the city and finds congenial occupation who will pay off the mortgage on the farm, educate the young children and pension his parents, as it is to be the one who sticks to the soil. The good-for-nothing may succeed in hanging on longer and hiding his defects on a farm than he would in town, but, in the sentiment of the old doggerel,

"It is not wealth, nor power, nor state,
But 'get up and git' that makes men great."

Encouraging Peeping Children

It is bad enough for children to be born in "original sin," but it is worse for them to be born of incompetent parents. The unfitness of some individuals for the responsibility of rearing children is a phenomenon harshly dissonant in the grand, harmonious cosmic system. We were reminded of it by the calling of two children as witnesses in the scandalous Taggart case. One was the son of the litigants. Both were required to testify to what they saw when peeping through a keyhole. It is bad enough to involve children in such a nasty mess as the Taggart case, but it is worse to teach them that keyhole testimony is of some value. We have become somewhat accustomed to seeing children on the witness stand in divorce cases, and keyhole testimony appears to be diligently sought after when husbands and wives fall out, nevertheless the combination of children and keyholes is disgusting. A few years ago a St. Louis judge laid down the rule that children should be barred from divorce trials. It would be well if all other jurists could see the wholesomeness of such inhibition.

The Marriage of Convenience

A very shocking bit of news comes out of Paris, the hot-bed of new ideas, new fashions, new customs, new vices, new diversions and new farces. It is to the effect that the statesmen of France are considering the advisability of enacting a law compelling men to love their wives. The marriage code of France is considered defective because it merely requires the contracting parties to esteem each other and asserts that they owe each other fidelity and succor. There is no reference to love. Paul Hervieu, the dramatist, is very much agitated over the omission, and he recently addressed a Parliamentary committee on the subject, the members of which were impressed by his views, and subsequently expressed themselves in favor of legislating marital affection into the family. It is explained that most unions among fashionable folks in France are marriages of convenience, and it is thought that sentimental marriages are for the good of the community. The proposition has not been well received. It is considered revolutionary. But of course the gentlemen of France are needlessly alarmed. By familiarizing themselves with sociological affairs in this country they will learn that fashionables cannot be coerced into the sentimental marriage. Americans are expected to marry for love, but they don't; but fortunately the evils that are concomitant of the marriage of convenience in France and which no doubt prompted the complaint of Paul Hervieu, are not so glaring in this country. We do not concede the right of the husband to a mistress. The American who marries for convenience must conduct amours *sub rosa*. Consequently, while there is more hypocrisy in this country there is less conspicuous indifference to decency. The marriage of convenience breeds immorality here as in France, but in the New World it is less of a menace to public morals.

The Simple Life

A Brief Record of a Day in An Apple Orchard, the Peace of Which Is Disturbed Only When the Newspapers Arrive, Bearing Tidings of Little Joy and Much Woe to the Citizens of Arcady.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

For some time past I have been trying to live a simple life in an apple orchard near Hayward, in Alameda county. It is as far from the madding crowd as I dare go, and it is far enough. The events of the great world come to me like the echo of a murmur out of some primeval forest; I seem to hear the voices of men from a vast distance—confused, indistinct, babbling; I have signed a treaty of peace with myself and there is an armistice between myself and all mankind.

Each morning I sally forth from my ramada while jocund day stands tiptoe on the mountain top and walk barefoot through the dewy asphodel. I perform this rite not because Dr. Kneipp has recommended it as a cure for nervous indigestion but as an aid to imagination. I imagine myself John D. Rockefeller—not the tainted Rockefeller of the newspapers, but the pure and holy Rockefeller who prays, like David, to be delivered from his affliction. In these morning rambles, assisted by my cold feet, I reflect that perhaps I am not as black as I have been painted or if I am that I am not as black as those who have painted me. It stands to reason that if those who delight to revile me were in my place they would be no better than they say I am; and I am consoled by the thought that Another the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to loose, was similarly reviled by hypocrites, scribes and Pharisees. I make no complaint, for I recall that one of the beatitudes promises that the meek shall inherit the earth. I ascribe my inheritance entirely to my meekness.

I return to my humble shack much chastened in spirit and thoroughly fortified for the evil that is believed to be sufficient for each day. From the ridgepole of my brush shanty hangs a sweet-toned gong that once resounded to the reverent stroke of a Buddhist bonze in a Fouchau temple. It is my daily custom to tap this gong thrice to attract the attention of the gods who have been accustomed to lend an ear responsive to this tinkling cymbal. Then I offer my secular prayer on behalf of living poets and magazine writers, and all unfortunates who are compelled to earn their bread by the sweat of their wrists. I ask the gods to dole out more inspiration to these people, reminding the deities that mortals read the magazines and depend upon those publications for their literary culture. I have not yet observed any marked improvement in the magazines as a result of my daily petitions, but I have noticed that the editorials in the newspapers are beginning to indicate that the writers are trying to clothe themselves in their

right mind—I have even observed a faint gleam of genuine humor in some of these snap-shot mental exposures. I haven't said a word to the gods about the newspaper editors and I am at a loss to account for this immediate consequence of my advice. Perhaps the gods are hard of hearing; perhaps I haven't prayed distinctly enough; or perhaps the inspiration has gone astray. In any event, I cannot be held responsible for the mistakes of the gods who may not, with all their wisdom, be able to distinguish between an editor and a poet. It is a far cry from Nirvana to Grub street.

A frugal breakfast is, of course, a part of the simple life that I am trying to live. Why should I waste precious time eating? Besides, my appetite is as simple as my morning meal; it is not given to me, as it is to the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory, to achieve a ravenous appetite for breakfast by first obtaining the forgiveness of my neighbor for a great wrong inflicted upon him; the ingredients of that "bracer" are not among the simple waters of my rude sideboard; I lack the "bitters" that add zest to a reconciliation cocktail. This breakfast includes an apple, a crust of bread, and a cup of pure water from the bubbling spring. If my yearning for food is not yet appeased I eat another apple and munch another crust. All this time I am thinking high thoughts inspired by the moral teachings of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the published sermons of Dr. Rader the Preacher, and the poetry of Theodosia Garrison. I often marvel, in these matutinal meditations, how these inexhaustible reservoirs manage to keep so full and overflowing; sometimes I wonder how much they get for irrigating the arid souls of those upon whom they pour their triple distilled philosophy. I am sure that no money would induce me to write such rot.

Scarcely have I performed these simple functions when the morning newspapers are tossed up out of the seething metropolitan maelstrom. I have become so simple in my tastes by reason of the simple life that I am leading, that I find no pleasure or profit in the mass of news furnished by the papers. Instinctively I turn to the editorial pages to read the thoughts of Editor Young, and Editor Wolcott, and Editor McNaught. I am not always sure that I am communing with these thinkers when I read the editorials in the three morning newspapers of San Francisco, but I love to delude myself with that idea. This is another phase of my simple existence—delusions and illusions. When I read something written by Editor Young on the tariff I hear the wheels of commerce going round, creaking for the lack of the grease of reciprocity, perhaps, but moving as the mills of the gods move and grinding exceeding fine. When I read Editor Wolcott on municipal ownership I think of the millennium and "all the wonders yet to be"; Editor Wolcott is always a reminder to me of the blessed trinity of optimism—Faith, Hope, Charity, the least of these being Charity. The romance of my simple morning musings is supplied by Editor McNaught, who tells me, not in mournful numbers, that our trade with the Orient or our trade with the Indies, or our trade with Europe, is prospering beyond our most opulent dreams of avarice. When I read what Editor McNaught is thinking I feel myself a boy again with Robinson Crusoe on his island, with Sir John Mandeville traveling "far countries for to see," with Abbe Huc traversing the great caravan route, with Messer Marco Polo, advising the army of Kublai Kahn (ancestor of Julius) at the siege of Hankow, with Herodotus in Egypt, with Magellan sailing westward to "the gateways of the day," with dear old Baron Munchausen trafficking with nomad Kalmucks in the kingdom of Prester John. Editor McNaught, in his "trade reviews," is a tonic and a stimulus, and when I have read what he has thought about commerce I feel like forsaking this simple life and embarking on a career of piracy on the high seas.

In this simple life I am not at all interested in the politics of the town, the nation or the world. Abe Ruef is but a name for me; Arthur Fisk is a dim irreligious character in some half-remembered fiction; Mayor Schmitz seems a dark-browed villain in a forgotten melodrama—they are but figments and fragments of the fustian stuff of dreams. President Roosevelt looms a little larger and more substantial, but still ghostly and unreal, as if he were a contemporary of the mailed warriors who clank through the Middle Ages or the statesmen who sat in the council chambers of vanished empires. I read the headlines of the aftermath of the Peace Conference and I find myself a citizen of Pekin at the beginning of the twenty-first century reading "The Decline and Fall of the Japanese Empire," compiled from the official records in the Russian national library of Tokio, partially destroyed during the siege of that city by the British in 1984.

Thus in my simple life I have ample opportunity for many complex speculations upon the vanity of it all—the foolish strife, the futile ambition, the strutting pride, the carking envy, the idiotic laughter of those who say they are happy, the scalding tears of those who think they are miserable, the wasted sympathy, the misplaced confidences, the birth pangs of mothers who will live to curse the day a son was born to them, and the death agonies of deluded mortals who cannot realize that in death they will find the only happiness they have ever experienced—the contentment of oblivion.

The simple life is a cheerful life and conducive to cheerful thoughts; provided you keep the daily newspapers out of it. The breakfast hour is always the most depressing because the morning newspapers arrive at that time and compel sad thoughts, mostly of graves, worms, epitaphs, suicides, murders, wars, army scandals, political graft, bad acting in the play-houses, bad poetry on editorial pages, bad writing everywhere.

The middle of the day in a simple life is close to nature and consequently invigorating, stimulating, almost happy. With the close of the day comes the afternoon newspapers and another interval of distress mental and physical—the thoughts inspired by the evening newspaper are Macbethian in their murderous effects.

If I am to thoroughly enjoy this simple life I shall have to cut out the newspapers.

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From Palermo Unto Rome

BY HERMANN SCHEFFAUER.

Sicily, faint and far, lifted itself from the sea, a nebulous mass. Slowly it arose, turning to stone as we approached. Two splendid barkentines, sailing proudly abreast, came beating with shining sails out from Palermo's bay. Passing under the towering headlands of Monte Pellegrino we entered the harbor. There lay Palermo in the circle of its hills, a magnificent panorama, its quays, bright with craft, its houses veiled in a rosy haze, above which countless domes sparkled in the rising sun. It was a sight to thrill the soul.

Heaven forbid that I should attempt to describe Italy, that loveliest of lands which poets and painters have for so long vainly sought to depict! A few impressions, weak and meager, are all that I can render. There was that in the air, the earth, the skies and waters of Italy which constantly reminded me of California, for we possess, as has been remarked, all that in respect to Nature makes this country so fair. Some day, let us hope, we shall possess much that in respect to Art makes this country so glorious.

At last I was in the land of fable, gods and heroes. "I will go," said I, "to the haunts of the deities; I will walk and worship in their sacred groves." Here still stood or lay their marble temples, in desolate yet noble ruins, huge columns rearing to the skies, marvelous capitals and shattered architraves. These I saw with wonder and sadness, but of gods or heroes never a sign. I assure you there are none left, for not Diogenes searched more thoroughly for an honest man, than I for them. In all Girgentum, in all Syracuse, was not one. To have discovered even a fawn or a nymph would have been a solace. Sometimes, indeed, I seemed to catch the glimpse of a white form through the trees or see a brown and horned head leering under the leaves, but the seeming yielded no satisfaction. It was a sore disappointment for a poor poet to have come so far to meet with neither divinity nor demigod. Where were the Sicilian Muses who from these groves inspired Theocritus? where the race of Cyclops? where Polypheme tending his flocks? where Hercules? where Ulysses with his gallant band? where Æneas celebrating the funeral rites of his sire, Anchises? At the island's other end Scylla and Charybdis sometimes howled across the waves and sometimes Vulcan, asleep in the bowels of Aetna, stirred the ashes of his smothered forges, sending up from the mountain's mouth a ghostly vapor, but all else was dead and deserted. Yes, the gods were all dead, their temples were their tombs—all dead save one—Bacchus, who fled to California, now lords it redly in Bohemia's groves.

So I, who would "rather be a pagan suckled in a creed out-worn," consoled myself with the fair monuments of a creed more outwearing than outworn. I made a pilgrimage to the summit of Monte Pellegrino, up a steep road paved with monster granite blocks, to the famous Grotto Sancta Rosalia. The crowned saint lay garbed in silken robes and cloth of gold, in a glass shrine in the darkness of the cave. Goethe, whose visit to the grotto in 1787 is commemorated by a marble tablet, remarked upon the beautiful visage of the saint. The expression of sweet repose upon her radiant features seemed, indeed, astonishingly lifelike. In Palermo one sees, also, the catacombs of the Capuchins, whose subterranean vaults are piled from floor to groin with coffins, skeletons and exposed bodies. Gristly figures, held up by cords, lean at all angles, and skulls grin from every nook. The gloom, the charnal air, the sepulchral voice of the old man who accompanied me as he held up a blazing torch and cast its red glare upon this horrible assemblage of the dead, made me shudder. Some of the bodies seen through the glass coffins were strangely well-preserved. I saw a bride in silken wedding-dress and orange flowers, with pale but not cadaverous face. Lifting a lid, the old man showed me an assassinated general who lay beneath in much of his former manly beauty. The forms of babes lay mouldering in their caskets, the youthful and the aged were all there—by thousands—for many years. This mode of "burial" is now forbidden by the government.

At the street corners flaring candles consumed themselves in honor of niched saints; in the gorgeous churches thousands of tapers shed light on images of wood, stone or wax. Ah, the shedding of light is a glorious thing, though it fall only on wax, stone or wood! In the Piazza St. Dominico the figure of the Virgin atop a lofty column was being furnished with a halo of electric lights—so Science in Italy is handmaid to Religion. The great sanctuaries are lined with precious marbles, with priceless mosaics, with bronze, gold, silver and splendid paintings. I had never seen more beautiful churches and cloisters—nor more interesting ones.

To Messina the way lay along the shore of the Mediterranean, through miles of lemon groves, past towns that seemed perfect as paintings, some built in cliffs beside the sea, some crowning with graceful line the tops of mountains in whose fastnesses the Sicilian Vendetta still holds sway. All was ideal in form and color—all was ravishing. Could I but have painted the people! Finally, upon issuing from a long tunnel, Messina lay spread below us and, across the straits, Reggio di Calabria, upon the extreme toe of the boot of Italy kicking Sicily into the sea.

A strange, ancient city is Messina, with a curious and picturesque life. One day, as I sat upon the shore beside the straits, watching the waters of the green Tyrrhenian sea rushing down one side and those of the blue Mediterranean up the other, and seeking to determine the exact position of classic Scylla and Charybdis, I met a tall, spare man in the robes of a Catholic priest—the Abbe Boivin. He was walking along the sands with bowed head, a book of poetry in his hands. He greeted me in Italian and, at my request, pointed out the opposing bluffs, which showed insignificantly enough. Then, in French, we entered into a sympathetic conversation as we walked along

(Continued on Page 30)

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A Spectator

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Recalling all the sad, unfruitful years,
The hopes long faded and the joys long dead,
And pausing where the ghost of mem'ry leers
I drink again the gall of useless tears.

An empty life, as rayless as that doom
Which dogs the unbeliever to the grave,
And like those flowers that droop within the gloom
To powdered dust on some neglected tomb!

One said to me: "My life has been as thine,
"All aims were thwarted, motives misconstrued,
"The cup held poison where I thought were wine;
"I gathered stones where gems had seemed to shine,

"And had despaired, but voices seemed to say,
"'The way of thy salvation lies in this,
"'Take up thy cross, and so, from day to day,
"'Become more worthy of the higher way.'"

Thus each man has his concepts to defend,
Each, groping, wraps about him some belief;
E'en I on life a careless int'rest bend,
Most curious to see how all will end.

September, 1905.

The Saunterer

Aftermath of the Colma Meadow

Nothing surprises me nowadays except the probable, such as the spectacle of Jack London, exponent of "The Game," foremost living writer of the physical force school, high priest of the primitive, St. Paul of the cult of the cruel, in the role of apologist for the prizefighter, but that Jack London, sociologist, man of brains, with eyes for the fact, should shout his All hail to Britt and Nelson, to both victor and vanquished in the glorious battle at historic Colma, because forsooth "they play the clean game of life," in contradistinction to unclean "commercial game," is highly improbable and accordingly to be expected. The blood-bespattered bruisers of the Colma arena, with their exquisite braggadocio and ineffable bantam-cock courage, free from spot or stain of commercialism, fighting for fight's sake, thoughtless as the unborn lily of the field of the morrow's investment of percentages of gate-receipts and picture privileges: I' truth, Jack, 'tis as touching and edifying as naivete in a modern author. 'Tis like to bring my few remaining hairs in sorrow to the grave, to think that I did not go down to Colma to see the working of the mill of the gods for the twice nine awful rounds, the fateful Dane's slow grinding of the great into something exceeding small.

As To Blood Lust

Now, look to thy laurels, Hamlet! Haste, thee, O, prince! Thou are not Denmark's greatest else. But could my loyal eyes have borne it, the sight of California's pride falling, pushed by foreign fists, into the bottomless pit of "Has-been," like Ilium and many other mighty things that were; the while the blood lust pent up in ten thousand abysmally brutish hearts—caldrons of hell—boiled over, finding various vent in hideous steam, blinding, scalding, deafening, stinking, insufferable? There are, I take it, nicer things to look at than a multitude of men, come together at the call of the wild, with one accord putting civilization as a garment by and laying bare the original beast. But to return to our lion. If I understand aright the language of the beast (not the least lese-majesty intended; we are all lions at heart), Jack London means to tell us that he is one mind with John Ruskin in this: Better the lust of blood than the lust of boodle; the greed of gore is nobler than the greed of gold. And if it were really inevitable (there are who think it is) that as the one greed goes down, the other goes up, see-sawing like gamins on either end of a balanced plank, the kindliest head could hardly have the heart to cry: "Down with the greed of gore!"

The Eloquent Parallel

Some time ago I advised Jack London to keep out of the newspaper column, but I am glad that he got into it alongside "Pop" Hamilton and Ashton Stevens, for I have long nursed the theory that the talented reporter is no less an artist than many writers of fiction who laboriously polish their phrases for lodgment between book-covers to be acclaimed makers of literature. It is the habit of the snob critics of the magazines to scoff at "journalese" as it is written for the dailies, being indifferent to the forced draught under which reporters work, and often being too ignorant to appreciate praiseworthy performances. It is not often that we get such a fine opportunity to match the humble reporter and the genius of literature and to judge their relative capacity for graphic description and fluent narrative as was afforded by the *Examiner* after the Britt-Nelson fight. The two reporters I have mentioned gave vivid descriptions of the contest, and of the scenes enacted at the ringside, and told in good English of the emotions stirred and impressions received. Perhaps neither of those reporters could have written "The Call of the Wild" but in their own field of endeavor they make Jack London look like a novice in the use of the typewriter. London gave us a philosophical dissertation which might have been written before the fight, and much of his descriptive matter would have been consigned to the Editor's basket if it had been written by a thirty dollar a week reporter. He wasted a lot of space trying to expound the thesis that intellect is no match for brute strength in a twenty-four foot ring, almost a self-evident proposition, but not aptly illustrated by the Colma mill, since that involved mainly a question of brute strength. It was not intellect, but the weaker brute that lost. To maintain that all the intelligence was on the Britt side is absurd. It was intelligence that impelled Nelson to make the best use of his strength, which he knew to be superior to that of his opponent and most effective when incessantly exercised. It was through lack of intelligence that Britt ignored the value of his own superior cleverness and placed too much reliance on his inferior vitality.

ANCIENT HISTORY

(By Haig Patigian.)

The figure, of which the above is a photographic reproduction, is the work of an artist who, obviously, gives thought to life in its most profound aspects, who appeals to the intellect through the emotions. Not many months ago Haig Patigian was an illustrator on the dailies of this city, but he abandoned drawing to take up the sister art of expression in form, and wonderful has been the progress that he has made. The modeling of the young sculptor has already attracted a great deal of attention, and I am of the opinion that this symbolic and impressive figure, which he has called "Ancient History," will compel substantial recognition of his genius. It is a work possessing both beauty and power, full of the subtle quality of suggestion. Like all works of art worthy of the designation, it carries the mind beyond the object represented, and it is fraught with wonder and mystery. Mr. Patigian wished to express the idea of an eternity of historical activity, and thinking in clay, becoming eloquent in sculpture, he has spoken in the vocabulary of symbolism through a figure winged with the ancient Egyptian symbol of perpetuity, standing on a globe, the ephemeral field of human endeavor, from which History gives promise of rising to greater and grander things. The pose of the head and the lightly closed eyes suggest consciousness of nothing more of the past than the guiding lessons that are to be drawn from it as well as supreme confidence in the future. The sphinxes at the base of the pedestal suggest unfathomable mysteries and silent inquiry into unsolved problems, but as Pater put into the portrait of Monna Lisa much that Leonardo never dreamed of, so might I attribute to Patigian's symbolic figure much that never entered into the purpose of the sculptor. The meaning of any beautiful realization in art of an idea is in the soul of him who wrought it, but this figure has myriad meanings to the thoughtful observer.

A Pioneer's Reminiscences

To a correspondent who signs himself "Pioneer" I am indebted for these reminiscences apropos the recent marriage of young Frank Hansford Johnson and Carmen Selby:

Young Johnson's maternal grandfather, Thomas H. Williams, and his paternal grandfather, Frank Johnson, were both residents of Sacramento in the early 50's. Williams was a struggling young Southern attorney (it was before he made his pile) and Johnson was one of the owners and agents of one of the two steamship lines. He was a New Englander by birth, a descendant of Dudley and Bradstreet, the Massachusetts Colonial Governors—fine old brainy stock that has given us Oliver Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips, the Danas and Channings, all descendants of Governors Dudley and Bradstreet. Johnson was a successful, brainy man. His son, Frank S. Johnson, inherits much of his ability, and it is hoped time will prove that upon his grandson, Frank Hansford Johnson, a share has fallen. Mrs. Glass, the wife of Admiral Glass, is a daughter. Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Johnson were considered two of the fairest brides ever brought to Sacramento. The Williams's lived in the old Southern colony section known as Poverty Hill, the home of the Robinsons, Zabriskies and others. The Johnsons, driven from their home by the floods, established themselves delightfully upon one of the old store ships on the levee. It was there Frank Johnson was born. Sherrod Williams, the oldest son of General and Mrs. Williams, was also born in Sacramento. He was named after the Honorable Sherrod Williams of Kentucky. His grandfather was a famous old Congressman from that state. General Williams (so-called, as he was Attorney-General of Nevada) was a scholarly man of great ability, but met with no financial success to speak of until, through accident, a dead-broke client gave him as his legal fee for some service performed, a block of mining stock. This was at the time of the Flood and Mackay boom, the General's fortune rising at the same time. All the General's children have long since passed away except Thomas Jr. Mary, the only daughter, who married Frank S. Johnson, left but one child, Frank Hansford Johnson. Mrs. Williams' sister, Mrs. Julian Thorne, has only just died in San Francisco. She was the wife of the brother of Dr. Thorne. There may be some left who will recall the sensation she and her sister made in society in San Francisco in the early 50's when, as the Misses Bryant, fresh from the old Georgetown convent and chaperoned by Mrs. William Gwin, they first made their appearance there. They were beautiful and talented. Mrs. Williams had a voice so sweet that whenever she sang in church the edifice was crowded. Mrs. Williams passed away in Virginia City many years ago, leaving to the General five little children to care for. Carmen Selby's grandfathers, both maternal and paternal, were also pioneers. Captain Atherton, her mother's father, married a charming Spanish lady. It was their son who married Gertrude Horne (Mrs. Atherton), the novelist. Thomas Selby, Carmen's paternal grandfather, was one of the most influential men of his day. He was once Mayor of San Francisco. He was a man of great ability and force. The Atherton and Selby families have always been prominent socially in San Francisco.

Cupid in Society

These are strenuous days for Dan Cupid. The air is full of the hum of ante-nuptial industry, and there are engagements galore to feed the conversation of those that

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revel in amiable tittle-tattle. The friends of that stunning and very charming girl, Beatrice Fife, have cast her horoscope for her, and from it beams the smiling face of a young army doctor who is one of the most popular men in society. The Fifes expect to spend the winter in Mexico, and it is said that the marriage will be celebrated on their return. Miss Fife has a great deal of dramatic talent but she does not exhibit it often, owing to the family's aversion for newspaperiety. Another girl who is said to be contemplating the step matrimonial is of the Josselyn family. The Josselyns have taken passage for home and will soon be regaling their friends with the latest gossip of "dear old Paris." The Miss Josselyn who is wearying of single blessedness is having a hard time making up her mind between two ardent suitors. One resides most of the time in Paris and the other is in business in this city. Miss Josselyn has kept all her sex guessing for nearly two years. It is said that the Josselyns would make their permanent home in Paris if all the members would consent. All but Mrs. Josselyn and Miss Mary are in love with Paris. Mary Josselyn seldom accompanies the family, preferring to remain at the Josselyn country home at Woodside. Joe Eastland and Pearl Landers continue to provoke speculation by occasionally being seen together, but Joe seems to be as confirmed a bachelor as his friends, Clarence Follis and Addie Mizner.

The Moore-Geissler nuptials will be the big event of next week. Just a sufficient number to fill comfortably the Moore residence have been invited. Mrs. Moore, I hear, regrets very much that her daughter is to live in Philadelphia, for there was before her here a very brilliant social prospect.

The Sabins

The Sabin-Bjornsted wedding next month is, I hear, to be as spectacular an affair as the recent Spreckels-Holbrook nuptials. There will be a large invitation list, for the Sabins have a large number of acquaintances. They have always been commended for their loyalty to old friends. Whenever they give a reception or ball the friends of their early days are always sure to be invited. Irene Sabin, by the way, will not take her place among the buds this year as she is going abroad with her parents. Last year she left for the East just when the season was at its height and did not return until Lent. Like all the Sabin girls she is very indifferent to society. The Redmond Paynes will occupy the Sabin home during the family's absence.

The Romance of a Merchant Prince

That very prosperous young merchant, Mr. R. D. Davis, will soon be receiving the felicitations of his friends, or else Dame Rumor of San Jose is a most irresponsible authority. Mr. Davis is one of the newest of our merchant princes, and he has been so busy establishing himself among the elect of commerce that he has had no time to hearken unto the alluring lyrics of Cupid. But in San Jose, writes my correspondent, he was persuaded to give ear to the pleasing measure, and it held him long enough to enable the little god to make his conquest complete. Miss Adelene Robinson is to be the happy bride, and she is now in the East getting her trousseau ready. A little less than a year ago she came to San Jose from Illinois with relatives, and she liked the Garden City so much that she decided to live there. When her relatives returned to their home, she obtained employment as a clerk in a department store. Being a very handsome young woman and of pleasing address, she became a great favorite in San Jose, and made many friends. While on a business trip to the town Mr. Davis chanced to meet Miss Robinson, and thenceforth his visits to his San Jose store became more frequent. It was not long before the engagement was rumored and now the gossips have it that preparations for the nuptials are in full swing.

Mrs. McCalla's Pre-eminence

Now that Mrs. McCalla has joined the Assembly patronesses the social success of the dances is assured, for she has a large following in the very smartest set, especially among the belles who pride themselves on their exclusiveness, many of whom will probably join the club on her account. Mrs. McCalla's membership in the receiving committee means that the dances will be patronized by many of the unmarried army officers. Society is very hard up for eligible dancing men this year, and as the navy and army officers have become the only hope of many of our swagger belles who had no intention of joining the Assembly they will now accept invitations with feverish alacrity. They regard Mrs. McCalla as a woman whose social favor is worth cultivating because of her army and navy pull, and the consequence is she receives a great deal of kow-towing from the unmarried women, whose chief aim is that great triumph which Schopenhauer tells us is of paramount importance. With the shortage of eligible men in civil life Mrs. McCalla looms up as one of the strongest leaders in society. I hear that Mrs. Malcolm Henry is now making out the list of invitations and that it will be completed within a fortnight.

She Declined the Mantle of Greatness

Mrs. C. O. Alexander finally departed on her much-talked-of European trip, and will for a time be Mrs. Gus Spreckels's guest in Paris. I hear that the social dictatorship was offered Mrs. Alexander, but she flatly refused it, having no desire for that sort of prestige. "Like the way of the transgressor," she said with a smile, "the path of the professional social leader is hard," and she declined the royal garment which many hands held out to her. Mrs. Alexander holds a top-notch position in the swim in spite of her limited income and is hand-and-glove with the Tevises, Wilsons and the rest of the "real push."

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Was a Rough Rider

Arthur Duncan, who will wed Genevieve Peters on the twenty-eighth, was one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. He is one of the "Abbey" crowd, which kept bachelor hall in the old Staples residence in Taylor street, and of which Sydney Salisbury was a member. Mr. Duncan dabbles in society merely in a dilettante way. His fiancee is regarded as one of the most cultured young women in Stockton. Like her mother, who is a charming woman, she has a large circle of real friends. Mrs. Peters is a very generous woman and I have heard was most liberal in the settlement upon her eldest daughter when she married Will Ashe.

A Rumored Engagement Announcement

Even Margaret Newhall did not receive so many beautiful engagement cups as Carol Moore. I hear, by the way, that Miss Moore's brother, Duval, will shortly announce his engagement with Miss Maud Payne. Miss Payne is the daughter of Mrs. Eugene Freeman.

The Beauties of Society

A correspondent who signs himself "A Foreigner" wishes me to enlighten him as to the whereabouts of the beautiful women of San Francisco society. He says he has read about them, and though he has mingled in society he has looked in vain for feminine pulchritude. He has seen beautiful women in San Francisco shops, but not in the swim. Evidently "Foreigner" does not read the society columns of the dailies. If he did so he would know that there are many beautiful women in society. But perhaps he is hypercritical. Perhaps he doesn't appreciate the San Francisco type of beauty. After all, beauty largely depends on the eye that mirrors it. Sometimes I find myself in pessimistic mood and in the presence of debutantes of today longing for a sight of the buds of yesterday, and then I read Madame Bavarde or Sally Sharp and wake up. Many of those buds of yesterday now wear that peculiar married air, but beauty is not perennial. The Mesdames Taylor, McNear and Murphy are still among the attractive women of society, but they are not what they were in their early twenties. Neither is Mrs. Walter Hobart, who was so lovely that Dr. Harry Tevis named a marvelous new species of the pink carnation the "Hannah Hobart." Mrs. J. J. Moore is as beautiful as ever and keeps a splendid hold on herself, and Edith Simpson and Ethel Dean are among the girls who are counted among the real beauties. You hear Mrs. Fred Kohl referred to as beautiful, but that is because she is a fine type of the rugged American woman, and has a very amiable face. Though she is not beautiful, she bears a strong resemblance to one of the beauties of the American stage—Irene Bentley of New York musical comedy fame. But better than that resemblance are the millions of her husband that would make her one of the most attractive women in local society, even though she were not delightfully amiable.

Mrs. Dean Likes Gotham

Herbert Baker is said to be the favored suitor just now at Helen Dean's shrine. Miss Dean is such an attractive girl, even aside from her wealth, that wherever she appears she has a crowd of admiring swains at her heels, but she objects to making up her mind so soon. The Deans are to winter in New York, not so much because Helen is bored by our provincial society as because of Mrs. Dean's love for Gotham. She had traveled so seldom until they went to Europe two years ago that everything outside of California still has to Mrs. Dean the witchery of novelty. She is infatuated with New York, and though her daughter would not object to staying here, her mother's wish for a Gotham winter is to be granted.

Scheffauer's Letters

Fearing that the impetuous reader, familiar with the hackneyed letter from abroad, descriptive of "points of interest" and dealing with the same old matter in the same old way, might, under the misapprehension that "From Palermo to Rome" is one of the stereotyped variety, fail to give it his attention, I take this means of serving notice on him that it is worth while. Hermann Scheffauer, architect and poet, has won for his Muse something more than a local reputation, and in my opinion his prose work, in the form of letters to Town Talk from Europe, one of which appears in this number, is equal to his noblest achievements in measured verse. These letters are not merely narratives of incidents; the writer wastes no ink in improving on guide-book descriptions, but there echoes from his pages a welter of impressions inspiring and suggestive, and he presents to the eye pictures that are instinct with the life that he has observed, redolent of the atmosphere in which he moves and vivified by his rich and prolific fancy. Mr. Scheffauer feels the genius of places. To a man of his delicately attuned nature trifles light as air to the uninformed have rare value. The surface of things that have survived an ancient civilization may be humdrum to the uninitiated, but for the edification of a Scheffauer they gather a quality of grandeur from the mystic background of an historic past. These letters from Scheffauer are *belles lettres* in the strict technical significance of the term,

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not alone because of the mere charm of style, but for the more important reason that he evinces a subtle capacity for getting to the woeful heart of things, for dextrously availing himself of accident and circumstance, combining therewith the ability to shade his narrative with sombre dashes of pathos and to throw over it the warmth of feeling developed by intercourse with the great things of literature.

With the London Celebrities

It may interest the friends of the wandering architect and poet to know that he is now in London. By private letter he informs me that he is sunk in study and buried in work. "I go mining," he writes, "in that treasure house of lore—the British Museum library. Often I go to the home of Edmund Gosse, the great critic, who has been most attentive, and thither come all London's literary celebrities who usually discuss the weather." He also visits Frank Dicksee, the well-known painter of the Royal Society, and he has met Mrs. Knatchell, the composer, who has set the story of Dr. Doyle's "Quong Lung" to music and hopes soon to have it produced in Dresden. Incidentally Mr. Scheffauer writes: "The English magazines (excluding the quarterlies) are dreadful things. Gosse says there is not one English magazine edited by an accredited man of letters. One recalls that Thackeray, Lytton, Henley, Trollope and others were once editors. The distinctiveness of California in modern literature, especially in poetry, appears to me more powerful, more full of promise than ever, as I view it from here and contrast it with the stupid stagnation to right and left and all around."

Rival Public Opinion Framers

The attitude of Mr. E. T. Earl toward General Harrison Gray Otis, editors and proprietors of the *Express* and *Times*, respectively, creates a good deal of amusement in the city of Los Angeles. At one time Mr. Earl was most friendly to the General and the feeling was reciprocated. It was then that the General tried to run the *Express* through Mr. Earl, which the latter resented, then the quarrel started. Mr. Earl will tell you, in his most confidential whisper, that he really pities poor old Otis, as he has not a friend in the world, and it would be unsafe to put into print the remarks that Otis makes about Earl. To still more accentuate the humorous phase of the situation they live in adjoining houses, and it is said, with what degree of veracity is not known, that a cat which belonged to the general was once caught by the soldier trespassing on the grounds of Mr. Earl. The general at once held a court-martial on the cat and had it shot forthwith. As for the servants, they too are at loggerheads. When Mr. Earl is asked "Who lives next door?" he will cheerfully answer, "Oh, a poor old man who thinks he is a soldier. He calls his place 'The Bivouac.' I believe his name is Harrison." And Otis will say, when asked who lives next door to him, "Oh, an ex-fruit peddler. He has brought the tears of despair to many an innocent grower."

"Where do you hear so many good things?" asked Scribbler of Epigram, the novelist of society.

"Don't hear 'em. Any one who wants smart sayings in the vernacular to fit out characters in drama and story has only to settle on the particular idiom to be employed, and then take Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus or even Francis Bacon, open at random, select a sentence and then translate. Ask Clyde Fitch or Pinero if it ain't so."

Metcalf and the Secretaryship

The rumor that Secretary Metcalf contemplates resigning from the Cabinet will not down. It is known that he has been offered the presidency of an Oakland bank, and that he has been given time to ponder the advisability of accepting it. Meanwhile he will go to Washington, and find out what the situation is there. By some of his friends it is thought that he will find himself in a somewhat embarrassing position, for the reason that great pressure is being brought upon the Administration to induce the taking of steps to conciliate the Chinese. Despite reports to the contrary, the Chinese have not been placated. The boycott against American goods is still on. Mr. Taft was snubbed in China and the President knows it, though the matter has not been mentioned by the American press. Goods shipped from this port to China have been sent back and the Chinese have canceled American orders. So the situation is decidedly strained, and it is believed that the Administration will go so far to restore the *entente cordiale* as to make Metcalf's job very uncomfortable. So the bank presidency may look pretty good to the Secretary in the near future.

Herrin In No Rush

Mr. William F. Herrin was expected home this month, but he is in no hurry to return, and the chances are that he will not put in an appearance for another month or so. An effort is being made to create the impression that he is

rushing home to straighten out political affairs, but as he is pretty far away from the storm centre, and is prolonging his vacation, it does not appear as though he is worrying very much over local politics. The probability is that he will arrange his itinerary with a view to getting home about the time that Harriman is due to arrive from the Orient, and not before.

Dissension Among the Fusionists

That fusion movement for the elimination of Eugene Schmitz from politics involved a more herculean task than was dreamt of in the philosophy of its promoters. It brings to mind the old aphorism of the inevitable consequence to the soup when too many cooks are employed in the making. The fusionists have found it hard to agree on a candidate. Last week the machine politicians thought they would have no difficulty in securing the nomination for Colonel Kirkpatrick, but they slipped a cog in their calculations. Fairfax Wheelan, who wants to be a boss, demurred. Dave Rich, representing the *Chronicle,* joined the Wheelan forces and upset the program. They objected to Kirkpatrick on the ground that he was too friendly with the Southern Pacific, and with the characteristic sagacity of reformers expressed a preference for John Lackman, the shrewd ex-Sheriff, who has a faculty for winning the confidence of all factions, and who has long been the intimate friend of railroad politicians. Auditor Harry Baehr also butted into the mix-up, and much to everybody's surprise it was found that he would be acceptable to the reformers, a circumstance that rendered him *persona non grata* to the performers with whom he has always been associated. With three editors trying to handle the fusion movement nobody should be greatly surprised if they manoeuvred the situation into Schmitz's hands.

Alvinza Hayward's Home

At last that Chinese wall that opposed all efforts of expansion on the south side of the growing town of San Mateo—the big Hayward holding—is broken down, the residents of the exclusive little town are in the seventh heaven of delight and the suburbanite is preparing to invade the new territory. From the time Hayward bought the broad baronial acres, over thirty years ago, the holding has blocked all plans of opening up the eligible sites south of town. The property occupies such a strategical position that it forces all traffic to go around it and take the county road on its extreme west side. Captain John Barneson, who is at the head of the syndicate that bought the one hundred and thirty acres for a quarter of a million dollars, is very well known along the San Francisco water front. The syndicate purposes cutting up the big place, reserving the choice sites for exclusive villas and dividing the rest into lots for the sprucely dressed class that forms Brigade 1 of the early afternoon commuters. Best of all does the brown-skinned out-of-door San Mateoite welcome the news that this big strip will at last be cut up into broad and easy-going drives for the smart set. This change of owners is going to solve a problem with which many capitalists and syndicates on this side of the bay have grappled. Ever since San Mateo's crack hotel burned down several years ago there has been a persistent and loud demand for the erection of another. Capital proved shy to all the allurements offered. Captain John Barneson and his friends think that in the big roomy Hayward mansion they have the nucleus of what may easily be transformed into a fine fashionable hotel. When they figured on purchasing the property the beautiful gardens and deer park surrounding the mansion were set aside as the reserve grounds of such a hotel. Estimates are being prepared by skilled experts to reduce the problem to facts in time, cost and likely profits. Some twenty years ago the present mansion cost one hundred and twenty thousand dollars and the expensive hardwoods and decorations will still vie with anything of their kind in the state.

Other Suburban Hotels Projected

A good suburban hotel within easy access of the city for the accommodation of people who go out of town from Saturday to Monday will fill a long-felt want. People have been clamoring for one. The Vendome at San Jose is the best in this vicinity, but until the Southern Pacific finishes its new double track system down the peninsula it will be considered a little too far away by those who cannot afford the automobile luxury. The Hotel Rafael is also a little too far removed, and besides it is not popular. But now we seem to be in a fair way to have several suburban hotels in the near future. One is to be built at Palo Alto, and another on the Ocean Boulevard. The boulevard hotel is to be a first-class resort and is to have a bath-house for surf bathers as one of its features.

Blingum Looking Up

Burlingame, next door to San Mateo, is making another mighty effort to overtower the small property owners that for a time threatened like a cloud of locusts to overrun its aristocratic acres. Blingum builded for itself such a reputation for exclusiveness that the polloi could not let the chance go by when, a year or so ago, the lands along the southern and eastern sides were divided into small holdings by a crafty speculator and thrown open to the socially ambitious with small bank accounts. In the last few months mighty Blingum has rallied from this onslaught. The portcullis is at highest notch and the moat about the castles of the elect is dug deeper and wider than ever. The club itself has been refortified. Easy-going aristocrats whose choo-choo devils slowed down courteously for passing farmers' wagons have been lectured on what they owe to blood and bank accounts. W. J. Martin has just bought a handsome holding where he will reside and use it as a barricade against the invading of the sons of soil. J. Downey Harvey has also purchased several acres covered with lordly oaks on which he has stipulated to erect a magnificent home. This is all in line with the plans outlined at that famous dinner held at the club-house

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last summer, when the toast "A Bigger Blingum" was drunk, after which glasses were broken. The pass-word at the new club-house is that famous motto of the Three Guardsmen: "One for all, and all for one."

For the New Boulevard

The Automobile Club of California has now twenty-seven thousand dollars in its treasury including the San Mateo county subscription not as yet paid. Only eight thousand dollars is required to insure the New Boulevard. It is expected that this sum will be forthcoming by the time that Mr. Schwerin, the club's president, returns from the Orient about the middle of October, when contracts will be immediately let. It will be a great thing for California when this new boulevard is built, for Eastern automobilists say that there is no state in the Union so well adapted for motoring. All we need is the good roads, and the Automobile Club intends to have them. Among the club's enthusiastic members are Sam Buckbee, the treasurer; Tom Magee, Fred McNear, C. C. Moore and J. D. Spreckels. Ex-Governor Budd is on the legal and legislative committee.

Card Swindling in Clubdom

The general comment on the George Hallock marked card expose, that it is the biggest case of its kind that has come to light in San Francisco in years, is quite true; yet many such cases happen in club and social life here and are adroitly smothered. I have heard of a number of swindling gambling schemes sprung on clubs here but the Hallock was unique from the fact that as chairman of the Supplies Committee of the Travelers' Club he had full charge of the cards purchased and had even opportunity to mark them. There are several notorious "marked card" stories on the club records here but never in cases where the trick was practiced in such a wholesale manner. The commonest trick of this guild of club-fellows is the one in which Happy "Jack" Chretien played a conspicuous part when he was a member of the Bohemian Club. He introduced a clever short card crook into a good game at the club to fleece a wealthy visitor from the East, out here for a good time. Hardly a club in town but has had that trick played upon it more times than it would care to confess. Sometimes the offending member is caught, as in the case of "Happy" Jack; more often he is not, but suspicion is so strong that he is forever barred from the club doors. A well-known down town insurance man was unmasked in clubdom some two years ago. His was the most cold-blooded case on record: he was caught with a gambler's holdup in his right sleeve. A purple-faced, squat, two hundred pound Battery street merchant detected the cheat and almost died of apoplexy and indignation as he tore the holdout from the fellow's sleeve and flung it down on the table. The case made a great uproar among the card tables but the Board of Managers knew their business. One of them happened to be present. He instantly swore everybody present to secrecy, with the result that the man was quietly dropped and not a hint of the affair crept into the papers.

Two Oelrichs' Functions

Last Tuesday night that gallant bon vivant, Hermann Oelrichs, gladdened the hearts of some of our leading financiers by giving them a banquet. It was a most joyful affair, and Mr. Oelrichs has been warmly felicitated on the originality of many of the features. Last week Mrs. Oelrichs, ever seeking novelty and diversion outside the conventional paths, succeeded in surprising the Pembroke Jones's at Newport with a party that was of original conception. It took place Friday night of last week. A correspondent writes me that one hundred and fifty people were invited to the beautiful Oelrichs villa, Rosecliff, and among those whose presence was made certain was the Pembroke Jones's. Unknown to either Pembroke Jones or his wife, their Inchiquin villa had been invaded by a small army of decorators and florists immediately after they had been driven to Rosecliff to join the guests there. Mrs. Oelrichs had arranged such a systematic program for the decorators to follow that in less than two hours the Jones villa was transformed into a floral bower, and decorated so lavishly that its owners, who were kept at the Oelrichs house until the last minute, hardly recognized it when they got there and found it in possession of the guests with whom they had dined at Rosecliff. All were in dominoes of black and white, with masks to match, and there was just as much surprise in mistaken identities as there was in the manner in which the house had been captured with such perfect secrecy. My correspondent sent me the menu card:

Huitres de Cape Cod.
Consomme Printanier Royal.
Chicken Halibut, sauce Hollandaise.
Pommes a la Reine.
Selle d'Agneau.
Petits Pois au Beurre.
Corn au gratin.
Jambon de Virginia glace.
Sauce au groselle de Bar-le-Duc.
Golden Plover rotie.
Salade Magadere.
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May Not Move Far

There is some probability that the Bohemian Club may not build its own house after all. Many of the members are opposed to contracting so large a debt as the one proposed, and many others consider the site owned by the club too far up town. The difficulty offers a solution in the fact that Mrs. Head, widow of Colonel Head, and mother of Mrs. Mountenoy-Jephson, is now here from Europe and is considering plans for a new building at the southwestern corner of Post and Grant avenue, diagonally opposite that now occupied by the club. She is thinking of arranging the three or four upper floors for the occupancy of the Bohemian Club. The building will be completed before the club's present lease expires.

Bohemian Club Fence

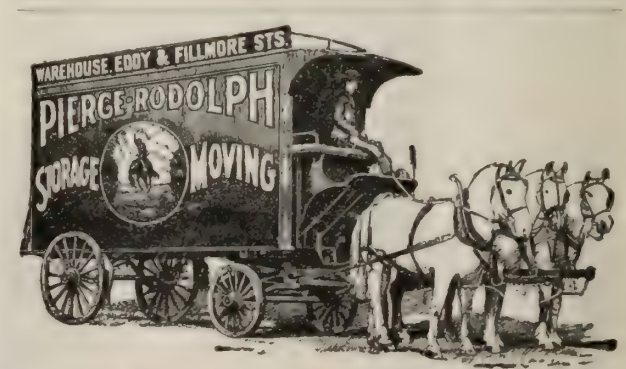
That fence around the Bohemian Club grove is giving the moneyed men of the institution a great deal of worry. They must have a fence to keep out the vulgar crowd, and also to preserve the property from the danger of fire. At least this is what some of them say. This fence will cost a few thousand dollars, but I am told that the state of the exchequer will not allow the disbursement of any sum, never so small. However the club has a number of financiers and not the smallest-brained is our good stout, jolly, witty, whole-souled friend, George Washington Fletcher. Now Fletcher has always a remedy to suggest. And what do you think his especial remedy is for fence building? "Why," cries he, "I have got the plan whereby we can build that fence." "What is it?" shouts an excited group of financiers, artists, plumbers and insurance men. "Easy," says Fletcher. "Each artist has to paint a picture and sell it—no matter for what—and when we have raised that sum of money we can go to fence-building. Fine plan, eh?" It struck the highly sensitive imaginations of all present as a good and feasible plan—except the artists. One artist declared he was not going to prostitute his art in order to build fences and he suggested that some hardware men who were members of the club should donate the material, and the artist was promptly told by the hardware merchant that if he had to live like other people he would not be so selfish, but would be willing to paint a daub or two for the good of the club, which was a home to the artist, and a good one, too. The artist retorted that if the hardware merchants appreciated the society of the real atmosphere makers of the club they would put up and shut up and consider themselves lucky.

When Religious Differences Arise

Miss Clothilde D. Mason, who was married to Mr. John F. Geisendorfer on Monday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick E. Mason, in Everett street, Alameda, has given her friends a genuine surprise. About two years ago Miss Mason's engagement to an army officer, whose name I cannot recall, was announced. She met the young man while visiting his mother at Fort Snelling and when she returned home the engagement had already received the sanction of the parents. Soon after the public announcement, however, the question of a speedy wedding was broached by the groom-to-be, who was desperately in love with his beautiful fiancee. It was then that a hitch occurred. Religious differences arose, the army officer being a Catholic and his fiancee a very strict Episcopalian. The engagement was broken off by mutual consent. The Masons are quite wealthy and so is the lucky young man who won the fair Alameda girl. The Masons are very prominent in Alameda society. Some years ago, when Mr. Mason was one of the wardens of Christ's Episcopal church, he had quite a lively tilt with some of the women of the congregation. He was determined that the beautiful edifice should be the seat of the highest ritual on the Alameda shore, but the ladies objected and had their way. Then the Masons betook themselves to old St. John's in Eighth street, Oakland, and once more the high church service was advocated. People who had been parishioners of St. John's when it was poor and lowly arose in their wrath and demanded the service to which they were accustomed and which they had arranged for when they built the church. A meeting was called and there was the merriest dispute that was ever seen within that parish, but the High Church crowd prevailed and the old parishioners scattered themselves among the other Episcopal congregations of Oakland.

Petrella and Her Titled Husband

Somewhat inaccurate was the paragraph in the *Call* by which Oliva Petrella, dramatic soprano of the Tivoli's Italian opera company, was represented to be wedded to Signorina Ticci of the same organization. They are not even engaged. If ever Signorina Ticci marries into the profession she will probably take unto herself a tenor, or a baritone, or a basso. She draws the line at sopranos, being one herself. Besides, the charming Oliva Petrella is no bigamist. She is the wife of Count Oreno Piccioni, who accompanied her to this city. He is a very wealthy gentleman who has traveled extensively and who speaks English fluently. When he married the soprano it was with the understanding that he would indulge her ambition for operatic honors. His wife is on the stage for art's sake. The Piccionis came to San Francisco with a retinue of servants, and they have furnished their own apartments for the season here. Among the servants is a high-salaried chef, who knows his business. Petrella attended a reception at the Sequoia Club last week and wore some pearls on that occasion which astonished the natives. They are worth almost as much as she could earn in a season, and she is a high-priced artist. Signorina Grassi, the Azucena of the



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"Trovatore" cast, is a Polish lady, cultured and interesting. The lionizing of the Tivoli artists began as soon as they arrived.

Miss Fee and Her Rod

Miss Fee, the daughter of Charles S. Fee, is, I am told, an expert with the rod and the reel and the way she casts is said to be something wonderful. She was with her father at Crater Lake recently, and the way she landed fish won for her the admiration and the respect of all the sportsmen there. Miss Fee is a blonde, tall, slight and prepossessing, and she should be a great favorite with the younger set. In fact, there are few girls in society who could give their friends a pleasanter time. The Fees are inclined to be hospitable and are fond of entertaining.

W. B. Bourn's Picnic

W. B. Bourn celebrated Labor Day and the deal for the amalgamation of both the California Gas and Electric Corporation and the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, with a picnic which almost assumed regal proportions. This fete champetre was held at Cypress Point and Mr. Bourn displayed as much ability as an entertainer as he has as a financier. Carloads of good things were sent from this city, all the wine, benches, chairs and tents. He must have spent several thousands of dollars in this little picnic to seventy. The chef of the Pacific-Union Club had charge of the refreshments and there was a picked band of five or six pieces. All the haut ton at Del Monte was invited and there were some glum looks on the faces of those who were left out in the cold.

The Gentle Erastus Young

Mr. Erastus Young, who is one of the biggest men in the Harriman system, has been spending a few quiet days in the city. He is one of those unassuming fifty thousand dollar a year officials that one never hears about, but at the same time Erastus Young is fully as important as Julius Kruttschnitt and J. C. Stubbs. Young is a splendid fisherman and the way to win his affections is to take him where the trout leap. There is, however, one thing he will never forgive nor will he ever forget, and that is being called 'Rastus. He is oblivious to other things but never to 'Rastus, and the man that wants to win his undying enmity has only to call him 'Rastus.

Ever on the Ocean

D. Atwater is back from the island of Tahiti. He may be gone again before any one knows to the contrary. How many times he has crossed and recrossed the Pacific ocean is perhaps unknown even to him. In the days before the steamer he used to sail those seas in the tiny schooners which were the only means of communication the Tahitians had with this part of the world. When the steamer line was opened Atwater began to make regular trips. He goes down, stays there for four days and then comes back. On the way up he remembers that he has forgotten to look into some little business matter and cries, "What's the odds? I will attend to it on the next trip." It is a matter of twelve days' sail but that does not worry Atwater. In fact, he is as much at home on the steamer *Mariposa* as he is at his residence in this city.

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Rosemary Sartoris Engaged?

Now the gossips have Rosemary Sartoris engaged again, this time to James M. Nelson, Jr., a millionaire hailing from St. Louis. Rosemary Sartoris has never been so much before the public eye as her sister Vivian and lively brother Algernon. However she has had a small share of newspaperiety, and only a year or so ago it was reported that she was on the eve of wedding young Lieutenant John Wright of the Navy, son of a Confederate officer in the Civil War. Vivian Sartoris, after a series of broken engagements with various distinguished individuals on both continents, finally anchored herself matrimonially to Frederick Roosevelt Scovel, the President's cousin. Mrs. Nelly Grant Sartoris has traveled about with her one unmarried daughter considerably of late years, though they have a beautiful country home in Canada.

The Timothy Hopkinses, who have been summering in Europe, expect to return shortly.

For the Foundling Asylum

The first big charity affair in which society is interested is the Foundling Asylum benefit which has been arranged by Hother Wismer and will be given in Steinway hall next Thursday evening. Mr. Wismer has rounded up some fine talent for the occasion, his list headed by Denis O'Sullivan, who has consented to sing. The Asylum is sadly in need of new plumbing. It also requires a few cows and goats for a dairy. At present their milk supply comes from a distance and has to be boiled to preserve it, as they can get it only once a day, being at such a distance from the centre of the city. Among the patronesses of the affair are Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. William Greer Harrison, Mrs. M. A. Sloss, Mrs. R. C. Harrison, Mrs. William R. Wheeler, Mrs. J. J. Moore, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Ernest C. Stent, Mrs. C. S. Aiken, Mrs. George Beardsley and Mrs. H. L. Fletcher.

Another charity affair in which society is interesting itself is the benefit for the sufferers in the recent earthquake in Calabria. Italian Consul Serra and his wife have the affair under their patronage. The Serras, by the way, are entertaining a nephew of the King of Italy.

A Difference of Taste

Chauncey Winslow has been entertaining, at his home in Portland, many visitors from San Francisco. He has become one of the leaders of society in the north and likes Portland so well that he intends staying there. Mrs. Winslow prefers San Francisco as a place of residence and consequently Chauncey is living the life of a bachelor these days.

Colonel William H. C. Bowen of the Thirteenth Infantry, stationed at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, is at the Hotel Cecil with his wife and daughter. They will leave for the Philippines in about a month.

Many People Going Abroad

Never in the history of San Francisco were so many people planning to go abroad. If half of the plans are carried out the winter season will be the slowest ever. Among the prospective travelers are Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley. I hear that the Postleys expect the stork at the end of the year and the time between now and then is to be filled in with travel in Europe, where no one pays any unpleasant attention to the ubiquitous bird.

Mrs. Luke Robinson is at the Cecil with her daughter Bernadette, Mrs. Z. D. Trezzi, and the latter's husband. The Trezzis will remain here for some time before returning to their home in Florence, Italy.

Xavier Martinez will show some of his new Mexican sketches at a local art dealer's and I hear they are some of the best work he has yet done. Martinez recently finished a frieze for the Girls' Club of which Miss Ray Wolfsohn is manager. It caricatures a number of girls in a variety of grotesque attitudes. The Girls' Club, by the way, has some good canvases by local artists among its art treasures.

Mrs. "Ned" Wenekind returned from Goldfield last week and is visiting her sister, Mrs. Rand, at the Presidio. Mr. Wenekind remained in Goldfield, where he is interested in mines.

The Percy Selbys, Fred Beavers, Charles Crocker, Robert Colemans, M. S. Wilsons, H. T. Scotts and Harry Scott and John Parrott and family were among last week's arrivals at Del Monte.

Mrs. Frank Norris did not wait to see how "The Pit" was received here. She was obliged to leave for New York on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Walker are at Hotel del Coronado. Other San Franciscans at Coronado are J. B. Williams and D. P. Doak.

Queen Lil's Birthday

My Honolulu correspondent writes me:

"Ex-Queen Liliuokalani celebrated the sixty-seventh anniversary of her birth September second, with a hookapuu, which is Hawaiian for the old-fashioned donation party. Her retainers and friends from all over the Island, and some from some of the other islands, called to pay their respects, and each brought some tribute to their chieftess—for such she still is to the older generation of Hawaiians. This birthday celebration and hookapuu was a strange thing in its twentieth century civilization setting. It was held at the queen's Waikiki residence which is not a very large house. It began early. By eight or nine o'clock in the morning old Hawaiian men and women came bringing bunches of taro, cocoanuts, dried fish, chickens, even pigs. The older Hawaiians as a rule approached the queen on their knees, kissing her hand and still remaining on their knees passing out of the room. The more intimate acquaintances of the queen, the younger generation of Hawaiians and the few white friends who were permitted to attend this ceremony did not assume the kneeling attitude, but court etiquette required that they should back out from the presence of the sovereign—ex-sovereign as she is. The contributions of the intimate acquaintances and of the younger generation of Hawaiians were coin of the realm—two-bit pieces or shining twenties, according to the wealth or liberality of the donor. All were feasted in native Hawaiian style. There was roasted pig and all the other delicacies of the Hawaiian cuisine excepting roast dog. Queen Liliuokalani during the past few years has withdrawn herself more and more from society, and limits her intercourse and her hospitality more and more to her own people. It is very difficult now for a stranger of European blood to get a presentation to the queen. The only whites she receives are those who were her partisans in the days of her troubles, or occasionally members of old Island families who were familiar acquaintances before the troubles that led to the overthrow. She no longer has the means to keep up either an extensive establishment or lavish hospitality. She has a considerable income, but she has an army of old

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

retainers and servants for whom she has to provide. These are survivors of the old feudal regime of auld lang syne in Hawaii. These older retainers and servants remain with her, pensioners of her bounty. The younger ones, those whose services might be of some real value, have long ago been lured away from her service by the commercial spirit of the age."

Photo by Bushnell

MISS LEOLA SPOFFORD STONE.

Miss Stone has been appointed solo contralto of St. Dominic's choir, filling the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mrs. John J. Apple (Ella V. McCloskey). She is a pupil of Dr. H. J. Stewart.

Now That She Is An Heiress

Oakland society is lionizing Miss Nellie Chabot, the heiress of the late Mrs. Chabot, by whom she was adopted. When Mrs. Chabot was alive and the two lived in the splendid old mansion on the East Oakland shores of Lake Merritt hardly any of the elite knew Miss Nellie even by sight. Though always very amiable and of pleasing personality she did not attract the attention of the fashionable herd until she inherited the fortune which has augmented her charms, and now she is one of the most sought after persons in society circles across the bay. She is being feted at dinners out at the Claremont Country Club and the fashionables are so friendly with her that they lean far out from their automobiles and carriages to bow and speak. Now, any one or anything that induces an Oakland lady of fashion to bend out of the curve that she has determined upon as becoming, is distinctly worth while, so Miss Chabot is decidedly in the swim. She is no relation to the Remi Chabots, who are easily the most popular people in Oakland. Miss Chabot is to return to Washington with the Metcalfs this fall and they will also be accompanied by Miss Viva Nicholson, Mrs. Metcalf's young sister.

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Joullin and His Figure

Who will now say that man is not vain? Here is Amadee Joullin, with a sylph-like waist and so thin all over that one would imagine he was training for a horse race. "It is all a matter of will," explains the artist. "I was getting too stout and so I cut out everything in the way of drinkables. No more wine, nor whisky for me, but, my dear fellow, the greatest hardship on me was to cut out the soup. I did not miss the wine nor the whisky, but to deny myself soup—that was the hardship!" And the sympathizing friend almost wept when he heard the story of the thin artist.

He Knows Good Pictures

Dr. Joseph Muir, who is a newcomer here, is said to have one of the best collections of pictures in the city. It is not a large one, but those that he has were chosen with good judgment. In his collection is a genuine Perugini and also a Sir Peter Lely. Dr. Muir at one time held an important diplomatic post in Europe, and was, I believe, the secretary of the Legation at the court of King Oscar. His wife was a Miss Fitch and the granddaughter of the Silver Tongued Orator. They are both artistic and should prove welcome additions to society.

With the recent purchase of several paintings by local artists, Charles Lombard has now the largest collection here of canvases by Californian painters. He has just added a work by Arthur Delmore to his collection.

In Bohemia

Theodore Wores is going abroad again, but has not yet decided which country he will make his sketching ground. Wores has become a great pet with society and has learned to oolong with the most experienced. The Palette, Lyre and Pen Club of Oakland, where he is holding an exhibition, gave a reception for Wores last week and he did not balk at the honor.

George Sterling's new home at Carmel, which was almost entirely built by his friends—a labor of love—is nearly finished, and is said to be very creditable to its builders.

Lila V. O'Ryan has just finished an admirable miniature of Juanita Wells, whom she has pictured as a water sprite.

Anna Strunsky will leave soon for New York en route to Russia, where she will engage in the revolution. She is very devoted to the cause of freedom and puts her mind and heart and all the money she earns into the work. Miss Strunsky edits the Russian magazine which is published on this coast. She has recently written two books which will be out soon.

Prosperous Miss Michelson

A proof that the hand sometimes reaches the mouth in the case of authors is afforded by the fact that Miss Miriam Michelson is building flats with the royalties from "The Bishop's Carriage," "The Madigans," and her short stories of the yellow female reporter now running in an Eastern magazine. The flats will support Miss Michelson if her plots ever fail. Meanwhile she is unable to fill the applications for stories which come to her and she has two new books on the press.

Before the departure of Miss Kate Whitaker, the whist exponent, for London, England, Mr. and Mrs. G. Alexander Wright of Alameda entertained her at an elaborate dinner at the Occidental hotel. Miss Whitaker has a great many friends here, particularly in women's club circles.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels have departed for Lake Tahoe and Carson City, en route to New York, where Mr. Mighels has much work awaiting him. His new novel will be among the autumn publications.

He's An Eligible

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her daughter, Mrs. Isobel Strong, have been entertaining one Oswald St. John Gilbert of Honolulu. Mr. Gilbert is an "eligible," being the owner of a bee farm which is one of the "sights" of Hawaii.

The Langhorne Sisters

Piquante Maizie Langhorne's sister, Julia, will be one of the buds this winter. Miss Julia is taller than her sister, and some people think her very like Ethel Barrymore. The Langhornes are related to Charles Dana Gibson, the artist. Miss Langhorne is to be presented at a large tea, and will attend the Assemblies, of which her mother is one of the patronesses.

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The Suitors of Mrs. Brown

It is believed that the decision of Mrs. Brown of London to return here was strongly influenced by Cupid. When the fascinating expatriated San Franciscan last revisited her old home, she was besieged with offers matrimonial and I am told could have had her choice of a score of "given up for hopeless" bachelors or widowers. Among them were two bachelors and one widower, standing respectively for wealth, intellect, good looks and social position. Her heart is said to have been turned kindly toward one prominent politician in particular, of her own faith and people.

Will Enter New York Society

Mrs. Caroline Colton Cook McLean-Martin Dahlgren tired of Washington a trifle sooner than her friends expected she would. When she lived at the Nation's capital with her mother, the late Mrs. Colton, they had so many delightful friends in the best set that when they returned here Mrs. Dahlgren—then Mrs. Martin—avowed that the only city in the United States fit to live in was Washington. But ideas change, and since her latest marriage Mrs. Dahlgren has seemed to prefer New York as a place of residence. Mr. Dahlgren is wealthy and has a good social position in New York, where he has relatives in the inner circle who own Newport cottages, so Mrs. Dahlgren will be enabled to enter at once the charmed precincts. This is the most brilliant, her friends consider, of her three marriages. Katherine Martin has as yet shown no signs of the social ambition that has animated her mother of late years. She is a very large girl with a mind to match her physique, and resembles her mother in feature. She intends to take a course at Barnard College and her friends say is likely to be heard of in a literary way.

Lackaye Lured From the Church

It is not generally known that Wilton Lackaye, wag, histrion, dramatist and good fellow, was educated for the priesthood, but that was the goal of his early ambition and to that end he studied at Georgetown. He was to enter a theological seminary at Rome, and had arranged to take passage from New York, but dropped into the Madison Square one day to see "Esmeralda," and thereupon decided to become an actor. Later he changed his mind again and took up the study of law. He kept at that until one day he met Lawrence Barrett and through him received a part in "Francesca da Rimini." About that time he changed his name from William Lackey to Wilton Lackaye for stage purposes, and when his brother, Jim Lackey, who is also an actor and also a wag, heard about the change he smiled and said, "Well, that's easy; hereafter I'm Jimpton Lackaye," and Jimpton Lackaye he is today, starring in New York in "York State Folks."

His Swats at the Syndicate

Lackaye, by the way, is not on very friendly terms with the magnates of the theatrical syndicate, the reason thereof being that he is intolerant of their little learning. Many a *bon mot* has he coined at their expense and his acrid quips have been responsible for the recrudescence of many an old sore. A sample of his wit was given some time ago when a newspaperman questioned him about the dramatization of "Les Miserables," which he had just finished.

"Have you found a manager to produce it?" asked the reporter.

"To produce it!" exclaimed Lackaye in a tone of great surprise. "Why I haven't been able to find one who can pronounce it."

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KEARNY AT POST

A Stage Couple

Lois Fuller, leading woman for Wilton Lackaye, is to preside 'Mr. Mrs. Elsie Hamilton. When she was playing here for Frank E. Hamlet Mr. Hamilton was playing a very small part in the same company. They fell in love and were married after a few months' courtship. Mr. Hamilton is a fit mate for the handsome woman and is credited as winning Miss Fuller's heart by the way he was hardly qualified for the performance of a stage lover's part, but relieved by the actress and her husband as Julia Fuller and Hamilton. The Hamiltons will soon join Wilton Lackaye and Mrs. Lackaye's father is one of the big attractions of the Santa Fe.

The Brothers of Montana have fulfilled their intention of coming to San Francisco to establish a permanent purchasing base. They have apartments at the Westgate in Taylor street, where the Richard Mansfields and Lewis Waltons are also located.

An engagement that is interesting theatre circles in Los Angeles and this city is that of May Evelyn Thomas and Roy Howard Rutland of Fresno and San Francisco. Miss Thomas is a contralto of regard from Fresno and other communities.

THE NEW CAFE

Thompson's new cafe in Eddy street, where the old Tivoli so long stood, was opened last Saturday night, and was crowded to the doors with a fashionable assemblage. The success of the opening augurs well for the future of the new establishment, which bids fair to become one of the most popular restaurants in San Francisco. It has a fine corps of chefs and is under the supervision of men who know the importance of personal attention not only to guests but also to all the details of such an institution. The architecture of the new cafe will be reminiscent of the "Tivoli Days," of which by now the Tivolites, not which all the new are long enough to remember, but perhaps. Since the completion of the new cafe, a large and tasteful and handsomely furnished restaurant of the best class.

The Financial Field

Each week we chronicle the activity in the Mining and Stock Exchange. This week was one between the stock exchanges. Only, but local transactions aggregated [illegible] shares divided as follows: Mining [illegible] Water, 1000 Miscellaneous, 170 Banks and 1170 Sugars. The Mining stocks again furnished the interest of the transactions. San Francisco Gas and Electric declined to 47 3-4, ex-dividend of $1.00. This is $1.25 higher than it was going to understand would be realized by surrendering the stock to the promoters. Electric rose. The purchase price has evidently been refused. It seems as the power that the minority holders were taking over the water. Mining Stocks participated in the interest among lighting properties by selling up to 14 1-2. Water stocks did not maintain the progress. Spring Valley lost about two points and at the Giants Gate, selling at 97 1-4 and 98 3-4 respectively. Little Pittsburg as mentioned in our last communication, after its rocket-like rise to 75, has the stock is entitled to withdraw until it is down again to 47 1-2. The mining stock is reached the high point and quite prevalent. The statements in depot regarding the Goldfield are beginning to be a cause of apprehension that may most seriously lead to a most formidable inspection of the mining markets of the world. Nearly stocks were neglected. Mohawk, showing considerable strength at about 47 1-2. Hancock Consolidated was traded in more briskly at 34 1-2.

Business on Pine street was still as unsatisfactory as they were last week and business still among the brokers. The news from Nevada camps was favorable but the stock markets positive. The new mill erected against the company amounts to nothing as far as I can understand the situation. If these were any coal about it this mill would have been brought in actively. The dividends on higher efforts for whole market on Comstock shares. There was more business in Tonopah and Goldfield stocks, especially Red Top, which advanced on large purchasing orders to 50. It looks as though Tonopah and Goldfield stocks are going to do better. The news from Double Eagle still continues good.

—The Financier

Lester Bryan, who was with Florence Roberts last season, is now a member of the San Antonio Belasco stock company.

Summer Seely, who was Richard Mansfield's leading lady and was not popular when she tried the same problem with the Alcazar stock, is to appear in Viola Allen's bill will be the revival of "Ben Hur" this season.

Isabel Irving will appear this season in a new play by Clyde Fitch, called "The Toast of the Town."

David Warfield goes to London with "The Music Master" after he spends New York year round.

A feature of the regular evening service at the First Congregational church of Oakland last Sunday evening was the appearance of the Loraine male quartet of San Francisco, composed of Alfred Loraine, first tenor, Arthur A. Hastings second tenor, A. F. de Tobin, first bass, and Percy L. Perry, second bass. Though organized but four years ago this quartet has already made a fine career for itself by its artistic singing, and its services are in great demand for all occasions. At the First Congregational church, Sunday evening, the quartet appeared at additional to the regular choir and soloists of the church, rendering other numbers the quartet sang "In Your Mighty Shadow," "Indwell," "Lead Kindly Light," Bach, and "Oh Lord How Holy," Parks.

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The Mill at Colma

(As reported for Town Talk by the three greatest exponents of the journalistic art on the American continent.)

CHAPTER I.

By Pop Hamilton.

A glorious combat, say I! We may never see its like again. A fight fit for the fighting gods that fought with frenzied fervor on old Olympus. It was a scrap with blood, boxing gloves and bruisers in it. And when Britt blew up, he blew up as did the Bennington—with a great blow. When some tourist from the North Pole, or mayhap from Mars, shall take his stand on Telegraph Hill to sketch the ruins rudely wrought by Schmitz, the whispering trees in Golden Gate Park will intone to him the story of that stirring mill that thrilled the multitude at Colma. It was worth any gentleman's leisure—that is, if you are a dilettante gentleman, who revels in the call of the wild, and boasts a thirst for gore as well as for the bubble water. There was a swish and a wallop and a febrile moment in every round. And the pendulum of victory swung back and forth in a way that kept the spectator on the tip-toe of expectancy, and bathed his brow in the moisture so eloquent of a state of nerves. At first it seemed that Britt would give his opponent his swift quietus. He threatened to throw Nelson into a panic, so great was the velocity of his blows, with such infrequent intermission did he jolt his adversary. Occasionally he peppered Nelson and ever and anon his right came over. Then his right would go back, and forthwith came his left over. But Nelson finally arrived with a detonating glove and it was not refreshing. It reminded one of a Shetland and a jackass—the Shetland could kick and kick, but if the jackass ever let loose, it was all over but the graying.

CHAPTER II.

By Jack London.

In the first round Britt looked at Nelson and Nelson look at Britt. It was obvious that they were both looking at each other. It was not a look of great interrogation. The referee was also there. He also looked. Presently they punched; that is, Britt punched and Nelson punched, but the referee—he merely munched, for he was chewing gum. At each punch Britt was going backward. He kept going backward. There you have the whole, thrilling best-selling story of the momentous conflict. Blows kept Britt going and blowing; whereas Nelson kept punching, while the referee kept munching. Nelson is a prehistoric gladiator. Britt is an athletic esthete. It was the bottomless brute against the cultured, up-to-date, refined polished gentleman, distinguished for preciosity rather than for bloodlust. Now, do not think me inarticulate or incoherent. For I'm not. I'm a best seller. I do not wish to call Nelson a bottomless brute, but rather an abysmal brute. Abysmal means bottomless, but it also means unending, and I use it not in the geological, but rather in the atavistic sense. Do you follow me? Well, let me get another hold. Now by abysmal or bottomless brute I mean—oh, I see I bore you, and besides the Editor says that I'm writing about a prize-fight for the *Examiner*, and urges me to cut out anthropology, and get next. Writing journalese is most distasteful, but it pays well.

CHAPTER III.

By Ashton Stevens.

It was a real drammer—meal-lo-drammer at that! It was fine dramaturgy, too. The exposition was excellent, the development thrilling and the catastrophe tragic. None of the eighteen acts dragged. The situations were logical and there was a fine bit of characterization in Old Man Britt, who imparted several fine touches of real blown-in-the-bottle pathos. That essential ingredient of the drammer—conflict—was present in large chunks. Just ponder the scenario—two men and a bag of gold; each man resolved to get the gold and both prepared to scrap for it. There's conflict for you, conflict from the very beginning, and through every act, and as for that other essential—suspense, the play reeks of it and radiates it. The tragedy element was fierce. I know it, because I was there. I was at the ringside, in Britt's corner, where he fell. I saw him fall. I heard him fall. And if it is not too late I may state that the fighting was thrilling. Britt punched in epigrams and Nelson in paradoxes, and Old Man Britt looked volumes. For facial expression Old Man Britt is a wonder, but not such a wonder as Bill Naughton—our Bill of the *Examiner*. Why consider the fighters when Bill was there, doing his great monologue. No dramatic exposition of the fistrionic thrill can be complete without a Naughton punctuating the tragic climaxes with his famous phonographic stunt. When the air is full of boxing gloves, and the roar and rumble of the deadly conflict rent the empyrean, then give us a Naughton to mock the storm after the manner of the boy who stood on the burning deck.

The Royal Hawaiian Sextet is giving delightful concerts at Techau Tavern during the luncheon, dinner and after-theatre hours. Special solos by John Ellis, the tenor, are a feature every Sunday night after the theatre.

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The Stage

The Tivoli's New Operatic Artists

Rah for Giorgio Polacco! not for Polacco, the musical director—a whose baton we have often burned incense, but Polacco, the impresario, to whom we are indebted for the musical feast that has been set before us at our Eddy street opera house. Judging from the opening course on the musical menu there will be no occasion for apologies this year. Hitherto there has been an incompleteness, an aching void, as it were, in the Tivoli's Italian opera productions that impelled its grateful patrons to lenient criticism. There was always an allowance to be made for something, and usually we spurred ourselves to the reminder that we were getting a great deal for the money, and we were thankful to the management for catering, if only after a fashion, to our musical appetite. Gradually has the quality of the entertainment improved. Last season was almost a brilliant one because it introduced to us the great Tetrazzini and the great Berlindi and the great Polacco. But, unfortunately, the operas served only as makeshift settings for fine soloists. Another step forward appears to have been taken. Musical Director Polacco, in the role of impresario, has rounded up not only a fine aggregation of vocal talent, but he has organized a well balanced company, and has omitted none of the prerequisites of a completely finished operatic interpretation. The "Trovatore" production Monday night, considered as a production, was far ahead of anything in the grand opera line the Tivoli has ever given us. There was in that production histrionic excellence coupled with musical understanding, temperament and feeling. Verdi was not in his most barreled of barrel organ moods when he wrote "Trovatore," and yet the opera abounds in the tum-atum-tum tunefulness that I am quite willing to be lulled by be it ever so baneful. How the tawdry and turgid drama could ever have inspired him to the composition of any kind of music passeth my understanding. But despite the soullessness of the drama it was played Monday night with great earnestness and with a great show of sympathetic feeling, especially by Signor Moreo as the count. Moreo is not a great baritone, but he is a man of showy temperament and considerable magnetism. His impersonation is deeply felt and impassioned, and he infuses human pathos into his portrayal. But it was the tenor, Signor Angioletti, (not Angelotti), who stampeded Monday night's audience. Even the charming Petrella had to yield the nimbus to the little tenor with the upholstered legs. Were it not for those golden Caruso tones that still linger in our ears. Angioletti would have made a tremendous sensation with "Di Quella Pira," but it had to bear comparison with "La donna e mobile." Angioletti's voice is a superb organ, and his emission is almost flawless. His voice has more of the dramatic quality than Caruso's, and what there is of the lyric quality is just faintly metallic, but it abounds in tonal beauties. He plucks the high notes with great temerity, but he indulges in no vocal gewgaws. Signorina Petrella must have been well satisfied with the warmth of the approval she received. She is a soprano of pleasing

THE LAFAYETTE LA MONT TROUPE

Comedy acrobats who are pleasing Chutes audiences these afternoons and evenings

appearance, with a voice that is sensuously appealing. There is in it the joy-note of youth, and she makes the intimate character of the rippling music carry across the footlights directly into the ears if not the souls of the listeners. I thought I missed the magnetic quality in more than one singer Monday night, but they all proved to my satisfaction that they have had good artistic training. The only one I could not enthuse much over was Signorina Grassi, the Azucena of the cast. She is a stout lady with the Fremstadt habit of scooping up the scale and down again with an unpleasant indifference to the importance of blending her registers. She is a fervent actress, however, and lifts the gypsy out of the character of a bore.

The second night of the season was less satisfying than the first, a circumstance eloquent of the worth of the new people, and of the whole vocal organization, for it was expected that the first Tetrazzini night would be a great occasion. Compared with last season's performances Tuesday night's was a notable achievement, for in addition to the little queen of song there were in the cast our old reliable friend Dado, and Gregoretti the star baritone of the season of 1903. Moreover there was a new Bazelli on the stage, not the little Bazelli of strident tones who puffed and strutted last season, but a tenor who has learned something about tone production. Perhaps he was singing under physical difficulties last year; perhaps he was not in his finest vocal fettle; perhaps in the interim he has profited from valuable pointers received from Tetrazzini in the noble art of song. At any rate the Bazelli who played the Duke in "Rigoletto" Tuesday night is a Bazelli who produces musically satisfying tones and gives a performance with red blood coursing through it. It was Tetrazzini who was disappointing, not that her voice was less pleasing to the ear, or that any flaws could be detected in her full, rounded, resonant tones. She poured out those bird-like notes with her accustomed lavishness and with that same artistic concealment of effort which attests her wonderful skill. But there was something lacking. Tetrazzini did not enter into the spirit of the part. And yet the audience warmed to her from the start. They gave her a fine reception and encored her "Caro nome," in which scene and song she failed to rise to distinction. She did not get out of the music all that there is in it, nor did she impart to the scene the fulness of its significance. But perhaps the stage setting was in a measure responsible for the deficiency. As done by Sembrich on the stairway the aria is much more effective than it was Tuesday night. Indeed the stage business of this production was far from praiseworthy, and to make matters worse Signor Polacco was distressingly noisy, not with his instruments, but with his mouth. He was both prompter and leader, and seemed most talkative when Gregoretti was on the stage. The baritone is all that could be desired vocally but he plays the jester as though he did not have a good grip on the part. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Pollock's Stirring Play

"The Pit" is good entertainment. Anything that succeeds on the stage is good entertainment, and Channing Pollock's dramatization of Frank Norris's best-seller has put money, large wads of money, into the purse of William C. Brady. The only thing that surprises me about this play now enthusing Columbia patrons is that thrifty Bill Brady went to the expense of hiring a Pollock to put it together. Brady used to write plays himself. I believe he wrote something called "After Dark," a melodrama akin in spirit and vociferousness to "The Pit." From the style of Mr. Pollock's workmanship I should say that he is a dramatist after Brady's own heart, but he has only done what Brady could have done. His play is marked by the quality of obviousness, an excellent quality in the twentieth century drama, because there is nothing that playgoers like so much as to be taken into the confidence of the playsmith. Mr. Pollock gets excited and raises his voice, just as Brady did in "After Dark." He is explosive. He goes in for over-emphasis, as for instance in the love quarrels and love scenes in the first act. He is ingenuously theatric which is almost as good as being ingeniously so His comedy appeals to the guffaw. His epigrams are not the kind that startle an audience into a roar of delight but they get more than a simmer of laughter. However I should not give Mr. Pollock too much credit, for after all his play is but a dramatization of the Norris book which created an immense sensation because of the strong story that it told. Mr. Pollock has stuck to the story, not slavishly, of course, for no self-respecting dramatist would do that. The dramatist must have imagination as did the novelist. Suffice it for him to catch the motive and preserve the dramatic qualities of the story, if it have any. That is what Shakespeare did, and his genius for doing it, as shown in "Othello" and "Hamlet," won for him rare distinction. Shakespeare was no slave to the limitations of

Scene from "THE PIT" at the Columbia

destruction. Shakespeare was no slave to the limitations of the borrowed narrative. He went so far as to improve on the characterizations, and that is what Pollock, following classic precedent, attempted to do with Crookes, but unfortunately he got the character out of drawing. Nevertheless he achieved a measure of success that should be most gratifying. He has given us stage settings that are more realistic than are the manners and moods of the living figures. His stock ticker is true to life. But the piece de resistance is the pit itself, and after all therein lies the charm of the moving play. This great catastrophe, so vividly and thrillingly presented, would be worth waiting for even though it were more remotely removed from the first act. Though the story unfolds in somewhat jerky circumstance it leads the audience up to the pit scene with bated breath. But a considerable part of the vraisemblance is to be credited to less unpalpable agencies than Mr. Pollock's cleverness. Mr. Lackaye is one of them. He plays Jadwin as though he were in strong sympathy with the role and he makes the play plausible. He receives good assistance from Jane Oaker as Laura Dearborn. The cast is a big one and adequate. *Theodore Kosmet*

Manon Sung in It

Though the impression has gone about that Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" received its first presentation in this city at the Tivoli on Wednesday night, this is not the case. It was given at the Baldwin theatre by the same little Del Conti company that gave "La Boheme" for the first time in America. Montanari and Agostini had the principal roles. Puccini's "Manon" differs materially from the Massenet opera of the same name presented by Scott Sanders last during one of the Grau seasons. It is more tragic and the music, as in "La Boheme," is of the soul-searching kind that reaches the heart.

Mrs. Powhatan Gordon, who made her stage debut in "The Pit," is a member of a prominent Southern family. She was Miss Sophie Ripley before her marriage with Powhatan Graham Gordon of New York. She was born in Dallas, Texas, and is a member of the Eclectic and Minerva clubs and a Daughter of the American Revolution.

"The Circus," "Life" and "On the Quiet" will be given at the Alcazar during the stock season.

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Special Matinee Wednesday, September 27th
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Wilton Lackaye as Svengali
September 29th: ETHEL BARRYMORE

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The Life Story of the Most Notorious Woman in American History
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GRAND OPERA
This Evening
Selections for Next Week
Tuesday and Thursday
"LUCIA"
Wednesday
"MANON LESCAUT"
Friday
"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AND "I PAGLIACCI"
with SALASSA

Lyric Hall, 119 Eddy St., Wednesday, September 20 at 8:15 P. M.

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White Whittlesey does all his studying in the open air during the early morning hours. Rising regularly at five o'clock, he has a cold plunge and light breakfast, and is in Golden Gate Park from six to ten, reaching the Alcazar half an hour later for daily rehearsal. He never sleeps more than five hours.

Miss Hilke Will Sing

Kathrin Hilke, who is out here from New York visiting relatives in Stockton and San Francisco, is to sing at the Loring Club's concert next Tuesday evening. Miss Hilke has had great success ever since she embarked upon a musical career. She was for a number of years soprano in two of the principal churches in New York, and is now recognized as one of the foremost American oratorio and concert vocalists. She has been leading soprano at concerts of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. She was also specially engaged for the first production in the United States of John Sebastian Bach's colossal mass in B minor, given in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, by the celebrated chorus of that town under the direction of Dr. F. Wolle, who has just been selected to occupy the chair of music at the University of California.

Next Week's Bills

"The Pit" has one more week at the Columbia. "Trilby," with Lackaye in his original role of Svengali, and Jane Oaker as Trilby, will be given at a special matinee on Wednesday. Ethel Barrymore comes next in "Sunday," with Bruce McRae as her leading man.

Whittlesey has only two more weeks at the Alcazar. Next week will be given up to J. I. C. Clarke's dramatic version of Jessie Fothergill's beautiful novel, "The First Violin." It is one of the most popular sellers yet among novels, and tells the romantic story of a German nobleman disguised as a musician and his love for a young English girl. Belasco and Mayer have succeeded in obtaining for Whittlesey's farewell week the romantic drama of Austrian military and court life, "The Last Appeal," originally produced at Wallack's, New York. It is an adaptation from the German by Leo Ditrichstein, who has given us the farcical "Are You a Mason?", the Mary Mannering comedy "Harriet's Honeymoon," and Sothern's romantic play, "The Song of the Sword."

The most massive production ever given at the Central is promised in "The White Tigress of Japan," by Charles A. Taylor. This play, founded on incidents of the late war, recently ran for many months at the American theatre in New York. It deals with the wrongs done a Russian woman who escapes from Siberia and goes to Japan, bent on vengeance on Russia. More than one hundred people will be used in the production and a mass of gorgeous scenery, costumes and effects will be utilized.

Julian Eltinge, known as "the male Vesta Tilley," will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum. He is a London and Eastern favorite. Holcomb, Curtis and Webb will present for the first time their rural skit, "The Botany Class." Arthur Buckner, the best single bicyclist in the business, will offer his unrivaled act. Jolson, Palmer and Jolson will indulge in a variety of nonsense, mixed with singing and expert whistling. They come direct from New York.

At the Chutes will be the great Zarrow, the sensational cyclist, in his dangerous, death-defying act, "Leaping the Gap." In the theatre will be Barlando's dogs, cats and monkeys. Mr. and Mrs. Gottlob in "Government Bonds," and Mignon Gilbert, character sketch artiste, in "A Female Drummer"; Frank Clayton, black-face monologist, and Foster and Henderson, colored entertainers, complete the list of newcomers.

The Grand Opera House announces two weeks of melodrama by the Charles A. Taylor company, opening with "The Queen of the Highway," said to be the life story of the most notorious woman in American history. It was written by Charles A. Taylor from facts which were purposely placed at his disposal, and is said to have proved a success throughout the East. It is replete with sensational incidents. Aileen May, who plays Belle Diamond, the Queen of the Highway, is described as a handsome and dashing actress particularly strong in emotional roles. "Held For Ransom" comes next.

The repertoire for next week at the Tivoli will be: Tuesday and Thursday nights, "Lucia," with Tetrazzini; Wednesday night, "Manon Lescaut"; Friday night, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" with Salassa. The Saturday and Sunday programs will be announced in the daily papers. During the grand opera season the theatre will be closed Monday nights for rehearsal.

LAURETTE TAYLOR.

The charming Eastern Ingenue who will make her first appearance at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon as Jess Miller in "The Queen of the Highway."

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MARION PIERCE.

Many Alcazar patrons make curious conjecture concerning the nationality of the slender wisp of a girl, with olive complexion and big black eyes burning like coals, who played the model in "The Light That Failed." She has been taken for Spanish, Italian and pretty much everything except a native daughter with a curious blend of races. Marion Pierce is her name and her sister formerly did newspaper work in Los Angeles. Her father was a Boston mine promoter. Her mother, a Parsee born in Benares, where the brasses come from, was the daughter of a Hindoo princess and a Colonel in the British army. There was a strain of French in the latter. Little Miss Pierce would readily pass for a full-blooded Hindoo. Nativity and race count for little on the stage nowadays. Flora Zabelle, the singing soubrette, who has just married Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, was born in Armenia of native parents and Fernanda Eliscu, the ingenue with Mrs. Fiske on her last visit here, was born in Constantinople, of a Greek father and Turkish mother.

From Musical Comedy to Pastoral Drama

The pretty rural play at the Grand is in tranquil contrast to the sprightly and brilliant O'Sullivan Irish opera of last week. "York State Folks" is one of the best of the "rube" dramas and it is refreshingly free from the stock characters—the wronged girl, the villainous "city chap" and the others that usually appear in dramatic concoctions with rural backgrounds. Myron Cooper, the old organ builder, and Simon Peter, his cranky old neighbor, are delightful characters, fully as well drawn as Ian MacLaren's hero of "The Bonnie Brier Bush."

The Orpheum Bill

Quite out of the common run of vaudeville sketches is "The Chorus Lady," in which Rose Stahl, Harry Sullivan and Louise Meyers appear at the Orpheum this week. "The Chorus Lady," though written in a lower key, contains much of the charm of Henry Miller's "Frederick Lematire," a companion stage picture. The Chorus Lady herself is patterned on the New York article, but she is shown to have a warm heart and a noble soul, in spite of her stage slang and easy manner. She reasons a silly society woman out of her infatuation for a stage tenor, and proves that her morals are less free and easy than her manners. Though this sketch is the most artistic thing on the Orpheum bill, there are some other turns that interest. The Indian college boys show considerable skill in singing and lightning drawing and Gerard, the modern Samson, shows his great strength. Quinlan and Mack are the usual thing in duologists.

Villon the Vagabond

Though some of the incidents in "Villon the Vagabond" are similar to those in "If I Were King," the story differs entirely from the McCarthy drama. In "If I Were King" the vagabond in disguise wins the heart of the charming ward of the king; in the Skinner play, the poet

JULIAN ELTINGE
"The Male Vesta Tilley," who will appear at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

in his own character betrays his love and through it is lured to ruin by the cold-hearted Catherine. Then the wild girl of the tavern scene in McCarthy's play is transformed in the Skinner version into a very mild and tame creature, something like Mimi in "The Only Way." But the drama given this week at the Alcazar need not be contrasted with the beautiful poetical play in which we saw Sothern and Cecilia Loftus. It is written in a different strain and is sufficiently picturesque and virile to stand on its own merits. It did not go wholly smoothly on Monday evening, for it is a play that requires many and severe rehearsals to bring it to perfection. However Whittlesey as the vagabond, king of his fellows, winner of hearts from the Dauphin's to little Denise's, courageous to the point of folly, and with the softening touch of filial love toning his braggadocio in defying the king, is at all points the central figure. The rest of the company, with the exception of Byers as the king and Miss Lawton as Catherine, acted in a rather stilted way. Perhaps they found it hard to cast off the modern Kipling clothes and speech of last week for the romantic language, fleshings and doublets of this.

A Cure for "Stiltiness"

The Central has a regular old-time melodrama this week in "Wedded But No Wife," which is the title of one of Bertha M. Clay's best sellers of two decades ago. It recounts the trials of a young minister who is pursued by enemies and trials, troubles in which his wife shares. Since Edna Elsmere was promoted to be leading lady, Lillian Elliott has been given the old villainess roles that the former used to play. Little Ollie Cooper is really the star of this melodrama. I see that Mayall told Miss Joliffe in an interview that he went into stock to get away from the "stiltiness" of Shakespearean roles, but I cannot see that melodrama has proved a cure for this fault. Though Mayall is a fine, sincere actor, he has never learned to unbend and be natural, and since he has been playing melodrama he has become stiffer than ever.

Burlesque and Boxers

Not having noticed an inconspicuous poster at the entrance to the California on Monday night, I wondered what could have been the attraction to draw so many men to the theatre. The house was packed and men predominated nineteen to one in the assemblage. A well-known violinist knocked elbows with an elocution teacher, and a big cafe manager wandered out between acts followed by a society bachelor and a reporter. The Brigadiers Burlesquers go rather beyond last week's company in point of beauty, shapeliness and glitter, and "The Wise Guy" has more of a plot to it than its predecessors. It is the same sketch that Edmond Hayes gave at the Orpheum, but elaborated into two acts sprinkled with specialties. It is a hodge-podge of nonsense, and not over-refined, but it is as laughable as some of Hoyt's earlier farce comedies. I remember when Edmond Hayes shone in serious work, but he probably makes more money and extracts more fun out of his present line. Hayes as the Guy, Whitehead as Tom Lipton and Adele Palmer as Gertie Wonderbilt carry the shred of a plot and the chorus and specialists do the rest. The preponderance of men in the audience was explained when the manager announced, as the final curtain fell, that Battling Nelson would box three rounds with a local pugilist. Nelson easily showed the strength of his fists in the three rounds, which were far too soon ended to suit the spectators.

—The Playgoer.

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From Palermo Unto Rome

(Continued from page 8)

the strand. The Abbe Boivin was a consumptive come to Sicily for his health; sometimes he preached at the *Duomo*. He was a poet and classical scholar—a strange, sensitive and melancholy man. Tall of stature, he seemed taller because so thin; his complexion, pale, seemed the paler because of his full black beard and dark, lustrous eyes, and his voice was tinged with a sweet and resonant sadness. We passed the forts and light-houses of Messina and saw the sun set wonderfully behind the hills. My companion stood silently contemplating the spectacle for some time. I think he prayed. Poor Abbe, I thought, it will not be long ere your sun, too, will set—and forever. On the way to the city we saw many emigrants embarking for America and taking farewell of their kindred—a sad sight that affected the Abbe to tears. *"Comme les adieux sont toujours tristes,"* said he, mournfully. I spent considerable time in the interesting company of this remarkable man, visiting him in his study where, always seated at a little table, whereon stood a crucifix and two candles, he wrote poetry or translated from Latin authors. When we parted —one evening when it was already very dark and many ships put out to sea—he said again: *"Comme les adieux sont toujours tristes,"* to which he added, also in the same tongue: "I shall always see you, *mon fils,* in the evenings as I take my lonely walk along the beach, seated on the sands beside the strait, gazing toward Scylla on the mainland. So shall I think of you daily and not forget you, having only my thoughts for companionship here." He then gave me letters to brethren of his in Rome, Naples and Munich, and we said good-bye with emotion. For me, to whom people are always of more importance than places, the sombre figure of the kind and gentle Abbe overshadows everything I saw in Sicily—overshadows even Aetna.

Crossing the straits to Reggio di Calabria, I wandered about that exceedingly rich and beautiful region, with its leagues of orange and lemon orchards, and came in close contact with its picturesque and handsome peasantry. Then, sighing, I looked my last on Messina and the resplendent pyramid of Aetna, and left for Naples. It was a wonderful railroad ride of fifteen hours. It is doubtful if one could find a finer. I would have halted the train at every turn, for my vision was insatiable. Picture succeeded picture, as in a dream. Sometimes tunnels cut off sunny landscapes with sudden night, to burst upon another almost instantly. Gleaming in beaches, fairy-like towns, stretches of palm and cypress, snowy peaks, quaint fishing villages, old citadels and castles, rocky defiles, orchards of orange blooming white, the Liprarian islands pearly across the sea. Then twilight, strange with vesper-bells full of heavenly peace, the moon's red sickle shining and sinking down the sky with Jupiter and Saturn of incredible brilliancy. Then came lofty Salerno on its gulf and soon after the lights of Naples glowed in a mighty crescent on the left. On the right the gigantic bulk of Vesuvius towered through the night, casting infernal reflections upon the clouds that trembled above his fiery throat.

To describe or even sketch the many beauties of Naples and its environment would exhaust my pen, this paper's pages and the reader's patience. I whiled away many hours in Pompeii, musing upon the chariot-ruts in the pavements and the broken jars of the wine-shops, upon the paintings and the snarling dog in mosaic on the threshold of the "House of the Tragic Poet." There is an inscription beneath *"Cave Canem."* Your poet, especially your tragic poet in those days, was a personage of importance, not to be

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trified with. To Pozzuoli I went, to the temple of Serapis and the grim, sulphurous brocken of Solfatara, to Sorrento, where Tasso was born, and to Capri, that isle of Hesperides.

There, upon the Punta Tragara, overlooking the Faraglioni, I met a German *savant,* Professor Alfons Kissner of Marburg University. He sat upon the terrace busy with a translation of Ariosto. A charming, enthusiastic, simple-hearted man was he, and author of several works on literature well-known in English. He had known Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Longfellow, Rosetti and others of whom he told me many entertaining things. He accorded me the pleasure of paying him a visit some months later at his delightful home in romantic Marburg. In Capri one hears more German than Italian, for, owing to Victor von Scheffel's glorification of the isle, it has become a haunt for German artists and writers. Krupp, the Cannon King, built a magnificent villa here. Dieffenbach, a wealthy and eccentric artist who affects the dress and appearance of an apostle, has a fine studio. I met him one night in the light of the moon on a lonely path, bareheaded, with long hair and flowing robes. He was barefooted, a strange, weird apparition.

Beware the meridional Italian—in money matters. Offer him always one-fifth of the price demanded. Distrust his cringing courtesy; ignore his tearful plea. Beware, of all things, your Neapolitan, a slippery rogue with a razor edge. He will seek to sell you a string of imitation coral at ten times its worth and then give you bad money for change. Beggars so thick they seem to march in Indian file, beseech the stranger for *"soldi."* The language is to me the sweetest of all tongues and the most logical.

Next came the conquest of Vesuvius. "I conquered old bald-headed Pilatus in Switzerland," I said to him one morning, "now, old fire-top, have at you." That night snow had fallen, something that had not occurred for twenty years, and the volcano's sides were blanketed with it. At Torre Annunciata, Guiseppe the guide awaited me. The day, though fair, brought no other climbers and the funiculaire, because of the snow, did not operate. We had Vesuvius to ourselves. Passing through Boscotrecase, we ascended the mountain's slopes, stopping at the last farmhouse for a repast of goat's-milk cheese, raisins, oranges, bread, figs and a flash of the farmer's sweet *"lachryma Christi"* wine. Then up we went over the snow and flinty lava which lay twisted and tormented into the strangest shapes. Guiseppe's ardor during the ascent was a bit excessive and decidedly uncomfortable for me. Cheerily he would call back to me, picking my toilsome way over adamantine scoriæ, or knee-deep in the snow: *"Avanti, Signor, avanti!"* Soon we struck a stratum of air in which a hurricane was raging, unsuspected from below. The icy wind almost bowled us over, cinders from the crater were dashed with stinging force in our faces, snow fell and blinded us and hot stones of formidable size sung past our ears and buried themselves in the snow, which was strangely pitted by them. Guiseppe was no longer full-cry in advance; he hung back, with imprecations on the elements. *"Avanti, Guiseppe, avanti!"* I cried. We reached the cone of ashes, which shot up fumes and jets of steam, our feet sinking deep into the sliding, unstable mass. Thick showers of cinders were cast upon us, filling our eyes, nostrils, mouths and ears; the cone quivered like a jelly and dreadful rumblings were heard, the while we struggled with the wind. The stench of brimstone made us choke. It was frightful. Exhausted, we reached a lava-mass not fifty feet from the crater's rim and crouched behind it. Guiseppe would go no farther; he counseled a return. But I

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147 PRESIDIO AVENUE

had come to gaze into the crater, nor would I be turned from my purpose. *"Avanti, Guiseppe, avanti!"* I shouted at him above the din. Guiseppe, blue with misery, would not move. I then started up alone. Suddenly an old man stood before me, whether risen from the ground like a gnome or belched like a demon from the smoking terror above, I could not know. There was no shelter above, there had been no sign of man. He seized me by one arm, helping me upward. An instant later some one seized my other; it was Guiseppe, reinvested with courage or fearing for his fee. So, between the two, in the teeth of the tempest, I crawled to the crater's crumbling edge and looked down the smoky profounds. The vapor, clearing, permitted my eyes to pierce to the bottom of the tremendous gulf, three thousand feet below. Terrible was the commotion in that awful pit, savage with a lurid light. Huge boulders were hurled upward like bubbles and fell with thunderous roar back into the depths. Masses of fire and molten lava danced and hissed upon the black smoke-billows. Hollow reverberations rolled and re-echoed in the cavernous throat and the ashes which supported us trembled and shifted. It was appalling and enough to terrify a stouter heart than mine. Then came another belching of cinders and we hurriedly descended. The open pockets of my Havelock were filled with ashes and pieces of lava as large as a walnut! Arrived at the bottom Guiseppe naively handed me a paper to sign, attesting his excellent services as *"guidà de Vesuvio."* I smiled and signed it, adding in English, "during fair weather only."

Rome made a profound impression upon me. To that imperial city I bow in reverence. "The grandeur that was Rome" has not all departed. Nowhere does the sublime spirit of the ancients so work upon one as here, nowhere seems Art so great, and, in particular, Sculpture so dignified and Architecture so noble. The Coliseum, in overpowering grandeur under the full moon, made a spectacle unutterably majestic. I wonder not that Byron wrote his famous lines upon it. The Forum, though in fragments, is scarcely less sublime. The great churches of Rome overtop her eternal hills—which seem very low. A church colleague of Abbe Boivin of Messina interested himself in procuring for me permission to visit the Pope, but the tedious ceremonial of the Vatican prevented my receiving it on time. But in Rome there is much to see beside His Holiness, and, feasted full on its glories, after a few weeks I left for Florence.

Recent arrivals at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, were: Howard G. Parish, F. H. Green, T. C. Foster, C. E. Miller, Geo. A. Montall and wife, B. B. Wiles, James A. Monteagle, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Speiker, Miss Georgie Speiker, A. F. Sharp and wife, Earl Fisher, P. Noble, C. M. Hunter, Misses May and Teresa Lyons, H. Mura, T. W. Rankin, L. E. Price and wife, W. H. King, W. K. Brackett, G. W. Hollowell, M. T. Heavy, Mrs. Geo. Gray, Mrs. E. L. Elder, Mrs. F. W. Lugee, Mrs. A. H. Martin, Miss E. Grossen, C. W. Platt, C. P. Bailey, Jr., J. P. Thorn, R. B. H Collier.

Among the prominent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs are Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Tyson and family, accompanied by Miss Warren and W. W. Carson, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Burr, Miss Hazel Burr, W. J. Woodside, Sumner Crossby, Judge and Mrs. Jas. Troutt, Mrs. R. H. Van Sant, R. H. Van Sant, Jr., of Berkeley, A. A. Wilder of Honolulu and Mr. and Mrs. V. E. Hanny of Tucson, Arizona. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Dibblee of Ross Valley, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Coleman of Burlingame visited Byron Hot Springs last week. They made a record run in Mr. Dibblee's Richard Brasiar touring car.

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Music

The Loomis-Belknap Concert

There were no vacant seats in Lyric hall on the evening of the fifth, when Mr. Harvey Worthington Loomis and Mr. Edwin Starr Belknap presented their program. The first part was given over to Mr. Loomis's Indian music. He presented the melodies of five different tribes—Omaha, Iroquois, Ojibway, Cree and Zumi—preserving the rhythm and intonation of each, sometimes on the piano, sometimes vocally, and again with violin obligato. In the second part Mr. Belknap recited "The Song of the Pear Tree (P. Feval), with musical accompaniment by Mr. Loomis. Mr. Belknap did this so charmingly that it was a matter of general regret not to have him appear in person a second time. Two songs, however, from his opera "The Traitor Mandolin" were given very effectively by Mrs. Klippel-Schafter. The third part of the evening's entertainment was the pantomime of "The Enchanted Fountain" devised by Mr. Belknap and carried out by the pupils of Miss Jenne Morrow Long. It proved to be a very pleasing number, fantastic in conception and skilfully worked out by the clever impersonators of the characters. Mr. Loomis at the piano discoursed pretty descriptive music of which he seems to have an inexhaustible vein. Mr. Loomis and Mr. Belknap were fortunate in their assistants. Miss Louvia Rogers has a pure voice of great carrying power, and notable for its beautiful pianissimos. Mrs. Marian Robinson's contralto is as well known for its sympathetic quality as the soprano of Mrs. Schafter for its vibrant brilliancy. A signal success was achieved in "The Sun Worshipers" by Mr. Ernest Redfield and Mr. Ernest McCandlish. Mr. Hother Wismer needs no encomium. Prominent among his numbers was the "Lyric Finale." Mademoiselle Victorine Debret, who assisted in the miniature piano duets, was a charming little lady who took her part with great seriousness. The charm of these duets was largely due to the pure, rich tones of the Baldwin piano which was used throughout the evening. The audience included many leading members of the musical and artistic worlds.

A New Mass

A new Mass by Mr. R. A. Lucchesi was heard for the first time at St. Mary's Cathedral on Sunday last. The composer has produced a beautiful and original work, full of fine harmonies. To his credit it may be said that he has resisted the temptation to be operatic, and the music throughout is direct and devotional. There is a very beautiful "Sanctus" and an imploring "Agnus Dei" which cling to the memory. The "Ave Maria" is not a part of the mass proper, and a little more sentiment and vocal ornament are not out of place. Mr. Lucchesi's composition is pure and tender, and has the addition of a most lively violin obligato which was played by Miss Violet Johnson. Mr. Harrison, the organist, deserves great praise, as also do the singers, Miss Viva Hickey, soprano, Miss Julia Sullivan, alto, Mr. David Manlloyd, tenor, and Mr. J. S. Sandy, basso. Mr. Lucchesi is to be congratulated on the success of his mass. It is a work which will not fail to reflect credit both on the composer and on San Francisco.

Miss Ward Gone to China

Miss S. A. Ward, the representative of Madame von Meyerinck to take charge of the branch of the Academy of Music, to be opened October fifteenth in Shanghai, sailed Wednesday, September sixth, on the "China." Her previous farewell concert at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium was a genuine success. Miss Ward's stage presence is very pleasing and her singing most artistic, full of warmth and expression. The program consisted of compositions by Stradella (A. D. 1672), Schumann, Schubert, Grieg, Brahms, von Fielitz, Nevin and Reinecke. The singer was assisted by Miss Spink in violin obligatos, and by Miss Lilly Blum, a very talented pupil of Frederick Zech, on the piano, while Miss Edna Wilcox—training in this particular branch at the von Meyerinck school—played all the accompaniments in a musicianly and sufficiently authoritative style to make a unit of singing and accompaniment, instead of "following," which is in reality a lagging behind, most detrimental to the inspiration of the singer.

The Howe Club

The first rehearsal of the Howe Club occurred on Tuesday of last week, in the new Arion hall. The attendance was beyond expectations and all members enthusiastic and ready for the coming season's work. A generous accession of new members is being enrolled, and this largest choral organization of our city is already comparing favorably with those of Eastern cities. Preparations are now being made for the first concert of the season. There will be given this season three of the club's concerts, and several in aid of charitable and fraternal organizations. Singers and orchestral players desiring to join the club may apply to the director, James Hamilton Howe, 804 James Flood building.

Mrs. Fine to Give a Recital

It is many years since Beatrice Priest Fine has been heard in concert here, and there will be a large audience at her recital in Lyric hall on Tuesday evening, October third. The program will be: Batti Batti, Mozart; Lauf der Velt, Grieg; Ein Traum, Grieg; Sandmannchen, Brahms; Schlogen de Herzen, Richard Strauss; Minuet, Old French; Coppelia, ballet music, Delibes; Chanson de Scozzone (Ascanio), Saint-Saens; My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach; They Say, Randegger; Shouggie Shou My Bairnie, Henschel; Spring, Henschel; A Maiden's Yea and Nay (written for Mrs. Fine), Gilberte; Madcap Marjorie, Frederick Norton; The Cuckoo, Liza Lehmann. Aside from the interest taken in Mrs. Fine's first appearance here after her long absence in New York, her program is uncommonly attractive. Mrs. Fine opened the Home Club's music season in Oakland last week, giving a recital of sixteen songs. On October fourth, after her recital here, she will leave for Los Angeles, giving a concert there on the seventh, and a few days later at Venice Assembly. On October tenth she will sing for the Spinnet Club of Redlands, and will be in Sacramento October fourteenth to sing at a matinee recital before the Saturday Club.

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of many here, and a benefit has been arranged for the sufferers, to be given under the patronage of the Italian Consul, Signor Carl Serra and his wife. The affair will take the form of a concert at Lyric hall on Wednesday evening, September twentieth. The volunteers for the program include Mrs. Evelyn Weingardner Blanchard, contralto; Carlo Gentile, pianist, Giulio Minetti, violinist; Hermann Genss, pianist; Arthur Weiss, cello; Fred Maurer, accompanist, and others equally prominent.

A fine motett by Cesar Franck, entitled "Quae est ista," will be sung at the special musical service at St. Dominic's church tomorrow (Sunday) evening. Mozart's third motett, "Deus tibi laus et honor," will also be in the program.

Next Thursday evening Hother Wismer, the violinist, will give a concert at Steinway hall in aid of the Foundling Asylum. Denis O'Sullivan will sing and others on the program will be Mrs. Blanchard, Mr. Carrington, Mr. Sabin, Mr. Larsen, Mr. Maurer and the Knickerbocker Quartet.

The Royal Hawaiian Band will give farewell concerts, under direction of Belasco, Mayer and Price, at the Alhambra on Thursday, September twenty-first and Monday and Tuesday, the twenty-fifth and sixth, before sailing to Honolulu.

A. Rubinstein, the Russian pianist, will be here shortly.

—The Music Critic.

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Automobile Topics

An Interesting Tour

About a week ago, Ezra Fitch, Augustus Post and A. T. Edmundsen, driving three Winton steam cars, started from Portland, Maine, on one of the most interesting motor car tours ever attempted. They will go first to Bangor and then will start due north through the woods and drive through to the Canadian border. Then they will go either to Montreal or to Halifax, Nova Scotia. The party carried food supplies, tents, rifles, tackle, etc., and will camp out each night and be independent of all ordinary sources of supply. Quantities of gasoline have been carried ahead to certain specified points by couriers. The party are well supplied with axes, shovels and block and tackle and hope to successfully surmount all the obstacles which they will encounter while making their way through the wilds of Maine and the province of Quebec. N. Lazarnick, R. H. Johnston and two woodsmen complete the party of seven.

Round and About

C. E. Loss, the civil and railroad engineer, has purchased from the Mobile Carriage Company a 30 h. p. Pierce Arrow. Mr. Loss is using his machine on the construction work of the railroad.

Thomas A. Edison's wonderful battery is still reported periodically to be nearly perfected; yet when the wizard goes out on the road he uses a White steam touring car and not an electric machine.

H. Paulman, agent of the Pierce Arrow in Chicago, was in this city last week. He says that forty Great Arrows have been delivered and next season he expects to deliver twice that number.

The side entrance White touring car continues to be the centre of attraction at the White garage, 1878 Market street. Being the first of the 1906 models to arrive on the coast the new steam machine is naturally causing considerable flutter among the motorists. The utility, luxurious design, handsome appearance and many other features of the 1906 model F White entitle it to the phenomenal sales which have already been recorded for it by the local branch of the White Sewing Machine Company of Cleveland, Ohio.

A more enthusiastic motorist than Geo. L. Fish, who has had his Pierce Arrow but a week, is yet to be seen. Mr. Fish and his family have started for a tour of the state. En route they will stop at the different resorts and take in the old California Missions as far as San Diego.

Walter Hensel, the automobile dealer of Stockton, is spending a few days in this city and will take back with him a curve dash Oldsmobile runabout, which he purchased from the Pioneer Company.

F. N. Isaac, the well-known automobile dealer and enthusiast of Hanford, is in the city for a few days and making his headquarters with the Pioneer people.

In the automobile parade at Sacramento last Wednesday night Mrs. Oro R. Buckman's model C Winton was the most beautifully decorated machine in the parade and was awarded first prize—a handsome silver cup.

The Motor Dog

"The motor dog is the latest," says "Motor Age." "Coach dogs are a recognized breed, with their smooth sleek coats and black and white coloring, so doubtless time will evolve a distinct type for the automobile, probably with goggle markings on the face and long, sharp claws for the purpose of sticking to the seats when the car is going at full speed, for this will be an aristocratic canine without any inclination to work his own passage running back of the car. The motor dog was seen in all his glory the other day when a big touring car whizzed by the Motor Age office. Perched on the bonnet of the car and wearing an air much as did Admiral Dewey when he said: 'You may fire, Gridley, when you are ready,' was a little skye terrier, equipped with goggles, thoroughly enjoying his outing. 'That reminds me of Rags, the dog over at the Autocar place,' said an onlooker. 'Rags is a good name for him and he is a true motor dog, for he can distinguish an Autocar from any other make simply by the chug of the engine. Jim Levy came down the other Sunday in a runabout and as he drew up at the store he saw Rags playing with a lot of other dogs. Ahead of Levy were several other cars but Rags paid no attention to them. The familiar chug of the Autocar engine caught his ear, though, and he left his playmates and came running up to the store, hopping into the car when Mrs. Levy got out. He's crazy to go riding every time a rig goes out of the shop and seems to thoroughly enjoy himself. Levy swears the dog can pick an Autocar out from a bunch of automobiles every time.'"

Mr. Butters Has One

Charles Butters, the capitalist and railroad magnate of Claremont, has one of the few limousine automobiles in the west. The machine was built by one of the most prominent firms in the country and arrived in this city but a few days ago. It is a Columbia of forty horse-power and is finished in black and royal blue. The coat of arms of the house of Butters is neatly printed in gold on the doors of the car. The car is equipped with all the conveniences known and it is estimated to have cost over six thousand dollars, being considered the most elegant and fully equipped machine of its kind on the Pacific Coast.

John Adams, of Adam's Wharf, Oakland, who recently purchased a model B Winton touring car from the Pioneer people, last Sunday left his home in Oakland at 10:30 a. m. and drove his machine to Stockton, returning the same day, making a trip of two hundred miles in eight hours. The Sunday previous, Mr. Adams drove his car to Del Monte and returned the same day. This is considered very good driving for an amateur.

Harry Green, of the Pioneer Automobile Company, has just returned from an extended trip through the northern part of the state, and reports several sales. He says that automobile enthusiasm runs high in all the places he has visited and that his company has sold three times as many machines to date as they did at this time last year. —**The Chauffeur.**

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Letters

A Sequel to "She"

Rider Haggard's sequel to "She" takes up the story twenty years after the disastrous experiment of Ayesha, and it is just about that long ago since what we may call the first half made its appearance. The sequel to "She" cannot fail to have a phenomenal success from the point of view of the book dealer, for the original was one of the best-sellers of its day, and those who fell under its fascination will be anxious to know what happened next. Likewise, those of the later generation will need to know what went before, and between the desire to refresh old minds and inform new ones, "She" may safely be counted upon for a revival. At about the time that "She" was enjoying its popularity the mischievous youngsters were indulging in a secret language which mightily puzzled their elders. It had but one rule and no grammar, but without the key, was as mystifying as an unknown foreign tongue. The first letter, or phonetic sound of each word, was transferred to the end, and the long sound of "a" annexed, long words being subdivided at discretion. "Ayesha" was therefore not unlike the translation of "she," with the initial "ay" prefixed by way of good measurement, after the manner of the compositorial orthography, "phat." Of course Rider Haggard was not the first to use the name Ayesha.

Good Short Stories

Hamilton Wright Mabie and Lionel Strachey, excellent authorities both, have compiled a volume of "best short stories," and like the lists of the hundred best books, there is ample room for debate and rivalry. Short stories are so abundant, and so much better than the novels of the day, that it would be a thankless task to attempt to compile an authoritative list of the best that appear in any month, much less year. Then, there are the endless subdivisions, the political tales, the stories of business life, the sea stories, sporting tales, literature of camp and trail, and there is a whole library of Klondike stories, and another of army life in our new territory. There is room for difference of opinion as to not the best, but the ten best of Kipling's alone, and there is no need to specify the difference between the lists that would content a man and a woman, an old person and a young one, or one of sedentary and one of active life. However, here is the Mabie-Strachey list, open to amendment: Thackeray, "Dennis Haggerty's Wife"; Scott, "Wandering Willie's Tale"; Dickens, "The Trial for Murder"; Poe, "The Pit and the Pendulum" and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"; George Eliot, "The Lifted Veil"; Nathaniel Hawthorne, "The Minister's Black Veil" and "The Great Carbuncle"; Kipling, "Without Benefit of Clergy"; Stevenson, "Markheim"; Bret Harte, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat"; Edward Everett Hale, "The Man Without a Country."

A Trilby Revival

There has been a surprising revivification of "Trilby," which, two or three years ago, was regarded as dead beyond hope of resurrection. Library copies lay undisturbed on the shelves, with their last issue marks two years old, and the assiduous readers of best-sellers could recall nothing but the name unless they had seen the stage version. Now, behold, twice in the last three months have new editions been called for in England, and the Harpers, who were Du Maurier's American publishers, are working their presses to the utmost capacity to supply the demand. Doubtless the second-hand dealers would reap a harvest were they to delve in their pre-historic accumulations of forgotten things. In view of the great popularity of "Trilby" the comparative obscurity of "Peter Ibbotson," its predecessor, and by long odds the better story, is one of the unaccountable mysteries of bookland. Considering the vogue of hypnotism, telepathy and all the other occultisms, it ought to be a profitable book to reissue.

Two Artistic Books.

"The Log of the Water Wagon" is a light, slight thing purporting to be the experiences of a week's travel on board the "good ship Lithia," with all the haps and mishaps of the "cruise." The humor is something broad and the slang plentiful, as is only to be expected in this sort of thing, but it is quite in line with the fashion of the hour, and will afford a little amusement and do no harm. Bert Leston Taylor and W. C. Gibson stand sponsors for the text, with illustrations, end papers and marginals by L. M. Glackens. Bound in Japanese crape and charmingly gotten up by the H. M. Caldwell Company of New York and Boston.

A beautiful little book is "In Bohemia," two hundred and

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seven pages, written by James Clarence Harvey and illustrated by Mucha, Outcault and Sagerson. The table of contents is arranged in the form of a menu, and consists of bits of description of the Bohemias of different parts of the world, short stories and sketches, verses, epigrams, aphorisms and philosophy. The tiny volume is a gem of mechanical perfection. Paper and print are all that could be asked, the illustrations well produced and the binding in Japanese crape. The H. M. Caldwell Company has a reputation for these little booklets, and "In Bohemia" will help them to sustain it. It would be a good idea for holiday shoppers to make note of this betimes, as it is sure to fill a niche at Christmas time, and it is none too soon to plan for gifts.

Too much attention cannot be directed towards the "Unit Books." The plan of publication is that of charging by bulk, two cents for each twenty-five pages of print, with a small additional charge for cover, linen, cloth of leather, as preferred. It is intended that only books of permanent interest will appear in this form, which, naturally, means that all the issues will be of such as have already proved their right to existence. There is no attempt to compete with best-sellers, nor to tempt the unwary by illustrations in color or other lures, but good paper, clear type, convenient size, and worth-whileness, added to nominal cost, make their own appeal. Among the volumes already issued are Hawthorne's "Marble Faun," Lincoln's "Letters and Addresses," Poe's "Tales of Mystery," Renan's "Life of Jesus," Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," and "Trench's Study of Words. The Unit Books are published by Howard Bell at No. 1 West Thirty-fourth street, New York.

Pearl Mary Theresa Richards Craigie's father has written a novel. He is John Morgan Richards, and a grandfather at that, but literature is more "catching" than the measles. It is a fortunate family that escapes with but one case. Mr Richards has produced "a jubilee romance," which he has called "With John Bull and Jonathan," and the least we may hope for is that the contents of the volume may be more original than the title.

Margaret Collier Graham has a volume of short stories in press with the Scribners. The title is to be "The Wizard's Daughter."

Octave Thanet, who has been writing short stories for years, has at last produced a novel, "The Man of the Hour."

Maarten Maartens, who is so well known to English and American readers, has no literary reputation at all in his own country, Holland, where he is regarded as a failure. Mynheer Van der Poorten-Schwartz is a barrister but has never practiced. He lives comfortably and travels much. He gives as a reason for writing in English instead of his native tongue the fact that there is no opening for a writer of romances in his own country or language. "Failure" is a matter of the point of view. There are a good many who would rejoice if they had the faintest prospect of becoming as great a "failure" is Maarten Maartens.

The library of the United States Service Club at Calcutta is a native Indian and the classification of Mark Twain's "Extracts from Adam's Diary" was too much for him. He was unable to decide whether the book were religious, historical or biographical, fact or fiction, so he threw the burden of decision upon the author's shoulders and catalogued it as "translated from the original manuscript," quoting in all seriousness the exact words of the author.

The literary editor on this side of the Atlantic appears to have just discovered that John Strange Winter is interested in cosmetics, so her hair restorer is receiving a lot of free advertising on the strength of it. The hirsute rejuvenator, however, is a matter of some years' standing and from time to time, in England and elsewhere, the query has been propounded whether it is literature which enables her to dabble with chemistry or whether it is the drugs which uphold the books.

"Robinson Crusoe" was the first novel to be published serially.
—The Bookworm.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Coronado from this city were Mrs J. H. Mulford and Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hamilton.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, September 23, 1905 No. 682.

No. 11 ***Tirey L. Ford***

The ex-Attorney-General of California, who succeeded in taking the street railroads of San Francisco out of politics, has not succeeded in keeping them out of the courts. In this picture Mr. Ford appears to be in a quandary. His brow is clouded. Dilemma is stamped on his face. But it is clear that he is weighted with great responsibility, for he is carrying a trolley car in one hand and a law-suit in the other. Perhaps he is going to use the car as evidence. It is not an easy picture to interpret. Our artist is cryptic at times. He dotes on puzzle pictures. This one may mean that the attorney for the United Railroads is such a strong lawyer that it is no trick for him to lift a car off the track.

TOWN TALK

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The Political Outlook

Of the eighty thousand voters registered in San Francisco, thirty thousand, it is estimated, are supporters of Mayor Schmitz. This is the estimate of wise politicians who have figures to show that the labor vote does not exceed twenty thousand, and who contend that the vote of the Schmitz push, which comprises his henchmen and the lawless element of the tenderloin, is in the neighborhood of ten thousand. It is not a liberal estimate and in some circumstances it might prove a very illiberal one. If, for instance, Schmitz's adherents should make a great deal of noise during the campaign, and the opposition should be apathetic, those individuals who are temperamentally inclined to be with the winner whether right or wrong, would swell the Schmitz vote by two or three thousand. It would not be surprising to us if Schmitz rolled up a vote of thirty-five thousand, and we are not quite sure that in such an event he would not be elected, notwithstanding the disparity between that figure and the half of the total registration. It was shown by the recent Republican primary that the antipathy to Mayor Schmitz in this community is largely of a sentimental character. As a sentiment it has great moral force, but unless it finds expression at the polls it will not prove a solvent for the evils of municipal misgovernment. There is one day in the year on which the upright citizen, the virtuous and prosperous taxpayer, takes a modest view of himself. It is election day. Every other day in the year he is sensible of his importance, but when the time comes for him to play the part of a sovereign of the republic he meekly declines the sceptre, having convinced himself that in the great mass of sovereigns his humble personality is inconsequential. In speculating on the prospects of a Schmitz this characteristic humility of the civic patriot must always be taken into consideraton.

Partridge for Mayor

John S. Partridge having been agreed upon as the fusion candidate for Mayor, it remains for the good citizens, or at least those citizens who prefer good government to the kind that we have been having, to avail themselves of the elective franchise. To persuade all of them to vote it would be necessary to impress on them several truths that need driving home, one of them being that the whole duty of the citizen is not fulfilled by merely deprecating graft in politics, and another is that the first duty of patriotism is to be affirmatively patriotic. To be affirmatively patriotic the good citizen of San Francisco must go to the polls and vote for John S. Partridge, who is in many respects an ideal candidate. As he is not of the merchant class there can be no objection to him from the enemies of the Citizens' Alliance. As he is not a member of any labor union there can be no objection to him from those who have been offended by organized labor. He is a young lawyer who has made his own way in the world against odds, and he has won distinction in his profession by his masterly handling of litigation involving the interests of the tax-payers of the city. In that litigation he has proved not only his ability but also his fidelity to duty. It would be extravagant to compare Mr. Partridge with men whose achievements in the service of the people won for them substantial tokens of gratitude, and yet it is not in the spirit of campaign adulation that we say, from the period in which he was working his way through college to the day he won the admiration of the bar by his skill in opposing, in behalf of the city, the high-salaried attorneys of a powerful corporation, he exhibited many of those rare qualities of mind and heart which are significant of the stuff out of which the most reliable public servants are fashioned.

Our Greatest Graft

Pension graft is a subject that politicians fight shy of. They long since learned that it was loaded, and since Cleveland's time there has been no effort to rouse public sentiment against the flagitious system by which the national treasury is annually looted of millions of dollars. Many years ago it was discovered that civil war veterans increased in number every day, notwithstanding the fact that death was constantly reducing the ranks of the Grand Army. This paradox excited the risibles of a complaisant nation. Certain optimistic writers have been telling us that the disturbances which are being made over evidences of commercial and governmental graft indicate an awakening public conscience, a renaissance of national honor by which is promoted the scrutiny that uncovers corruption. But the views of these gentlemen are not borne out by the pension paradox, which gives no promise of extinction. During the year ending June thirtieth, forty-three thousand eight hundred and eighty-three pensioners were dropped by reason of death, and of that number thirty thousand were survivors of the civil war. Yet there were more names on the pension roll last January than ever before. Over one million persons are still drawing pensions. We are now paying to pensioners annually one hundred and thirty-six million in round numbers.

Impertinent Agitators

In Massachusetts, where all social and political problems are solved, it is proposed to arrest race suicide. The busy meddlers of Massachusetts have resolved to give impetus to the work of propagation, it being their opinion that the country needs more children "to preserve the national traits and racial integrity." In this assumption the meddlers of Massachusetts are somewhat vagarious. Many of the most salient of our national traits are not worthy of preservation. Money lust is the most conspicuous of them. An easy tolerance of graft is another. The biggest crooks in America today are Americans, and they boast a long line of American forbears. The worst ruled city on the continent is Philadelphia, an American city dominated by Americans. Ostentation is another distinctly American trait that we should not wish to see perpetuated. It finds expression in self-sought exploitation in the press. But even though we were proud of our American traits it would be rank impertinence for one element of society to demand of another element that it assume the responsibilities of bringing children into the world regardless of the physical, moral or financial fitness of parents to take care of them. Nevertheless the State Census Superintendent of Massachusetts purposes to invade every home and ask every woman how many children she has, and when the answer is not satisfactory the delinquent will be asked why.

she hasn't more. Later on the statistics will be laid before the legislature with the recommendation that a law be enacted imposing a penalty on each family that does not numerically grade up to the required standard. The agitators of Massachusetts are treading on dangerous ground. They are ignoring the sanctity of the home. Many people have good reasons for not having large families, and they object to taking the world into their confidence.

The Infamy of Life Insurance

The Armstrong Committee is corroborating in a very thorough manner the most sensational charges contained in the early chapters of Tom Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." The Boston millionaire said that some day the people would find out how they were being robbed by the predatory plutocrats of high finance, and then the red flag would float over Wall street. He predicted that our rich thieves would take to flight, in the near future, to escape the wrath of an outraged public. It appears that Mr. Lawson was guilty of no exaggeration of fact, but it is evident that he misapprehended the temperament of the American people. There are no signs of an uprising; and yet the treatment to which the widows and orphans of this country have been subjected by the rascals of the McCall-Hyde-Rockefeller stripe is only a little less despicable than that suffered by the serfs of Russia at the hands of the vampires of the Grand Ducal palaces. Fortunately the American people are endowed with those priceless virtues—patience and forbearance. Moreover their confidence in constituted authority is almost childlike. They are sanguine of reform. Perhaps they would have been stirred as Mr. Lawson expected them to be stirred had the whole monstrous tale of infamy been told at one sitting. Fortunately it was unfolded in a series of chapters. First came the revelations of rebate larceny, next the Equitable scandal, and now we are getting to the heart of the whole vicious insurance system. The people have been gradually prepared for the worst. The big thieves have been plastered over with infamy in easy stages, and public indignation has been abated somewhat by the activity of the authorities, who promise to set things right. It appears that all the big life insurance companies are institutions for the facilitation of graft. Whatever the methods and however much they may differ in detail, the purpose is the same—to fatten the purses of directors and their friends at the expense of policy-holders. Profits are diverted by means of trust syndicates controlled by the insurance companies. The coin of policy-holders is used in reckless speculation and to brace the market for the plundering of investors. The profits go to the directors and the policy-holders pay the losses. It is the game of "Heads I win, tails you lose." The New York Life carries a deposit with its pet trust company, or gambling annex, running from six millions to thirteen millions, on which interest is paid far below the current rate. This money is not invested in securities, but gambled with in Wall street. When it is lost, the insurance company's policy-holders lose, when it wins, the directors of the trust company pocket the profits. The policy-holder has no protection against a crash in the financial market. In the prosecution of this high financial game the big New York Life Insurance Company, presided over by Mr. McCall, who poses as a clean citizen, and who is now building a home to rival some of the costliest palaces of America, has found it necessary to doctor its books. Testimony to that effect has been brought out by the Armstrong committee. And yet we, who know these things, marvel that the Russian peasant is such a complaisant fool.

England's Woeful Prospect

A question of even greater importance than the recruiting of the army has arisen in Great Britain. It is beginning to dawn upon the minds of her statesmen that, in case of any interference with her commerce, the inhabitants would be brought face to face with actual starvation, and one of the questions of the hour is how to provide a food supply which will afford even temporary security. England has built up her manufacturing interests at the expense of her agricultural life. For nearly a century her imports have been chiefly raw material with which to keep her factory hands busy and food to sustain them while at work. Her large landed estates have withdrawn vast tracts from cultivation and her free trade has given no encouragement to farmers. As long as England remains at peace, or confines her wars to such minor nations as are incapable of troubling her commerce, or to her own dependencies, she may continue to barter and buy in the markets of the world, but should she engage in strife with any first-class power, and find her ports blockaded and food stuffs contraband of war, her plight would be pitiable. The distress which resulted to the Manchester cotton spinners during the Civil war was a small affair in comparison to the misery which would inevitably follow were England herself one of the combatants. There is never, at any time, more than a five weeks' supply of food on hand, and never, in ordinary times, more than an additional three and one-half weeks' supply in transit; and the immediate rise in price whenever a rumor of war is circulated is most significant. Various projects for increasing the available supplies are under discussion by the Defence Committee at the present time. Those which seem most feasible are the offering of a bonus on agricultural products, and the building of immense warehouses and storage rooms, but at best they are only expedients. Even if all the parks and shooting preserves were to be cut up into farms tomorrow, it would take more than a day to transform the factory hands and hooligans into tolerable farm laborers, but were the impossible accomplished, still there would not be land enough to raise the necessary crops. As to the storage scheme, necessarily, it would be only the surplus which could be laid

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aside. If the Government is to buy up the wheat and corn and hold them in readiness for the possible famine, there is a long step in the direction of Socialism and public ownership—a good deal longer than the people are ready to sanction. On the other hand, can the farmers, even with the best of intentions, or the commission men who purchase their products, afford to let the grain lie idle, though the storage costs them nothing? It is the part of wisdom to prepare for war in time of peace, but between the difficulty that has been experienced in finding men willing and fit to recruit the army, and the still greater difficulty of finding the wherewithal to feed the noncombatants, it looks as though the wisest course for Great Britain to pursue is to bend her energies towards keeping peace. In the matter of maintenance there is no country in the world so capable of defying outsiders as the United States. We could wage a destructive warfare at any time by closing our ports and refusing to trade. There is nothing essential to our comfort which we cannot produce for ourselves, and most of our luxuries derive their value from the legend, "made in France,—or Germany." We could do as well at home, and might do better if we had to. We might lose our foreign markets while curled up in our shell, but we would hardly be worse off in that respect than after a disastrous war during which commerce, manufactures and agriculture would be crippled.

Conceit of Authorship

A contributor to the *Critic's* Clearing House, writing on behalf of the author's right to praise his own work, says: "The writer, then, who candidly declares to the public that he has written a good book, is no more egotistical than the carpenter who claims that he has made a good plow." The comparison might have been worded more felicitously, for the author who feels constrained to employ a press agent to call attention to his excellent workmanship is apt to be a carpenter making plows—very good plows, no doubt, for a carpenter, but he would be employing himself to greater advantage were he to confine his industry to legitimate woodwork and leave the plows to the blacksmith or specialized implement maker. The best way for a writer to vindicate his capacity to produce good work is to keep right on producing it. If it is as good as he thinks there will be appreciative discoverers. There is a satisfaction about good work which is in itself a reward far above the pecuniary compensation. It is undeniable that money is the first consideration because a worker must have food and clothing and shelter, however meager; also the tools with which to ply his trade. Hammers and nails, paint and brushes, leather and pack thread, needles and pins and scissors, pots and pans and all the other accessories must be paid for, and even pens, ink and paper, however cheap, call for the expenditure of coin, but satisfaction lies in the work itself. Authors, however, are by no means so backward about declaring their own merits. It has been said that "Little Jack Horner" of nursery fame must have been a writer, and that his exclamation of satisfaction, "Oh, what a big boy am I!" is an identifying mark. We all know the story of Thackeray's characterization of his own work: "By God, that's a stroke of genius!" and how Dickens wept over the death of "little Nell." We have daily bulletins of the brand of breakfast food which the authors of best sellers start the day upon, and we are kept informed of the amount of study and research they expend on each incident, and what number of boots they wear and whether they like their steak rare or well done, all of which seeming trifles are supposed to have some occult influence on the quality of their work. Every author naturally thinks he writes well, or at least, that he is better equipped for writing than for anything else. He thinks the work he is engaged upon is the best thing he has done to date, and the one in contemplation is to be still better. It is not what he things or says about it that counts, but what he and the publisher between them can persuade readers to think. And readers are getting to be wary birds in these days. They have learned that authors' agents are either not truthful or else very poor judges. In the early part of the last century, during a presidential campaign, it was given out in order to draw a crowd, that on a certain occasion there would be a barrel of hard cider, in addition to the oratory, provided for those who attended. The cider failed to materialize and the disappointment was embalmed in a slang phrase which was current for many a year thereafter. One of the enthusiasts, on being questioned about the meeting, characterized it as "All talk and no cider." It behooves those authors who recommend their own work to see that there is cider as well as talk.

Lane Redivivus

The *Bulletin* has again resurrected Franklin K. Lane with appropriate ceremonies. The latest pretext for the unholy performance is the candidacy of our esteemed mayoralty candidate, Mr. Partridge. Having infused the journalistic breath of life into the late lamented, the *Bulletin* pressed the old familiar button, and presto! the rust-covered tongue creaked on its hinges, and uttered some time-worn platitudes susceptible of almost universal application on the fitness of a candidate for public office. Inscrutable are the ways of a newspaper. The *Bulletin* is friendly to Mr. Partridge, and hopes to see him elected. Yet it has him endorsed by Mr. Lane. The injustice of the act is two-fold; Mr. Partridge has done nothing to deserve such treatment, Mr. Lane is resting peacefully and has earned surcease of exploitation. A newspaper can render even a popular living individual obnoxious by repeatedly thrusting him into public attention.

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Knocking a Knocker

Containing the Essence of a Professional Knocker's Opinion of an Amateur's Use of the Hammer, and Incidentally Convicting the Amateur of the Pharisaical Misdemeanor Defined in the Code of Uncivil Procedure as Egotism.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

When the Reverend William Rader published his good opinion of dogs I was tempted to protest with my bad opinion of those brutes. I wanted to tell his reverence that the dog is responsible for much of man's insufferable egotism; I was almost persuaded to prove to Dr. Rader that man loves his dog because the dog fawns on him, because he cringes to his word or his frown, because he licks his boots, because he is a servile, unreasoning, all-suffering parasite; because the dog is something the man can kick at with impunity, something that will tongue the hand that strikes it. I wanted to say all this and more in answer to Dr. Rader's eulogy of the dog, but I refrained. I reflected that perhaps Dr. Rader had never suffered at the jaws and throats of dogs as I have—that his neighbor's dog has never jumped at his throat in the dark, mistaking a "friendly call" for a "burglarious visit"; that he has never tossed sleepless on a bed within hearing of the howling, yelping, barking of a hundred "honest watchdogs" guarding the chicken roosts and hog pens of the farming citizenry of the village. I felt that I could not reply to Dr. Rader's panegyric of an animal that cannot be compared with man as dog, pup or cur without insulting the man, because my prejudices were so strong that I would almost certainly say something that Dr. Rader's dogs would be ashamed to hear; and I never like to hurt the feelings of those whose misfortunes are the result of ill-advised action by well-meaning friends.

It is possible that nothing else Dr. Rader might have written for publication would have roused my resentment if it had not happened that he subsequently got out his hammer and started in to knock the knocker. That was a personal attack that I felt bound to resist. I am myself a knocker and I claim the same right to knock the things that displease me as does Dr. Rader to plaster his Panglossian optimism upon dogs and such men and manners as he may be pleased to approve. I only hope that Dr. Rader will not be sorry he wrote this screed on "The 'Knocker' and His Hammer"; but I do hope that if he summons courage to write again on any subject he will vary his style and diction. The invariable and inevitable short sentence is as monotonous as the patter of rain on the roof and not as soothing. A column of short sentences is like the crepitatory reverberation of so many dried peas in a fool's bladder. The understanding of him who reads as he runs may be a flying target for the literary marksman, but it is not entirely incumbent upon the sharpshooter to practice always with a pistol—there are all sorts of rifles at hand, and for long range firing there is nothing as effective as a cannon.

So much for Dr. Rader's somewhat affected manner; now let us dig into his matter: He says he doesn't know who was the first knocker. He guesses that Jacob was the first knocker and that Esau was the earliest victim. This is evidence that Dr. Rader does not study the handbook of his profession with the attention that one of his cloth is supposed to bestow on such matters. Adam was the first knocker when he told the Almighty that the woman tempted him and he did eat. That's one on the doctor!

I pass by the trite and outworn argument that "the knocker is an iconoclast," that "the man with the hammer quickly demolishes the work of the man with the chisel, since it is easier to destroy than to create," and that "the habit of scolding the nation, and the age, and the church and everything, and everybody, is a pernicious habit." I need only say that if it had not been for the iconoclast there would still be some villainous statues in the parthenon; and that if the Prophets had not scolded the nation, the age, and the church, Dr. Rader would have had fewer texts and the world, in consequence, would have been deprived of some very able sermons and much wisdom. That's another on the doctor.

I could easily demonstrate that if there had been more knockers in Israel there would have been less reason for unjust persecution of the Jews when it came time for the Gentiles to do the knocking. It would be easy, also, if I had elbow room, to prove that the only progress that has been made in this world has been the result of knocks, hard knocks, and kicks—kicks that sent the ball goalward. It is unnecessary, however, that I should scratch where the mighty plowmen have so deeply furrowed—it would be presumptuous to supplement with my feeble tack hammer, the ponderous strokes of such master knockers as Juvenal, Horace, Tertullian, St. Augustine, Moliere, Bossuet, Swift, Voltaire, Rabelais, Cervantes and Le Sage.

I swing my hammer with more confidence when I land one on Dr. Rader for knocking the wife of Rip Van Winkle whom the reverend censor calls "a common scold" and berates because she "drove Rip into the mountains." Now watch me fetch the knocker a resounding thwack athwart the calavera. If Rip Van Winkle had lived next door to Dr. Rader's parsonage that pastor would have been the first to complain of his conduct—Rip Van Winkle was a drunken sot; a worthless loafer; a miserable vagrant. He was dependent on the earnings of his unfortunate wife for the bread he ate—he could manage to bum his liquor at the tavern. We drivel over the "sorrows" of "poor Rip" because he has been idealized by the optimism of genius; because he was offered for our sympathy and our tears by a master writer and a master actor. We have been tricked into the belief that the town drunkard was abused because he was good-natured, because he loved his cur dog, because he was sensitive to the deserved rebukes of the woman

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whom he should have supported and protected instead of heaping disgrace and sorrow upon her. A "common scold," was she? Well, what made Mrs. Van Winkle a "common scold"? Her lazy, good-for-nothing, drunken, gutter-wallowing husband; this same Rip Van Winkle whom Dr. Rader seems to approve and over whom thousands of equally sentimental optimists have wept their silly tears, because the worthless creature was "scolded" by his wife for neglecting his duty to his family.

Then, not content with knocking this poor woman, Dr. Rader proceeds to hammer all women who protest against the abuse of the men who have vowed to "love, honor and cherish" them, declaring that "the scolding tongue has driven many a man into despair," and quoting from the proverbial knocker: "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house," and "A continual dropping on a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike."

Is this the doctrine that Dr. Rader is in the habit of preaching from his pulpit? Then am I glad that I have never sat beneath the drippings of his sanctuary. It is too optimistic for me. When I feel like listening to the gospel of Pangloss I will hire Wilton Lackaye to read "Candide" aloud in my presence—I am sure that I would get a better idea of "this best of all possible worlds" from the original, through the lips of a finished elocutionist, than I could by attending any of Dr. Rader's lectures or sermons.

Dr. Rader says he does not condemn just judgments and candid, honest criticisms. Then he will not condemn this criticism of Dr. Rader's criticism. I like Dr. Rader's cool assumption of the right to discriminate in this matter; there is something refreshing in his inference that only those judgments are just and only that criticism candid and honest which may happen to meet with his approval. I am much obliged to Dr. Rader for refraining from condemnation of my judgment and criticism.

The Literary Outlook

BY HARRY COWELL.

To hold, as is now the fashion, that this is the best of all possible worlds is obvious blasphemy; low indeed is the estimate such a doctrine sets on the power or goodness of God, or both; to say nothing of its doing away with the hope of heaven. If this be best, how inconceivably bad must be the worst! On the contrary, to hold that this is the worst of all possible worlds is to say a good word for the rest, to take a right cheerful view of the universe at large, to pay a rather pretty compliment to the constitution of things; it is in fact a form of piety so high that I, for one, have not as yet risen to it. By means of this belief, we at once do away with hell. With this the worst of worlds, and yet bearable, things are not so bad after all. Man cannot change his state without bettering it. To assert that here on earth life is at its lowest is really to speak well of life, not ill.

All this long what-you-call-it—preamble, prologue, philosophical foreword—to justify my opinion that in America today the literary outlook is most promising, cheery, rosy, hopeful, or what happy word you will. There is now scarcely a single living man of letters in this country that a critic with a world point of view will take seriously. All the ways in which books ought not to be written are exhausted, done to death; not a wrong way is left, of that I am sure, although the genius of our writers for discovering ways new and wrong is astonishing. Modern American authors, by compelling persons of taste to fall back upon the classics, have been of inestimable service to their native land. Man is a reading animal. For myself, to the fact of their being altogether unreadable, I owe much delightful intimacy with Balzac, Turgenev, Pater, and many other foreign masters. The truth is, it is not possible for literature in the United States to change except for the better. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is this, that every popular young writer of real talent is in haste to apologize for his popularity and to assure you that not he but his publisher is to blame. The following extract from a letter which I received last week is self-explanatory: "You, my friend, will readily understand the motive of what the world will no doubt call my 'rash act.' From day to day I lived in dread of my book being published (I was but human) and becoming a 'best-seller.' Bury the manuscript with me, or, better, safer, let us be burned together. You would better give the ninety-five cents you'll find in my pocket to 'Old Immortality.' I owe him a dollar for 'Fathers and Sons,' and he has need of it." Poor lad; what a tragic end was thine—tragic because never for a moment was thy precious book in danger of becoming a "best-seller"! It was a work of art.

Not long ago a high school girl told me that she read a "latest novel" through every day and thought nothing of it. The only way one can possibly think anything of "latest novels" is not to read them at all; which accounts for the favorable notices they receive at the hands of so-called critics (critic in the Sainte-Beuve sense we of course have none). As for me, in this way I now think more of the latest thing in literature than I used to when I thought less.

About the same time another and very different high school girl brought me the firstborn of her brains—a novel, no less—for my "candid opinion." I gave it. "'Tis as bad as a 'best-seller,'" said I laconically. "Then," cried she, like the sensible girl she is, "I might just as well give up at once all hope of ever being an artist." "So glad you see it in that light," was all I could find to say. Well, she went away smiling adorably, much to my amazement, until I found out on the morrow that she was now engaged to a man she loved whom she had refused in favor of a literary career. Thus was the outlook for American letters brightened by a school-girl's smile. No wonder my heart swelled with pride, foreseeing, as I did, our beloved country richer by a dozen babies more and a dozen books less. "Bad as a 'best-seller.'" Well done, thou good and faithful phrase; enter thou into the joy of thy lord! It is not given to every critic to nip a "latest" in the bud—that rank, ill-smelling weed that dieth in a day. As saith the poet:

"Nor man nor book may hope to vanquish Fate:
The latest in a twinkling is the late."

How true! Only a short while ago the late "David Harum" was the very latest. For my part, I would rather have

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written those two verses than all the interminable pages of the novel in question.

Genius for letters appears, now in nuggets, as it were, and again, spread out, thin as gold-leaf, over a whole country—the quantity at different times being the same, or nearly so. Here, it is now at its thinnest, with this result: a maximum of books and a minimum of literature. Not by democracy, not by universal education, has the sum total of genius been appreciably increased. Three generations may make a gentleman, but no given number of generations will make a reader, to say nothing of a writer. Every great writer asks much of his readers. Sophocles, Shakespeare, Balzac invite one continually to share with them in the work of creation. But, says the American public to the American poet, essayist, dramatist, novelist, writer of short-stories: "Ask nothing of me. I am tired. You do all the work. I, on my side, will pay you well for it." Law of supply and demand; literature conspicuous by its absence, etc., etc.

Comes at length to this public, God knows whence, the overmastering voice of genius, saying: "Up, lazy-bones; read me you must. I have done my work; do, you, yours!" "Oh, don't bother me," yawns Lazy-bones, and turns over on the other side. All at once a flash of wit in the sleepy air. Then "Think, I tell you; feel!" it thunders. Up jumps Lazy-bones, wholly angry, half afraid, grumbles a while, blusters a bit, but in the end he obeys. Genius is Jupiter Olympus.

How the gold-leaf already incredibly thin can grow any thinner without disappearing altogether, I cannot, for the life of me, see. And when it shall for a time have entirely vanished from sight, then the thunderer. I do well to hope, do I not? Out upon those who take a dark view of things literary. I am a prophet of good, foreseeing, foretelling, the beauty that is to be—beauty of life, beauty of books.

To the true writer, literature may be both an art and a means of livelihood, but in his esteem the former must at all times top the latter. Literature does not look well, nor can she live long, standing on her head. The public sense of decorum is long-suffering—nothing in the world more so—but the worm—! Yes; in the spirit of truth contained in the lowly lie about the worm is ground for hope.

Some day the Commerce we know is sure to cut her own throat. Suicide is the one logical end of a life like hers. Then shall the world see once more the inevitable re-establishment of the disinterested worship of Beauty, and books and breakfast mushes stand on somewhat different footings. I give the knife Godspeed!

Fights, Fighting and Fighters

The Written Monologue of a Distinguished Statesman, Hero of a Hundred Bloodless Political Battles, Who Received an Inspiration at Colma—Charles M. Shortridge.

The fighting, the fighting—it was fierce!—every element was there—hope, ambition, and self-interest.

In the prize-ring, as elsewhere—when diplomacy ends, fighting begins.

Words, phrases, sentences make books. Strength, courage, science make fighters.

Money transmutes its power into all callings of life; it influences the diplomat and the prize-fighter; it sends its spirit through each; and in these times money is the great aim and end of man's struggles.

A big purse hung up at Colma made great fighting; and great fighting produced great excitement among thousands of people. Great is the word—for it was all of that—to its fullest meaning.

I sat and wondered how Britt felt when he faced the iron-fisted Nelson—the little battling giant. I thought of other battles, of sieges, of carnage, of terrible, bloody strife between men; pictures of battle-fields seen in childhood's days came back to me. I saw the glistening bayonets; I saw the bloody javelins; I saw the spear and brutal tomahawk. I thought of lonely scenes where men had met to settle disputes which had but one solution—death to one or both.

An early morning tragedy in the fall of 1859 came back to me; it was not far over the hill from the place where Britt faced Nelson, that Broderick faced Terry, and fought to the death—not with gloved fists, but with the deadly dueling pistol, hair-triggered, and loaded with death. What a picture! The brave, classical Broderick facing the colossal judge—a man of nerve so strong that he clasped hands with death without a twinge, and finally embraced it at an eating station when he was quite unprepared and when it was least expected.

I recalled the uneven fight of Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton in which the great financier was killed. I remembered how Decatur fell; how Andrew Jackson killed Dickinson; how Thomas H. Benton, the orator and statesman, fought Lucas to the death; the clash of arms between Henry Clay and John Randolph, America's champions in the intellectual arena—came back to me and depressed me—caused me to shudder. Men in every walk of life have fought for love, for honor and for fame; and death wiped out all dishonor, and stamped "bravery" on the forehead of the victor; and returning home—he was embraced by the soft, white arms of woman, and honored for the killing.

The masters of pen and sword have fought on many a battlefield—as well as on the intellectual battlefield—and generally for causes involving the use or abuse of words, and in defense of personal honor. In 1804, while yet Jefferson was President of this Republic, James Cheatham, editor of the *American Citizen,* challenged William Coleman, editor of the New York *Evening Post.* The two men did not fight, but as a result, Coleman and one Thompson fought and Thompson filled a duelist's grave. John D'Oley Burke, the brilliant author of the drama "Bunker Hill," or the "Death of Warren," was killed in an "affair of honor." Coming along down in our country's history to 1842, we see James Watson Webb, editor of the New York *Courier,* and *Enquirer,* fight with the brilliant Thomas F. Marshall, a member of Congress from Kentucky—and Webb was carried, wounded and bleeding, from the battlefield. The list is long and if pursued would fill one's mind with bloody deeds like a horrid nightmare—but why do it? We have advanced—the days of dueling are past forever; the days of contests—of man against man, are here. The exact measuring of the ability to give and take finds its best means of exposition in the roped arena.

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The Saunterer

They Are Laughing at Gavin

Mr. Gavin McNab, reputed to be one of the most cunning of politicians, appears to have overplayed his hand in the fusion deal, wherefore there is much laughter in the haunts of his deriders. It is not the first time that Mr. McNab's strategy has miscarried, but on former occasions propitious circumstance came to the rescue, enabling him to extricate himself from the consequences of his blunder. Shifty as he is inclined to be, his shiftiness would have failed him many a time were it not for the fact that powerful influences came to his aid, not for love of him but because his success meant the thwarting of some one's ambition. But this time he appears to have been left to his own devices, and the scantiness of his resources has caused some surprise. McNab entered into the fusion movement not merely that it gave promise of insuring the re-election of some of his pets in office, but because it was sponsored by the *Bulletin, Call* and *Chronicle*. As I have frequently pointed out, Gavin is a newspaper boss. He has maintained his prestige in politics by cultivating the friendship of the press. When he lost the friendship of the *Examiner* he appealed to its rivals, and he has been fattening off the prejudices of those rivals ever since. Yet when Hearst sent for him just before the last presidential campaign he quickly responded and undertook to play all ends against the middle. It was too big a job for Gavin. The *Bulletin*, always sceptical, suspected his purpose, called him down and whipped him into line. He has been good ever since.

How Gavin Was Frozen Out

The *Examiner*, being opposed to fusion and in sympathy with Schmitz, the fusion movement was like unto water on Gavin's wheel. Of course he understood that he would be vouchsafed a good slice of the patronage in the event of a triumph. He butted into the camp of the reformers to aid them with his counsel and to give them the benefit of his experience as a manipulator. He joined forces with that eminent reformer, Fairfax Wheelan, and both entered into a combination with that immaculate purist, Martin Kelly, and also with Colonel Dan Burns. It was this combination that backed Auditor Baehr for Mayor—Baehr was to give McNab all the Democratic patronage on the commissions. And when Baehr was side-tracked and Lackmann was under consideration, the latter was requested to sit down with McNab and talk patronage, but he declined to do so. Suddenly Partridge was sprung as the candidate and rushed through before McNab could get to his ear. A little later Partridge received advice from several sources to sit down with Gavin. He was told that McNab was afraid he could not endorse him, but Partridge declined to meet the Democratic boss. Then the McNab henchmen got very busy. They were whispering all over town that it was possible that the fusion deal would not go through, and still Partridge kept away from the Mills building.

The Painful Situation

When last heard from Partridge had no intention of discussing patronage with McNab, and his friends were not fearful of the consequences, despite Gavin's threatening attitude. They had figured out that Gavin didn't dare jump the traces, for they knew that by doing so he would incur the displeasure of the three newspapers which have joined forces to compass the defeat of Eugene Schmitz. Besides, all the Democratic job-holders who have been taken in on the fusion deal are eager to see it go through, and they will have delegates in the convention. So at this writing the situation looks blue for the newspaper-made boss. Partridge's friends think that he would be foolish to enter into a compact with McNab because the latter is remembered as the head and front of the Administration which was responsible for the policing of trucks in the teamsters' strike. They argue that he will be stronger before the people if it is known that he is not McNab's man. At the same time it is suggested that perhaps Gavin will repeat his great double shuffle of the Scott-McDade campaign by working for Schmitz and voting for Partridge.

The Snubbing of Taft

Secretary Taft was snubbed by the Viceroy of Canton. It is possible that Secretary Taft doesn't know that he was snubbed, but the chances are at least even that some of those Yankee-hating Hongkong Club Englishmen broke it to him as gently as such things are broken to Americans in Hongkong by the arrogant taipans of that huckstering British dependency. Therefore, if Secretary Taft is still unaware that the Viceroy of Canton treated him with contempt after the best approved Chinese etiquette in such cases made and provided, it is because those Englishmen of the Hongkong Club were beguiled and befuddled by the official smile of Taft. It is related, in one of the daily despatches that have been flashing out of the Orient reporting the doings of "the Taft party," that the Secretary was warned by members of the Hongkong Club not to visit Canton because the feeling against Americans was so bitter in that city that he and his party might be mobbed. Those Englishmen are never so solicitous of the welfare of their dear American cousins as they are when they have an opportunity of edging their solicitude with humiliation. Secretary Taft was not to be bluffed by a Chinese mob, however. He recalled that Napier and Elgin had visited Canton when the feeling in that city was more bitter against Englishmen than it can ever be against Americans; and where an Englishman dare go an American is not afraid to venture. The Secretary, accompanied by the more intrepid members of his party, went to Canton and apparently nothing happened. The party was received with honors and a tingchai of the viceregal palace tendered them freedom of the city. The Viceroy of Canton sent word that he was indisposed and could not meet the distinguished American. That was

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all, but it was enough; the Viceroy of Canton had snubbed the War Secretary of the United States.

When the Viceroy Is Sick

When a woman of the Smart Set in America wishes to inflict a very deadly insult upon another woman of the same Set her door maid (equivalent to the Chinese official tingchai) announces to the "caller" that the lady of the house is not at home, and thereafter has it conveyed indirectly to her "friend" that she didn't leave the house all day. That is also the Chinese method. The Viceroy of Canton was not indisposed when Secretary Taft called. If he had been sick-a-bed and well disposed towards his visitor he would have sent his chamberlain with a retinue and the court physician to greet the eminent traveler, who would have been conducted to the viceregal yamen and there wined and dined amid overpowering and uncomfortable ceremony. In this instance, however, it was sufficient to send a tingchai of the seventh degree to tell the unwelcome guest that he was at liberty to "take in the town," but that his excellency was suffering from a slight colic and would not be able to do the customary honors. That was a Chinese snub of the third order; if it had been the purpose of the Viceroy to inflict a snub of the first order he would have met the Secretary and turned his back on him. There are twenty degrees of snubbery in Chinese ceremonial etiquette.

A Subtlety of Etiquette

It is not necessary in this Chinese etiquette that the person insulted shall know that he has been insulted. It is like the robbery that Iago mentions in that the person insulted, not knowing he is insulted, may think that he has not been insulted, but the Chinese who insults the person he dislikes knows that it was his intention to perpetrate the insult and that is sufficient. The Viceroy of Canton knows that he snubbed Secretary Taft; it doesn't matter the weight of a copper candareen to the Viceroy whether Secretary Taft knows that he was snubbed or not.

Reversing the Kowtow

It is related in the annals of Hongkong that once upon a time, soon after the affair of the *Arrow* when the British empire was stirred to its innermost soul by the foul insult that had been flung in the jowls of the lion of the Viceroy of Canton, a fully accredited envoy was sent to China to find out what the Chinese authorities were going to do about it—what reparation they would make for scuttling one of his majesty's ships and murdering his subjects. The envoy demanded audience of the Viceroy of Canton and the demand was granted conditionally. The envoy must perform the kowtow in the presence of the Viceroy fourteen times. The envoy smiled grimly and sent back word that not only did he refuse to do the kowtow even one time, but that if the Viceroy did not at once grant the audience he would force it with his gunboats. The Viceroy answered that the audience would be granted without the kowtow, and appointing a day and hour when he would receive the barbarian. When the envoy arrived at the outer door of the viceregal yamen he found that the arch of the entrance had been lowered to within four feet of the ground; and he was informed that thirteen other doors through which he would be compelled to pass before he came to the hall of audience had been similarly lowered. As the Englishman stood nearly six feet in his boots he realized that he must kowtow fourteen times before he could come to the throne of the Viceroy. Whereupon, smiling grimly, as was his wont when he dealt with the enemies of his country, he turned about and walked into the presence of the Viceroy backwards, bowing lowly in the direction of the throne of England every time he passed one of those low-arched doors.

Ironies of History

Soon after this duel of diplomacy and Oriental etiquette the Viceroy of Canton dumped all the opium of the Whangpo hongs into the Pearl river; the celebrated Opium War was the result of that insult, and out of the smoke of the bombardment of Canton arose the great British port of Hongkong. So that it may be said that if a British envoy had not reversed the kowtow the British empire might have been shy one of her richest possessions—just as we say that if the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter the history of the world might have been quite different. And who may say what might have happened if Secretary Taft had known that the Viceroy of Canton was snubbing him and insisted on the full ceremonial prescribed for the reception of a distinguished representative of a powerful nation! Our Secretary might by this time be acting Governor of Canton awaiting further orders from Washington!

The Dowager's Gifts

The despatches also inform us that Miss Roosevelt and her party have been received in audience by the Empress Dowager—that gentle dragon of the Manchus whose chief counselor is a sexless slave and whose favorite minister is the headsman. It is reported that the imperial harridan presented her guests of honor with "priceless souvenirs," "jeweled bracelets" and "rings of rare and costly workmanship." I would advise the recipients of these royal gifts to have them experted by a jeweler before they wear them or offer them for the admiring inspection of their friends. Before the Ministers of the various legations at Pekin were compelled, by the jealousy and envious bickerings of their ladies, to prohibit the acceptance of these baubles from the old frump of China, it was her habit to convene an "audience" once a month for the women of the legations and load them with all sorts of bric-a-brac and gewgaws apparently "priceless" and ostensibly "rare" and "costly." One day the curiosity of the wife of a legation attache induced her to have one of these "jeweled bracelets" appraised by a competent lapidary, and she learned then that the "jewels" were of glass and the gold about nine carat fine—mostly copper! Perhaps the Dowager has been more generous in her gifts to the Alice Roosevelt "party," or perhaps the eunuch Li was not permitted to handle them before they were presented. Anyway, it would be a good idea to consult a jeweler as I have advised aforesaid.

A Monte Carlo for Tahoe

In all probability Lake Tahoe will be one of the gayest of gay resorts next season. At any rate it is the intention of some enterprising individuals to add to the attractions of the lake a feature which is generally believed to be

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a sure cure for ennui. It is the thing that has made Monte Carlo famous and the Prince of Monaco a multi-millionaire. These enterprising individuals received their inspiration this summer at Tallac where, in a remote corner of the Casino, was situated a nicely furnished suite of apartments in which the Goddess of Chance was wooed with great fervor. Now it is proposed to shift the shrine of the fickle one just over the line that divides the California and Nevada shores of the lake, not many miles from Tallac and accessible by launch to all points on the beautiful body of water. There a casino is to be erected and a luxurious gambling resort established in connection with which there will be a free launch service to and from every resort on the lake. From an authoritative source I have learned that this institution is to be financed by a syndicate of capitalists. Every little while the newspapers tell of a projected Monte Carlo in this state, but while such institutions have been contemplated, they have been regarded as hazardous enterprises owing to the laws of California against gambling. But Nevada is a wide-open state. For several years there were restrictions in the sage-brush state, but the last legislature was persuaded to take the lid off. Nevada has been in need of population, and its statesmen resolved some time ago to encourage immigration from beyond its borders. Having no climate to allure they decided to act upon the theory that the state which is the least governed is the best governed, and to make Nevada attractive by inviting to it persons who are intolerant of puritanical restraint. There are now not more than forty-three thousand people in Nevada, nor more than nine thousand registered voters, but the population is increasing once more.

Our Literary Scientist

Dr. Albert Abrams, of this city, has another book in press, one that is likely to provoke much comment and discussion wherever men of science and men of thought congregate. Dr. Abrams is a scientist who likes to bring his scientific deductions and the results of his researches within the comprehension of the laity, and he does so after the manner of Flammarion, the French astronomer, who writes so entertainingly of the heavens. Dr. Abrams is a wonderfully industrious medical man, as dextrous and energetic with his pen as with his scalpel. Some time ago he wrote a book entitled "The Blues," in which he explained that the form of depression so designated was a nerve weakness which he termed splanchnic neurasthenia, the origin of which is traceable to intra-abdominal veins. The work is a most interesting exposition of the subject of nervous debility and of the factors that contribute to neurasthenia. The doctor has also tried his hand at fiction. "The Antiseptic Club" and "Scattered Leaves from a Physician's Diary" are two fine stories from his pen. His work now in press is entitled "Man and His Poisons," which will soon be published by Treat and Company of New York.

When the Heart Leaps

In this work Dr. Abrams contends that life is no more mysterious than a formula in chemistry. He says that since the discovery of radium the theory of abiogenesis has been revived, and that the philosopher's stone is not to be regarded as a myth. He argues that if irritability is a test of life, then metals are as much alive as any living matter. He asserts that man is a plaything of forces like a moth, who is not doomed to be the victim of his own folly, but who is attracted by light as irresistibly as iron filings by a magnet. It is a delusion, he thinks, to speak of the freedom of man's will, for his deeds and character are influenced by the same irresistible forces which send a moth to its doom. Man's body is a receptacle and laboratory of poisons. All emotions are attended by the production of poisons, and not infrequently such poisons are so toxic as to produce death. Every emotion, says Dr. Abrams, reacts on the bodily organs. The individual who says his heart was in his mouth may be technically correct, for it has been shown by the X-ray that the heart of a frightened individual heaps itself in a mass with an upward tendency. This explains the "gone feeling" in the stomach so often experienced, the heart having moved upward.

The Sway of the Liver

The doctor also discusses the chemistry of thought and tells how thoughts are influenced by stimulants and by digestion. He says that many philanthropic projects have been lost in the vagaries of a capricious liver. It is a scientific fact that patients are more cheerful in diseases above than below the diaphragm. And the doctor takes a swat at genius by telling us that it is nothing more than freak chemistry of brain cells. There is also a chemistry of social diseases. Many crimes of impulse have their origin in dyspepsia. Where the particular poison is generated that afflicts many unfortunates with the climbing habit the doctor has not discovered.

Templeton Crocker's Nerve

Young Templeton Crocker, who came into the possession of five million dollars last week, is not one of the dawdling variety of youthful millionaires. His acquaintances predict that he will do something worth while before

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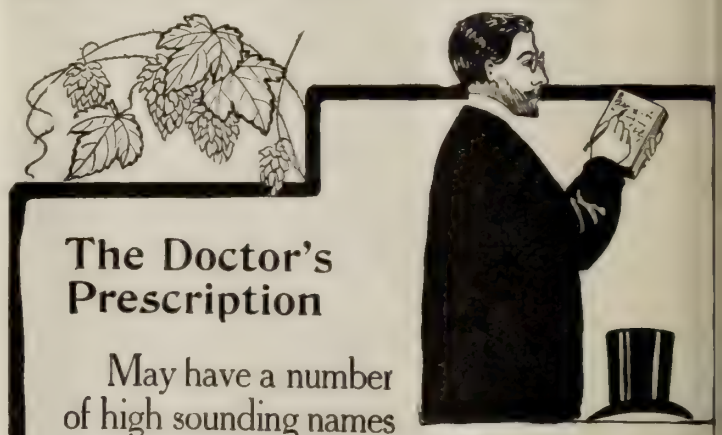

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he is much older. Four years ago he broke both legs and it was then discovered that he had inherited some of the nerve of his distinguished grandfather, who sold newspapers on the streets of Troy, New York, before coming to this state to lay the foundation of his fortune. That was not the first accident that happened to Templeton Crocker. When he was a baby he fell down stairs and injured his head. As he grew up he showed signs of being feeble-minded. He was conscious, however, of his affliction, and one day he walked into the office of a local physician and asked to have his head examined. The doctor looked astonished.

"I can't remember my lessons, and I feel something pressing on my forehead. Perhaps it's a bone."

The doctor made an examination and found that the lad had correctly diagnosed his own case. He recommended an operation, but it was of such a serious character that the family objected. The lad insisted on having it performed. Thereafter his improvement was rapid and he became one of the brightest scholars in his class.

Poniatowski Getting Rich

Friends of Prince Andre Poniatowski have received very cheerful news from him. He is again floating the wave of prosperity, and he has good reason to believe that he will soon be a very rich man. When Prince Poniatowski shook the dust of San Francisco from his feet a little less than two years ago his finances were at low ebb. The financier who had projected some very big enterprises, and who had shown something of financial genius, was quite convinced that it was useless for him to try to recoup his losses in this State. The fact is that he had become very much disgusted with the prospect. His contempt for our local financiers who were afraid to let go of a dollar unless they could see two coming back was unbounded. So he resolved the convert everything he had into cash and go to New York. His wife sold out her interest in the Sperry Flour Mills for thirteen thousand dollars, and that sum was very nearly the limit of the Poniatowski assets. In New York the Prince succeeded in interesting a few capitalists in a scheme for handling American securities in Paris. He went to Paris as their representative and organized The American Securities Company. Now comes the news that the profits of the institution in which the Prince is largely interested amounted the first year to more than half a million dollars.

When Crocker Was His Backer

In all probability the news will stagger Mr. Will Crocker, brother-in-law of the Prince. Mr. Crocker was for many years the backer of Prince Poniatowski, and to his sorrow, the Poniatowski enterprises miscarried one after the other. During his financial career in this city, Poniatowski proved himself a man of ideas. They were good ideas, too; at least they looked good to Will Crocker for awhile. The Prince had a faculty for devising plans for great industrial institutions that promised rich returns. But they required a great deal of capital and Crocker didn't have the nerve to go the whole distance. He was attacked several times with gelidity of the lower extremities. Finally a breach occurred. The brothers-in-law fell out. Then the Prince tried to interest local capitalists in a banking enterprise. Frank Symmes took kindly to it for awhile, but the necessary funds were not forthcoming, and the Poniatowskis pulled up stakes and moved on to New York. It was a lucky move for the Prince.

A Gracious Youth

Those who shared the privileges of Julius Kruttschnitt Jr.'s private car to Colma on the day of the fight tell me that there is the making of a great railroad man in the youngster, who is a student at Yale. He has the suave and charming cordiality that make for popularity, and he has made many friends in society as well as outside of the smart set. It is a matter of regret that the young man's home is in Chicago, for he would be a great card for the debutantes this winter.

Folk and the Boodlers

Joseph Wingate Folk, Governor of Missouri, came to town this week to have a little more hot air pumped into his presidential boom, for Joseph is swinging round the circle with an eye on a certain chair in distant Washington. He was treated not only with all the courtesy due the Governor of Missouri, but with all the deference which the humble, job-chasing politician habitually shows to the potential patronage distributor. Joseph Wingate Folk has made quite an enviable name for himself in this country during the past three years. It was in January, 1902, that a very clever confidence game was worked on a number of St. Louisians of high and low degree. It was the first move in the famous boodle inquiry, which grew with greater rapidity than did Jonah's gourd-vine. It had been rumored that a clash had occurred between an officer of the Surburban Railway Company and several members of the Municipal Assembly, over a matter of one hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars that had been placed in safe deposit boxes and which was to be used for bribery to secure the passage of an ordinance. It was known that certain officials had entered into a corrupt deal. They "delivered the goods," but a court's injuction interdicted the enjoyment thereof. It was rumored that there were

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two keys to the boxes containing the boodle, one held by the bribers and the other by the bribed. No money could be removed without mutual consent. The officials demanded the money, the railroad men would not surrender it because of the injunction. Then the officials spread vague reports of the boodle transaction, in the hope of scaring the railroad men into yielding to their demands. Joseph Wingate Folk was, at that time, District Attorney of St. Louis. He was not well known in those days. He heard the bribery story and he proceeded to put through his confidence scheme. He summoned each man involved in the scandal to his office and spent three days in interrogation. At the end of that time he knew no more than when he started the inquiry. Every man had stood pat. But on the fourth day the District Attorney summoned to his office the President of the railroad company and a prominent brewer's agent.

"Gentlemen," said he, smiling, "unless you go before the Grand Jury within forty-eight hours and tell all that you know about bribery matters I shall send you to the penitentiary."

The Bluff Wins

The men left Folk's office thinking that he had sufficient information with which to carry out his threat. The next day Folk was visited by an attorney representing the men whom he had threatened with stripes.

"Yes," he said to the lawyer, "I meant exactly what I said to your clients."

The lawyer believed that Folk had a few cards up his sleeve. He returned to his clients and advised them to confess. Thus did Folk's bluff win. It was a very good bluff. It won for Mr. Folk great fame and the highest office in the gift of the people of Missouri. But it is hardly the sort of coup that would endear a man to the hearts of his countrymen sufficiently to secure the Presidency for him.

Why the Tea Was Declared Off

A few weeks ago it was reported that Mrs. Eleanor Martin was to give at tea at her home for the benefit of the Sailors' Home. Last week the announcement was made that the tea had been called off, but no reason was given for the abandonment of the very charitable enterprise. Obviously the item was incomplete. The readers of the dailies were entitled to know why the tea had been called off. It was worth while to tell why the tea was to be given; then why was it not worth while to tell why it was not to be given? I am sure that if Mrs. Martin had called off the reception to Alice Roosevelt there would have been some explanation. The daily newspapers are most exasperating at times, and they deserve to be chided; they rouse curiosity and then refuse to satisfy it, and there devolves on me the painful duty of appeasing their readers, as for instance in this tea matter. I had to make inquiries, and I had not the least difficulty in eliciting the information that the ladies whose benevolence is so amiably exercised for the benefit of the Sailors' Home had a disagreement over the ethics of a charity tea. Mrs. Martin had agreed to throw open her sumptuous home for the occasion and to furnish the fuel for the cooking and all the service. But she understood that the other ladies would furnish the tea. The other ladies had been laboring under the delusion that Mrs. Martin intended to give the tea literally as well as figuratively, both in spirit and in substance. It was this misapprehension of the Martin intention that led to the calling off of the oolong function.

The Vogue of Mrs. Kohl

Mrs. Fred Kohl appears to be very much in demand these days. She is running Mrs. Eleanor Martin a close race for leading patroness of social affairs. Every one engaged in getting up an entertainment asks Mrs. Kohl to lend her name for the purpose of imparting eclat to the affair. She is one of the patronesses of the Charity Ball, and she has been asked to be a patroness of Mrs. Ynez White's dances, and she is very eagerly sought after by many of the smaller fry in the social swim. Though the Kohls are not the richest people in society they are easily among the most liberal, and they can be that without being spendthrifts, for nowhere is society so parsimonious as in San Francisco. Most of our millionaires by inheritance are as careful with their money as though they made it themselves.

How Munson's Heart Was Gladdened

So it is to be a match between Katharine Glass and Dr. Francis G. Munson, after all! When the young naval officer left California several years ago for service in the Orient, it was said that Admiral Glass had not sanctioned an engagement between his daughter and the young physician in Uncle Sam's navy. Whether the rumor was true or not, the fact remains that nothing in the way of gayety seemed to attract Miss Glass and she cared not a whit for her position as the daughter of a naval officer of rank. As time went on and there was no change in her attitude, the father relented and the engagement between the couple was announced. It was also given out that the wedding ceremony would take place as soon as the young man was assigned to shore duty, and, incidentally, the handsome new house was finished in Berkeley so that a proper reception might be given by the bride's parents. It was then that, according to the story told by a girl of navy circles, Dr. Munson, unaware of all this, wrote to his fiancee. The reply was romantic enough to suit a twentieth century Romeo. It was a simple quotation from Jean Ingelow's "Seven Times Seven":

"Oh, my sailor, make haste
For the hours run to waste—"

Now, wouldn't that have brought any man across the Pacific, post haste?

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I hear that when the Thirteenth Infantry sails for Manila Dr. and Mrs. Murtagh will not be with it, but will remain at the Post. Mrs. Murtagh, who was Miss Shorb, and is a Californienne, is one of the most hospitable entertainers at Fort Mason. There are two other Californian matrons at the Post now, Mrs. Hamilton, who is Judge Charles Low's daughter, and Mrs. Andrews, who was Ilse Henrici.

The Spreckels-Hamilton Engagement

The bavardes were all pretty well surprised when the engagement of Grace Spreckels and Alexander Hamilton was announced. Miss Spreckels has been so devoted to motoring of late months that it did not seem possible that she could stop automobiling long enough to listen to a proposal. During her first season in society, "Gus" Costigan was her admirer, but their friendship did not ripen to sentimental fruition. The engagement just announced is as eminently satisfactory, I hear, to the heads of the house of Spreckels, as was that of Lily Spreckels and Harry Holbrook. Like Mr. Holbrook, Mr. Hamilton comes of an old pioneer family, long identified with the commercial interests of San Francisco. Like his fiancee, he is very fond of out-door life, though he does not entirely abjure society.

The Robinson-Davis Engagement

I have not been able to corroborate the report of the engagement of Mr. R. D. Davis to which I made reference last week, but I have seen the photograph of his reputed fiancee, Miss Adelene Robinson, and I found that my San Jose correspondent was guilty of no exaggeration in depicting her beauty. I have also learned that Miss Robinson is as charming of manner as she is beautiful of feature and that she is also a very accomplished young woman. When she returns from the East the rumor of the engagement will probably be verified.

Couldn't Agree on a Clergyman

The Peters-Duncan engagement was broken because Miss Peters wished to have the ceremony performed by a Catholic priest while Mr. Duncan objected to being married by a clergyman of the Catholic church. It seems strange that the young people should have taken so long to uncover their irreconcilable religious differences. It also seems strange that in the twentieth century, the age of religious apathy and general indifference to religious obligations, a question of religion should cause the sundering of sentimental ties. Miss Peters comes from a devout Catholic family, and it is a very rich family, too. She is quite active in society, both in Stockton and in this city. She was Queen Genevieve of Stockton's big carnival a few years ago and she was one of the organizers of the Stockton chapter of Revolutionary Daughters which she represented in Washington two years ago. She is a niece of the late Sands Forman and a granddaughter of Colonel Ferris Forman of civil war fame. Her father, J. D. Peters, is one of the richest capitalists of San Joaquin county. One of his daughters married Will Ashe.

Another Broken Engagement

The news of another bit of bad marksmanship on the part of Dan Cupid came to me the other day. It occurred in the case of Miss Salz of Centerville and Mr. I. I. Brown, the attorney of this city. Their engagement was the outcome of a love-at-first-sight romance, begun when Mr. Brown was visiting, this summer, near the Salz home. Cupid shot his arrows, piercing both hearts, and it was only a short time when the betrothal was made known and gifts and congratulations began to pour in upon the happy pair. There was an elaborate betrothal reception at the Hotel Richelieu, where an aunt of Miss Salz resides. Preparations went on for the wedding and the beautiful trousseau was displayed to Miss Salz's intimate friends. Last Monday Miss Salz returned to Centerville, apparently in the best of spirits after a delightful visit here, during which she had led every one to believe that her wedding would come off as scheduled. On Tuesday, I am told, Mr. Brown received a note from her freeing him from his compact and giving no reason for the hasty decision except that his fiancee had decided she preferred to remain a country girl rather than change her residence to town. It is suggested by some of Miss Salz's friends that one of her old admirers has something to do with this decision, and that her betrothal to another than Mr. Brown will be the sequel to the broken engagement.

The Blandings

The Gordon Blandings have taken a round dozen of rooms at the St. Francis for the winter. Their old home in Franklin street is being remodeled and will have few of its old features left by the time it is fit for occupancy again. Dr. Harry Tevis, I hear, suggested the scheme of decoration. Susie Blanding is reported to have brought back from Paris not only good health and a large wardrobe but a liberal allowance of chic. She has a large supply of the latest broad brimmed effects in hats.

Hermann Oelrichs is at Byron Springs for a few weeks. Others at Byron are Professor and Mrs. Geo. E. Colby of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Hansen, Rev. and Mrs. P. C. MacFarlane, and Rev. Philip Byrne.

Arrivals at Del Monte this week included Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hutchins and Miss Hutchins of Honolulu, the J. B. Casserlys, W. O'B. Macdonough, H. R. Judah, P. W. Ames, C. B. Morgan and the Ramsays of Berkeley.

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The Numerous Martin Clan

And now the morbidly curious of society are speculating as to how the Martin clan will be distributed during the winter. Some say that the Peter Martins will be domiciled either at the St. Francis or the Palace, while the Walter Martins will find shelter under the maternal rooftree. Others have it that the Peter Martins are to warm their shins at the Eleanor Martin hearth and that the Walter Martins will visit with the Henry T. Scotts. These speculations are scoffed at by some who predict that the Walter Martins and the Peter Martins will live together, a consummation considered highly absurd by knowing ones, who declare that even though the Fairmount were finished it would not be large enough to accomodate both families. Mrs. Peter Martin, rumor sayeth, is coming out with a large retinue of servants, a circumstance making it extremely unlikely that she intends accepting the hospitality of her mother-in-law, who has a large colony of menials who have been with her for years and who could not be kept in leash were they forced to rub up against help from Newport. Until all the Martins are settled society will be very much agitated.

More Grumbling at Greenway

Ned Greenway has decided to let the bars down lower than ever this year. His dances will bring out a new set of people. He sent invitations to persons who have never rubbed shoulders with the elite, and the old guard is knocking in a way that the Rev. Dr. Rader would wrathfully reprobate. They are saying, among other things, that Mr. Greenway has become more solicitous about the wine business than for the pride and prestige of the fashionable recruits from the common herd of a few years agone. These haughty aristocrats of mushroom growth have an illusion that they fondly foster, and it pains them to have it trifled with. So they do not conceal their displeasure, but inveigh most indignantly against the sacrifice of social dignity for the benefit of a foreign wine firm's business. In the circumstances I am constrained to censure them for their ingratitude. Many of them were helped over the hurdles by this same distinguished gentleman. It was the Greenway brand that gave them their social standing. They know that Mr. Greenway is not leading the wearisome cotillion for his health. Then why should they object to his playing the host in a manner calculated to advantage himself? In asking this question, however, I do not wish to be understood as assuming that Mr. Greenway is prostituting his social pull to sordid ends, for I cannot speak authoritatively in respect of his motives or the mainspring of his social activity. But it would not be to his discredit to promote the interests of his employers first and those of our pretentious aristocrats later.

Waiting for the White List

The invitations to Mrs. Shorb White's subscription dances were issued Tuesday, and as the report was current along the fringe of the fashionable herd that the list had been cut down there was a general feeling of nervousness. It is predicted that cries of lamentation will soon be heard in the land. Last season Mrs. White rounded up a bunch that was somewhat heterogeneous. Some of the wise matrons in whose opinion an enviable social standing is next to godliness, thought that Mrs. White discriminated unwisely. She invited some persons who had been improperly branded and failed to invite others who would have imparted tone to her dances and whose displeasure is not to be rashly incurred. One or two of the elect who have been almost canonized were overlooked as though they were mere also-rans. The Josselyn girls, who are ranked among the very highest and mightiest, were among the uninvited, but I have not heard of their shedding any tears in consequence. But there are others who were eagerly awaiting this year's list, and if they have not been included an anvil chorus will be heard that will out-Verdi Verdi's.

Buds Who Will Not Blossom

Dorothy Draper has decided not to come out here this winter, after all. She is going East with her mother, and may decide to make her debut in New York or Washington. There seems to be an aversion among eligibles, this year, to taking the plunge into the social swim. The Mayo Newhalls have decided that their youngest daughter must remain at school another year, and I am told that Sydney and Anita Davis, Bernice Wilson and Mary Keeney will postpone their debut until next year. Helene Irwin is said to be the cause of this decision. Miss Irwin's mother postponed her daughter's entrance into society and now the other girls of her set are following suit. And still another debutante will have to postpone her debut, Helen Ashton, whose grandmother, Mrs. Raymond, died last week. Miss Ashton is a cousin of Cora Smedburg and is a blonde of considerable beauty. She belongs to the Saturday Night Club of incipient belles.

He Loved and Lost

The report is in circulation that Count de la Rocca is not to be snared by the most captivating of belles, the reason being that he loved and lost, and has resolved never to give rein to his passion sentimental again. All that society has been able to learn is that the young lady was an Australian and beautiful. Society is deeply sympathetic. The Count is being made much of by the Downey Harveys and the Jack Parrotts. He is very highly respected for his skill as a dancer. On the ball-room floor he has all other foreigners who have visited us within the last few years, "lashed to the mast."

A Democratic Count

The Count Geyza de Perhac, being indifferent to invidious social distinctions, is the despair of the good people of Oakland, who, like many good people the world over, are fond of drawing the line when they can get on the

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right side. The gentleman with the name that reminds you of insect powder, despite his title is more democratic than many of the Democrats of Oakland. He lives in a little cottage near the home of Joaquin Miller, where he gives what he is pleased to call "brigand dinners," and he refuses to make them fashionable. Therefore the fashionables of Oakland do not approve them. The Count is an artist, and he has some very good paintings which he exhibits with great pride.

DR. ALBERT ABRAMS

The literary scientist who says that life is no more mysterious than a formula in chemistry.

A Huntington Wanted

A well known business man who once occupied the chair of police commissioner, and whose one telegram made him famous, was lamenting the fact that this part of the state did not have a Huntington. He said if Huntington lived here San Mateo would be one of the greatest suburban properties in the state, and that electric lines would be flying about everywhere. This all may or may not be true, but if Huntington had come here, would he have been given the same consideration that he has been vouchsafed in the South, asked an able attorney, who was also a police commissioner once. Both gentlemen semed to have forgotten that Mr. Huntington was here once, that he controlled our united railroads and sold them out because he was not given sufficient sway. Indeed, there are many who believe that in putting his money into Los Angeles he was actuated by the same spirit that moved Senator Stanford when, after failing to get on the Board of Regents of the State University, he founded the institution at Palo Alto. But San Francisco is too big a city to miss a Huntington, whereas in Los Angeles the presence of a Huntington is deeply felt. Our neighbors in the south, who are so envious of our invigorating fogs, should express their gratitude every time they see an electric car whiz by.

When the Huntingtons Visit Los Angeles

For the first week in October, has been set an event of considerable importance, socially, both to San Francisco and Los Angeles. I refer to the marriage of Dr. Walter Gibbons and Hazel Noonan. It will be celebrated in the Los Angeles home of Miss Noonan, who, by the way, is a close friend of the Huntington girls, and all the Huntington set will be in evidence at the wedding. A visit from the feminine members of the Huntington family always causes a stir in Los Angeles, the residents of which are inclined to resent the attitude of the ladies toward that thrifty and bustling little town, but the aforesaid Angelenos tactfully repress their emotions, because of their great reverence for the head of the family, to whom many of them pray every night. The ladies of the family seldom visit Los Angeles, despite the fact that Mr. Huntington spends the greater part of his time there improving his fortune.

Elizabeth Huntington has gone East in quest of health. Last season she was obliged to spend most of her time in a sanitarium and had to give up society entirely. She will visit both Mrs. Collis P. Huntington and the Archer Huntingtons in their New York homes. The H. E. Huntingtons are very proud of Archer Huntington because of the name that he has made in the world of letters. Archer Huntington expects to visit San Francisco this winter.

The Monarch of Catalina

Captain William Banning of Los Angeles was in the city last week. He is the oldest son of General Phineas Banning, who, though his home was in the southern part of the state, passed most of his time here at the Occidental hotel. The general, who was a Northerner, married a Southerner of the most pronounced type. The general had a magnificent home at Wilmington and his business required much entertaining of army officers, but so long as a Yankee blue-coat was in the house Mrs. Banning kept to the strict seclusion of her rooms. She died leaving three sons, William, Joseph and Hancock. The eldest son is the Captain, the second the Judge, and the third the Commodore. Captain Banning is no amateur sailorman. He has

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his license as a pilot, and he can drive six or eight wild horses with the skill of a veteran stage driver. He is the owner of Catalina Island, several coaches and steamers and sailboats. The Captain is, however, a determined bachelor, and it is said that no girl, never so beautiful, has made an impression on him. He emphatically denies the oft-repeated statement that H. E. Huntington has purchased Catalina Island, and says that whenever Huntington goes over there the imaginative representatives of the press publish an article to the effect that the island has been sold.

A Rumor and a Guess

"It is rumored," says the *Examiner,* "that the heroine of the next interesting announcement will be Miss Jessie McNab, the beautiful daughter of James McNab." Manifestly the item is incomplete. Every well-regulated drama in real life, as on the stage, has a hero as well as a heroine. At the risk of being proved inaccurate, I am going to name that distinguished young jurist, Frank H. Kerrigan, as the hero . If I should prove to be right then will Judge Kerrigan be warmly felicitated, for Miss McNab is one of the most interesting girls of the younger society set.

Seymour's Tactlessness

District Attorney Seymour, of Sacramento, is being groomed for Governor, it is reported, by Mr. Gavin McNab, who, with all his shortcomings as a boss, has a happy faculty of picking winners. He is wise enough to know that it is easier to elect an honest man than a dishonest one. Though Lane was a disappointment he made a very good run for Governor, and lost on a technicality that was in the nature of a foul. It is doubtful whether McNab can sophisticate Seymour before the gubernatorial campaign. It is no easy task to educate a country lawyer up to the smartness that is required in a big political contest. Seymour is being lambasted in his own town for carrying the Bunkers confession to San Francisco to get it published in the local dailies. The news belonged to the Sacramento papers, but Seymour wanted the wider publicity to be obtained through the medium of the metropolitan press, so he came to San Francisco with it and scooped the journals of his own town. The Sacramento *Bee* knew of the confession, and a week before it was given to the papers of this city reported that it had been made. The *Bee* even negotiated for it, and expected to get it as soon as the District Attorney was prepared to give it publicity. Naturally the *Bee* no longer feels friendly to Seymour. A little tact goes a long way in politics.

The Platts and the Dog

Between her husband and her dog Mrs. Platt was kept pretty busy during her short stay in San Francisco, for her husband was exceedingly weak and her dog had hardly recovered from the effect of the high altitudes of Colorado. The dog is a cross between a silk poodle and a skye terrier. He was a gift from King Oscar of Sweden, and is the only one of its kind in the United States. It was at Rollins Pass, eleven thousand feet above the sea, that the dog suffered the most. Mrs. Platt is greatly concerned at all times over the dog's safety, and carries it in a netted handbag, lined with finest silk. The dog became depressed and whined fitfully when the party had climbed about half way up the pass. The special train of the Moffatt road was stopped at Yankee Doodle Lake. At Jenny Lake, the diminutive canine breathed easier, and the party went to the summit. At the crest of the divide the dog was so short of breath that snow was brought from a nearby drift to revive him. This had the effect of making the precious pup open its large humanlike eyes and give evidences of returning life. It was with great relief that the owner of the dog came down the mountain and saw her pet sit up and take notice when the lower altitudes were reached. Mrs. Platt was formerly a stenographer, and has a business air about her. When the feeble old Senator insisted on giving out the report that he was ill his youthful wife insisted that he was suffering only from a slight cold and fatigue. She is deeply interested in what the press says about her distinguished husband, and while a reporter was interviewing her she excused herself, while she called a bell-boy to get a morning paper, explaining that it contained an editorial about the Senator. The editorial was not of a flattering nature, but while reading, her countenance at no time showed the displeasure which she undoubtedly felt.

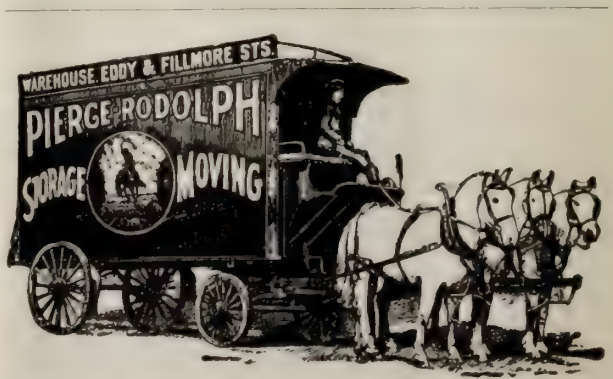
He Was Carefully Guarded

Those who have had the opportunity to see the home life of Senator and Mrs. Platt give great praise to the lady. There is no disguising the fact that the Senator is a very sick man and his physical condition makes him irritable. He was so sick on his arrival here that he had to have his telegrams read to him and his impatience was so great that he would not wait to reach his room, but had the despatches read to him in the corridor of the hotel. He grew irritated while the envelopes were being opened and urged Mrs. Platt and the ladies who were with him to read quickly and distinctly. His voice is feeble and querulous, and the way he was surrounded by his fair guard and watched would lead one to believe that it was feared that the slightest shock would prove disastrous.

Colonel Lawrence of Tallac, who was accidentally shot while out hunting, is rapidly recovering from his wounds at the Waldeck Sanitarium. He expects to return to the lake by the first of the month.

Sir Henry and Jere

Since the advent of the feminine reporter to the "interview" field, the gentle art of romancing has not been neglected. Sir Henry Tichborne, in a letter to his friend Jere Lynch, complains that the feminine reporter by whom he was interviewed misrepresented his views of American wo-



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men. Well probably his views were flat and unprofitable, and perhaps the reporter took it upon herself to make them worth while. She is a woman after the heart of Oscar Wilde, who complained so bitterly of the "decay of lying." If the reporter had not romanced then we would not have known that Sir Henry is a friend of that interesting Bohemian, Jere Lynch. Sir Henry has fine castles in England and a town house in Belgravia Square. His rent roll is enormous. The Tichbornes trace their genealogy from the crusades. Lynch goes back only to the big wind.

It Was Due to Incompetency

From the testimony taken at the Bennington inquiry it appears that my views of the cause of the disaster were sound. Some weeks ago I asserted that it resulted not so much from the neglect of individuals as from an evil department order which abolished the naval engineer corps and placed the machinery of our warships under the supervision of incompetent men. And there is another, and highly important, fact in this connection, which the public press, even the technical press, seems to have overlooked. It is this: The personnel law of 1899, which amalgamated the old engineer corps with the line, provided that former engineers might assume the deck duties of line officers after passing satisfactory examinations showing that they had qualified for such duties. But there was no converse to this provision. Line officers were not required to qualify and pass examination for marine engineering before assuming engineering duties. It seems remarkable that such a fatal oversight should have gone unnoticed for so many years. Had the bill made the provision that line officers must qualify before going into the engine room, it is probable that the list of mishaps to machinery would be shorter than it is, and that the Bennington disaster would not have happened.

The Artistic Eltinge

Julian Eltinge, the female impersonator, who has proved a very interesting study at the Orpheum, is unlike most artists who are skilled in his specialty. Mr. Phil Hastings, of the Orpheum, a press agent in whose judgment I have great confidence, assures me that Eltinge is a manly female impersonator who detests the mincing gait and other eccentricities characteristic of the lingeried vaudeville artist. Eltinge is a San Franciscan. He was a pupil at the Mission Grammar School, and later was a Harvard student. It was at Harvard that he first wore skirts. As one of the show girls in a Harvard skit, he made a great hit, and then his thoughts turned stageward.

Rose Stahl of "The Chorus Girl" sketch, one of the best that has been seen at the Orpheum in months, is the daughter of a newspaper proprietor of Trenton, New Jersey. He was formerly dramatic critic of the Chicago *Inter Ocean.*

Joaquin Miller's Protege

Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, whom Joaquin Miller discovered washing his dishes, has been heard from. He is professor of English in one of the principal universities in his country. He wrote several volumes of verse in English which were favorably received. He went to England and was lionized in London. When he returned to America Edwin Markham took him up and made something of a lion of him. Some critics believe that he has written poetry fully as good as Markham's best.

Society and Miss Barrymore

During Ethel Barrymore's stay here she will spend her "days off" with her friends, the Joe Tobins. It was at their Calistoga ranch that she recuperated during her last season here, when she was threatened with a serious attack of nervous prostration. Though Miss Barrymore is a society favorite, she always declines invitations to large or set functions. What she enjoys is to fly far from the footlights and spend her holidays in the country with a few congenial acquaintances.

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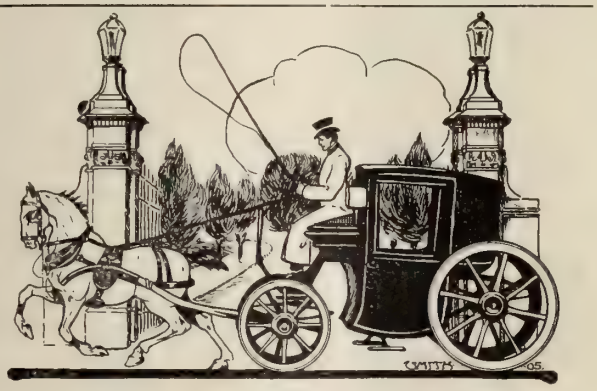

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Widow of "Pit" Author Goes East

Mrs. Frank Norris and Mrs. Isobel Strong left Wednesday evening of last week for New York. Mrs. Norris delayed her departure in order to be present at the wedding of her mother, Mrs. Black, which was a quiet affair and took place on the afternoon of the thirteenth. The groom is Mr. Ferguson, who has known the Norris family for many years. Mrs. Norris looked remarkably well and said that though she was sorry to leave California yet there is a charm about New York which she cannot possibly resist. Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Norris live together, and Mrs. Strong too is greatly attached to New York. She says that her son Austin will have a play upon the boards of New York during the winter and that he has written a play upon the Indian Mutiny which has been accepted by Charles Frohman and will be produced in London in a few months. There was a third traveler to New York, namely, little Jeannette Norris, a wee lassie who is a remarkably pretty and clever child. The whole party expect to return to the coast next summer.

Irwin Scooped Them

Will Irwin, ex-Sunday Supp editor of the *Chronicle*, who joined the New York *Sun* staff less than two years ago, was given a fine opportunity to distinguish himself at the Portsmouth Peace Conference, and he seized it with characteristic dexterity. The news came to me from an Eastern newspaper man, who writes that Irwin made a tremendous hit with his reports of the progress of the conference. The *Sun* did not take the Associated Press despatches but relied on Irwin's specials, which proved to be more accurate than those of any other correspondent. Though some of the most experienced and best trained correspondents in this country and Europe were at Portsmouth ferreting for news, they failed to get a great deal of valuable information that was wired by Irwin to the *Sun*. There was great grumbling among the correspondents over their failure to get to the heart of things, and some of them resorted to fakery, but it was evident that Irwin was in touch with an exclusive source of information which none of his rivals could tap.

When May Came Home

In the speeches felicitating May Sutton's English victories on the tennis court, writes my Southern Californian correspondent, everything Californian was eulogized, the apostrophe to Mt. Shasta being the only notable omission. May came home to Pasadena last week, and the event was celebrated by a big dinner and reception. At the reception Miss Sutton received a line of people who were an hour in being reviewed. The racquet and ball that sent the fame of California sunshine echoing around the world were suspended above the heads of the receiving party, which included the Sutton family and a few picked tennis players of the South. "Bob" Burdette presented the silver tea service which was purchased by the citizens of Pasadena, his speech being preceded by an awkward pause caused by the discovery that the tray bearing the silver service was too large to be brought through the door.

Dr. Cool's Ill Luck

Some of Dr. Russell H. Cool's friends commiserate him on his recent troubles with the State Board of Dental Examiners. Others laugh, which reminds me of de Tocqueville's cynical saying: "There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which pleases us." The trouble with Dr. Cool is that he is too impetuous, and has a heart which is ever burning to avenge a wrong. However, he did not take into consideration the fact that reformers get the worst of it in California, and his attempts to purify the Board only ended in his being informed that he was persona non grata. However, as he has the sympathy of the majority with him, he probably does not worry over the matter.

On the Road to a Fortune

General Girard, who was retired from the army a short time ago, and who has made his home in Alameda, is, I hear, in a fair way of making an enormous fortune. He has interested a group of capitalists in a mine in the northern part of the state, and they are shortly to put a smelter in operation. It is said that the Guggenheims tried to buy the property, but that the General and his partners have refused all offers.

Her Winter Guest

Mrs. J. de Barth Shorb will have as her guest during the winter a remarkably pretty girl from Los Angeles. She is Miss Brent Watkins, whose father is the owner of an orange grove in the San Gabriel valley. Miss Watkins is a cousin of the Shorbs and is a tall and stately blonde.

The Latest Tower Bulletin

Once more, I am advised that Mrs. Charlemagne Tower is coming to Oakland soon to give the friends of her childhood a thrill. I have been advised so often of Mrs. Tower's coming and have seen the people of Oakland so frequently disappointed at her failure to pay them a visit, that I am inclined to suspect her press agent of being something of a humbug. The latest tip is that Mrs. Tower is coming in the spring. Well, let her come, but for heaven's sake let us quit scheduling her to arrive.

Mrs. John Jacob Apple (Ella McCloskey) gave her first post-nuptial reception last week, and her apartments at the Dorchester were crowded with callers from three to five. In the evening some of the bride's more intimate friends were entertained at five hundred.

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Piazzoni the Revolutionist

Piazzoni is going to Paris, and his friends are wondering what effect the Quartier Latin will have upon his peculiar style. Piazzoni has stuck very closely to his own ideas of Art, ever since he seceded from "the Hopkins set." It was he who caused a revolution in local art circles a few years ago, and was made the president of a new Art Association in consequence. Piazzoni has painted some very fine and original canvases, and I think will find his way into the Salon without difficulty.

Pollock's Inaccuracy

Channing Pollock, promoter of publicity for the Shuberts, and the dramatizer of "The Pit" and "In the Bishop's Carriage," writes entertainingly of press agents in the New York *Commercial*. But he errs in saying that the late Frank Farrell of the New Orleans *Picayune* was the first newspaper man to become a theatrical agent. E. D. Price, now general manager of the Belasco and Mayer enterprises on the Pacific coast, was the first. It will be twenty-five years in December next since Price resigned the dramatic editorship of the Detroit *Post* and *Tribune* to go in advance of the tragedian John McCullough. It was his success, and his advice that induced Farrell to go into the business three years later, and prompted Ariel Barney, also dead, to leave the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and follow suit a year after that. And curiously enough, it was Price who stood sponsor for Pollock himself when the latter resigned from the Washington *Times* a short four years ago, and secured him a position with Ziegfield as Anna Held's advance man. Price has to handle so many schemes of management, in which he has personal interest, that he rarely writes nowadays, but he has not quite forgotten how. A sample of his work recently appeared in Town Talk entitled "Two Snapshots of Oscar Wilde." It was written as press agents nowadays do not write. It was a fine bit of dramatic contrast, about as fine as anything of the kind that can be found in current literature.

A Rat Invasion

There is a great distress in the Gough-street residence of the Walter Deans and the Hagers, for the occupants are suffering from a plague of rats. Rats are all over the premises and they have gnawed their way through big doors from basement to roof. They are sufficiently numerous to warrant the employment of a pied piper. The other night, one adventurous fellow on a tour of inspection sauntered across the prostrate form of Mr. Dean, rousing that gentleman from sound slumber and sending a funny feeling up and down his spinal column. The next day Mr. Dean bought a large supply of traps and set them all over the house. Six monster rodents were captured the first night, but still they come. The colony is evidently a very large one and the pest shows no signs of abatement. For awhile the occupants of the house deliberated on the advisability of surrendering to the invaders, but Mr. Dean counseled courageous resistance.

To Scatter Sunshine

On Saturday afternoon, October seventh, the Alden Club will give its fifth annual entertainment. It will be a card fete, in the white and gold room of the St. Francis, with seven-hand euchre and five hundred as the attraction. Several luncheons have been arranged to be given at the St. Francis before the affair, and there is quite a rush for tickets, which have been placed at one dollar each. The philanthropic work of the Sunshine Society, of which the Alden Club is a chapter, is well known. The Alden's offi-

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Father Sesnon to Sing

The many friends of Rev. Father Robert Sesnon will be pleased to learn that they will have an opportunity to hear him sing, on Wednesday evening, October fourth, at the Macdonough theatre, Oakland. On that occasion a concert will be given for the benefit of the building fund of St. Mary's church, of which Rev. Father Dempsey is pastor. Father Sesnon is assistant rector and he has charge of the concert. He has a dramatic tenor voice which was cultivated in Europe, and it is suited to Wagnerian music. He will sing Wagner's "Spring Song" from "Die Walkure." Mr. Wismer, the well-known violinist, will play a selection from "Parsifal," and Helen de Young is to play the harp obligato to the Gounod-Bach "Ave Maria" to be sung by Mrs. M. E. Blanchard.

Why Town Talk Was Not Delivered

Town Talk's subscribers were disappointed last week at not receiving their paper Friday morning. The postal authorities were responsible for the delay. The paper was mailed as usual, Thursday afternoon, but owing to inadequate preparation for the removal of the postal headquarters to the new building, second-class mail matter was not distributed until Monday morning.

The Hired Man and the Parrot

Mr. Sam Leake tells a story of the miraculous escape of a parrot from electrocution which deserves to go down to posterity as one of the most remarkable occurrences of modern times. To this gentleman's care was entrusted a most valuable and talkative bird. Its owner went to Europe and she thought there was none on whom she could better rely than on the Leakes. The bird won the heart of the whole family and never was a bird more sorry to leave its adopted home. The owner finally returned and asked for the bird. Sam Leake has a hired man. He is a prodigy. He has never set a barn on fire nor run a buggy off a grade. He was the man selected to carry the bird to town and to its owner. The cage was wrapped around with a Navajo blanket and the man was given all kinds of counsel to take the bird home safely. "If anything happens to that bird," was the parting admonition, "go and kill yourself or else we will have to do away with ourselves." The hired man got into the passenger coach and the wicked bird began to imitate the whistle of a locomotive. The brakeman got rattled and came running to the car with his hand on the bell-cord. Then the passengers got alarmed. They expected that the train was running all over every cow between San Rafael and Sausalito. Finally the bird got so noisy that the brakeman insisted that it should be put into the baggage car. The hired man went and sat down by the open door with the bird near him. When Sausalito was reached there was no bird. He promptly accused somebody of stealing it. No one had seen the bird and none had even seen a cage. He went to the train-master and made complaint. He swore that the bird, cage and all, was by his feet, and that it had mysteriously disappeared, and he wanted an explanation. There was a terrible row, and while the wrangle was at its height a small boy reported that about a mile back there was a green bird whistling on a tree. The hired man ran down the track with one-half of Sausalito at his heels. There was the parrot on the bough of a tree. On the third rail was a small heap of ashes. The explanation was clear that the cage rolled out of the car, struck the third rail, and was consumed, but the bird hopped away uninjured. This bird has not as yet been named Phoenix.

No California Champagne for Them

At the banquet given to Luther Burbank last week, California champagnes were served under the delusion that they would add to the Californian atmosphere. Unfortunately they served to accentuate the preference of many of the Californians for foreign brands. Several of the epicures, among them Jere Lynch, declined the domestic wines and said that nothing but Moet & Chandon White Seal would suit them.

The Amiable Sergeant

There are two sergeants in the Thirteenth Infantry who love each other with a love that passeth the understanding of man. One of the sergeants was given a dog by one of the commissioned officers, and the other sergeant was not made acquainted with the fact. One day the sergeant who was not given the animal was feeding and petting the dog when the officer who gave the dog to the other sergeant passed and said:

"I see you are vry fond of Sergeant L's dog."

"Sergeant L.'s dog, sorr! I thought it was yours."

"No, I gave it to Sergeant L."

When the officer's back was turned the enraged sergeant snatched the meat out of the dog's mouth, threw it

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into an ash barrel, and giving the dog a kick, shouted:

"Get out you baste. Yer as big a liar as that Dootchman who owns yez."

The San Francisco Club

The San Francisco Club, whose unique quarters are located in the dome of the Call building, has conferred a favor on the sight-seeing public and incidentally placed itself in a position to add to its own popularity, by assuming the lease of the cafe on the fifteenth floor of that building. For a while it was supposed that the club would close that sight-seeing vantage point to the general public, and retain the privileges of the cafe exclusively for its own use. But Adolph B. Spreckels, the president of the club, in that spirit that characterizes his utterances where the public is concerned, said: "Don't exclude the public. Give the people a chance to admire their own beautiful city and its surroundings." And so it is that the cafe will be reopened and again conducted as a public resort under new management. By this new arrangement President Spreckels and his fellow directors of the club—L. M. Hoefler, Charles Stallman, H. G. Stevenson and John Woodlock—while giving the public an opportunity to dine and view the city from the cafe, by subletting the fifteenth floor, retain for the club's members their own cosy quarters among the clouds in the dome of the building, where the club members may dine in their own exclusive rooms, assured that the cuisine department will become a distinctive and prominent feature of the club's life.

Mackenzie Gordon will give a concert in Steinway Hall next Tuesday evening, September twenty-sixth, at half past eight o'clock. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Dr. and Mrs. Burdette, James Sargent and E. G. Potter are among the San Franciscans at Hotel del Coronado.

Nat Goodwin and John Craig's example of becoming San Francisco real estate owners has been followed by Whittlesey, who will make this city his future home.

It was at the first performance of "The Last Appeal," when given at Wallack's, New York, that D. H. Harkins broke down and was compelled to leave the stage. He was playing the King. A few months later he died in this city and was buried with military honors at the Presidio.

The Financial Field

Business in the Stock and Bond Exchange continued fair. Trading in Bonds aggregated $329,000; in Shares, 11,849, as follows: 4,910 Lighting, 2,485 Water, 1,744 Miscellaneous, 685 Banks and 2,025 Sugars. San Francisco Gas and Electric moved within a narrow margin, 82 and 82 3-4 being the low and high figures. The directors are now out with a circular to the stockholders defining the offer made by the Syndicate. The terms are exactly what I stated they were a month ago, that is: $25 cash and $65 in bonds. Spring Valley Water remained unchanged. Contra Costa advanced to 53. Negotiations with the X Eastern Syndicate were reported off and the stock rapidly declined to 50. Considerable activity developed in Mutual Electric, the stock advancing to 18 1-8, from which point it reached about 16. Alaska Packers continued weak and depressed, closing at about 66 1-4. Sugar stocks were weak on the decline of the raw sugar quotation but the scare is needless as they hardly have any sugar left, it having been marketed at good figures.

Business on Pine street has not improved during this week. Ophir continues to send down ore and bullion. Savage is getting in shape to resume work in a place on the Sutro Tunnel level where they had a body of ore in 1886. The tunnel itself is being repaired. In fact, everything shows that the mines are being put in a condition to reopen in a business-like manner. The final outcome should be a better market. Money is plentiful and people are eager to invest. Tonopah and Goldfield stocks are rather active, Red Top especially. Now that the railroad is completed between Tonopah and Goldfield, better prices are looked for in all of these stocks. The election of Montana, Tonopah, resulted in the re-election of the old management.

The reports of the Double Eagle are still improving. A contract has been let to sink a shaft a hundred feet at a time as this will expedite sinking of depth. The ledge shows high values. A shipment of six sacks of ore for a trial treatment will be sent down in a few days; as it looks this ore will show high value. New shafts are being started in neighboring properties and Tonopah seems to be watching Double Eagle in particular, as the ore from this mine is almost gold. —*The Financier.*

The Gas Co.'s Demonstration Car

The Gas Co. is surely using every effort that the public may become acquainted with the use of gas and electricity in the home. It has installed a car, or rather shingled cottage on wheels, in which it has placed all manner of electric devices, from an X-ray machine to a flat-iron—instantaneous water heater, chafing dishes, etc., etc. Gas ranges, heaters, etc., are in perfect connection so as to demonstrate their usefulness. A lady fully capable of explaining the practical use of all these appliances is constantly in the car, which is now located at Van Ness avenue, corner of Sutter, opposite the St. Dunstan's. From time to time it will be moved about the city.

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The Stage

Triumphant Tetrazzini

Tetrazzini's "Lucia," Tuesday night, converted a regiment of Sembrich worshipers. The little song-bird with the colorful voice and the gymnastic throat was in fine fettle and when she took her runs, leaps and trills the audience was convulsed in a spasm of ecstasy. It was a great night for Tetrazzini and a strenuous one for the Italian colony in the upper tier. Like all great vocal artists, the prima donna has her moods. Sometimes she lacks enthusiasm and then her singing is perfunctory. On such occasions, though her art may be flawless, her performance may not grip. Such was not the case Tuesday night. Indeed, it never seems to be the case when Tetrazzini sings Lucia. The role itself galvanizes her into the mood best suited for the highest dramatic and vocal effects. She revels in it, and the audience revels with her. Many Tivoli patrons have deprecated the comparison of Tetrazzini with the higher-priced vocalists of the Metropolitan Opera House, not because they failed to appreciate the art of the passionate Italian, but for the reason that it seemed ridiculous to rank a Tivoli star with a luminary of the Conried constellation. Some of these same cautious ones evinced inability to discriminate, during the Conried season, between mediocrity and genius. After all, comparisons are

ETHEL BARRYMORE
as Sunday in the play of the same name, at the Columbia

fatuous. It should be sufficient to know that Tetrazzini is great and that Manager Leahy is giving us a big treat this season, that on the whole he is giving us performances artistic and satisfying in every detail. During the past two weeks we have listened to several artists of the top-notch class. The Tivoli is making musical history of the sort that is epochal.

Graham and Barrie

Captain Harry Graham, whom Ethel Barrymore is to marry, is a great friend of J. M. Barrie, the novelist and playwright. In the current *Critic* Captain Graham has some verses titled "J. M. Barrie," in which he mentions some of the qualities that have made Barrie so popular in the reading world, and also in private life:

So wide a sympathy has he,
Such kindliness without an end,
That children clamber on his knee,
And claim him as a friend.
They somehow know he understands,
And doesn't mind their sticky hands.

He says, and later:

To lovers who, with fingers cold,
Attempt to fan some dying ember,
He brings the happy days of old,
And bids their hearts remember;
Recalling in romantic fashion
The tenderness of earlier passion.

And modern matrons who can find,
So little leisure for the nurs'ry
Whose interest in babykind
Is eminently curs'ry,
New views on Motherhood acquire
From Alice-sitting-by-the-fire.

Ellen's Role for Ethel

Has Miss Barrymore balked at the role of the middle-aged lady in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire"? Or, is she saving it for a New York opening? I am inclined to think that, Mr. Frohman notwithstanding, the young actress has thrown it over. The casting of Miss Barrymore for the leading role in the Barrie play would be one of the incongruities of the stage. The part was written to suit the girth and gray hairs of Ellen Terry, a lady on whom the years are beginning to press heavily. Imagine Miss Barrymore as the mother of a young man in army uniform and of a young woman already through college, and you have an idea of the disguise it is proposed she shall wear. It was only a few months ago that New York was smiling at Miss Barrymore setting up as the mother of two mites in "A Doll's House," but Mr. Frohman has a vastly different notion. He believes Miss Ethel will have no difficulty in passing for a woman of thirty-five or forty; that she will be eminently adaptable as the mother of a marriageable daughter, and, though lacking the comfortable dimensions of Miss Terry, that she will be charming in her matronly comeliness.

The First Violin

I don't suppose there is any reader of books who has not read "The First Violin." Jessie Fothergill's German story is regarded as a classic among "musical novels," and its sentiment has appealed to probably millions of readers. Eugen Courvoisier has been the ideal of many women, sharing their worship with Bertie Cecil of "Under Two Flags." He was well placed in a play to fall finally into the hands of a matinee hero such as White Whittlesey is, and I have no doubt that the character of Eugen will prove one of the most popular in Whittlesey's repertory. Though the play naturally differs widely from the novel, the charming musical atmosphere has been preserved, and none of the pretty sentiment has been lost in the dramatization. The character of the jealous woman has been enlarged upon, to make the dramatic element more intense, but otherwise the characters are much the same as they are in the book. Eugen dominates everything, and as the play was written for Mansfield the reason is clear. Whittlesey well fits the character of the first violin, who is a German noble in disguise, a sad chap who was mismated and whose little boy is separated from him by the force of circumstance. Miss Lawton does not fit into the part of the English girl so well as she did into that of Maisie in "The Light That Failed." The little English music student whom Courvoisier fell in love with was more like Effie Bond, and I think it is more the role for an ingenue than for a leading lady. Miss Belgarde, except that she does not look the part (for the evil genius of Courvoisier was not in the book pictured as a handsome woman), is sufficiently in the spirit of the role to make it very effective.

Old Days Recalled

"The Queen of the Highway" at the Grand brings back to memory the old days of the opera house, when we knew it as Morosco's, and when Maude Edna Hall, Julie Blanc and Coulter Brincker were the idols of the gallery gods. Perhaps it was as well that we had the rural "York State Folks" between "Peggy Machree" and "The Queen of the

MARGARET DALE OWEN
Who will appear with Harry Corson Clarke in "Strategy," at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

Highway," else the contrast would have been too striking. The Queen is a heroine of many exciting adventures, and the situations in which she finds herself are the kind that penetrate to the marrow of the gallery god, and inspire him to yells of approval.

Next Week's Bills

There is an international romance as the motif of "Sunday," which Ethel Barrymore brings to the Columbia next Monday for two weeks. "Sunday" was written by Thomas Raceward, an Englishman, and is a play of the Bret Harte order, with a plot of a decided melodramatic tinge, as I should judge by the outline. The cast in support of Miss Barrymore includes Bruce McRea, who was her leading man in "Cousin Kate" last season; Jack Barrymore, her brother; Olive Oliver, Virginia Buchanan, Joseph Brennan, Herbert Percy, Charles Harbury, Harrison Armstrong, William Sampson and James Kearney.

At the Columbia theatre tomorrow (Sunday) evening a strong cast of German players will appear in the original version of "Alt Heidelberg," under the management of Mrs. Mathilda Fleischer, who is to play the role of Kathie. The stage management is under the care of Julius Ascher, from the Irving Place theatre, New York. Ascher will be seen in the role of Kellerman, the part played by him for eighty times during the New York run of the play. Max Carl Weiss will be the Prince.

White Whittlesey's farewell week at the Alcazar will be given up to "The Last Appeal," a stirring drama of military and court life by Leo Ditrichstein, who found its source in the German. Its original production, a notable one, was made at Wallack's, New York. The hero is a crown prince who forfeits position at court and incurs the displeasure of his father by a love match with a beautiful girl of the middle class. Whittlesey goes to the Belasco, Portland, until Thanksgiving, and then to Europe for a well-earned vacation, but his contract with Belasco, Mayer and Price does not expire until 1909. The regular stock season at the Alcazar begins Monday, October second, with Hall Caine's "The Eternal City."

For the second week of the Charles A. Taylor company at the Grand will be given Mr. Taylor's latest melodrama, "Held for Ransom," the principal events of which were suggested by the capture and detention of the American missionary, Ellen Stone, by Balkan brigands, and the international events that led up to her release. Mr. Taylor has taken dramatic license with history and has introduced

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Week Beginning TOMORROW (SUNDAY) MATINEE
The Great Spectacular Melodrama
"HELD FOR RANSOM"
Founded on the abduction by Balkan Brigands of the Missionary, Ellen M. Stone
Sunday Matinee, October 1st, "ARIZONA"

CENTRAL

Belasco & Mayer, Props. Phone South 533
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Opposite City Hall

Last times this Saturday and Sunday, Matinee and Evening
"THE WHITE TIGRESS OF JAPAN"
Commencing Next Monday Night, Sept. 25th. All week
Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Gorgeous Production of the Famous Drama
"ESCAPED FROM THE HAREM"
Another Costly and Superb Presentation
Filled with Exciting and Thrilling Scenes
Brilliant Costumes, Scenery and Effects
Popular Prices eve., 10 to 50c; matinees, 10, 15, 25c.
NEXT—"THE GIRL ENGINEER"

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Sept. 24th

5—BIG NEW ACTS—5

SPOOK MINSTRELS; Harry Corson Clarke and Company; Genaro and Bailey Company; Prof. Allinei and "Petro the Great;" Holcombe, Curtis and Webb; Buckner; Jolson Palmer and Jolson; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of JULIAN ELTINGE.

Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c.

TIVOLI

Cor. Eddy and Mason Sts.

Performance Begins at 8 o'clock Sharp
Repertoire for Next Week
Tuesday Night and Saturday Matinee,
"TRAVIATA"
Wednesday Night,
"IL TROVATORE"
Thursday and Sunday Nights,
"LUCIA"
Friday Night,
"CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AND "I' PAGLIACCI"
Saturday Night,
"BALLO IN MASCHERA"
Seats on Sale for All Performances—$2.00, $1.50, 75c and 50c.

as the central figure of his new play, Marguerite Stone, supposed to be the niece of Ellen, and a hero who is the replica of "Fighting Bob" Evans. On Sunday matinee, October first, "Arizona" will come to the Grand.

The repertoire for the second week of the grand opera season is: Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "La Traviata"; Wednesday night, "Il Trovatore"; Thursday and Sunday nights, "Lucia"; Friday night, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci"; Saturday night, "Ballo in Maschera." Seats are now on sale for all performances. Monday night the Tivoli is closed for rehearsal.

At the Central "The White Tigress of Japan" will be followed by another highly sensational melodrama, "Escaped from the Harem," which will also be produced on a scale of splendor. The story of "Escaped from the Harem" is founded on facts. The entire Central company will appear.

The Orpheum promises a novelty in the "Spook Minstrels," which will be seen for the first time in this city. The "Spooks" are said to be utterly unlike any other aggregation of burnt cork artists. Harry Corson Clarke, Joseph Lehmann, and Margaret Dale Owen will appear in a comedietta, "Strategy." Dave Genaro and Ray Bailey, the poetic cakewalkers, will present "A Cigarette Case." Nat Crane will assist them, in the part of "The Smile That Won't Come Off." Professor Allinei, direct from London, will introduce his remarkable trained monkey, "Petro, the Great."

At the Chutes the newcomers will be: The celebrated Mexican Quintet of vocalists and instrumentalists; Cliff Deane and his company of comedians in an original sketch; Dan Reclaw, the "Bike King"; Joseph Dreano, black face monologist; and Leona Clifton, singer of illustrated ballads.

Goodwin's Unwise Thrift

A tip came to me from the East that the failure of Nat Goodwin in "Beauty and the Barge" was partly due to the rottenness of his company. Since entering the capitalistic class Mr. Goodwin has become very thrifty. When he came to this city on his last visit he was surrounded by mediocre mummers, and his company this season, I am told, was much worse. In London "Beauty and the Barge" was the success of the season, and even so critically severe a person as A. B. Walkeley found it pleasant and instructive. When Mr. Frohman obtained the play for Mr. Goodwin, the friends of that actor smiled broadly and could hardly restrain their enthusiasm until the first night. The mild surprise that was expressed on the faces of the audience who saw the first performance in America at the Lyceum theatre would have pleased the patriot much, for mingled with it was a certain amount of pity for the unfortunates of London. The story that held together the character sketches of W. W. Jacobs was of the most impossible kind. Such of the humor of the author as had been retained was atrophied by the most blatant old time stage tricks and when the play was not ridiculous it was in the main soporific. Mr. Goodwin did excellent work, as good as he has ever done. But the explanation of his friends for this miscalculated endeavor is that the English people, out of their love for the queer stories by Jacobs, are willing to stand for a great deal more than the Americans are.

Lucky Helen

Helen Bertram, according to her press agent, has "won even greater honors in vaudeville" than as "leading soprano with the Bostonians" and "producers in the legitimate field are striving hard to lure her back to the regular stage." According to this same press agent, whom I should hate to believe a fictionist, "no less than three prominent New York managers wish to feature Miss Bertram in Broadway productions," and it is probable that when her vaudeville contracts expire, she will accept the offer of one of the trio. I rather suspect that Miss Bertram, feeling that she cannot enthuse audiences on the Circuit, is trying to work a little boomlet for herself. She was not a great hit at the Orpheum when she appeared here, though it was expected that she would magnetize her audiences as she had bewitched poor Teddy Henley, George d' Essauer, E. J. Morgan and others. I hear that Miss Bertram, by the way, is still devoted to Morgan and that they are as much in love as ever.

George Calvert has joined the "York State Folks" company. Calvert is a San Francisco boy who went upon the stage a year or so ago and has made considerable success in character parts.

Olive Oliver, of Ethel Barrymore's company, is an Oakland girl, who has been on the stage for many years and who has been entrusted with all kinds of parts, from leads to old women. She is one of the champion women fencers of the United States.

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At the Orpheum

The female impersonator, "the male Vesta Tilly," Julian Eltinge, has shocked some and pleased others at the Orpheum since he frou-froued upon the stage on Sunday. Eltinge is a college man and first made a hit as a ballet-girl in the college dramatic performances, as did Dick Harlowe, who played Queen Isabella in the first "1492" company. I do not think men ever take kindly to the female impersonator, but women always find them "cute" and "cunning," as they do those of their sex who have made hits in masculine attire. Eltinge is very clever in his line, and if his voice were not so unmistakably male, it would be hard to believe him other than his petticoats and coquetterics proclaim. Buckner, the bicyclist, does some daring stunts, and the other new people are acceptable.

The Royal Hawaiian Band

The Royal Hawaiian Band's farewell concerts, under direction of Belasco, Mayer and Price, occur at the Alhambra on the afternoons and evenings of next Monday and Tuesday. The dusky musicians are booked to sail homeward to Honolulu on the *Manchuria*. Captain Berger, the picturesque director, has controlled the band ever since its organization by the Emperor of Germany. Madame Alapai, the prima donna, in her thrilling soprano, sings the indescribably magnetic native songs of the South Sea Islands, interpreted with such sweetness and spirit by the glee club. Years may elapse before the Hawaiian singers and instrumentalists again obtain government permission to leave the islands and these final opportunities to hear them are not to be neglected.

The Fitch and Thomas Plays

A correspondent writes me from Broadway that Clyde Fitch's "Her Great Match," written for Maxine Elliott, and Augustus Thomas's "De Lancey," written for John Drew, are nice ladilike plays that afford a pleasing view of the smart set. Fitch has become more sloppy than ever. His play is a timid appeal to gushy sentiment. Both playwrights depend largely on dialogue, and have turned the stage into a rostrum.

Richard Mansfield will give the first presentation of his new play, "Don Carlos," in Chicago on Monday, October sixteenth, and shortly after will bring it here, to the Grand.

Eleanor Robson will give a special matinee performance of the double bill, the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" and Browning's "In a Balcony," during her coming Columbia engagement.

A Picturesque War Play

There were many little brown men in the audience at the Central on Monday night, and they became enthusiastic as "The White Tigress of Japan" progressed. It is quite the most thrilling melodrama we have had here in a long time, and its thrills are of a patriotic nature that stir the heart to the core. A small mint of money must have been spent upon the scenery and costumes, which are of great beauty and richness. The first act shows as pretty a setting as that in "The Geisha." Mayall has the role of an American naval officer and Shumer is a Russian vice-admiral, Corrigan's brogue is disguised in Chinese costume and Webster is a Jap 'rikisha man. Miss Elsmere has the exacting role of the Tigress. The play has made a ripping hit, and could easily enjoy a run if the theatre's policy permitted.

—*The Playgoer.*

Scene from "The Last Appeal," at the Alcazar

Fights, Fighting and Fighters

(Continued from Page 9)

I forced my mind from contemplation of these sanguinary death-dealing conflicts. I looked with calmness and equanimity at the gladiators now before me; I scanned the countenances of each; I looked knowingly and quizzically at the faces and forms of the fighters, with the hope to read their inmost thoughts at the crucial moment; just when each was to depend upon himself—the moment that tries the soul. Both men looked serious but anxious. Courage and impetuosity flashed from the eyes of Britt; Nelson gazed stolidly at his adversary.

The men fought a great battle, and few have not read the descriptions printed in the local press.

I shall not undertake to describe it.

We witnessed a great exhibition—the athletic form, the bright eyes, the steady nerve, the bearing up under stress and strain; the final assault, the one last, mighty effort, resulted not in death, but in a triumphant victory over science, daring, courage and skill—and James Edward Britt has yielded "the undisputed lightweight championship of the world" to Battling Nelson, the dauntless Dane.

Much has been said of prize-fighting; men have fought, and will fight as long as man wants more, and prefers to have rather than to have not; so long as he seeks admiration and craves applause.

Life is a veritable fight between the fit and the unfit.

All life finally ends in a death struggle.

Some persons like not the word fight—they prefer the mildness of "contest"; these soft-word drinkers never get "drunk," but only "tipsy"; they object to the word and not to the act denoted by it; to them fighting is all right, so long as it is known as a contest. I prefer the word "fight" to "contest"—it's stronger, bolder, and means more; means just what life is, and what I like most; therefore we will talk of fights, fighting and fighters. I have seen a hundred prize-fights; and a thousand times have I been thrilled by a masterful exhibition of strength, and skill, and courage—the strength of youth, the skill of an acrobat, the courage of a Numidian lion. Not only by my presence have I endorsed prize-fighting, but I have done so in the Senate Chamber, and I do so now. It is a builder of nerves; it makes weak nerves strong; timid men courageous; it substitutes the gloved hand for the knife, pistol, dirk or brass knuckles; it gives man confidence in himself, makes him self-reliant, as he faces an adversary. The prize fighter depends upon his own powers for a place on fame's ladder. The prize-ring is the forum where physical and mental manhood is weighed and measured by the same yard-stick and scales; where rewards come to the true victor only; friends cannot help, and enemies cannot hinder—on with the fight, and may the best man win!

Where else on earth do we find men as equally matched as in the prize-ring—where they are stripped and weighed, just as the gong sounds? The place of the fighting has been agreed upon; a learned and impartial judge holds the scales of justice; intelligent training has schooled the fighters in the art of attack and defense; the battle is pitched on equal ground; the time to begin is agreed upon; weapons are the same; and one man can have advantage only in his sphere of courage, skill, daring, and, lastly, in that unconquerable spirit of individual manhood which fashioned Caesar, Napoleon and Grant, and which flashed from the eye of every hero, who has claimed the admiration of mankind on every battlefield from Marathon to Yorktown, and in which the love of freedom has immortalized

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the hero who fought and fell that humanity might enjoy equal liberty, equal rights, and equal opportunity before the law.

In the roped arena man stands erect by his own power; here no wealth, or name, or fame, save such as are achieved by himself, can aid him in his contest; where no advantage of birth, or wealth, weigh in his favor. In the prize-ring men are measured against men; weighed against men, of nerve and muscle, of heart and brain—and not against money and corrupt power; and here only are the rich and the poor given an equal chance—the boiler-maker and the banker, the plumber and the plough-boy—measure brain and brawn; individual merits and not inherited or stolen wealth are matched.

Indeed, the prize-ring offers rewards for strong manhood and individuality; and its rewards come only to the fearless, yet cautious, and to the persistent, daring, and the brave; it cannot make men just, but it does make all men think and hope more for justice; it does give an opportunity for man to stand erect by his own individual power, and strength, and measure with exactness, his power, his skill, his courage, and his learning in the art of self-defense, against an opponent who has no advantage save it be in one of these special powers; powers which are the result of health, of right living, of birth, of blood and of a courage which knows no defeat.

Automobile Topics

The new 40 h. p. Packard '06 model will be received by the Pacific Motor Car Company about the middle of October. The Pacific Motor Car Company will remove this week from their present quarters at 49 City Hall avenue to 425 Golden Gate avenue.

In Death Valley

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of a letter from Tonopah, advising that the model A Winton touring car, bought by John F. McKane, is doing great work. The machine is at present in Death Valley, being the first motor car to visit those regions. The letter further states that Mr. McKane is very much impressed with the machine, and especially the manner in which it eats up the hills.

Autoists at Byron

The continued good weather and excellent condition of the roads still attracts many automobilists to Byron Hot Springs. Among those who arrived last week were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Lent of San Francisco, accompanied by Miss Land of Syracuse, in Mr. Lent's now Winton; Mr. and Mrs. Weilbye with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Schrock of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. J. McCutcheon, Miss Delaney and F. P. Boone Jr. of Berkeley in Mr. McCutcheon's big Cadillac.

Up From the South

C. A. Watson and E. C. Sterling, both of Redlands, arrived in San Francisco last week after a delightful trip up the coast in two White steam touring cars. Mr. Watson, who is accompanied by his wife, two children and a governess, was touring about Santa Barbara when he was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Sterling for the journey north. The Sterlings have been autoing in their steam car in Southern California since the middle of JuJly. They report the roads on the trip to this city in fair condition. Not a solitary breakdown and no punctures occurred to either car during the run of over five hundred miles.

The Pioneer Company is much elated over receipt of information from the Winton factory to the effect that there will be early deliveries this season. The sample new model K is expected to arrive about October fifteenth and carload shipments will follow very shortly thereafter. This is three months earmlier than they have ever been able to make deliveries before. E. P. Brinegar, manager of the Pioneer Company, says this means at least fifty additional sales for the company. The sample car will be brought out by express.

General Manager C. A. Hawkins, of the White Sewing Machine Company, of this city, states that sixty-one orders have already been placed in California for the 1906 White car, which breaks all sales records for automobiles in the West. This is the new side-entrance White.

The Pioneer Company last week sold Winton touring cars to C. Ratto of this city and Charles Houseman, of Oakland. Percy Walker of Oakland is now the possessor of a large touring car purchased from the Pioneer people.

The Pioneer Company reports the following sales of Oldsmobiles for last week: M. Prince and E. S. Johnston of this city and R. C. Kirkwood, of Mt. View.

Locks for the Tonneau Doors

A few English automobilists are adopting the expedient of applying locks to their tonneau doors in the effort to prevent chauffeurs from taking their "girls" on unauthorized trips, the idea being that the necessity for climbing into the tonneau in an undignified manner will prevent, or at least check, the practice. It may be that the young women who are affected by English chauffeurs are too dignified to climb over the sides of a tonneau; but the tonneau of an American car that would remain empty under such circumstances would have to possess extremely high sides.

Tips to Motorists

The automobilist should always keep in mind the fact that the constant vibration of the car will loosen, open or shake off anything that is capable of being jarred out of place; the mischief that can be accomplished in this way is sometimes surprising. Cocks and taps should always be carefully watched, for if they are not tight they will surely jar open. The relief cocks on the cylinders will, of course, give instant warning when they are open by the hissing of the escaping gas; but dram cocks in oil chambers will quietly allow the last drop of oil to run off, leaving the bearings or gears without lubrication. Drain cocks in the water system will also do their mischief silently, the automobilist knowing nothing of what is happening until his engine begins to overheat.

—The Chauffeur.

REMOVAL

Pacific Motor Car Company

FROM

49 City Hall Avenue

TO

425 Golden Gate Avenue

BETWEEN

POLK AND LARKIN

Why Tom Left Home

By Elizabeth Lee.

[Being the explanation of Tom Smith's departure for Canton, "on business for his firm" that will keep him in the Far East for five years, said journey following directly upon his return to town after six weeks spent in a round of the summer resorts.]

Mr. Smith's mail-bag, accumulations of five weeks, on his desk upon his return.

I.

The Home Farm, July tenth.

Darling Tom,

It is too lonesome for anything since you left. I wish you had promised to write, but you were too mean for anything about that. However I have put in the time developing the snap-shots the kid took of us. They are so sweet. I will save them to show you when we meet in town. There is one—naughty boy—where you were stealing a kiss. Of course it is all right, since we are engaged. I have not told a soul. You see I want to get a leave of absence, as that is always better than resigning from the Department. I am dying to tell my chum—may I not tell her? Oh, you dear man. I never thought I would care so much about anybody as I do about you. Just think, in four weeks I shall be back in the city, and at my old occupation of teaching the young idea how to shoot. Thank heaven, it will only be for a month or so. Then—oh, dear Tom.

Your own little schoolma'am, ANNIE.

II.

Tahoe Tavern, July twenty-fifth.

Dearest Tom,

There are occasional experiences, my love, that last a lifetime. Such an enduring delight is that last moonlight trip of ours on the Lake. Do you remember, dearest, how the lake was in one of its restless moods, covered with white caps, and the water looked like myriads of diamonds, on a background of deepest violet? I remember, darling, how you said the diamonds were like my eyes. It was an occasion where brilliant repartee was out of place. I had no words to answer you when—and I was not angry when—oh, love, sometimes I wonder if I am the same woman who was satisfied to live a life of emptiness. What are books, music, culture, without the kindred soul to enjoy with one? I never expected to meet my ideal when I engaged myself to Jack. But I have given him his freedom. As soon as I return to town, I will tell you what I could not so long as I was bound to Jack. Dear love, dear love, let my return be soon.

MARGUERITE.

III.

The Hamlet, Napa County, August first.

Dear old chappie,

I have just been out for a ride, and wished you were along. I was thinking of what you said on our last ride together—that it would be grand if we two could ride abreast all our lives. And I have been thinking it over. After all, being a rich widow is not all cakes and ale. I think I should not mind marrying again, Tom. Since you were so insistent, I have been thinking it over, and am going to make you happy. So I will name the day as soon as I return to San Francisco. I shall be at the St. Francis on the first of September.

Your good comrade,

ISABEL MOORE GRANT.

IV.

Del Monte, August tenth.

Darling old Tom,

What a great time that last day was. I have been mooning about the links all morning thinking it over. Do you know you are the first man who ever dared kiss me? I used to think a kiss the silliest kind of frivolity, but I don't now that I know. I have told mamma, and she is very pleased. She thinks it all right, for you are the correct thing and all that. She knew your mother well in early days, and says nothing would please her better than you for a son-in-law. What is the matter, dear boy, that you have not written since you went to Burlingame? I have been expecting a letter, or at least a phone, ever since you left.

Your silly little girl, MAMIE.

V.

The Rooks, Burlingame, August twentieth.

Mr. Tom,

Yu have not ritten as yu sed yu wuld. It wuz reel meen to

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would be dry as dust without some good wine when the toast to "our distinguished guest" is proposed. For all social occasions call on us for the ingredients for punches, the wines to accompany the feast, the champagnes to hold aloft when the name of honor is is to be toasted. For quality and cost compared we stand every fair test.
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go away like that and never say gud by, when yu sed yu luved mee so wel. I cant rite the Ingleesh wel, but yu kno that I am wiling to give up thees plase if yu say so eny moment. Madame wil be goin to the ceety sunn and then I wil telefon yu.

MARIE.

VI.

Hotel Regis, New York, August nineteenth.

My dear Tom,

You will see by the above that I am on my homeward way. Papa grew dead tired of Europe, and so I said I was willing to come back. I have some of the sweetest frocks for my trousseau. You will fall in love with me over again when you see me in one particularly chic white lace with elbow sleeves and demi-decollete. I have had a rattling good time but am glad to think I am to be married and settle down this winter. I hope you can give up your bachelorhood with good grace. I do love you, Tom, even if I have seemed cold. Is it not fine that we have never told a soul of our engagement, and can spring a surprise on the whole set? I shall be home in a fortnight. How lonesome you must have been, dear boy. I blow a kiss to you.

Your really truly girl, JENNIE W.

VII.

Santa Cruz, September first.

Well, sweetheart, I am coming home. I can scarcely wait. And I have some news for you. Will it astonish you, I wonder? Shall I wait and tell you when we meet? No, I'll tell you now. I shall be FREE in a month. You'll have to wait the legal year —but we may be able to get around that. I told my husband that I could no longer live with him. We are so hopelessly incompatible, you know. I could have stood it—had I not met you. But you are the ideal lover, Tom. And I wonder I ever lived without knowing you. Everything is roseate now since you came into my life. Do you remember you saw at once that I belonged to the unhappy army of misunderstood wives? I never met a man with such intuition as yours. I am wildly, madly happy, Tom. I go about my cottage singing, singing. And every time I plunge into the surf I think of our first meeting. You called me Venus—do you remember? You might have better called me Undine. But I have found my soul, Tom, I have found my soul.

LAURA WILLIS ROBINSON.

September, 1905.

The Bridge

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Here passes the world when the day is done;
The toiler, released by the coming night,
The child of misfortune, the rich man's son,
And shapes that are born with the waning light.
I loiter again where the discords meet
And list to the hurry of eager feet
Which startles, as louder the noises grow,
The echoes that hide in the dusk below.

No prejudice here; it receives the great
And misses them not when at last they pass,
Departing like those of a lesser state,
As transient as breath on a looking-glass;
It welcomes the king with his pageant, proud,
Or sanctions revolt of the maddened crowd
While onward the river in restless throb
Laps in through its arches with feeble sob.

Strange shadows flit here when the throng has passed,
Queer wraiths of the quay from the darkness sprung,
Things lost on the course where their life is cast
That vanish when dawn is with crimson hung;
These linger, with me, while desire outstrips
The word that hangs pending on phantom lips,
And turn, as with hope, as the silence brings
The theme of the song that the river sings.

September, 1905.

THE SAVOY
POST AND POWELL STREETS

Facing a Tropical Park, Refreshed by Ocean Breezes—in *The Heart of San Francisco* is the comfortable and perfectly apppointed

HOTEL SAVOY

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Manlove, who have leased the hotel for a term of years are now receiving applications from persons desiring accommodations for the fall and winter.

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Transients Accommodated

GERMEA

FOR

BREAKFAST

United Crafts and Arts
ORLOF N. ORLOW, Founder

¶ *Crafts Furniture is not expensive. It has no ornate shams to swell the bill.*

147 PRESIDIO AVENUE

Others' Philosophy

By the Gleaner.

From "A Dark Lantern," by Elizabeth Robins:

(Katherine): "Another reason why people should marry young." Instead of being divided by jealousy of the days unshared, they are bound by common memories.

"Happily, or even busily surrounded, we forget that it is only by virtue of others that we properly exist at all. As well try to live without people, as play ball without wall or racquet for it to rebound from—or hands to keep it going. When we fly to books, it is again to people that we go—again we reach out for companionship, for those assurances without which we perish, assurances no man finds within himself, not the most philosophic nor the best."

(Katherine): "A cynic is only a sentimentalist whose feelings have been dreadfully hurt."

From "Candida," by George Bernard Shaw:

(Proserpine): "* * * They're only half a dozen ignorant and conceited costermongers without five shillings between them."

(Morell): "Ah, but you see they're near relatives of mine, Miss Garnett."

(Proserpine): "Relatives of yours!"

(Morell): "Yes: we have the same father—in Heaven."

(Morell): "A parson is like a doctor; he must face infection as a soldier must face bullets."

(Morell): "* * * get married—get married to a good woman; and then you'll understand. That's a foretaste of what will be best in the Kingdom of Heaven we are trying to establish on earth. That will cure you of dawdling. An honest man feels that he must pay Heaven for every hour of happiness with a good spell of hard, unselfish work to make others happy. We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it."

(Proserpine): It must be so nice to be a man and have a fine penetrating intellect instead of mere emotions like us, and to know that the reason we don't share your amorous delusions is that we're all jealous of one another!"

(Morell): "It is easy—terribly easy—to shake a man's faith in himself. To take advantage of that to break a man's spirit is devil's work."

(Marchbanks): "All the love in the world is longing to speak; only it dare not, because it is shy, shy, *shy*. That is the world's tragedy. . . . Wicked people means people who have no love: therefore they have no shame. They have the power to ask love because they don't need it; they have the power to offer it because they have none to give. But we, who have love, and long to mingle it with the love of others: we can't utter a word."

(Marchbanks): "Nothing that's worth saying is proper."

(Proserpine): "If you want original conversation, you'd better go and talk to yourself."

(Marchbanks): That is what all poets do: they talk to themselves out loud; and the world overhears them. But it's horribly lonely not to hear some one else talk sometimes."

(Morell): "Man can climb to the highest summits; but he cannot dwell there too long."

(Marchbanks): "It's false: there can he dwell for ever and there only. It's in the other moments that he can find no rest, no sense of the silent glory of life."

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Music

A New Composer Here

Recently there came to Alameda Professor C. A. Rossignol, who was director of music and dean of the musical department of the Kansas Wesleyan University for many years. The professor's wife is an invalid, and it is hoped that our climate will restore her to health. They have one child, a little daughter of four years, who already shows the possession of musical talent. Mr. Rossignol has been very much feted since he came West, by the cultured set of Alameda, and has made many friends. He is a

IRENE PALMER, Pianiste,
Pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt.

thorough musician, has considerable skill as a violinist, and sings well. He is also a composer, and I have seen the published score of an opera he wrote to words by John Crittendon Gorsuch. It is a romantic opera somewhat of the same quality as the once popular "Lurline" and "Satanella," and is titled "Zuliema." The story of the opera is founded on an incident during the reign of Alexander the Great, and has for its principal characters Orsino, a soldier, and Chitra, princess of Delhi, and Zuliema, her favorite maid. A very charming romance, with some tragic features, is woven about the loves of Chitra and her maid for Orsino, and Mr. Rossignol's music is fine and strong, descriptive of the story. The composer was entertained at a musicale at the home of Mrs. George H. Perry in Willow street, Alameda, recently, and contributed to the program with the bass solo, "My Power Behold," from his opera, and also gave the Armorer's Song from "Robin Hood," and the "Bandolero" by Stewart. He played several violin selections, among them the Romance by Leonard, without accompaniment.

Stark in St. Louis

Herr Ferdinand Stark is leading the orchestra of fifty musicians at the Alps, the big open air cafe in St. Louis, in which Charles Strine and his brother are interested. Stark has made a great impression there as an orchestra leader. Eugene Cowles sings solos at the Alps every night.

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Greenbaum Attractions

Two famous pianists are to visit the coast this season—Alfred Reisenauer and Harold Bauer. Only once before has Reisenauer been in this country, but a single tour was sufficient to win him recognition as an artist of the very first rank. This year he leaves his German home to make his second American visit, under the direction of Loudon G. Charlton, who has arranged for his appearance in the principal cities, both in concert and with the principal orchestras. Bauer has been in this country three times in six years, and his fourth visit bids fair to eclipse his previous triumphs. It is an interesting fact that Bauer took up the study of the violin, and gave evidence of rare attainments as a player of that instrument, before he decided to devote himself exclusively to the piano. His decision was largely the result of persuasion brought to bear by Paderewski, who induced him to go to Paris to study under his tutelage. Unusual interest is manifested in the announcement that Mme. Gadski will again visit the coast. The great Wagnerian soprano will soon return to this country, after spending the summer at her home in Berlin, and will make a transcontinental tour under Mr. Charlton's direction, locally appearing under Greenbaum's management. Two young artists who will tour the western states together are Mlle. Elsa Ruegger, the Belgian 'cellist, and Miss Marie Nichols, a violinist.

This is going to be one of the most interesting musical seasons we have ever had. The grand opera at the Tivoli has had an exceptionally brilliant opening, and the concert season has already opened with eclat. Will Greenbaum promises us Emma Eames in concert next month, and other celebrities are to follow in rapid succession.

The Minetti Concerts

On Friday evening, October twentieth, will be given the first of the six chamber music concerts of the Minetti String Quartet Series. The program will be: Piano Quartet in B flat No. 1, Mozart; Adagio and Scherzo from String Quartet in D minor, op. 77, Raff; Piano Quintet in E flat, op. 44, Schumann. Hermann Genss will be the pianist.

Irene Palmer's Recital

With each succeeding year little Irene Palmer's ability has developed to rarer power, and now she well deserves the descrip-

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tion one critic gave her—"A brilliant star." Irene will give a piano recital in Steinway hall next Thursday evening, September twenty-eighth, at a quarter after eight o'clock, when the following program will be given Sonata, op. 2, No. 3, Adagio, Scherzo, Allegro, Beethoven; Impromptu, B flat, op. 142, No. 3, Schubert; Nocturne, op. 44, No. 5, Rubinstein, Scherzo, G flat, Rheinberger, Air, E minor, op. 50, Moszkowski Capriccio, C major, op. 50, Moszkowski; Walzer-Caprice, E minor, op. 37, No. 2, Grieg, Scherzo humoristique, op. 19, No. 2, Tschaikowsky, Melody, G flat, op. 10, No. 1, S. Liebling, Tarantelle, A minor, op. 25, Zarembski; Sonetto del Petrarca, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 11, List.

Madame Cecile von Seiberlich has opened her Polk street studio for the season, having returned from her vacation trip to the mountains.

Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup sang before the Adelphian Club of Alameda on the nineteenth, the program being of Strauss's music.

Alyce Gates has returned from her visit to San Francisco.

The Loring Club concert was given on Tuesday night, too late to be reviewed in this week's issue. —*The Music Critic.*

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Letters

The Incompetents of Bookdom

The London "Academy" is crying out to "young writers of genius" to invent some new form of the novel, and the New York "Tribune" replies that if there are any young writers of genius they can employ themselves profitably in doing something worth while with the forms of the novel which we already have, and adds that there is more need for new geniuses than for new forms of the novel. What would be more to the present purpose than either new geniuses or new forms of the novel is dexterity in the use of the tools of the trade by all our writers, hacks and geniuses, young and old, novelists and otherwise. The slipshodness which passes unquestioned today would have disgraced a grammar school pupil a generation ago. Elementary faults are so common, such a matter of course, that it seems like a hopeless task to call attention to them with any hope of betterment. We have predicates quarreling with their nominatives if a modifier happens to intervene, and the nominative form of the pronouns following

NELSON LLOYD

Author of "Mrs. Radigan," Published by Charles Scribner's Sons

prepositions. Words which happen to sound like or look like the one which would fit the case are made use of, and it is a red-letter day when the unspeakable "dove" is not substituted for "dived." Constructions are so clumsy that it needs an old-fashioned exercise in analysis to discover the meaning concealed by the words. Figures of speech are introduced not by way of elucidation but to fill space, and mixed metaphors and comparisons which can mean nothing are used as a matter of course. Repetitions of sounds and words follow each other until one is forced to recall the old quatrain:

"Over the sea, see the flamingo flaming go,
The lark hie high, the swallow follow low,
The small bees busy at their threshold old,
The lambs lamenting their threefold fold."

It may be easy writing but it makes the hardest kind of reading. One-half of the energy which is wasted in searching out "local color" and trying to evolve new situations and hit upon unhackneyed historical periods could be bestowed to advantage on the mechanics of the work. There are no new plots. There is no possible combination of one man and two women or two men and one woman which has not been written about from every possible point of view, and the only opening left for "young writers of genius" is to tell the old stories again in such a way that their telling will attract and hold attention. It is not the office of the reviewer to perform schoolmaster's duties, and in consequence, the abominable English which is to be found between book covers goes unchallenged. If college graduates, who attend school up to and past their middle twenties, cannot construct grammatical sentences, there is small hope that they would understand, were their most glaring faults pointed out to them. The faculties of colleges and universities have been making complaint for at

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least a decade past that the students who present themselves from the preparatory schools are deficient, and that colleges and universities cannot be expected to go back and do the preliminary work. Apparently it has not occurred to them to put up the bars and refuse to receive those who are incompetent. The colleges establish their own criteria. In many cases it is the college professors who dominate the course of study from the kindergarten up, and it lies within the power of the faculty to discredit such secondary schools as do not fit their graduates for the college course. Evidently, then, it is not the secondary schools, but the colleges which should bear the brunt of the blame for the shortcomings. Geniuses have always been rare birds. They come unheralded and when they come they make their own laws, but that is an entirely different matter from the license accorded the ordinary journeyman writers to break all existing and established laws. The effort which is required to read the average book of the so-called young genius is akin to walking barefoot over a stony road in the dark and bringing up against a dead wall at the end of it. It is a painful process which does not pay. Where all are mediocre there is no occasion to specify any particular offender, but no harm will result if each cock-sure pen-pusher will take it to himself and imagine a gigantic finger pointing straight toward him, with the legend, "This means you."

Dr. May's Articles

Charles Warren Stoddard is going to contribute a series of "Old Mission Idyls,"—not "idols," as a contemporary announced—to "Sunset." He has another volume now in the hands of his publishers, and soon to make its appearance. In connection with "Sunset" and the missions, I wonder why that very excellent series of articles by Dr. May, "El Camino Real," has never appeared in book form, or if they were collected between covers, why the secret has been so carefully kept. It seems as though every one who comes to California, overland, by sea, or with the assistance of the stork, feels under obligations to say something about the missions, but few are so capable of being both entertaining and instructive as Dr. May, who followed the route of the padres through New Mexico and Arizona, up to our own doors.

Longmans, Green and Company have ready for immediate publication the third volume of Jerome Hart's travel letters, "A Levantine Log Book." It will make a companion to the "Argonaut Letters" and "Two Argonauts in Spain," and those who have enjoyed the earlier volumes ought to want their successor. Mr. Hart wisely eschews descriptions of the guide book wonders, and tells the little intimate, personal experiences and impressions and events which make each traveler's experience unique. One has no inclination to skip, and the mind does not take backward journeys in search of the last place that one met with the same facts. The illustrations will be from original photographs, and the volume promises to be as attractive in every respect as its two predecessors.

A dramatized version of Horace Annesley Vachell's novel, "The Shadowy Third," made by Horace Wyndham, has been tried on the Glasgow dog. English novelists are not only dramatizing everything possible, but there has been a wholesale going over, nearly every fictionist of note, and a good many without it, having tried his hand at writing drama.

Joaquin Miller's "Building of the City Beautiful," published serially in "The Arena" in the early part of the year, is to come out in book form immediately.

A partial list of the Scribner publications for the coming season promises a veritable feast. "The House of Mirth," Edith Wharton's novel, will be one of the most important productions of the year, no matter what there may be to challenge comparison. There is to be a new Hopkinson Smith, "The Wood Fire in No. 3," and a new collection of J. B. Connolly's tales of the Gloucester fishermen, "The Deep Sea's Toll." Besides these, there will be "Kipps, the Story of a Simple Soul," by H. G. Wells, a new "Raffles" book and a novel by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and Miss Repplier's delightful recollections of her school days when she was eleven years old and was a boarder at a convent near Philadelphia. James Hunneker's "Visionaries," Frederick Howe's "The City: the Hope of Democracy," Carolyn Wells' Parody Anthology, and half a score more, all out of the ordinary ruts, are listed for early appearance.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

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The Partridge Debut

Mr. John S. Partridge, fusion candidate for Mayor, made a very fine impression on the occasion of his campaign debut. His utterances were those of a man imbued with a sensibility of the exalted character of the office to which he hopes to be elected. There was the true ring of sincerity in his speech. It was a manly, straight-from-the-shoulder talk, free from over-emphasis, and eloquent of a courageous purpose to make an aggressive fight for clean government. Mr. Partridge started out, not as a mere job-chaser, but as an exponent of the higher patriotism that is not expressed in the sound of musketry but which guards the interests of a country in time of peace. He dedicated himself to the redemption of San Francisco, and set forth these as the guiding principles by which he expects to take his course: To keep faith with his friends; to promise little and only what he can perform; to treat all men with impartiality; to reverence, enforce and obey the law. It is safe to predict that Mr. Partridge will cause the people of San Francisco to sit up and take notice. Up to the time of his salutatory the Schmitz boomers were in great glee, but their enthusiasm has abated somewhat in the course of a week. Mr. Partridge has shown that he is not devoid of magnetism, that he knows how to galvanize an audience into life and persuade men to repose confidence in his professions. Mr. Partridge will throw the Schmitz boomers into a panic before the close of the campaign. The hurrah at the wind-up is always more to be wished than the hurrah that proclaims the going up of the barrier.

Delaying the Canal Project

It is not hard to account for the sudden and widespread hostilities to the Panama Canal project that have arisen in Washington. There is a very earnest desire on the part of several powerful interests to harass President Roosevelt and retard his efforts to correct certain lamentable abuses. If he can be kept busy disentangling his pet enterprise, he will not have much time to attend to other matters. If the transcontinental railroads have been discrediting operations at Panama and trying to make it hard for a plan to be agreed upon, it is not because they are seriously alarmed over the probable effect of the water route on their business. They are more concerned for their immediate interests with which President Roosevelt promises to deal. They know that it would be vain for them to attempt to delay the project, for they could not cut much of a figure in the matter, and besides, they feel that by the time the canal is completed the development of the country will have gone forward so rapidly, and the canal will make so much new business on the lines that feed American harbors favorably affected, that the net results will be beneficial. The effect of the canal on their business is not worrying the railroads so much as the legislation to be proposed, affecting rates. That legislation is what they wish to delay. But, of course, there are other interests opposed to the construction of the canal, interests that have been overridden in the Roosevelt canal policy. Advocates of other routes are still active, and Admiral Walker and his associates, who were railroaded out of office, are not indifferent spectators of the confusion which has developed. We are told that the engineers are divided on the question of the feasibility of a lockless passage or strait, but the canal demanded by the conditions is the lock canal that can be completed in the shortest time and opened to navigation, to be transformed when necessary into a sea level passage without interruption of traffic. We are told that a canal without locks is not feasible, because the tides on the Atlantic and Pacific sides of the isthmus do not synchronize. For half a century before De Lesseps dug the Suez Canal much was said of the impossibility of reconciling the waters of the Mediterranean and the waters of the Red Sea to mutually harmonious behavior. The difference in the mean level of the two seas, it was thought, made the lockless canal impracticable. The same difficulty exists in connection with the Panama Canal. There was also a failure of the waters of the Gulf of Suez and of the tideless Mediterranean to synchronize, but De Lesseps exploded many false theories when he dug the ditch. There is much of a purely speculative character in engineering, with all its facts and figures.

Accidents by Rail

Another train was wrecked last week, many passengers were injured, and some were killed. Despite the numerous devices of recent invention to insure the safety of travelers, accidents occur, as a result, usually, not of mechanical defects, but of the failure of some individual to perform a duty to which he has been assigned. Quite often the responsible individual is a flagman who has neglected to flag a train. A conductor is sometimes to blame, and not infrequently it is the engineer, who knows that on his alertness depends not only his own life but the lives of many passengers. In most instances the delinquent fails in the performance of his duty through sheer thoughtlessness. He is sensible of the gravity of his responsibility, he has the ability to perform the duties of his position, and yet he does not perform them. The simple fact is that the human mechanism breaks down; in some unexplainable way a mental cog is slipped. Perhaps the great strain incident to the grave responsibility put upon railroad men is destructive of the mechanism, which must be unimpaired, if perfect service is to be rendered. Traveling by rail will always be hazardous while the safety of passengers rests in the hands of a single person. At present there is no check on the fallible mechanism of a human unit.

The Prig Pedantic

Various are the manifestations of the rudeness of that quixotic person who with fatuous persistency attempts to indoctrinate every writer with his theories of syntax and punctuation. Sometimes he writes to an author to complain of a split infinitive; sometimes he gratuitously instructs an editor in nice distinctions in the use of words and the importance of the hyphen; sometimes, in the indulgence of his curious conceit, he defaces books in the libraries, thus becoming worse than a mere nuisance. We have discovered that this academic ass occasionally poses as a professional reader of MS., and offers to revise matter for publication. It is in his leisure hours, which are num-

erous, that the hack bores and offends with the samples of his unhandiwork, proofs of his unfitness for the occupation in which he obtains money by false pretenses. With the temerity characteristic of the purblind this pestiferous prig, in the exuberance of his ignorance, invites the laughter of the literate by his very zeal in the role of purist. The offensive pedant who undertakes to censor the English of everybody else is seldom learned in the philosophy of language. His rashness in hypercriticism is significant of a superficial knowledge of his subject. His prototype was that Oxford graduate employed by a London publisher, who rewrote the work of a famous but to him unknown author. The pedant studied certain rules at school, and he has them at his tongue's end; but he is often blissfully unconscious of the fact that a language which is not a dead language is progressive. Scornful is he of good usage when fundamental principles are concerned. It would shock him to learn that even the humble printer played havoc with logic when he made it customary to place periods and commas inside of quotation marks. Not long ago one of the pedantic prigs informed us that we were guilty of a gross violation of grammatical law when we wrote "California's Prosperity." He said that we should inflect the genitive only of names of living objects. Of course, the rule is much broader, but we know no good reason for stringency in the matter, and have no intention of restricting the flectional possessive to the extent demanded by our critic. Neither do we purpose barring the preposition from the end of a sentence. A firmly established idiom countenances it there, and whenever it limbers a stiff sentence it is welcome. We do not disapprove exactness, but we like ease of expression. To achieve that desideratum we sometimes refrain from placing "only" before the word or phrase it modifies, and there are other hard and fast rules that we frequently ignore. The fact is, we prefer the guidance of a fairly well cultivated instinct to that of grammatical rules, and we don't mind sinning with the Bible or with some of the classic writers. Professor Gildersleeve, whom no one will accuse of lukewarmness towards the study of syntax, has declared is to be a recreation for the superior person. Swift thought so too if we may judge by his many transgressions. The purist detests slang, but we find that it may be used judiciously to season a sentence, and, when we avail ourselves of it, we ease our conscience with the reflection that the barbarism of today is the idiom of tomorrow. It is well to remember that the dictionary is not the court of last resort, that words take on new meanings, and that many newly coined ones die an early death. A few decades ago George Eliot was a jargon of awkward neologisms, but now the works of that author are quainter and more old-fashioned than those of Fielding. The language is more flexible than it is believed to be by the pedant who picks flaws under the misapprehension that in doing so he gives evidence of ability to write. Grammar is a dangerous thing to trifle with as Dean Alford discovered when his book on "The Queen's English" inspired the publication of "The Dean's English." Goold Brown illustrated his grammar with errors found in Murray, and Ambrose Bierce used to enjoy himself lampooning two San Francisco grammarians, who wrote a text-book for the school department. Let us remember that language is for expression, and in our zeal for exactness let us avoid pedantic snobbery. The great stickler for correctness of construction too often unconsciously shows how one may employ language grammatically for the concealment of his thoughts. It is not advisable to be contemptuous of grammar, but all transgressions of grammar are not capital offenses.

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Training the Eternal Feminine

It having been proposed in New York to place girls of twelve and fourteen years in classes with boys, under male teachers and a male principal, a New England contemporary throws up its hands in holy horror and asks, "What next, *what next?*" We don't know the answer, but we should say that the system will prove beneficial. It has worked well in San Francisco, where girls are of the same temperament as those of New York. As long as the Lord sees fit to permit boys and girls to be born into the same families it is difficult to imagine any great disaster which will befall them from attending the same classes and reciting to the same teachers. On the reasonable supposition that the men teachers and men principals are morally fit for the positions they occupy, it is about the best thing that can happen to girls of from twelve years up that they be put under male supervision and discipline and forced to learn masculine ideas of honor. The average girl of fourteen is entering upon the silly stage and she badly needs checking up. She is apt to look upon herself as a young lady, old enough to be emancipated from her mother's control, and to begin to think of beaux and parties, and to give too much of her attention to matters outside of her legitimate school tasks. A judicious male teacher, who can ignore her wiles, and treat her as an ignorant little girl, will often do more toward setting her right in her own eyes than all the Margaret Sangstering that she is likely to get from other sources. Girls of from twelve to fourteen are apt to be impertinent little minxes more in need of a spanking than at any other time since their nursery days. They begin, about that time, to ogle the boys who have no use for them for another five years, and to read sentimental novels in which they see themselves as the heroines. Latter day pedagogues counsel treating them as though they were a new species of angel, just let down from the clouds, whereas they more frequently resemble imps who have come up from below. Viewed from the standpoint of the teachers' platform, girls of from twelve years upward are the most exasperating products of civilization. They have an

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abundance of conceit and egotism, and they can drive a teacher to the verge of lunacy by petty acts deliberately designed to annoy, and yet, in no single instance, of sufficient importance to justify a reprimand. Teachers may be morally certain that seeming accidents and coincidences where girls are concerned are the result of a well matured plan, but there is no way of proving the fact. On the other hand, when a boy feels in a cantankerous mood he will be guilty of some overt act which leaves no question about his deserving reprimand. He will own up to his misdemeanor and take his medicine, and in most cases, settle down to his normal self after it, while a girl, when brought to book, will open her eyes to their widest extent and ask, in a mixture of surprise and indignation, "What was I doing?" and then stand on her dignity, or what passes for it, for a week afterward. Down at the bottom of its heart, the whole female sex is afraid of men. There is always one point, varying in the individual, beyond which they dare not go, and it is probably that which explains why housekeepers, who cannot keep a girl for two successive months, manage Chinese and Japanese help satisfactorily. The man teacher who plants his foot squarely and gives no quarter to his female pupils, blinds his eyes to their blandishment, refuses to condone their fibs and evasions and makes them toe the mark will, in nine cases out of ten, make fine women of them, such as they would never have been under other guidance.

The Much Abused Darlings

It was only to be expected that, with the reopening of the schools, there should arise from all over the land the protest against making "our children study too many hours." We have bills of statistics poked under our noses wherein it is set forth that the tender darlings spend five long hours in the school rooms and then must prepare tasks at home which leave them not a moment between their arrival and bed time. The poor dears must pore over books till nine or ten at night, and go to bed tired out, and wake unrefreshed, and really the fabled horrors of the Inquisition were Mayday frolics as compared to the martyrdom endured by the uncomplaining children of our day. Convicts condemned to the mines of Siberia and the sulphur diggings of Sicily would be glad to exchange places with them. It seems singular that parents are so ready to fly to the newspapers with these imaginary grievances. They ought to be able to remember the days of their own youth, the propensities of childhood towards exaggeration and complaint. That was a deep and wise remark of the dominie in "Sentimental Tommy." He had occasion to complain of the ill-prepared lessons of that redoubtable hero, and was met by Aaron Latta with the answer that it was unaccountable since Tommy sat long over his books each night. "He may be over them but he is not at them," said the dominie. These nestlings who sit with their books from after dinner till bed time are more likely to be meditating on the make-up of the football eleven or the basket-ball team than on their mathematics. It would open the eyes of indulgent parents if they would visit the schools occasionally and make note of the lackadaisical indifference and negative tolerance of the pupils. Teachers in these days have no means of compelling pupils to study. They cannot punish by depriving of privileges, shortening recesses, detaining after school or even notifying home authorities of delinquence. The pupils are the masters of the situation. They do or they do not, according to their own sweet wills, and the fad of developing individuality and recognizing children's rights to the exclusion of the rights of all others has resulted in flagrant insubordination. The real trouble with the school children of today is not that they are "required to study too many hours," but that so little is really required of them.

A Cold Greeting to Bryan

It is not reported that William J. Bryan was seized with a chill on his arrival in San Francisco. Yet the cold wave that struck him must have caused his teeth to chatter. Mr. Bryan must have contrasted the coldness of his reception with the warmth of that accorded him by the numerous Democratic citizens of San Francisco some years ago. When he stepped off the ferry-boat Sunday afternoon no brass band greeted him with "Hail to the Chief!" The glad hands that were extended to him were few, and gnarled and wrinkled and lean. It was a meagre reception committee that welcomed the great Nebraskan to the city where, but a few short years ago, his blatant boomers constituted a large and loud element of a thriving community. No doubt he looked for familiar faces and felt disappointed and sorrowful at seeing them not. He had no trouble in counting noses at the ferry this trip. Not more than six or seven of his old followers were on hand to give evidence of their loyalty—six or seven veterans of the cause of Democracy, and nearly all job-chasers of innumerable campaigns. It was a sorry spectacle. It was enough to bring tears to the eyes of the most unemotional. Perhaps Mr. Bryan inquired as to the whereabouts of some of his old followers. No doubt he missed Franklin K. Lane, James D. Phelan, Gavin McNab and the three Troys. No doubt those present could account for the absence of the familiar faces, but in all probability they did not attempt to explain the scattering of the host. The explanation would be embarrassing. For instance, Judge Maguire would not have cared to confess that one of the Gallaghers deserted on account of the Philippine question. Nor would it be agreeable to tell how many good Democrats had been "whispered" out of the party. There are many things that are painful to discuss.

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In Praise of the Present

BY HARRY COWELL.

Comes now a correspondent, a man who has no more sense than to say nice things of me behind my back and nasty things to my face, and makes accusation against me, charging that I have a good word for such writers only as are distant from me either in time or space; that books of the here and now seem to be in my purblind eyes so many black beasts, what is popular my pet aversion; and adds that, in his opinion, nothing is nobler or rarer than the gift of discerning and admiring the beauty at hand. "As a critic you are farsighted with a vengeance."

Now, to praise contemporary and contiguous literature is as easy and pleasant as lying, but hardly the duty of a critic. Unheard-of as the odds are in the history of wagers, I'm ready to bet a page of my prose to a page of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poetry that my accuser is confounding criticism with patriotism. A patriot is ever, a critic never, an advocate. A critic is a man without a country. A critic, my friend says, is a man without a friend, which is as much as to say that I am not a critic. But let that pass; 'tis personal. What in letters is now nearest to me is a scrawled and scratched-up fragment by one of the best fellows in the world, a writer whom I love as I do myself. Much as it might pleasure me to do so, it would, I fear, but ill become me, as a critic, to cudgel my brains to create sweet encomiums on his work. Near and dear as he is to me, though it pain me to say it, and him to have it said, Lamb, I hold, wrote better essays than he writes, Shelley, better poetry; de Maupassant, better stories.

Having said this much to disarm censure, may I not safely repeat that, as yet, America, in criticism, has produced no Lessing, no Saint-Beuve, no Arnold; in creation, no Balzac. Let us pray that among the many extra babies ordered by our beloved President, one at least may be born and bred a critic. To pray for something to happen so much out of the ordinary course of nature in this country calls for mountain-moving faith, 'tis true, but while we're about it, we might just as well bespeak a creator, and—for both critic and creator, a reader or two.

This is, perhaps, the place for me to say that my belief in the use of moral suasion in the matter of the right making of books, has, of late, undergone a severe shock. I could now, I take it, bear with equanimity the sight of a critic with a cat-o'-nine-tails in his hand. Not only in the outer court of the temple of Art, but even in the holy of holies itself, have the modern money-changers set up their accursed tables.

The arraignment against me goes on to say: "The past has for you, I fear, much of the sacredness of a woman lost, death-endeared, of whom no ill must be spoken; the future, much of the charm of a bride-to-be, just what fond expectant imagination makes her, altogether beautiful, desirable; but the present is as a woman won, your wife, and my candid opinion is that you treat her abominably."

Well, whatever I may have been guilty of in a literary way, certain it is that I have never been guilty of such a figure as the foregoing.

"Think of it! Supposing time should show that among the 'best sellers' of this very year was a Balzac whom you from your seat with the scornful overlooked, wouldn't you turn in your grave?" This, after reading it over three times and thinking it over, thirty, has not caused me to turn a hair. To tell the truth, not for the life of me can I imagine a Balzac among the "best sellers" (the men or the books) of this very year of disgrace, any more than I can imagine myself dead in response to my friend's exceedingly pleasant supposition.

Naturally enough, my nearsighted arraigner will have it that I suffer from longsightedness. As for me, I boast normal eyes, eager for exercise as ever was school boy for play, seeing with equal distinctness and delight beauty distant and at hand. Should I restrict their field of vision to my immediate time and place, there were danger, I fear me, of atrophy from disuse. No one that has the rare and noble organ of admiration well developed finds the beauty the present brings forth sufficient for the due exercise thereof. Beauty is not of today nor of yesterday; not of time at all, but of eternity.

I am charged with being behind the times and assured that I need to get a move on me. As a people, we are proverbially in a hurry; and for such there is no art. A genuine literature presupposes leisure, takes for granted culture in its readers; but our books are—most of them—hastily written, not for men who know the meaning of reposeful appreciation, but for overworked "rustlers" who demand the obvious, the otiose, and instinctively, as a matter of self-preservation, shrink from a style that compels them to think. To gain their attention, authors must shriek. Now, Art never shrieks. Why, with us the critic is a clown, and only as such has a hearing. As a priest with a high calling, we will have none of him. If one cannot see that all this is true of us, it is because the evidence is so overwhelming.

The pseudo-art of our day, all for filthy lucre's sake, bedaubs her brazen face, decks herself out in screaming colors, advertising her charms, and sitting at her open window in full view of the street, solicits the passersby with lewd gestures. Ask her sorrowfully: "Why do you thus?" and she will answer: "Needs must, pretty. Nowadays the devil drives to beat the band."

Truly, I hardly know whether to laugh or weep, seeing my nearsighted friend confound with this poor creature the goddess whom I adore, at whose glorious feet I lay my little offerings, glad to be of the number of her worshipers.

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Meteors of Old New York

BY L. D. VENTURA.

We are so much taken up with the present life, impelling, urgent, invading—if I may be permitted to say,—the yet unbroken ground of the future, that it is seldom we give thought to a door left ajar for a peep backward over the abandoned field of the past. A word, a phrase printed in a newspaper brings to us, at times, recollection of entire periods, and the glimpses we take over our shoulders are not seldom saddened, strewn as the path often is with faded flowers.

The other day I read in a weekly paper that James Huneker had been correcting a published misstatement, in reference to Helene von Donniges for whom Ferdinand Lassalle perished in a duel. Then went my mind back to old New York, to Bohemian New York of twenty-eight years ago, and I conjured up a vision of the brilliant world; the streets, the monuments, the parks, churches and business buildings and theatres—all were there. Who would have thought that a quarter of a century could have sufficed to bring about such a transformation!

The landmarks of New York were not only of stone and iron, but of flesh and blood. There were distinguished personalities in New York in those days, and they were written of in the press, but not in the familiar manner that is now characteristic. Twenty-eight years ago journalism in New York took a great deal of its inspiration from abroad. The sidewalks of the great city were not tramped and crowded as now, by a multitude of men ready to write an article upon every subject in a couple of hours between a sandwich and a frankfurter sausage.

One day I had brought to the *Herald* office of Ann street, twenty sketches of prominent men of France. Mr. Bliss, who had charge of the obituary department, was also in charge of the pigeôn hole thereto. He gave a glance at my work, then said: "You are doing a great deal of work on this; don't you know that you could do a great deal better by telling us *what* you know of Princess Racowitza! Go and find Princess Helene Racowitza!" "I am not a Stanley," said I. Parenthetically I should say that it was the time of the Jeanette Expedition to the Pole, and of African explorations, and people were eager to learn about Henry Stanley and his exploits. "Everybody can be a Stanley in his own way," said Bliss to me.

For a consecutive month the name of Helen Racowitza haunted me. If I went to the theatres, to the restaurants, or walked in the streets I dreamt and thought of her, the way of finding and learning more about her. Of facts and deeds, of legends and suppositions, I learned a lot, but no personal traces could I find.

It is a matter of history now that Countess Shevitch, wife of Count Serge Shevitch, sister-in-law of the former Ambassador from Russia to Rome, afterward to Greece and China—Alexis Schevitch, the hero of one of Helene's novels published in 1887 by Dillingham of New York—was born Baroness Von Donniges, daughter of Baron Donniges, formerly Minister from Bavaria, to Naples in 1860. Her infatuation for Ferdinand Lassalle, who used to call her "My Golden Fox," the subsequent duel between Lassalle and Prince Racowitza, are historic. Zangwill has dealt with all that in his "People's Hero," and George Meredith evidenced them in "Tragic Comedians." From the time of the death of Prince Racowitza, to whom she was married, but with whom she never lived, begins the series of her escapades, adventures and peregrinations. Rightly, James Huneker clears her of the name of courtezan in whatever the epithet commands restriction, yet, the Paris *Figaro* in one of its issues of the year 1876, giving an account of the expulsion of Princess Racowitza from Berlin, and allotting a full column to the beautiful red-haired Juno, to the exquisite grande dame, who dared all and everything, who had thrown her bonnet *pardessus tour les moulins*, dubbed her *"Princesse Veuve tout le monde."* This was an allusion to her *rapports*, which outside the alcove had a certain bearing in political circles, and to her intrigues with Franz Joseph, Cavour, Bismarck, Count Ricasoli, Count Karoly, the Ghigas, Potoki and all the prominent diplomats of that time and "blood colts" of the Gotha Almanac.

Perhaps Princess Racowitza was one of the first women who dared smoke cigarettes in public at "Sacher's" in Vienna, and at the "Moskow Hermitage," the two most exclusive restaurants of the Continent. It was through her influence that the once famous champagne, "Montebello," was put on the wine list of the "Hermitage." The steward was given a big check. During her appearances at the several European capitals, Helene Racowitza mingled with Queens, Princesses, and demi-mondaines. In his Memoires, Arsene Houssaye makes allusion to her, for she was one of the frequent guests at his "Venetian" midnight receptions in his palace on the Avenue Friedland; and with Princess Jablonoska, whose unique daughter married Maurice, son of Sarah Bernhardt, she was for an entire season at Paris, Dieppe, and Trouville, queen of elegance and queen of wit. But all this did not last; after many vicissitudes, having lost all she had, and pawned her regal jewels, made uncomfortable by many a *raison d'etat*, she gave a glance toward America, and dreamed of an elegant democracy on virgin soil. Under an assumed name she enrolled with a German troupe and landed in St. Louis. There she played almost all of the Schiller repertory as leading lady, and acted second part to Janauschek's leadership. It was in St. Louis that she met Shewitch, who, having escaped from Russia for political reasons—he being a Nihilist—was writing under Pulitzer' editorship of the *Globe Democrat*. The fortune of Shewitch had been confiscated, all that was left to him being a scanty remittance from his brother, the Governor at Riga. Even when his mother died he had no way to get the estate. The advanced ideas of Serge Shewitch, his cynical humor, his aspirations to follow in America the teachings of Ferdinand Lassalle, allured Helene Racowitza. They fell in love, and drifted to New York, where the *Herald* was eager to make of them a sensation of twenty-four hours.

Serge Shewitch went into journalism, wrote regularly for the *Volk Zeitung*, contributed articles to the *Sun*, and to the *World*, occasionally collaborating in books and short stories as he did with me in "Misfits and Remnants." At the same time he studied law and medicine at Columbia College, followed Henry George and his theories, made speeches from the same platform from which John Swinton unfolded the popular credo of the labor classes, and harangued on the squares and in halls to German and Polish socialist enthusiasts. Helene, meanwhile, spent her time in the evening reporting the German theatres, writing for the German *Figaro*, essays and dramatic articles, helping Shewitch with his English and writing novels. Their days in New York and at Fort Lee, and before that in Hoboken, were not all roseate: far from it. Serge and Helene, were, as I suggested before, living landmarks of

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The Iron Virgin

In the Five-Cornered Tower at Nuremberg

"Here," said the keeper's daughter, "here she stands
The Iron Virgin in the dungeon-gloom;
Mark her sweet, placid smile,—you see, no hands
Hath she to tear her victims to their doom,
But she hath handles,"—here she opened wide
The hellish engine on its hinges old,
That groaned as once the wretches groaned inside,—
And all my leaping blood stood stricken cold.
"These are the spikes that entered at the eyes
Where entered light no more, and this with rust
Corroded, pierced the bursting throat whose cries
Soared to the sobbing angels, let us trust.
And those that sank into the breast are three;—
(Observe they miss the heart) these four the reins
Transfixed, and lest that death too sudden be,
Slowly they closed the hollow shell with chains.
When all at length was still and blood unstopt
From the remorseless iron ran and wept,
Down on great, mangling knives the body dropt
And shooting streams the fragments downward swept
Low to the river,—and nor man nor place
Knew more of those who knew the Maid's embrace."

More cruel this Virgin than the sirens three
Or the devouring Sphynx whose lips were stained
With lives of men,—and yet it seems to me
The cruelest of the cruel have remained.
For we have many virgins nor are they,
Nor is their virtue formed of iron quite.
They smile as sweetly and they smile alway,
But they have hands—a left one and a right.
Yea, hands have they—"how happy if we mote
Into the arms of woman straightway fall
Sans need to fall into her hands!"—so wrote
He who is greatest, wittiest of all
The living wits. The Jungfrau's red caress
Was terrible,—and yet she granted death,
But these our virgins are more pitiless,
With them the mangled victim keeps his breath.
His eyes they poniard till the wretch crawls blind,
Within his throat his fluttering tongue they nail,
And through his breast a hundred irons grind
Their way from fairest hands that never fail
To strike the heart; they break it and then tear
With pearly teeth his body into bands.
(True, what a blessing to poor man it were
If woman were divested of her hands.)
No river hides his tortured flesh, but he
Is scourged into the world all bitter-bright,
There ridicule heaps high his agony,
All naked to the winds and to the night,
To die a thousand times,—a thousand times
This passion and this cold embrace to feel
Of automaton virgins, iron mimes
And shells malevolent of brass or steel,
Of empty figures fair that know no sin
And are all smiles without and cruelty within.

There hung this crushing humour in the air,
As from the five-coigned tower swift I fled.
Peace bide with thee, my brother,—O beware
All virgins living, moribund or dead!

By Herman Scheffauer

September 1905

The Saunterer

The McNab-Lane Partnership Dissolved

The whirligig of time brings round some interesting phenomena in the field of politics. In that field, as time runs on, we see not only strange bedfellows but unexpected ruptures of friendship. Two years ago Gavin McNab and Franklin K. Lane were like unto brothers in their intimacy and affection. The sentiment that bound them together, that prompted them to share their thoughts, uphold each other socially and politically, and fight shoulder to shoulder in all sorts of contests, has undergone a great change. Mutual distrust now exists where before there was mutual confidence. Mutual esteem has been supplanted by cordial hatred. In other words, Gavin McNab and Franklin K. Lane have fallen out. The old political copartnership that was formed when Lane became City Attorney, and that was cemented when he ran for Governor, has been dissolved. How the news will gladden the hearts of their joint enemies in every nook and corner of the state! There will be more joy in the *Examiner* office over this political quarrel than could be occasioned by the election of Partridge.

A Mutual Discovery

Of the cause of the rupture I am ignorant, but that the shifty boss and his talented protege are not merely simulating aversion for political purposes as during the campaign of two years ago, when Lane theatrically repudiated McNab, I am positive. The friends of each say that one found the other out. And, by the way, Lane is not the only representative of the old pseudo reform element of the Democratic party who has found McNab out. Gavin has become pretty widely distrusted since he tried to knock out the fusion deal in the interests of a little clique representing every quasi-public corporation in town excepting the Southern Pacific Company. And as a consequence his hold on the machine is more feeble now than ever. But to return to the family quarrel. It is no longer a secret. Lane has been telling his troubles from the housetops, and he spices his narrative with an amusing story illustrative of the coldness of the interesting boss.

The Story

According to Lane, when he was asked to run for Mayor there was some talk of the possible financial plight he would be in if defeated. This was a serious matter, and as he could easily be re-elected City Attorney, the prospect caused him to pause. Thereupon his friend Gavin pooh-poohed his misgivings, and filled him with courage by making this statement: "Why, if you're defeated I'll turn over to you enough of my practice to insure you an income of ten thousand a year." In the language of the street, this was going some. Incidentally it breathed a hint as to the extent to which Gavin had capitalized his "high-souled" political pull. It soothed poor Lane, and he went down to defeat and the unsalaried obscurity of private life. When it was all over he was buoyed up by the reflection that he would soon have ten thousand a year coming from the clients of the immaculate boss who looks after the interests of the Gas and other companies when not engaged in striking stained glass attitudes for the edification of good government clubs. Lane cheerily opened a law office and sat down to wait for the crumbs from McNab's groaning board. He waited a month, two months, three months, and at the end of that time the shadow of Gavin fell athwart his threshold. The defeated mayoralty candidate greeted him as though he were a long-lost brother.

"Say, Frank, can you speak Portuguese?" asked Gavin when the greetings were over. Lane thought he was joking. "No, Gavin, I haven't advanced that far in my linguistic studies," he replied.

"Awfully sorry," said Gavin, "because if you could, there's a case in my office I could turn over to you."

And then the amiable boss withdrew. He was probably disgusted with Lane for not being able to talk Portuguese, for he never returned.

He Lost the Convention

McNab has been very sore over his failure to compel the rejection of John Partridge. Last week I reported that he was threatening to prevent the nomination of Partridge by the Democratic convention because the young lawyer would not enter into a patronage deal with him. I have since learned that he did more than threaten. He tried to upset all the plans of the men who are striving to rid the city of Schmitz, but found that he could not control the convention. The men who had been agreed upon as fusion candidates took the convention away from the boss. McNab has been in a fine frenzy ever since the discovery was made that he had entered into a combination with Baehr to build up a political machine. Many months ago I called attention to the fact that McNab was in politics for the same reason that Ruef is in politics—for the opportunities to secure clients who were willing to pay for legal service performed at the City Hall. Ruef's pull is with the Mayor, McNab's is with the Supervisors. That I had accurately sized up the situation, is now the opinion of many men who, up to the time of the exposure of the Baehr-McNab compact, believed that as Gavin was a civic patriot and zealous for clean government he was also immune to the influence of those quasi-public corporations that have favors to ask from public servants. Gavin is not a grafter of the Ruef type, but he is very zealous in the building up of his law practice, which has grown enormously. To his credit, be it said, he has given us some fine officials.

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His Pet Coup

This story of the unmasking of the true McNab by the men who have been leading the campaign for clean government, and who have been pampering him in the role of reformer, is one of the finest and most dramatic chapters in current political history. The reason for its having been withheld by the dailies is obvious; it is a personal matter. The *Chronicle, Bulletin* and *Call* are in sympathy in this reform movement, and it would not be advisable to provoke factional strife. The reform leaders have been content to out-manoeuvre the Democratic boss. His hand was shown last week when one of his henchmen tried to cause a scandal by protesting against a patronage compact. He gave out the report that Arthur Fisk and Fairfax Wheelan had entered into a compact with Partridge for the distribution of patronage. There was nothing in the story. It was sprung for the purpose of injuring Partridge, and it emanated from the headquarters of McNab. As Gavin had been shut out he was quick to surmise that others had been let in. And when he found that he could not prevent the nomination of Partridge he resolved to throw the votes he controlled over to Byington to prevent the nomination of Brandenstein for District Attorney. Brandenstein was the choice of the reform leaders, and though there was no love between McNab and Byington, Gavin thought he saw a chance to upset the plans of his enemies, and undertook to make the necessary combination. Later I heard that McNab had been once more coerced into line, and that he would not oppose the nomination of Brandenstein.

John Doe versus George Newhall

Somebody, mistaking me for the Board of Supervisors, or the Board of Public Works, or the Supreme Court, or Abe Ruef, has filed a complaint with me against one George Newhall, charging the said Newhall with violating an unwritten law prohibiting a man from doing unto others as he would not be done by. More specifically, the complainant charges, that Mr. Newhall is building a stable on the west side of Webster between Washington and Jackson streets, contiguous to the houses of persons who, not being possessed of the wealth of a Newhall, cannot afford to relinquish possession of their homes and establish a residence beyond noseshot of the aforesaid stable. The complainant sets forth that the houses now occupied as homes are situated back of the sidewalk line, and that there are small gardens in front of the buildings, but that Mr. Newhall is building his stable right out to the edge of his lot, thus putting the homes of human beings some little distance to the rear of the future home of his blooded horses. Incidentally the complainant says that Mr. Newhall's family is housed in Pacific between Webster and Fillmore, and he supposes that the distance between the Newhall home and the Newhall stable was fixed for sanitary reasons. He calls my attention to that soothing fiction of the bar, aphoristically phrased, "For every wrong the law has a remedy," and he demands that I nominate the remedy for the wrong that is being done the owners of property adjacent to the Newhall stable.

The Complaint Quashed

Without hearing from the other side I am inclined to rule that the complainant has not stated facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action. When a man buys real estate he is presumed to know that it is subject to whatever influence may legitimately arise in the immediate neighborhood. A stable exercises a legitimate influence on surrounding property, there being no law prohibiting a man from providing shelter for his horses. It is to be presumed that Mr. Newhall will comply strictly with the fire and health ordinances, and that architecturally his stable will be a thing of beauty if not a joyful smell forever. Mr. Newhall should not be expected to appeal enticingly to all the senses with a single stable. That it casts a shadow over the gardens of his neighbors is not his fault. It is his privilege to utilize all the ground that he owns and it would be unreasonable to expect him to put a garden in front of his stable. Naturally he prefers a sandlot in the rear, for horses like to roll occasionally, and in building out to the edge of the sidewalk he was probably mindful of his horses' pleasure. It is not to Mr. Newhall's discredit that he has seen fit to build his stable some distance from his home, and as he has to have a stable the Webster street site is as good as any other. Perhaps the selection of that site was unfortunate for the home owners there; no doubt the stable has depreciated the value of their property, but surely they do not expect Mr. Newhall to ride in an automobile all the time. Viewing the matter from a disinterested standpoint I should say that since we must have the rich with us, it is absurd to draw the line at their stables.

The Noble Merchant

The men who thought they were cheated by the Western Fuel Company's scales must have been mistaken. The president of that company is Mr. John L. Howard, one of the most highly respected citizens of Oakland, and what is more, a reformer. He was known as one of Oakland's purest councilmen. He resisted the corrupting influence of the water company, and his friends pointed to his conspicuous honesty with pride. To give credence to the detractors of the Western Fuel Company is to believe Mr. Howard to be a coal-selling Tartuffe. Such belief is preposterous. The comic papers long ago discouraged conscienceless scales in the coal business. Every coal merchant employs respectable, veracious scales nowadays, for he scorns to profit off short weight. In fact, the morals of the mercantile class have been purified. Merchants no longer cheat. They are all honest men. The value they put on their goods for insurance purposes is the same as they swear to for the enlightenment of the assessor. They don't trifle with human life by adulterating food, they don't misrepresent quality, they don't keep two sets of books. The only bad men in the world are politicians and journalists.

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Retribution Done in Oil

Oil! More oil! A caldron of oil in which to boil the picture merchant! Oh, for an asbestos fountain pen filled with vitriol of Voltaire with which to write on vellum of the culprit's hide the history of his crimes; and oil! never more oil! that he may be seethed as mercilessly and persistently as he has seethed the poor artist in the grease of his avarice! Not oil from the artist's palette, but rank, tainted oil from the vats and tanks of Rockefeller! One of these Shylocks of art fastened on Thad Welch and used him as bait for a millionaire. For a poet's vision of California's glory this huckstering dealer in things immortal gave the pitiful sum of three hundred dollars; but when the transmuted soul of the artist was appraised in the sordid mart amid a clutter of things vendible the price was seven hundred and sixty dollars. Not for the picture—that pound of flesh had been paid for—four hundred and sixty dollars had been added to give the picture merchant his profit on a frame, percentage on the "transaction," expenses and salary of the "agent," and wear and tear of the picture merchant's conscience. Think of it! The accessories of trade were assessed to the millionaire at four hundred and sixty dollars more than the original price paid for the picture! Is that oil ready? Are the faggots beneath the caldron blazing merrily? Are the bubbles thick on the surface? do they burst with a loud and angry noise? liked muffled explosions? Then up with his heels and let him drop. Lord, how he splashed! What a fuss he makes! He is trying to swim out. Ha! ha! Isn't it sport to see him struggle? to hear him howl? Serves him right, for this one but expiates, in vicarious atonement, the venal sins of his greedy tribe since the first fatted calf picture dealer flung farthings to starving genius for masterpieces. We might have been content to write "Vulture" across his unworthy back with the moxa of our wrath if the offense had been singular and personal; but in this living embodiment of oppression is an incarnation of an age-long tyranny—therefore let him boil.

Profitable Poverty

Perhaps the picture wasn't worth more than three hundred dollars. That is not the question. The picture may have been worth ten dollars or ten thousand dollars. It is not the price of the picture that stirs my gorge—it is the amount of the picture merchant's profit. Thad Welch doesn't paint pictures for money—but he must sell them for bread. Thad Welch would never sell his paintings if he could find a Macaenas in some art-loving baker. Thad Welch would give his pictures to those who appreciate the product of his genius. Then why should this artist or any other artist put his soul in pawn to a picture dealer that it may be hawked in the market for a hundred per cent profit to the pawnbroker? Why should Thad Welch or any other artist be compelled to sell for bread that which the buyer re-sells for its weight in gold? There is no merit in the trade of the trafficking picture merchant that warrants the excess. It is not because the connoisseur or even the ignorant purchaser loves the picture merchant or values his service that he pays the picture merchant's price—it is because he desires to own the work of the artist. Who cares for the go-between—a mere pander to art? It is the artist that commands the price—but it is the huckster that receives the money; bread is enough for the artist—soft bread or hard bread; white bread or black bread; a loaf or a crust, it matters not as long as it sustains life in the wretched genius on whom the peddler depends for a hundred per cent, nay, three hundred per cent profit! Let the fellow coin his blood into dollars if he would quaff bubbles of Cyprian wine—it is not his genius that the picture merchant buys; it is the necessities of his poverty, and these are worth four hundred and sixty dollars in the open market.

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Met and Wedded at the Altar

Not until Wednesday of last week, the eve of his departure for the East at the pleasing behest of Cupid, did Dent Robert, managing editor of the *Examiner,* take his friends into his confidence on the subject of his impending marriage with that charming ingenue, late of the Alcazar, Miss Elizabeth Woodson. Mr. Robert and Miss Woodson met at the altar long before they had any thought of becoming husband and wife. Indeed, it was at the altar they first met. Mr. Robert was best man at the wedding of his friend, Justin McGrath, who is now one of the leading editorial writers of New York, and Miss Woodson was bridesmaid. That was eight or nine years ago when Robert was a reporter on the St. Louis *Post-Despatch* along with McGrath, Florence White, who is now Pulitzer's chief of staff, and Gus Thomas, who has since become famous as a playwright. When Miss Woodson came to this city to join the Alcazar stock she met again the best man of the St. Louis wedding, and then was begun the courtship that came to such happy fruition in New York this week. Mrs. Robert is the daughter of one of the most prominent citizens of Memphis, and the members of her family are active in the social and commercial affairs of that city. She is a vivacious young woman of many graces of mind and heart, for which she was highly esteemed during her brief and successful stage career.

A Stockton Engagement

The news comes to me from Stockton of the engagement of Miss Harriet West, the charming sister of Frank A. West, the well known vineyardist, with Mr. Charles M. Jackson, a popular Stockton bachelor and a man of many fine qualities that have won for him the high respect of the community. The announcement of the engagement came as a surprise to the friends of the couple, but after catching a second breath and saying, "How delightful!," they followed the exclamation up with, "Why in the world didn't they do it long ago?"

Emily Carolan, who has been sojourning in Italy, has been entertained a great deal by the American colony in Florence. So enamored is she of the life on the continent that she would like her mother to take up her residence either in Italy or France.

Mrs. Nagger—Here I am all ready for the theatre and you haven't shaved yet.

Mr. Nagger—Oh, I have lots of time, dear. I'll be dressed by the time you put on your gloves.

The Peter Martins in Doubt

Now the rumor is afloat that it is not at all certain that the Peter Martins will visit San Francisco this winter. If they do not come there will be lively speculation in society respecting the reason. Society is ever on the *qui vive* for a manifestation of friction in the Martin family simply because the divinely tall Lily Martin is so delightfully free from the old-fashioned economical restraints which find favor with her mother-in-law. Nothing has occurred, however, to interest the gossips. Mrs. Peter Martin may not come to San Francisco because to her it is a bore, and besides she is capricious and may take a notion tomorrow that South Africa is worth visiting in the winter. During her last visit to this city she worked off a lot of old frocks and was much admired for her modishness, but now she has an up-to-date wardrobe, and a visit to this city would be scarcely worth while.

The White Dances

This year all the Shorb White dances are to be assemblies. And yet Mrs. White is very fond of cotillions, but is too modest to lead one herself. Last year, in spite of experienced leaders, the cotillions were badly handled, owing, perhaps, to the great number of members for which sets had to be arranged. As every one wants to dance in the first set, those who were relegated to the second and third, pouted and frowned. Mrs. White is very eager to please her club members, so she acquiesced in the wishes of the young people who clamored for the ball sans the german. A *bal poudre* is to wind up the season, and the men are to be asked to powder their tresses, a request that will cause much dissatisfaction, for powdered hair leads to soiled clothes and soiled clothes lead to the cleaner's. Even the girls do not approve the *bal poudre,* for it necessitates a violent shampooing the next day, and besides it makes them look older than their years.

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The Lesser Greenway

A short time ago members of the Entre Nous Club were discussing a disquieting rumor that had just reached them. It was that Sanford Lewald, the club's founder and director, had been recently married. Now Mr. Lewald is the Greenway of the Entre Nous Club, and emulates the great Czar not only in leading a cotillion and agenting a champagne, but in his imperviousness to feminine charms. When it was given out that the apparently adamantine Sanford was married, there was much weeping and wailing, for as long as Mr. Lewald remained single, hope kept alive in the hearts of his many female admirers. Though the Entre Nous is not in the category of the Greenway and White clubs, it contains a great deal of wealth, probably as much if not more than may be found in the smarter organizations.

Prefers a Career

One of Berkeley's buds has decided to forego society for a stage career. Virginia Pierce, who has been studying the art of song in Boston for a year or more, and who recently returned home to visit her parents, is to make her debut in the East this fall, I hear, with a prominent light opera company. Miss Pierce is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Pierce. Her mother, who was Margaret Cameron, has been identified with the musical set of San Francisco for many years. She was soprano of the First Baptist Church in its palmy days, and later of the First Unitarian Church. About ten years ago the Pierces moved to Berkeley, that their children might have the benefit of the University atmosphere. Virginia sang in the Greek theatre a week or so ago, and made a very favorable impression. She is not, perhaps, a great beauty, but is a very stunning looking girl, and has "l'air" which always takes on the stage. Miss Pierce has always been popular in Berkeley's younger society set, and at one time had a devoted admirer in Raymond Wilson, son of Berkeley's millionaire banker.

Warner's Ranch Case Closed

After being more or less in the courts for many years, the Warner Ranch, on which are the famous Agua Caliente springs, was last week formally awarded to Downey Harvey, and we shall probably hear no more of it. Twelve years ago the late Governor Downey's suit in ejectment against the Indians on the ranch brought the property into the courts and into newspaperiety. The ousting of the Indians was in violation of the spirit of the original concession to Dr. Warner, after whom the ranch took its name, but the courts upheld the ejection. It was from the Mexican Government that Dr. Warner, a consumptive New Englander, obtained his grant, but in it was a clause to the effect that he must always exercise paternal care over the Indians, who were to remain there. When the ranch came into Governor Downey's possession, there was no legal obligation on him to observe the Indian clause, and the suit for ejectment was the result. Just two years ago, Charles F. Lummis took up the cause of the Indians, whom the Government had ordered to a new reservation. He made out a great case for them, but sentiment availed nothing.

The British Consul's Prejudice

Courtenay Bennett, C. I. E., British Consul in this city, is a very kind-hearted and genial man. He is besides a bit of a philanthropist and takes an active interest in the British Benevolent Association. He is a good golf player, believes in Saturday being a half-holiday, in low collars and a gracious attitude toward all men, but despite all this Mr. Courtenay Bennett has caused more bad language to be used than possibly any other man in San Francisco. It may be one of the time-honored traditions of the British Government not to have a telephone because there were consulates before there were 'phones, but this much is certain, that Consul Courtenay Bennett lives up to tradition and will not have a telephone in the consulate. Distinguished strangers who visit our city and who desire to ring up the consulate are amazed to find they cannot do so, and many of them say bitter things. Last week Mr. Townley of the British Embassy and his wife, Lady Susan Townley, were much put out at the want of a 'phone, and had it not been for a stranger coming to their assistance one of them would have had to make the trip to Lime Juice Corner. Will Mr. Bennett ever get a 'phone? is the query of many a Britisher.

May Go as Father's Aide

It is lucky to be the son of a commanding general and luckier still to be good-looking and have brains. This does not fall to the lot of every man, but young Mr. Douglas MacArthur, who is attached to the engineer corps of the army, has all these valuable assets. He graduated at the head of his class, and was sent out to this coast, and lives at the home of the general, his father, at Fort Mason. I understand that he is to be his father's aide should the general, as it is rumored, make a trip through India for the purpose of learning how they do things in that torrid clime. If they should get there in the cold weather the MacArthurs may come away with the idea that white people in India manage to have a pretty good time.

Harriman and Taft

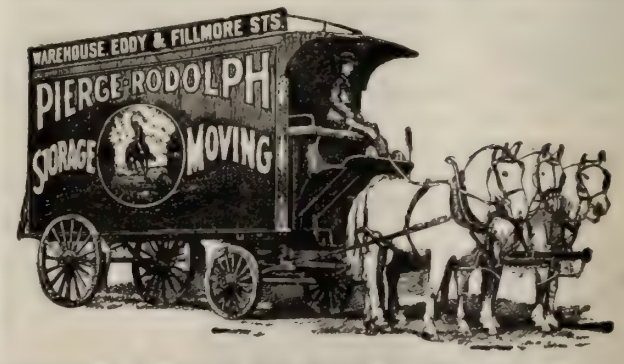
The railroad people must have read with relief that E. H. Harriman was not on board the *Korea*. Whenever a railroad president goes abroad, visiting his empire, there is more or less consternation, and the general supposition was that Harriman intended to spend a little time on the coast. Mr. Harriman's change of plan may read very nicely, but is it not odd that after he had made all arrangements to return with the Taft party he should have discovered that there would be no suite for his entourage? It was fully intended that he should return on the *Korea*, and the Pacific Mail people sent out some food to be brought back on the same vessel and it was marked "For Taft and Harriman." Now Mr. Harriman is a man of moods, and one never knows what he is going to do next, and it may be not far out of the way to hint that Mr. Harriman was given a polite tip by the diplomatic Taft that it would not look exactly well for the Secretary of War and the president of the Southern Pacific to appear too chummy. Perhaps Mr. Harriman is waiting for Miss Alice Roosevelt!

May Be an Idle Rumor

There is a rumor afloat in New York financial circles that E. H. Harriman has entered into negotiations with the Spreckelses to purchase the line of steamers running to Australia. Of course, neither party will affirm the report, and it does not seem likely that Mr. Harriman would buy out this line. It looks a little out of his way, but as he is a man of far-reaching ambitions and is bent on dominating this continent and controlling the Asiatic trade, it is not entirely improbable that he is trying to get hold of the Australian trade as well. One of his brightest freight men. Mr. Parkyus, said before he left for Japan that he would return here by way of Australia. This, however, may only be an accident, as Mr. Harriman's men never do things with premeditation or deliberation.

Alice and Longworth

A story comes from the Orient that Miss Alice Roosevelt cabled her father asking him permission to make public the announcement of her engagement with Congressman Longworth, and the report is that the President did not respond. Miss Roosevelt's friendship for the handsome young Cincinnattian has caused not a little talk in our



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insular possessions, and it is said that she refused to go anywhere unless Mr. Longworth was asked to go too. Mr. Longworth is said to be, by all who know him, one of the most estimable of men. The Longworths have been enormously wealthy for the past twenty years. They made their money, I believe, out of the manufacture of wine. As Town Talk was the first paper in the country to report Mr. Longworth's attachment for the President's daughter, I am more than anxious to see the match made, and I am convinced that if the imperious Alice is favorably inclined to the Congressman's suit, no President of the United States could interdict the matrimonial compact. Captain Saunders, of the *Manchuria,* who took the Taft party out to the Orient, has a tender spot in his heart for Alice Roosevelt. The bluff old sailor says, "She is full of the devil but there isn't a mean streak in her."

Not for Him

Captain Tremaine Smith, to whose lot fell the taking out to the Orient of the Harrimans and the Schwerins, will have them on the return trip. A friend was congratulating the captain on his having so distinguished a number of passengers when he drew a wry face and said, "Do you think it is any pleasure to have the bosses on board? No, sir; I wish the distinction had fallen elsewhere. Though they are good company their presence on board keeps everybody in a state of tension which to say the least is discomforting."

Belongs to the Clan

The Carter Pitkin Pomeroys expect to entertain Alice Roosevelt when she returns from her triumphal tour of the Orient. Mrs. Pomeroy, who was a Miss Morris of the old Morristown stock, is a connection of the Roosevelts.

The Lady and the Czar

Miss Anna Strunsky, shouting captain of the Polish grenadiers, has advanced her standard in the direction of Warsaw, where Kosciusco shrieked when Freedom fell. Captain Strunsky has declared war to the death against the Bureaucracy, the Autocracy and the Aristocracy of Russia. There will be no peace until the last armed foe expires, and then will begin the massacre. I take it for granted that Captain Strunsky is a subject of Russia; otherwise there would be no excuse whatever for her attempt to embroil this country in strife with the Muscovite. Furthermore, the captain's appeal for nickels with which to buy guns to kill Russians must have been addressed directly and personally to fellow sufferers under Russian tyranny—Americans have enough troubles of their own with the beef trust and the life insurance companies to keep them busy until Captain Anna has played Jake Smith with the empire of the Czar; they have no time to bother with the revolutionary propaganda of a shouting Strunsky. Some Russian consul may land the captain in jail for disturbing his peace; but there again it will be a personal matter between the captain and the Czar—nobody but Russians will care a copper kopeck.

The Horrors of Strunsky

If I were the Czar I think I would have Captain Strunsky arrested before she leaves this country on a charge of threatening my life. I don't think I would risk her presence within reach of my lese majestie—a woman may not throw a bomb with any more precision than she throws a stone, but a bomb scatters and it would not be necessary for the partial author of the "Kempton-Wace Letters" to stun the Little Father before she murdered him—she might bowl the bomb at him as if he were the king pin of a punch of ten pins. Anything to smash the tyrant anyway. But seriously, I don't think we ought to permit the captain to arrive in Russia. We are on the friendliest terms with that nation just now, and there are a lot of people here who believe that if the current immigration from Russia is a sample of the mujiks the bureaucracy and the autocracy have to deal with they are completely justified in Cossacking them in hordes and myriads. If we allow Captain Strunsky to reach Warsaw she may go farther and upset the Russian throne in St. Petersburg itself. Then the surviving Russians would blame us and they might even retaliate by shipping the captain back to us.

Mabel—Was he badly gone?

Eva—Well, not so badly; he might have gone a little farther without violating the proprieties."

Oakland Financiers Fall Out

Banker William G. Henshaw of Oakland has not been home long from his European tour, but he has been home long enough to make obvious the fact that he is no longer the boon companion of Banker Thomas Prather. These eminent Oakland financiers have fallen out, and there is much speculation as to the cause. They have not taken the street into their confidence, but it has leaked out that Prather is aggrieved because Henshaw was strangely indiscreet in giving out information concerning a big financial deal in which both were interested. The deal involved the control of the Union National Bank. It was at the time that Henshaw was president of the Union Savings Bank, and Prather was a director of and large stockholder in the institution. Henshaw is said to have been familiar with Prather's plans when the latter undertook to secure control of the Union National Bank. His business relations with Prather were of a very intimate character, and now Prather thinks, it is said, that if Henshaw had not known so much about his plans he (Prather) would not have had to pay so much as he did for the bank stock. National and the head of the Union Savings banks. Prather is sore on Henshaw, but I haven't heard whether Henshaw is sore on Prather.

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Dingee's Affections Alienated

Henshaw's enemies intimate that Prather was the victim of a very fine piece of financial strategy, and they say that he is convinced that such was the case, but the ethics of financiering are exceedingly elastic, as Tom Lawson has demonstrated. Mr. Henshaw is a very shrewd financier and he has made enemies in Oakland, who are probably responsible for the unfavorable interpretation of his acts. Their prejudice is evident from the fact that they have been reviving gossip anent his connection with the Cogswell estate, merely because as executor of that estate he had some trouble in enforcing a contract with the heirs under which he collected large sums of money due them. The contract was sharply criticised, but the fact remains that the executor collected the money due the estate. However, from all that is being said the probability is that there will soon be a big explosion in Oakland financial circles, and then, perhaps, there will be sensational developments of great interest to people on both sides of the bay. Henshaw may be the storm centre. The gossips are predicting that William J. Dingee, president of the Contra Costa Water Company, will take a hand in the disturbance, but they are reasoning merely from the circumstance that since Henshaw's return from Europe the gilt letters of his name no longer ornament the door leading to the millionaire's sumptuous suite of offices in the Crocker building. Before going to Europe Henshaw spent a great deal of time in Dingee's offices, but he has not been seen there since his return. So it is surmised that Dingee and Henshaw have fallen out. The gossips take it for granted that Dingee has a grievance; perhaps Henshaw has one too.

His Profitable Operations

Assuredly something of great interest to the dear public has happened in Oakland. It is hazardous for a resident of the town to stay away for a long period, for in his absence the gossips get busy. From all the significant happenings since Henshaw's return from Europe I am inclined to think they were very busy putting in knocks when the amiable financier was away. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that they had been holding conferences with Mr. F. M. Smith, the Borax King and guiding genius of the Realty Syndicate. Mr. Henshaw engineered the deals whereby the San Pablo and Telegraph avenue lines and the Hayward lines were transferred to the Oakland Transit Company. He also bought the Sather and other tracts of land for the Realty Syndicate. Somebody, I have been told, has been trying to convince Mr. Smith that Mr. Henshaw's profits were enormous, which, if true, is very flattering to the latter's deftness as a financier, though by no means gratifying to Mr. Smith. There appears to be a good deal of jealousy in Oakland as a result of the ingenious financiering of Henshaw who, if the stories are true, has out-manoeuvred some of the very shrewdest operators. E. P. Vandercook, a real estate agent over there, had an experience with him, in connection with the sale of the roads now operated by the Oakland Transit System, by which he was convinced that Henshaw is easily the financier *par excellence* of Alameda county. Vandercook was out-manoeuvred in a way that has made him sore ever since.

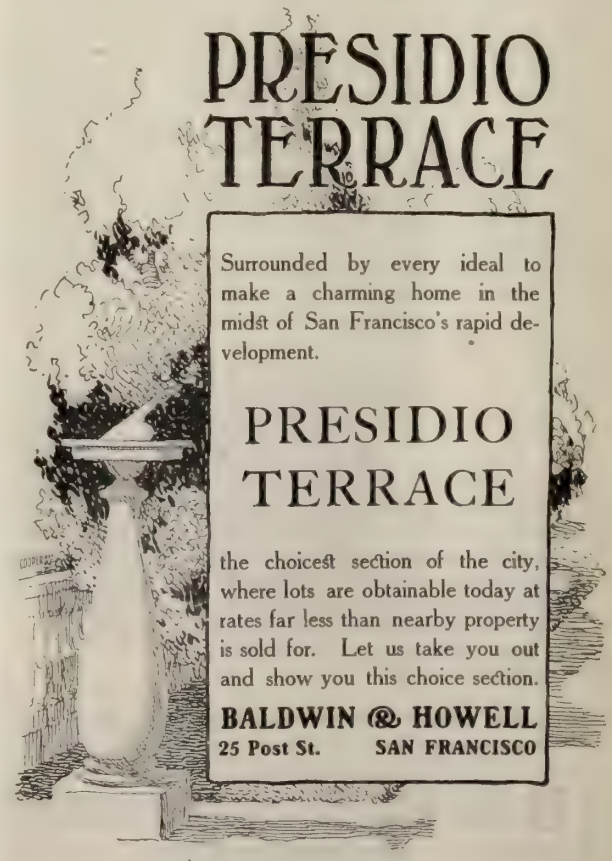
Huntington's Rival

Writes my Los Angeles correspondent:

"People of the South are watching with interest what appears to be the opening of active hostilities between Abbott Kinney and H. E. Huntington. Kinney is the millionaire projector of Venice-of-America, and Huntington recently purchased a large interest in Naples, the rival show place. It is believed that the long existing enmity between the two financiers is about to culminate in a construction war by which the whole South will profit. Kinney lately disposed of something like one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of Los Angeles real estate, and with a million and a quarter cash in hand the promoter of Venice may be able to bring over at least half of the "props" of the Adriatic city. Kinney, by the way, is the husband of a former San Franciscan, Marguerite Thornton, the eldest daughter of the late Judge Thornton.

Generous Hanford

Unlike Pedar Bruguiere, R. G. Hanford, who has just married his "soulmate," is exceedingly generous in dealing with his ex-wives. If I mistake not Mrs. Cavalsky, whom he has just married, is his third venture in the argonautic trip for the golden happiness of matrimony. Wife number two, who obtained a divorce after that famous death-bed scene when she left the room that her sinking husband might say a few last words to the woman he loved best, was given something like fifty thousand dollars and five hundred dollars a month after the separation. The



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first Mrs. Hanford did not fare so well in her divorce, as at that time Hanford had not completed the coup in the sale of the Market Street Railway Company stock that landed him the big commission which eventually developed into his present handsome fortune. He has been exceedingly lucky in money-making since that clever bit of promotion and every venture he and his brother make seems to be handled by Midas as an agent. He spends his money freely but never for social climbing. So far none of the Mrs. Hanfords has had social ambition. It remains to be seen what the present Mrs. Hanford will do toward social preferment. Her husband is now building her a magnificent home on Russian Hill, overlooking the city. She is a strikingly beautiful woman, a demi-blonde, svelte and with a carriage and looks that give life and spirit to her handsome gowns.

Eloped with a Barber

From Los Angeles comes a report that the daughter of Mayor Barton of that city has eloped with a barber. As in the Lanigan threnody on the death of the Akoond of Swat, this "social event" is telegraphed as "sad news, bad news." I cannot sympathize with the undertone of regret that permeates the newspaper account of this episode in the Far South, nor do I wholly approve of the stern attitude of the parents of the bride. I cannot, of course, palliate disobedience and elopement; but when parents are obdurate what can a poor daughter do? Miss Barton married the man she loved; the parents objected, presumably because their daughter's choice was a barber. If he had been the son of a millionaire, or the scion of a "first family," or even a "rising young" professional man, or at the worst a junior clerk in a wholesale grocery, the parents of Miss Barton would probably have finally consented to their union, even though the young man came to them poor as Job's turkey and with nothing to recommend him except his love for the maid. But he was a barber, and the Bartons have probably drawn the line at family alliances with barbers. I am something of a philosopher, and perhaps I look at these things differently from the Bartons, who are evidently not as philosophical as I am. If it had been my daughter I should have been content with an affirmative answer to one question: Is he a good barber?

Not So Bad as It Might Have Been

A barber is just as good as anybody else provided he is a good barber. His love for his wife is just as lasting, just as ardent, just as satisfying as the love of any other man. The circumstance that he is a barber does not alter his humanity. If this barber son-in-law is kind to the daughter of the Bartons, if he supports her in comfort and decency, if he is true to her, the elder Bartons may console themselves in their disappointment that he is not something other than a barber, by the reflection that their daughter might have married a pampered aristocrat whose harem of chorus girls outrivals the multitude of odalisques in the seraglio of a Pasha of many tails or a polygamous Governor of Bagdad. Besides, it is said that this barber sings—that it was the concord of his sweet sounds that first attracted Miss Barton. Who knows that he may not some day achieve fame on the lyric stage, delighting the harmony-loving ears of the groundlings, winning applause and dollars as "the only living Figaro," heralded in the fulsome adjectives of the press as "the one voice fitted to adequately convey the superb and entrancing melodies of the title role of "The Barber of Seville"? Therefore it is my advice to the bereaved parents of Mrs. Sherman G. Batchelor, nee Barton, that they cheer up, forget that their son-in-law is a barber, and hope for the best that can happen to their children—all is not lost; and while there is life there is hope that the Bartons may yet rejoice with exceeding great joy as did the father of the prodigal when he saw the young man limping up the road to the old farm where the family calf was fattening for the feast.

Captain Faison's Luck

The popular army officer, Captain Faison, who for the past year has been in command of the Thirteenth Infantry at Fort Mason, has recently received an appointment in the Quartermaster's department at Washington, D. C. Captain Faison had expected to accompany his regiment to the Philippines, the Thirteenth being scheduled to said October fifth, but is delighted over the prospect of avoiding the tedious trip, and being on duty at Washington. The bavardes of the dailies will doubtless miss the genial officer who has taken an active part in the giddy whirl, being frequently the host at teas and tennis parties given at the pretty little post.

The New Bryan

William J. Bryan gets a bit more mellow each year he visits us. He has now reached the stage where he no longer has a mad impulse to seize the platform on which he stands and whack the crime of '73 into smithreens. The blood-besmeared silver dagger no longer obscures his mental vision, and like the cheerful Bill Nye he now has a feeling for things that haven't a silver lining. All this was evidenced in the talk he gave the members of the Press Club this week. He confessed he was still very much in politics, but his aims now are for the Greater America; not the America that has conquered other nations by stronger armies, greater fleets and overwhelming force, but the America that has conquered in a moral way by the sway of a big and loving heart that takes in all humanity. In this wise and by putting into action the wise precepts of a republican form of government, he looks to America to overturn and sweep away forever the thrones of the world. His little talk was lit by kindly jokes on his own varied career and on the newspaper craft of which he is "proud to be a member." At its conclusion he was given a rousing cheer and a Godspeed on his trip around the world.

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Patigian's Good Fortune

Things are coming Haig Patigian's way with a rush, and there is no likelihood of his ever being compelled to return to the newspaper art shop. He has received several good commissions in the last few months, and for the first time in his life he has a bank account. He is now working on a life size statue of McKinley, which is to adorn the main street of the little town of Arcata in Humboldt county. It is to be paid for by George Zehndner, a wealthy German resident of the town, who reveres the memory of the martyred President, and is not without a taste in art. Some months ago, imbued with the public spirited impulse to place Arcata on the list of McKinley monumented towns, he journeyed to San Francisco and visited the Patigian studio. "I want to price a life size figure of McKinley in bronze," he said.

"It will cost you fifteen thousand dollars,"said Patigian, who thought that his caller had no intention of ordering one. Zehndner requested Patigian to model a miniature statue of the ex-President and he did so. Zehndner ordered a bronze statue, went back to Arcata, and Patigian didn't hear from him until a few weeks ago, when he received a check for fifteen thousand.

His Sentimental Side

Bobby Aitken, when last heard from, was leading the dolce far niente life of a summer in Venice. He will soon settle down to work in Paris. By the way, Aitken owes much, I am told, to the patronage of James D. Phelan, who made it possible for him to pursue his studies in Paris. I have lately had revealed to me one facet of Mr. Phelan's nature that has sufficient lustre to give splendor to a whole personality. It is known that he is a true lover of the arts as well as a liberal patron thereof, but the extent to which he has encouraged local exponents of the arts is known only to those who have received his most substantial encouragement. To them he has revealed the sentimental side of his nature.

Bruguiere and His Lawyers

According to a despatch from Reno to the *Chronicle,* Dr. Bruguiere and his attorneys are in high dudgeon over the infamous report that one of the aforesaid attorneys was employed in the case for no other reason than he is the father of the judge before whom it is to be tried. Attorney Curler is the man said to have been employed for a sinister purpose; and the despatch tells us that he has been vindicated by his associate, Attorney Craig, not to mention his client, the eminent Dr. Bruguiere of divorce fame, who gives him a clean bill of health. Evidently these gentlemen are devoid of the saving sense of humor, and therefore it would do them no good to see themselves as I see them. They are to be pitied, and yet, not knowing what they have missed in being deprived of the pleasure of witnessing, from my viewpoint, the spectacle of a group of men resolved into a committee of the whole for mutual whitewashing and the celebration of their own virtue, they can experience no poignant regret. It would be vain for me to direct their attention to the grotesqueness of the proceeding. Yet I cannot refrain from questioning the propriety of Attorney Curler's activity in his father's court. The sense of propriety that obtained in Nevada in the days of Justice Beatty, who declined to try a case in which is brother-in-law is interested, must have become atrophied in recent years. And it would probably be deemed immaterial and irrelevant for me to inquire why Attorney Craig needed

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assistance to try this simple divorce suit, especially in view of the fact that Dr. Bruguiere, according to his own statement, "has ample witnesses to prove every allegation he makes in his complaint."

When Chivalry Was in Flower

Attorney Craig has announced that, as the charge has been made, inpugning the motive that prompted the employment of Curler, they will try the case before a jury. But he neglects to add that he will stipulate that the court shall rule for the defendant on all questions. Wouldn't it be easier and fairer to try the case before some judge who is not related to one of the attorneys? And finally, (if I may be pardoned the impertinence,) wouldn't it be more consistent with decency, chivalry and propriety for Dr. Bruguiere to have the case tried in his wife's home, since she objects to going so far away, and appears to be firmly convinced that he changed his residence for no other purpose than to place her at considerable disadvantage. There was a time in Nevada when men were more chivalrous than they are now, and in those days, if a man went miles away from home for the purpose that appears to have actuated Dr. Bruguiere's removal from San Francisco, he would find it very hard to get acclimated.

Off For New York

Though young Maurice V. Samuels did not persuade the critics who saw his play, "The Conflict," at the Majestic, last month, that he was the coming American playwright, he has many friends who firmly believe that he is destined to achieve great things. They say he made a mistake in trying to dramatize such a colossal work as Balzac's "Le Peau de Chagrin," and that something simpler would have been better. His parents gave a small reception in his honor one night last week, as an "au revoir," for the young playwright will shortly leave for New York. His brothers, who are very proud of the budding genius of the family, had provided as souvenirs of the occasion morocco-bound copies of Maurice's first drama, "The Florentines," printed on vellum, and each of the guests received one.

Eastward Bound

Mrs. I. Lowenberg, who is probably the most prominent woman in women's club circles here, leaves on Friday of this week for Boston and Washington, D. C. Her son, Albert J. Lowenberg, president of the City and County Bank, accompanied her. He goes to Washington as delegate to the convention of American bankers.

The Macks' New Home

The A. Macks have moved into their new home, at the corner of Pacific avenue and Scott street, and Jewish society is looking forward to the housewarming reception. I hear that the artistic interior decorations were superintended by Mrs. Mack herself, who has a keen eye for harmonious effects. The dining-room is finished in unpolished walnut, an old time hunting scene painted on leather covering the space above the woodwork. The furniture is of unpolished walnut upholstered in red velvet. The large hall is finished in cathedral oak and damask, with beautiful Tiffany hanging lamps as the sole ornaments, with the exception of huge growing plants. The drawing-room is in tan and brown, and the library is tapestried in green and blue. Mrs. Mack's bedroom is as exquisite in its furnishings as Marie Antionette's famous

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boudoir. The walls are of pale lavender brocade, the furniture and finishings of the room being of silver-gray maple. The gray and lavender hangings are in harmony, and a rug of pale lavender covers the floor.

He Is Griefstricken

Joseph Eastland has gone to Venezuela, and his friends say that he is in a state of grief, having received his conge from the capricious Pearl Landers. Some of his intimate friends quote him as saying that he doesn't care what happens to him since his love is hopeless. It is understood that they were engaged, and that Miss Landers returned his ring. Miss Landers is now with her cousin, Miss May, in Monterey, and she will remain down there until the opening of the winter festivities. Miss May was formerly a teacher. She inherited a fortune about a year ago. She has no social ambition, but likes the society of clever people.

She Changed Her Mind

The Los Angeles bavardes are discussing the broken engagement of Anna Chapman, one of Judge J. S. Chapman's several blooming daughters, and Louis Prinot, the San Francisco youth who ornamented the drawing-rooms of the Santa Monica smart set a season or so ago. Miss Chapman is bound for Manchuria, chaperoned by Mrs. Charles Bagley, wife of a West Coast naval officer. The engagement was announced some time ago but when society was looking for an early announcement of the wedding date, Miss Chapman availed herself of the feminine privilege.

The Baron in a New Role

Baron von Horst, "Clemmy" Horst's brother, who at one time threatened to rival Czar Greenway as a leader of society dances, is to appear in a new role on Thursday evening of next week. Only the Baron's very intimate friends know that he possesses a fine baritone voice which had the benefit of cultivation under Francis Korbay. He will sing a group of his master's songs. The occasion of the Baron's debut will be at a Sequoia Club musicale, for which Miss Eleanor Connell arranged the program. One of Miss Connell's pupils, Miss Elizabeth Tyler, will also appear, rendering songs by Brahms, Jensen and Schubert, and Miss Fannie Danforth will be the accompanist.

The Fruit and Flower Mission

Just twenty-five years ago a few young girls, headed by Mary Bates (now Mrs. William McLellan), founded the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission. The organization during this quarter of a century has grown to vast proportions in membership and good work. Lately a medical department was added to the regular Thursday basket-work of the Mission, and relief is given to many unfortunate sick people. The Mission is to hold a reception next Friday afternoon in Golden Gate hall, to which have been bidden the many kind friends who have provided the means to carry on this good work.

Will Sing Next Week

The Mackenzie Gordon concert did not take place on Tuesday night as advertised, owing to the enforced absence of the tenor from town. A death in his family called him away for a few days, but he will be back in time to appear next Friday evening in Steinway hall, when the postponed concert will come off. The Bohemian Club is taking a personal interest in the Gordon concert. This will be the great lyric tenor's first recital since his long illness, from which he only lately recovered.

Mrs. Lewis Risdon Mead is occupying her apartment at St. Dunstan's again after a delightful summer at Byron Hot Springs.

Una Fairweather is to give a concert before she goes to New York next month with Mrs. Fine. Her mother, Mrs. Mary Fairweather, has just had a novel accepted by a Boston publisher, I hear.

A Middy With a Record

Midshipman Sherwoode Taffinder, who has returned to his home in this city on his annual leave of absence from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, made a fine record at that institution. He is now in his first-class, or senior year, and will graduate next spring, after which he will go upon a two-years' cruise in some warship. Young Taffinder, in addition to being a bright student, has taken a high rank in naval academy athletics, to which more attention is now paid than ever before. He captained the winning boat crew which defeated Yale, Cornell, Columbia, and Georgetown Universities in hard fought aquatic contests. He stands six feet two inches and is one of the best heavy weight boxers and weight throwers at the acad-

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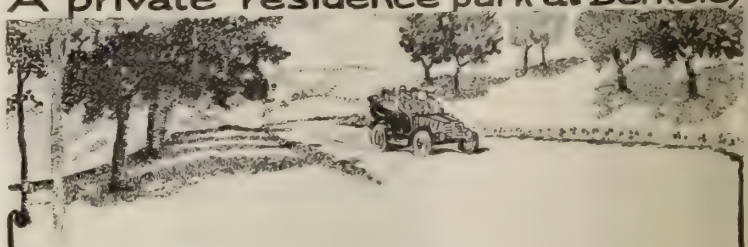

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emy. Midshipman Taffinder is the son of Will G. Taffinder of the *Pacific Underwriter*. He is a graduate of the Mission High School.

General D. S. Gordon left town on Tuesday for the East, to be gone about a month. Mrs. Gordon did not accompany him, but remained at the Cecil where she will be located all winter.

Lucy—Did you enjoy the play with Aunt Mary?
Kitty—I enjoyed the play, but I would have enjoyed it more without Aunt Mary.
Lucy—What do you mean?
Kitty—Well, you see, I was kept busy pretending I didn't understand some of the best things in the play.

The stork brought a welcome gift to the Wigginton Creeds last week. Mrs. Creed was Isabel Hooper of Alameda, daughter of the lumber king.

Mr., Mrs. and Miss Ross, who have occupied the Lucas cottage at San Rafael for the past six months, have taken apartments at the Charlemagne, in Geary street.

The W. H. Huies are back from their Southern trip, and are making their home at the Cecil.

The McNab-Kerrigan Engagement

In suggesting last week that the distinguished young jurist, Frank H. Kerrigan, would in all probability prove to be the hero of Miss Jessie McNab's romance, I hastened the announcement of their engagement. Congratulations have been pouring into Judge Kerrigan's mail-pouch and congesting traffic on his telephone wire ever since. The announcement was not unexpected, for Miss McNab's fiance had not been able to conceal behind a calm, judicial front his sentimental regard for the very charming object of his affections. Miss McNab is the daughter of the handsome and exceedingly popular James McNab, and she has inherited the magnetism of her father whom she strongly resembles. She is a vivacious girl, fond of outdoor exercise, and she is a very accomplished equestrienne. Judge Kerrigan has been the despair of match-making mammas for several seasons.

Earrings are Decidedly In Again

Since the de Young girls returned from abroad they are wearing beautiful pearl eardrops, and it seems as if the fashion were bound to be popular this winter. Mrs. Peter Martin, who wore pearl drops when she was here, now wears diamond ear-pendants. The Hopkins sisters cling to the pearl eardrops which they wore long before Mrs. Martin's advent.

The Jewel Habit

For several years the fashion of wearing handsome jewels on the street has been in favor in England's smart set, but not until recently did this style become popular in New York. Mrs. C. B. Alexander, who holds the best position in the New York and Newport set of any of the Californian contingent, is the first to introduce this fashion to San Franciscans. Mrs. Alexander, who is staying at the Crocker mansion, was seen in Sutter street wearing a handsome gown of delicate blue with a string of pearls around her neck, a long lorgnette chain made up of small diamonds, and a pair of torquoise earrings set with diamonds. Mrs. Alexander affects blue a great deal, and it contrasts admirably with her beautiful Titian hair.

Granddaughter of a Governor

Myra Burnett, who will marry Mr. Bennett of Oregon next month, is one of the best amateur pianists in California. She but recently returned from abroad, where she added to her musical knowledge considerably. She was one of the organizers of the Ensemble Club, formed of some of Hugo Mansfeldt's graduated pupils, and of which John Marquardt, Giulio Minetti and Louis von der Mehden Jr. were successively leaders. Miss Burnett is a granddaughter of David Burnett, one of California's governors. She is a very handsome young woman, with a classic profile.

A Debutante

Irene Muzzy will be one of the winter's debutantes. Mrs. Muzzy at first purposed having her daughter debut in New York, where they have family connections who would launch Irene in the swim and insure the success of her first season. But Miss Muzzy is fond of San Francisco and prefers to make her first appearance in our little swim. She is a pretty girl and dresses well. In Paris she acquired a knowledge of French and a number of Parisian frocks.

Israel's Approaching Marriage

Jewish circles are much interested in the approaching marriage of Julius M. Israel with a charming and pretty young lady from Stockton, which takes place on the fourth of October. Mr. Israel is the assistant secretary of the Union Trust Company, and is regarded as one of the cleverest of the young bankers in the city. He and his bride will make a tour of the Eastern states before they settle down to housekeeping in San Francisco. The future Mrs. Israel is a blonde and has a sweet and winning smile and will undoubtedly be a great favorite in her set.

They'll Miss the Rev. Dr. Shaw

Society people of Oakland (especially is this true of the dreamy-eyed debutante brides of the season), are utterly cast down by the resignation of Rev. William Carson Shaw, from the rectorship of the Church of the Advent, East Oakland. Mr. Shaw is one of the most popular clergymen in Alameda county, and he deserves every friend that he has. It was no easy matter, after the death of John Valentine, for a rector to keep things going out at the picturesque little church in Twelfth avenue. Mr. Valentine had a fancy for supporting a place of worship, and he fairly showered coin on the Church of the Advent, but his widow and family have not been similarly generous, and as other members of the congregation are comparatively poor, it is, to use a New England expression, "pretty poor picking" for the one at the head of the parish. Mr. Shaw is a highly talented man, Dean of the Episcopal Diocese of California, and is just returned from a three months' visit in the East. He is to give up his Oakland charge the first of October, and will go first to his family home in Canada, after which he will accept one of the calls that he has received. Mrs. Shaw and the three youngsters are in the East, where they remained while the rector came to California to settle up affairs and, incidentally, to hand in his resignation.

Has Not Said "Yes" Yet

At Lalla Wenzelburger's luncheon to Mrs. Traylor Bell and the Misses Downey last week, the hostess was chaffed a good deal about the attentions paid her by one of society's wealthiest young bachelors. This same golden youth was pursued all summer by a girl who spent the

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silly season in Marin county, but he had eyes for none but Miss Wenzelburger. All that is needed to make the affair a match, I hear, is Miss Lalla's consent.

The Short Skirt Edict

It has been decreed by the National Dressmakers' Association of America in convention assembled, that the American woman shall not wear the long-trailed skirt of Paris—fiat in brevis ruat caelum! It is to be the short skirt forever and long may she wave. The National Dressmaker of America is a wise and worthy personage. She knows the limits of her national sex. She knows that the American woman has never caught the knack of wearing the long trail gracefully. She knows that the American woman can never learn to lift the long skirt with Parisian verve and Parisian chic. That is why the National Dressmaker of America has pronounced the taboo upon the latest Parisian revival. It is easy for the American woman to wear a short skirt; anything else is impossible.

Long-Trail Experts

All women wear short skirts to show the lace on their underskirts. The American underskirt is much longer than the Parisian affair. A comparatively short skirt will display the filmy rufflings and furbelows. The mildest gust that blows will disclose the laces that adorn the American underskirt, and the length of the undergarment is sufficient to conceal any shortcomings of the American ankle or the American footgear. The woman of Paris, on the contrary, wears a short underskirt which she is as eager to display as is her American cousin. She is not always ashamed of the contour of her ankle and she couldn't wear an ill-fitting shoe. The Parisian is therefore compelled to lift her dress higher than has ever been fashionable in America, and that is one reason why she prefers the long skirt, in the artistic management of which she has been an adept since Margaret of Valois went veiled, a-foot, through the rugged by-streets of old Paris, at night, to her assignations in the Tour de Nesle. Besides, what is immodest in the American woman is not so in a French woman; on the the psychological principle that what is unmoral is not necessarily immoral.

A Debt of Gratitude

Every husband in the United States owes an obolus to the American goddess of fashion. The National Dressmakers' Convention decided not to raise the price. Never in the history of commerce and industry has an organized body of commercial and industrial conspirators done a kindlier (it was almost written a nobler) act than this. You can hear the sigh of relief from a million haunted hearts of husbands doomed to earn by the sweat of brow, brain and wrist, the paraphernalia, frippery and finery of their feminine following. Only one fly sticks in this ointment for toil-bruised souls, placed there by the President of the Convention, who said that while she regretted the inability of the dressmakers of America to compel the husbands of America to sweat more drachmas, she was glad to announce that the Convention placed no restriction on the individual graft of the members—they were at liberty to press the traffic to the limit wherever opportunity offered.

A Ministering Angel's Hard Luck

Ada Sullivan, daughter of the Frank Sullivans, was to have made her bow to society this winter, but she cannot do so as her health has broken down, owing to her over-enthusiastic work among her poor people. Miss Sullivan went in for charitable labor very seriously and did not consider her own health at all. Every day since she returned from Europe several years ago, she has visited the sick and poor, from South of Market to North Beach, and has also busied herself in obtaining entrance for the worst cases into the hospitals. Twelve or fifteen hours a day in

AT THE SBARBORO VILLA AT ASTI

Reading from left to right the persons in the group are: Miss Grace Whittle, L. Savoli, Mrs. H. G. Sartori, Prince Ferdinand of Savoy, Lieutenant Vitale, Commissario Filippo de Galateo, Lieutenant Finocchiaro, Miss Maria Rossi, Count Mareno di Monondo (commander), Cav. A. Sbarboro, Mrs. P. C. Rossi, Dr. Frattini and Cav. P. C. Rossi.

ministering angel's work finally told upon her not strong frame, and the result was she had to go to the hospital herself. She has been an invalid now for several weeks.

A Flower from Her Coffin

A correspondent writes me that when some of the late Lawrence Hanley's friends were overhauling his effects, they came upon a small bottle containing a white carnation preserved in alcohol. This flower, they found upon inquiry, had been sent to Hanley from Los Angeles six years ago, from the casket containing the remains of his little daughter, who was run over by a trolley-car and killed. Though Hanley had never seen the child, he treasured the memento, and always carried it about with him.

A San Francisco Girl's Stage Manager

Though Max Freeman is now stage managing in provincial San Francisco, he is not forgotten on Broadway. A New York daily advises Julian Mitchell, Ben Teal, Max Freeman and other stage managers of renown to look to their laurels, for the woman stage manager has invaded their domain. To Miss Gertrude Hoffman belongs the honor of being the first of her sex to enter the field which has been heretofore looked upon as the special province of man. She is stage manager for Marie Cahill. Gertrude Hoffman is a San Francisco girl who began her career in the chorus with the Southwell Opera Company at the Grand Opera House. She afterwards joined Matthews and Bulger at the California and went East with them.

Successful Californians

A correspondent writes me that Eastern managers are favoring Californian singers to a marked degree this season. Marie Welsh, who made a Tivoli success before going East a year ago, has been re-engaged by Henry Savage for the part of the American brewer's daughter in "The Prince of Pilsen," and will be in San Francisco with the company in November. Frank M. Coffin, the tenor, who left San Francisco six years ago, recently returned to New York from Europe, and will have a studio in Carnegie hall. Mr. Coffin has a choir position, and Louis Damrosch will exploit him in concert this winter. Frank Belcher, another Native Son, is still with De Wolf Hopper. Will Hallett is regarded as one of the best interlocutors in minstrelsy, and is now with Dockstadter's Minstrels, as are William McDonald, the basso, and Sam Marion, all San Francisco boys.

Kawaiahau Orchestra and Glee Club to Play

Manager Greenbaum has engaged the original Kawaiahau Orchestra and Glee Club of Honolulu for a long tour of this country and will present them at Lyric hall next Thursday and Friday nights, October fifth and sixth and Friday matinee at half-past three. This late hour for the matinee has been arranged so that school teachers and children may attend. The organization is composed of the finest musicians, both vocal and instrumental, in the Islands. The Kawaiahau was formed by his late majesty, King Kalakaua, and furnished the music at all the court functions. The instruments used are violin, violoncello, double bass, flute, saxophone, two guitars, ukele and taropatch. The singers form a quartet and double quartet, the soloists being Ben Jones, basso profundo, and Messrs. Shaw and Kulolia, tenors. The instrumental soloists are Major Mokia, flutist, and David Nape, the foremost native composer, who plays the saxophone. The program will include European music, although the special feature will be the beautiful Hawaiian melodies and the jolly Hula

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songs. The prices will be popular, fifty cents and twenty-five cents for the reserved seats, and the box office will be open at Sherman and Clay & Co.'s Monday morning.

Hugo Heerman to Open the Concert Season

The first of the magnificent lot of attractions that Manager Will Greenbaum will present this season is the great German violinist, Hugo Heermann, for many years leader of the famous Museum Quartet and Symphony Concerts of Frankfort-on-the-Main and chief teacher of the Hoch Conservatorium of that city. Mr. Heerman has concertized in Germany, Spain, England, Austria, Italy and France, and enjoys the distinction of being the only German artist ever engaged twice at the Conservatoire in Paris. Accompanying him on this tour is his son Emil Heermann, also a great violinist but of the modern Bohemian school, having studied under Sevcik, the master of Kubelik, Vecsy and Elmann. This talented son of a talented father will play some of the rarely heard compositions for two violins with his father, including the Bach Sonata in C, Bach Double Concerto, Sarasate's "Spanish Dance Navarra" and Pagannini's "La Bataille." He will also play the Tschaikowsky and Pagannini concertos. Hugo Heerman will play Brahms, Joachim Hungarian and Beethoven concertos. The first two have never been heard in public in this city. The complete programs may be obtained at the box office at Sherman and Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of season tickets opens next Tuesday morning. The prices are $3.50, $2.25 and $1.50 for the entire series. Single concerts, $1.50, $1.00 and 75 cents, for which seats will be on sale Friday morning. The dates of the concerts are Monday and Thursday nights, October ninth and twelfth, and on Saturday afternoon, October fourteenth, at Lyric hall. Fred Maurer will play the accompaniments.

The Alcazar's new leading man, Charles Waldron, is only twenty-eight years old, and is consequently the youngest leading man in America. However he has had a deal of experience in stock companies, having played leads for three years past in New York, Toledo, Columbus and Cleveland. He was born in the profession. His father, George B. Waldron, was well known on the coast some twenty-five years ago, as was his mother, Isabel Waldron. They were in the original cast of "The Danites." His sister Georgia is a charming actress.

The Financial Field

Business in the Stock and Bond Exchange continued quite brisk. Trading in Bonds aggregated $240,000; in Shares 10,456, as follows: 3,845 Lighting, 1,230 Water, 2,610 Miscellaneous, 86 Banks and 2,685 Sugars. San Francisco Gas and Electric remained very firm at about $82.1-2. Mutual Electric declined from $17.1-2 to $14.3-4, reacting again at the close of the week to about $16.1-8. Spring Valley Water remained very firm at about $40.1-2 to $41. It looks very much like an accumulation of stock, the buying being considered much better than the selling. Alaska Packers continued weak and depressed, receding at the close of the week to $62, without any reaction to speak of. The company has passed the October dividend, and I dare say it will be some time before they resume. The volume of business in sugar stocks continues, and prices have reacted considerably under a firmer raw sugar market, centrifugals being quoted at $3.11-16 parity for London beets 3.84.

The following is a copy of a letter received from the superintendent of the Double Eagle mine:

"Tonopah, September 24, 1905.

"The bottom of the May shaft continues to improve as sinking is continued, it shows a most pronounced change to a more quartz like texture. The ore, although it does not show the great profusion of free gold it did at a lesser depth, the panning, if anything, show greater values. A pleasing feature we are now encountering is the talc shows values. This I find by panning, and as it is occurring in greater quantities than heretofore, the probability is it will greatly increase the value of the property; it also indicates a widening of the vein. This is evidenced by the quartz intermixed with the talc.

"Yours truly,

(Signed) "T. J. COSTELLO,
"Supt. Double Eagle Mines."

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A Poet's Prospects

BY HARRY ————.

(Though "Harry" is the Christian name of Captain Graham, fiance of Ethel Barrymore, that gentleman is not the author of these stanzas.—ED.)

Men loved in single-blessedness
  Man slights, one woman to adore;
But how can I love Barrie less
  In that I now love Barrymore—
In that the thing I most admire
Is Alice-sitting-by-the-fire?

'Twould like me not at all, 'tis said
  By those that like me not at all,
To see her earn her Graham bread,
  Still answering to her calling's call
When, by great Edwin's ghost and Barrett's,
She should be home, a-peeling Carrots!

A thorn most tragic in my side
  A witty wife must prove to be;
Caught napping I an actress bride,
  Who'll play the very deuce with me!
Not so, swear I. By Heaven on high,
Each day'll be Sunday by and by!—
Nay; to myself, until I die,
I'll have my Sunday, or know why.

September, 1905.

STEPHEN FITZPATRICK AND COMPANY
In a scene from "The Welcome Guest" at the Chutes next week

The Stage

A Play with Heart Interest

With the magnetic force of one Barrymore operating across the footlights it is pretty nearly impossible for an audience to take a critically intellectual view of the performance. With two Barrymores operating in conjunction, as they are doing at the Columbia this week in Thomas Raceward's "Sunday," the audience is absolutely helpless. Yet next season the whole family is to enter into a combination to barrymore theatregoers; how fortunate is the playsmith whose drama is to be the medium by which these mummers are to exercise their invincible spell! If there are roles that are actor-proof, there are mummers that are play-proof. Let it not be understood, however, that "Sunday" is a play which depends for success on heaven-sent genius. It is not an intellectual play, it poses no problem, it challenges not the higher qualities of the mind, but it is palpitant with that moving quality, or, as the more illustrative and homely phrase has it, heart interest. It is a play that stirs the depths of our natures, that abounds in emotional thrills, and that compels our softer feelings to bubble up and overflow. Mr. Raceward has been harking back to Bartley Campbell, and dramatizing Bret Harte. There is a suggestion of "My Partner" in the sentiment that holds together that quaint group of Silver Creek, and the rearing of the girl by her rude foster-fathers is distinctly a Bret Harte conception. The theme is old-fashioned, but the playwright has given expression by new methods of tender emotions that go straight to our hearts. There is something in our national life that keeps our playwrights from developing heart interest of the character that runs all through "Sunday." It is only when such a play comes to us that we realize we have hearts at all, and it is then we appreciate the awakening of the old sentiments that were implanted in our beings before we wandered afar from the knee which sometimes supported us to facilitate the administration of wholesome reproof. The incident that furnishes the motive of the play is the killing of a man for making a dishonorable proposal to the heroine. This is a distinctly old-fashioned situation that was long since relegated to the domain of ultra-melodrama for popular prices. In the more polite drama they never kill off the man with the lustful eye. But it is refreshing to hark back to the romance of our youth even though, to make it plausible, we must have a mining camp invented for us along with some of the characterizations that live in the old Californian classics. Mr. Raceward has written a convincing love story, the development of which arouses us to tearful emotion and keys the nerves up to a high pitch. And Ethel Barrymore, in the title role, does some of the finest emotional work that ever drained the tear ducts of an audience. She is aided and abetted to a great extent by her brother Jack in a minor, but telling part. When the two get together in the last act to perfect a thrill the effect of the emotional stunt is tremendous. Beside this actor and actress, the other mummers in the cast, clever though they are, seem strangely artificial. The Barrymores illustrate the difference between artificiality and naturalness. They are above all things natural and you notice the quality as a stark phenomenon even in a company of competent histrions. Ethel Barrymore never underlines her action, and yet it is always well up to the level of significance. Some of her most dramatic effects are achieved in the great silences that punctuate the dialogue.

Theodore Bonnet.

FRANZ EBERT, IN HIS VARYING MOODS

The Liliputian Comedian and His Company will appear at the Orpheum to-morrow afternoon

Tetrazzini's Great Acting

Of a few—a *very* few—of the great singers in opera it is said that if they lost their voices they could still win fame as dramatic stars. Of none can this be said more truthfully than of Tetrazzini. It is not likely that we shall ever see a greater than the Violetta who sang at the Tivoli on Tuesday evening, a Violetta who magnetized her audience into forgetting the singer in the character, following the old story of Camille and Armand with eager interest, and drawing the spontaneous tribute of tears in the death scene. Tetrazzini is not only a great singer, she is a great actress. To watch the changes of her expression, from the woman who loves carelessly, then deeply, and then suffers in her self-sacrifice, is to see the expression of the wonderful actress, who sways her audience with her moods. I never expected to be interested in "Traviata" again aside from a critic's enjoyment of flawless singing. On Tuesday night I was but one among hundreds who felt that they were hearing and seeing a new Lost One. It was in a larger sense the same feeling inspired by Margaret Anglin's new Camille, given to us in its freshness before frequent repetitions destroyed its power to magnetize. Tetrazzini is a new Tetrazzini this season. Her voice has a larger, richer tone, while not an atom of its purity and freshness has been lost. In the first act of this old opera she is not yet quite what Sembrich was in the first Grau season, but there has never been given here such a rendering of the other three acts. Indeed, taking it altogether, this was the best performance of "La Traviata" I have ever heard. Everything went smoothly. Bazelli sang Alfredo with tenderness and exquisite feeling. Gregoretti was at his old-remembered best as the father. The ensembles were beautifully sung, and Polacco led with his usual precision and sympathy.

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Second and Last Week Begins NEXT MONDAY
Last Six Nights—Matinee Saturday
Charles Frohman presents
ETHEL BARRYMORE
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"SUNDAY"
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"THE ETERNAL CITY"
With Mascagni's Original Music
First Appearance of LUCIA MOORE as Roma
and CHARLES WALDRON as Rossi
Evenings 25c to 75c, Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c
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First Appearance of Lenora Kirwin

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TUESDAY NIGHT, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA"
With Tetrazzini, Brazelli, Gregoretti, Dado
WEDNESDAY NIGHT, "MANON LESCAUT"
With Coppola, Ticci, Moreo
THURSDAY NIGHT, "TRAVIATA"
With Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti
FRIDAY NIGHT, "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" AND "I PAGLIACCI"
With Petrella, Ticci, Angioletti, Coppola, Salassa, Moreo
SATURDAY MATINEE AND SUNDAY NIGHT, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"
With Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti
SATURDAY NIGHT, "BALLO IN MASCHERA"
With Petrella, Grasse, Coppola, Moreo, Gravina, Dado
Seats on Sale for All Performances.

Whittlesey's Farewell Week

As an artistic finale to his long and successful Alcazar season I should have preferred White Whittlesey in a role of less sentimental quality than Prince Waldemar in "The Last Appeal." Crown princes have been the favorite heroes of fictionists and romantic playwrights ever since the enormous hit of "The Prisoner of Zenda," who though not a crown prince was one degree up the throne steps. "In Old Heidelberg" showed us a crown prince who was fashioned of the right sort of stuff. The crown prince of "The Last Appeal" is of other material. He prefers his happiness to the honor of following in his father's footsteps and ruling his country. The play is such a drama as the sentimentalists love, but does not commend itself to reason. We know well enough that in real life Melitta would be perfectly satisfied to be Waldemar's morganatic wife, and that he might then fulfill his destiny and retain his love without promoting his father's anger. It is all very charming on the stage, with the prince defying his kingly parent and swearing by the gods on high that he will never forsake his Melitta. The last act is where Waldemar's wife pleads with his father to forgive him, and to acknowledge his marriage. Waldemar renounces his succession in favor of his brother, embraces his father and all ends like a fairy tale, with everybody going to be happy ever after. It is all too unreal for the enjoyment of adult mentalities. Eighteen would be about the limit to absorb this treacle with content. The play is very well acted. Miss Lawton carries the principal role, Melitta Arendt, with more sympathy than she usually shows. Though in direct contrast to her Maisie, her Melitta is worthy to be placed beside that creation as the two best things she has done this season. She wears some exquisite frocks, particularly one in the second act with a much beruffled skirt. Miss Belgarde also wears some ripping frocks. She is only Melitta's aunt, but she is her abettor in the marriage with the prince, and her kindly counselor in the dark days that follow. Byers is very natural in a Franz Josef make-up, as Waldemar's cruel father. Inslee is likewise good as the other father, the man of commerce. Homans looks like Joe Redding in uniform as Waldemar's fidus Achates, and Von Meter and Easdale are picturesquely proper as the Chamberlain and Master of Ceremonies. Belasco has a bit of effective character work as an old peasant in the throne scene. Glendenning is humorously clever as the lisping dandy officer, Lieutenant Eric von Aedern. Whittlesey's role gives but few opportunities, but he avails himself of these, and makes a manly, loveable portrait of the prince who gave up his chance of a throne for a woman.

Miss Stone Dramatized

In "Held for Ransom" Charles A. Taylor has produced a melodrama in which thrills are plentiful. Brigands and Turks serve to develop a wildly exciting plot while an airship and an American squadron bring it to a happy denouement. W. L. Raynore as Rip Knickerbocker does some splendid work in a part which recalls Bean in "Held by the Enemy." With Laurette Taylor as Sparkle, the Sultan's favorite, and Harry Babb as an American newsboy, Raynore shares the favor of the gallery gods. Heroic sailors who are always busy looking for a chance to die for their country, dastardly villains who are willing to give them the chance, and the Stars and Stripes also play an important part in this spectacular play, which is said to be a dramatization of the story of Ellen Stone, the missionary who was ransomed. An imaginary niece of Ellen is the heroine of Mr. Taylor's melodrama.

Vaudeville Stunts

The spook minstrels are the novelty at the Orpheum this week. They are another phase of the illustrated song, the pictures of minstrels on the biograph being animated by the five singers behind the scenes. Later they come out and sing without the biographic accompaniment. Harry Corsen Clarke and Margaret Dale Owen, assisted by Joseph Holling, present a sketch, "Strategy," which is pleasing and diverting. As the stars are well known here they received the usual warm Orpheum welcome. Gerard and Bailey also received a rousing welcome on their return in a new sketch. Pietro, the monkey star, is sufficiently intelligent to make converts to the Darwinian theory.

Elaborate scenery, startling situations and wonderful unrealism, are the features of "Escaped from the Harem," at the Central this week. It is a thrilling melodrama without any claims to probability, but which is well construed and gives opportunity for some clever acting by the various members of the company. It is a play that particularly pleases the gallery.

Next Week's Bills

The following is the grand opera repertoire for next week at the Tivoli: Tuesday night, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti, Dado; Wednesday night, "Manon Lescaut," with Coppola, Ticci, Moreo; Thursday night, "Traviata," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti; Friday night, "Cavalleria" and "I' Pagliacci," with Petrella, Ticci, Angioletti, Coppola, Salassa, Moreo; Saturday matinee and Sunday night, "Lucia," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti; Saturday night, "Ballo in Maschera," with Petrella, Grasse, Coppolo, Moreo, Gravina, Dado. Seats are now on sale for all performances.

"The Lighthouse by the Sea," by Owen Davis, will be at the Central. This play is on the lines of "Shore Acres" and "Hearts of Oak" and has a record of long runs in the East. A big scenic production is promised.

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LUCIA MOORE
The new leading actress of the Alcazar stock, who appears Monday night as Roma in Hall Caine's "The Eternal City."

Ethel Barrymore has another week at the Columbia, and then we are to see Eleanor Robson in her great success, "Merely Mary Ann." This will be Miss Robson's first San Francisco appearance since she made her debut as Margery Knox in "Men and Women" with the Frawleys seven years ago. On Thursday, October twelfth, Miss Robson will give a Browning performance, presenting "In a Balcony." At three o'clock sharp the curtain will rise and no one will be seated thereafter.

"The Eternal City" is the vehicle chosen by the Alcazar management to introduce the new stock company. This is Hall Caine's play, built from his novel of the same name, and in which E. J. Morgan made one of his most pronounced successes as the socialist lover of Roma. "The Eternal City" has a gorgeous scenic setting and the incidental music is by Pietro Mascagni. Lucia Moore and Charles Waldron, the new leads, will appear as Roma and Rossi, and Henry Shumer comes from the Central to play Bonelli, the prime minister. Maher, who has been enjoying a vacation, will play the Pope, and Homans, Butler, Miss Belgarde and Miss Allen will be in the cast. After the one week of the Caine play "What Happened to Jones," Broadhurst's first farce hit, will take the boards, and introduce Lenora Kerwin, the new soubrette and ingenue. "The Crisis" comes soon.

Of all the plays on the American circuit "Arizona" holds its own the best. Thomas never wrote anything that had better holding-powers than this fine ranch play which returns to the Grand next week and for which seats are already briskly selling. A strong cast is promised, with a magnetic Tony and charming Estrella. George Ade's musical comedy, "The Sultan of Sulu," comes next.

There are many familiar names on the Orpheum bill next week. The diminutive comedian, Franz Ebert, formerly with the famous "Liliputians" and lately with Anna Held, will present "Dan Cupid," Edmund Day's latest sketch. Maud Edna Hall, once leading lady of the Grand, and Carleton Macy will present the comedietta, "A Timely Awakening," by Clay Clement. Other newcomers will be Dixon and Holmes, descriptive vocalists, and Hal Merritt, the "poster girl" monologist and artist.

At the Chutes the newcomers will be Stephen Fitzpatrick and company in "The Welcome Guest"; the three De Graws, comedy acrobats; Richards and Richards, singing duo; James Hawley, monologist, and a team of European eccentrics.

HUGO AND EMIL HEERMANN
The distinguished violinists, who will give recitals week after next at Lyric Hall

More Failures in New York

From bad to worse the theatrical situation is going in New York. The taste of theatre-goers is improving, and potboilers of mediocre playsmiths are no longer putting money into the managerial purse. Except the musical comedies, there is just one new offering that has entered into a genuine success. This is Shaw's "Man and Superman," which is playing to crowded audiences and has settled down for an indefinite engagement in the Hudson. Two more failures last week! "Mary and John," as deplorably hopeless as "Beauty and the Barge," and "The Bad Samaritan," far below George Ade's level! It seems as if Mr. Ade must put a brake on his energies. Already there are signs that he cannot clydefitch it. If there were not another reason, Ade's none too robust physique would be sufficient to limit his writings. But he is going into authorship with the enthusiasm and the abandon of a Wall street promoter pushing a ten million dollar scheme with a fifty thousand dollar capital. Managers on every side are calling on the Hoosier for plays. He has been pestered ever since the triumph of "The County Chairman." Fortunes have been dangled before his eyes, and it is not strange that he has been tempted to slip out of the slow, steady gait which he chose and said he could persist in, following his first success with "The Sultan of Sulu." More and more it is becoming manifest that Pinero hit the truth when he said that no author could do justice to himself and build more than one play in twelve months. Pinero has had his failures, but they have been trifling in comparison with his successes. Ibsen has taken two years on a drama and has said afterward that he wished he had taken four. But our writers of the hour do not profit by the experiences of the two distinguished veterans. Fitch promises to eclipse the record of Moliere without coming within reach of the Frenchman as an artist. Moliere could almost run off a play before breakfast, but found justification in his genius. And at that it is likely had Moliere given more thought to the development of his ideas he would have left a richer heritage to posterity. Ade has become a sprinter. He is writing for Mr. Savage and for Charles Frohman. Besides, he has a long and difficult book in hand. Seemingly Ade has reached a point where he is finding it well-nigh impossible to resist the blandishments of promoters. There is a market for his works, and there is a scarcity of good plays and good books. Had he written up to his old standard in his two recent efforts he would have been hailed with greater acclaim than ever, and every one would have been lost in admiration of his fertile mind. It is no exaggeration to say that managers are at their wits' end for plays of merit, and yet they haven't sense enough to go to Sudermann or Ibsen. Few of them know that Ibsen hasn't written altogether on morbid lines. Few of them knew anything of Moliere until Mansfield made a success of "The Misanthrope." Meanwhile Shaw, one of the few intellectual English writing dramatists, is making large wads of money.

Virginia Brissac, who made such an artistic hit as the fisher-girl in d'Annunzio's "Gioconda" with Florence Roberts, is now leading ingenue of the Belasco stock in Los Angeles. Effie Bond will take Miss Brissac's place in the Portland company.

—*The Playgoer.*

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The Heart of an Heiress

BY GEORGE V. FITTOCK.

At the birth of Gladys Blingum all the propitious stars appeared to be in conjunction, and mamma, who was very rich, and very high-toned, having come from a family of very distinguished and very successful blacksmiths, was mighty proud of the chubby, auburn-haired tot.

She chose the name of Gladys for her only daughter because shortly before introducing this olive branch into the world she had been reading one of May Agnes Fleming's classics, and had found therein a character of that name. The character was an aristocratic young woman, very cultured and exceedingly proud, who had a lofty contempt for the plain people. She married a very wealthy nobleman and reflected great credit on her family. Mrs. Blingum fondly expected her daughter to follow in the footsteps of the Gladys immortalized by her favorite author. Besides, Mrs. Blingum was a highly cultured woman. She had been educated in Chicago and she knew that Gladys, or rather she was quite sure that Gladys was a name from the classics. She felt that it had a classical ring. It sounded like Greek to her.

In her early childhood Gladys developed not along the lines laid down for her. Her nose turned up from the beginning and her mother feared that she had bred back to the blacksmiths. Instead of playing with the haughty Castelarks of the adjoining villa she evinced a preference for the offspring of the plain people of the village. But the worst thing that showed up in Gladys was her heart. It grew abnormally in the direction of sentimentality. At the age of seven she planned an elopement with Tommy Griffen, aged five, one of a family of fifteen, children of the village stable-keeper.

Mrs. Blingum was alarmed. The significance of an affinity between her daughter, the scion of a family of blacksmiths, and the son of a man who kept horses, was tremendous.

Mrs. Blingum hoped that this preposterous manifestation would pass with adolescence. Unless the influences of a higher education could frustrate the baneful inclinations that were so assertive in childhood, perhaps Gladys would fail to follow in the footsteps of May Agnes Fleming's aristocratic young woman.

It was a harrowing reflection. Strenuous efforts must be made to arrest the development of Gladys' heart. But as she grew older she seemed positively reckless in the bestowal of her affections. She used to steal food for the poor children of the village, and the discovery of her depravity almost broke her mother's heart. Even the dogs in the village knew her as their friend. It was positively shocking. Sometimes Mrs. Blingum would confess to herself, in the privacy of her boudoir, that "blood will tell."

"Yet I had hoped," she soliloquized one day, "that Gladys would take after the family of Mr. Blingum." (The Blingums had been bad debt collectors for three generations and there wasn't a heart in the whole family.)

Gladys was sent to a fashionable academy in New York, and later, to a finishing school in Paris, where she developed temperament.

The auburn-haired, freckle-faced girl returned to San Francisco, a tall, dashing, spirited, graceful young woman, very chic, very stylish and with a haughty air.

Her entrance into San Francisco society was made at a great ball to which only the elite of the metropolis were invited. Several eligible young men were on hand. Mrs. Blingum invited them with a view to arousing the interest

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of her daughter. An alliance with any one of them would have brightened up the family lustre. One of them was Reginald Fairflax, son of a millionaire candle manufacturer, who worked in his father's office. He had inherited the parental thrift. He was typical of the best blood in San Francisco society, for he had developed the true commercial spirit, and despite his riches it was known that he would never marry until he could get a wealthy girl. The rating of the Blingums was entirely satisfactory to him, but unfortunately Gladys did not take kindly to him. Her mother spoke to her about him after the ball.

"Why, he's getting bald," said Gladys.

"But he's not more than forty-three," said Mrs. Blingum. "All the debutantes are marrying men of that age or thereabouts. I do hope that you will marry a man who has reached maturity."

"I hope so, too," said Gladys, "but I draw the line at a man who has begun to spoil."

Within a few months Gladys had looked over the field, and one day she astonished her mother by saying that she had not met a man in San Francisco society whom she could love.

Tears welled in Mrs. Blingum's eyes. "I always feared that vulgar sentiment would ruin your chances," she said.

"That's better than having it ruin my happiness," said Gladys. "Besides, mother, I have too much heart to make even a man whom I do not love unhappy by marrying him."

"My dear, your heart is the bane of your existence," snapped Mrs. Blingum.

One day Gladys Blingum met a poor sculptor at an art exhibition, and her heart went out to him. His own met hers more than half way, and they were married and the Blingums were shocked.

"I always felt it in my bones," said Mrs. Blingum to her husband, "that our Gladys would disappoint us, but I never thought that her absurd heart would lead her into such a mesalliance. It was bad enough to have a blacksmith for a grandfather, but it's worse to marry a man who makes ornaments out of bronze and reminds you of those poor Italians one meets somewhere on the continent."

Fortunately young Slocum, the sculptor, had talent, and his wife gave him the money to develop it, with her at his side in Paris. He became famous and received large sums for his handiwork. Then Mrs. Blingum welcomed him home and submitted to being sculptured in marble. Before long she had busts of herself all over the house, and she opened a salon and talked about art to culturined men and women who knew no more about it than she did. On such occasions she had the drawing-room filled with her busts, to help out the atmosphere, as she explained. Mrs. Blingum was very proud of her son-in-law, who seemed to think she was a very amusing old woman, and who couldn't help laughing in her face one day when she said to him: "I do wish that some day you will make a bust of my foot. Gladys says I have a very pretty foot, and I think it would look very well in a bust."

"Yes," said Slocum, "a foot's bust is a unique work of art."

September, 1905.

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Automobile Topics

Cowboys Will Soon Be No More

There will soon be no more cowboys left on the ranges. As I said a few weeks ago the automobile is displacing the proverbial cowpony on many of the larger ranches in Texas. These machines have made a greater change in that country than was thought possible, when they were first introduced on the ranches. By their use points one hundred miles distant from the railroads are now in touch with civilization.

Motor Boats in California

Mr. Reynolds, president of the Racine Boat Manufacturing Company, has been visiting in San Francisco and appointed the Pioneer Automobile Company distributors for the Racine line of motor boats. The Racine Boat Company is the largest manufacturer of motor boats in the United States and has already placed a number of boats on this coast. Speaking of the future of the motor boat business, Mr. Reynolds says that it will keep pace hand in hand with the automobile business; in fact, he credits the immense strides in the development of motor boats during the past two years principally to the advance in automobiles.

Off For the Cup Race

General Manager C. A. Hawkins of the White Sewing Machine Company is preparing to leave for the East to witness the Vanderbilt Cup race which occurs on Long Island, Saturday, October fourteenth. Mr. Hawkins was a spectator at the first event for the Vanderbilt trophy last year and was so enthusiastic over the affair that he decided to be on hand again this year when the race was run. On his return from the big contest he will visit the factory and hurry shipments of 1906 cars to this coast.

Four automobiles are now in use on Dungeness, the beautiful island off the Georgia coast, which is the Southern home of the Carnegie family.

An Interesting Tour

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tibbitts, Mrs. Frank Cluff and Mr. F. A. Lathe made a trip of seven hundred miles last week in Mr. Tibbitts' new model C Winton touring car. The party visited Del Monte and went as far south as Paso Robles, taking in all the missions en route and a number of side trips through the mountains. During the entire trip there was absolutely not one hitch of any kind. The car ran perfectly, although the roads were in an extremely poor condition, having been badly cut by heavy teams traversing them; however, there was not a road or even a grade, no matter how steep, which the baya Winton could not easily negotiate. Mr. Tibbitts is more than enthusiastic over the performance of his machine.

The New Whites

The first carload of 1906 side-entrance White steam touring cars left the factory at Cleveland, Ohio, on the fifteenth and should arrive in San Francisco in a few days, after which two carloads a week will be received. The local colony of White owners is waiting expectantly to view the first arrivals of this new car, as it will differ from the sample car sent here in the matter of details and will also have the aluminum body. The sample car had a wood body. The sales of the new model Whites have been steadily increasing during the past week.

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European Powers Who Motor

The King of England possesses a Daimler, Darracq and two Mercedes, one quite a late addition; the German Emperor has three Mercedes and a Fiat; the Czar of Russia a Darracq; the King of Italy a Panhard and a Fiat; the Kings of Portugal and Spain both drive Panhards, while the Queen of Holland has a Mercedes, and the King of the Belgians a Mercedes and a Mors. The Shah of Persia owns two Gardner-Serpollet steam cars, and Prince Albert of Monaco a Mercedes.

Round and About

E. P. Brinegar, manager of the Pioneer Automobile Company, left last Monday for an extended trip through the East. He will be gone about a month, during which time he will visit all the Eastern factories.

George McClelland has taken a new White touring car to Tonopah with him. He intends using the auto to travel about the mining regions of the sagebrush state.

C. Ratto is the possessor of a model C Winton.

Another convert to motoring in the city of Oakland is Clinton L. Walker, who has purchased a White steam car.

Camping Motorists in Canada

Ezra H. Fitch, Augustus Post, A. T. Edmundson and party, who in their White steamers left Portland, Me., recently for an extended trip into Canada, have brought their novel tour to a successful close at Bic, Canada. The journey was notable in many respects. In the first place, fully a quarter of the five hundred and forty miles traversed was through a territory where an automobile had never before penetrated. A second notable feature of the tour was that the party carried a complete camping outfit and, most of the time, spurned the hospitality of hotels and farmhouses. "In some parts of the timber country there are what the natives call roads," said Mr. Fitch, "but they are mere paths, abounding in stumps and other obstructions, over which rapid progress is an impossibility under any circumstances and somewhat dangerous unless extreme care is exercised.

—The Chauffeur.

He Revealed His Identity

The traveler alone in a strange land sank wearily to the earth and shed bitter tears.

"No one takes me seriously," he moaned.

"Fairfax Whelan, or I'll eat my hat," exclaimed the tall, lank native, turning to his companions.

—*The Josher.*

The Favorite

Sauce is a necessary addition to meats, gravies and soups. The greatest sauce is Worcestershire and the one peerless brand of Worcestershire is Lea & Perrins'. All the world knows that and all the world calls for its favorite. The market is flooded with spurious imitations of which consumers should beware and look for the trademark.

"I see the dailies are now publishing the inside doings of society."

"No, they're not. They'd be suppressed if they were."

POI PARTIES A FAD.

Among the fads that society people, ever on the alert for novelties, have seized upon with avidity, is the "Poi" party. Now that the national dish of the Hawaiians can be obtained at Goldberg, Bowen & Co.'s—Lutted's Hawaiian "Poi"—it has become very popular as the motif of an Hawaiian feast, to be served either as a luncheon or after the theatre supper. The Poi is delicous—a natural health food, and a godsend to dyspeptics.

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Music

The Loring Club Concert

The Loring Club inaugurated its twenty-ninth season by a superb program, including four entirely new selections. Prominent among these was the Schubert setting of Goethe's words, entitled in the translation "Song of the Spirits over the Waters." The musical form of this composition was an eight part male chorus with accompaniment of violas, cellos and basses. It proved to be a noble and impressive composition, its full beauty being brought out by the club. Another fresh work was Sir Henry Bishop's setting of "The Chough and Crow to Roost are Gone," words by Joanna Baillie. This fine old example of English music took immensely with the audience and had to be repeated. The four soloists did excellent work, the beautiful tenor of Mr. Macmillan being especially noticeable. Mr. Murdoch was second tenor, Mr. Trist first bass, and Mr. Glenn second bass. The club will do well to repeat this interesting work at some future concert. The great success of the Loring chorus in the "Wine, Woman and Song" waltzes was followed up on this occasion by "The Blue Danube," which opened the program. Sufficient to say, its success was immense, and it will certainly be demanded again. Two other numbers which deserve notice were the Schubert "Cradle Song," and Mohr's "Hymn to the Genius of Music" for male chorus, quartet and soprano solo. The "Hymn" is a strong and difficult work, but was impressively rendered, and formed a glorious close to an evening of song. The quartet consisted of Messrs. Macurda, Murdoch, Schalkhammer and Neilsen, the soprano part being sustained by Miss Kathrin Hilke. Peculiar interest was aroused by the announcement of Miss Hilke as the soloist of the evening. She is a native daughter who has won renown in the musical world of New York, but who is at present visiting her old home. Her "Dich Theur Halle" revealed her as a trained and talented vocalist, whose powerful dramatic soprano is equal to work of a high order. Her other program numbers were Dr. Arne's "Polly Willis" and "O, Come with me in the Summer Night." Miss Hilke obtained the rousing reception which she deserved. In addition to the excellent work done by the strings, flute and clarinet in the different accompaniments, the program included two movements from a string quartet by Raff, and the Andante from a serenade by Hoffman for flute and strings, faultlessly performed by Mr. Jaulus, Mr. Koenig, Mr. Arthur Weiss, Mr. Tytl and Mr. Zeh. Mr. Maurer at the piano was at his best. Mr. Stadtfeld conducted, and is evidently keeping the club up to the highest standard of excellence.

Mr. Wismer's Program Was Good

A fashionable crush left no vacant seats in the hall on Thursday evening of last week, when the concert for the benefit of the Foundling Asylum was given under the direction of Hother Wismer. A fine program gave pleasure to all who attended. Mr. Wismer had the opening number, the Beethoven Romanza in G, op. 40, and later the Gounod-Sarasate "Faust Fantasie." His playing is singularly refined and soulful, and while full of technical excellence never suggests tricks of execution. He is one of the most satisfying of our local artists. The Knickerbocker Quartet had the second place on the program with "The Old Water Mill" (Jensen) and Dudley Buck's "Good-Night." I do not believe the Knickerbockers ever left the stage without an encore, and the present occasion proved no exception. John Carrington was excellent in three songs, the "Wanderer's Nightsong," (Liszt), the well-known "Good-bye" (Tosti), and Wallace Sabin's composition, "Why was Cupid a Boy," a fantastic and original little morsel. Mrs. M. E. Blanchard was down for Brahms' "Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer" and Schubert's "Hark, Hark! the Lark." I have never heard that old favorite rendered with more beauty of tone and clear purity of expression. It was a flawless crystal. Denis O'Sullivan, though suffering from a cold, gave a rousing rendition of "The Two Grenadiers" and got his audience so excited that nothing but a recall would do. He generously sang "The Low-backed Car" in his own individual and inimitable manner. L. A. Larsen gave the "Pagliacci" prologue in good style. Mr. Larsen is a big man with a big voice, and is going to make a place for himself in the musical world. Mrs. Blanchard closed the program with the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria" with violin obligato by Mr. Wismer, Mr. Maurer at the piano.

The concert of Mackenzie Gordon was given too late in the week to be reviewed here. Mr. Gordon is one of the best known

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Take a Rest

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singers in the world, in his particular line, and this concert was a sort of celebration as it were of his return to health.

The Schalkhammer Recitals

Dr. Sebastian Schalkhammer, so well known to those who have regularly attended the Loring Club concerts, gave a song recital in the new Kohler & Chase hall last Friday evening, when the following program was rendered: Prelude, Romance, from Suite op. 27, for violin and piano, Franz Ries, Hother Wismer and Fred Maurer; Halt by the Brook, Thanks to the Brook, The Question, The Erl King, Franz Schubert, Dr. Schalkhammer; Schwedische Tanze, op. 63 II, Max Bruch, Mr. Wismer; The Two Grenadiers, 'Twas in the Lovely Month of May, Sunday on the Rhine, A Forest Legend, Robert Schumann, Dr. Schalkhammer; Adagio in E flat, op. 145, Louis Spohr, Mr. Wismer; Dream so Fair, recitative and aria from "Heriodiade," Jules Massenet, Serenade from "Don Giovanni," Wolfgang A. Mozart, There'll Never Be One Like You, Oscar Weil, At Evening, Arthur Fickenscher, The Magic Song, Erik Meyer-Helmund, Dr. Schalkhammer. At a matinee on Tuesday of this week another recital was given when the following program was rendered: Two Movements (allegro, andante so tenuto), from Suite op. 11, Carl Goldmark, Messrs. Wismer and Maurer; Courage, The Carrier-Pigeon, Restless Love, Impatience, Franz Schubert, Dr. Schalkhammer; Farfalla, Emile Sauret, Mr. Wismer; The Hidalgo, She is Thine, Each Night in My Slumber, I Chide Thee Not, Robert Schumann, Dr. Schalkhammer; Preislied, Wagner-Wilhelmj, Mr. Wismer; Cavatina from "Faust," Gounod, How Badly is the Course of Life Adjusted, Victor Nessler, What is it Thou Hast Tried to Tell Me?, Oscar Weil, Found, Arthur Fickenscher, Flow'ry May, Reinhold Becker, Dr. Schalkhammer.

The Hawaiian Band Concerts

The return concerts of the Royal Hawaiian Band and Glee Club drew interested audiences to the Alhambra on Thursday of last week and on two days of this week. The band is on its way back to the Islands after playing an engagement at the Portland Fair. It has been a delightful treat to San Franciscans to hear the musicians of Hawaii and the native singers, who render the beautiful melodies of the Islands in their sweet, well-trained voices. They wear the costume of the Hawaiians with the leis about their necks. Madame Alapai, the soloist, is as characteristic a singer of her country's songs as are the members of the glee club.

On Thursday evening of this week the Roeckel twins, Maria and Mario, are giving their fourth operatic recital, to celebrate their thirteenth birthday. The recital will be reviewed in next week's issue.

In the Greek Theatre

A very large audience, which contained a good representation of Bohemian Club members, attended the concert in the Greek theatre of the University of California last Thursday. There was an opening number, the slow movement from Schubert's unfinished symphony, and then J. D. Redding's "Man in the Forest," orchestrated by W. J. McCoy, was given by the orchestra. But the main feature of the program was the "Hamadryads" music written for one of the Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks by Mr. McCoy. This music has been heard before at the Tivoli, but sounded much more impressive in the open air. Mr. Larsen and Mackenzie Gordon rendered the vocal solos, with a chorus.

W. J. McCoy, the composer and orchestra leader, has decided to locate in San Francisco this winter and has opened a studio at 546 Sutter street, in the same building where that other Bohemian composer, Theodor Vogt, is located.

The choir of the First Congregational church of Oakland, which gave the program of music in the Greek theatre at Berkeley recently, before an audience of seven thousand people, rendered Barnby's cantata, "Rebekah" on Sunday evening. "Rebekah" is one of the most popular of the smaller oratorio works of the English school of composition, and offers some particularly grateful opportunities in the soprano solo part, which was sung by Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup. The other soloists of the evening were Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, contralto; Chester Rosekrans, tenor, and Henry L. Perry, bass. As there is no solo part in the cantata for contralto, Mrs. Nicholson sang the offertory solo preceding the presentation of "Rebekah." The full chorus choir of sixty voices, Virginie de Fremery, organist, and Alexander Stewart, conductor, participated.

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Mrs. Fine Will Sing

A large audience will be present at Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine's recital, next Tuesday evening, in Lyric hall. This will be Mrs. Fine's first appearance in public here, since her departure for New York, some years ago. Her program will be varied, ranging from simple ballads to the "Batti Batti" song by Mozart and "My Heart Ever Faithful" by Bach.

The first Minetti concert will be given on October twentieth.

MARIA ROECKEL
As Marguerite in "Faust"

MARIO ROECKEL
In "I'Pagliacci"

An Artistic Program

The benefit concert for the sufferers from the Calabrian earthquakes, last week, given under the patronage of Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Serra, the Italian Consul and his wife, was not so largely attended as the occasion warranted, though there was what managers call "a good house" present. The program was of the highest order of artistic excellence. A slight change was made in the order of the numbers, the Arensky piano trio being given the opening place. This work was in the hands of Messrs. Genss, Minetti and Weiss, and like the Schutt suite for violin and piano, was hailed with interest for its novelty. The suite, in particular, with its three strongly marked movements, was replete with life and color. Mr. Minetti's solo number consisted of Bazzini's "Elegia" and Sarasate's "Spanish Dances," both played in exceptionally fine style. Mrs. Evelyn Weingardner-Blanchard was heard in three French selections, one the well-known aria fro m"Samson and Dalila" and the other two songs by Chaminade and Augusta Holmes. Mrs. Blanchard sang the aria with remarkable taste and technical excellence, in a style more repressed than that of most vocalists who essay this work. The Holmes song, "Le Chevalier de l'etoile," was one of the most charming things I have ever heard. Mr. Maurer, who accompanied, deserves a special word of praise. Nothing in the way of accompaniment could be more delicate or more skilful. Carlo Gentile was pleasing in his piano solos, sonsisting of Mendelssohn's "Rondo Capriccioso" and a Chopin group including the Berceuse and the forceful Polonaise, op. 52. Mr. Gentile did good service in his accompaniment to Mr. Minetti's violin solos. The concert was of unusual excellence, and the various numbers listened to with the appreciation they deserved.

Tomorrow (Rosary) Sunday the music at St. Dominic's Church will be unusually attractive. At eleven o'clock solemn high mass will be celebrated, when Liszt's celebrated Coronation Mass in E flat will be sung by the regular choir of the church, nuder the direction of the organist, Dr. H. J. Stewart. For the offertory, Mozart's celebrated mottet, "Deus tibi laus et honor," will be sung. The soloists are Mrs. B. Apple, Miss Leola S. Stone, .T G. Elliott, A. Messmer, C. B. Stone, and Oliver Le Noir.

Mrs. Alvina Heuer Willson has returned home after studying a year in Paris.

—The Music Critic.

Latest Improvements in Hell.

Satan frowned.

"You're one of those know-it-all clergymen who has been telling people that fire and brimstone reports are all fake," he sternly said.

The soul trembled and stood confessed.

"Well, you've helped our business along some, but just to show you how grateful a devil can be I am going to prove to you that we have more effective methods of torture than were in vogue a thousand years ago."

The soul was silent.

"Here, Lucifer," called his majesty, "show this gentleman into the department where Pinhead McCarthy and Tommy Hickey are giving samples of their elocution."

—Dan T.

The average temperature at Coronado last week was seventy-one, a very comfortable average. Registered at Hotel del Coronado from San Francisco recently were A. O. Grover, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Seiport, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hanford, Harry R. Simpkins.

Recent arrivals at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from San Francisco, included: H. C. Mell, E. J. Brown, Oscar F. Reichenbach, Geo. W. Whiye, J. P. Weir, C. Theusen, R. H. Roundtree, F. P. Scully and wife, E. E. Johnson, wife and daughter, Jas. A. Keller, Jno. T. Nurse, Thos. Hodge, wife and children, H. L. Hachly, Wm. Fisher and wife H. H. Martin, C. E. Muller, G. H. Ehmann, T. J. Moon and wife, Wm. C. Poole, W. Gearey and wife, Rolla V. Watt and wife, F. H. Green, Jno. Fechter, Jr., and wife, C. L. Pearson and wife, F. H. Green, Jno. Fechter, Jr., D. A. Mendenhall and wife, C. M. Bell, E. J. Murphy, F. W. Cory, Fredk. J. Munsen, Miss F. Whittier, C. M. Gerrish, Mrs. T. O. Lewis, Miss H. A. Danley, Louis P. McCarty, Freeman D. Bovard and wife, F. M. Larkin, B. A. Norris.

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In Praise of the Present

(Continued from Page 7)

My correspondent continues: "If you critics find joy in anything, it is in the slaughter of innocent authors within your reach. You will even go out of your way to do some unfortunate to death. Your one sorrow is that you can't slay the dead or the immortal." This, mind you, is the kindly criticism of one with a mighty desire to see beauty in what is near him. As a matter of fact, no critic kills the weeds of literature because he has any pleasure in the death of him that dieth, but because he has at heart the well-being of the flowers, whose loveliness is to him as the breath of life. How tenderly he cares for every promising bud, watching, as might a mother, its wonderful growth! Had my young friend asked: "Which delights a critic the more, to discover, some fine morning before others are up, a perfect bud with the dew still upon it; or, at noonday, in another man's garden—so to speak—to gaze with the world upon a perfect blossom full blown?" I had answered, "The critic is but human." Delight in the slaughtering of innocents, indeed! Why, man alive! I have myself seen a critic turn his face away and weep, as he plucked up by the roots a wretched weed. 'Twas of the onion family. Now, supposing that in such a case the phrase "insufferable bathos" should be born of smarting eyes and offended nostrils, and inadvertently find its way into print, are we called upon, in the name of kindness, to dub the poor critic making use of it, a brute?

"I am dead sure," declares my correspondent, "that you couldn't, to save your soul, write the very worst of the 'best sellers' yourself."

I am dead and damned sure that I couldn't. I couldn't write even the very best of them. My friend's ambiguity bothers me not a little. Whether the compliment was written with the right hand or with the left, I cannot quite make out. More than likely, my agreeing so emphatically with him will but lay me open in his nearsighted eyes to the further charge of vanity. What else is to be expected of one who so urges me to do violence to all modesty, and publicly venture the opinion that the art that is closest to me at this moment is incomparable?

Doubtless, too, my fairmindedness in printing his grave charges against myself—charges which the envious will be quick to give credence to—will be lost sight of by this seer of, and believer in, nearby beauty. If I know me and him—his critic he has made out of whole cloth, warp and woof the work of his own imagination. He arraigns not me but himself. 'Tis he—no other—that delights to shed innocent blood, that would fain slay the immortal.

No critic, he says in conclusion, can stand the least word of criticism. His own, I take it, is the least word ever uttered, and see, I have stood it like an angel. My neck is fairly stiff and my head dizzy, so many times have I turned "the other cheek." And yet, "a critic," says my critic, "is a regular heathen whose charity *un*covers a multitude of sins."

"But," interposes the patient reader, "I don't hear you saying a single word 'in praise of the past'."

Well, ever since I wrote that title, I have been ransacking my think-box, and find that I have said everything that I could, in conscience, say. Would you, too, have me say more?

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Meteors of Old New York

(Continued from Page 8)

Bohemianism. Landmarks they were of that era which had for *frontiere,* Charlemagne's Restaurant in Houston street, Belle Marie in Fifty-seventh street, Herr Most's Bar in Fourth avenue, Martinelli and Ricadonna in Union Square, and Theis in Fourteenth street. That was the time of Stephen C. Massett, (Jeems Pipes of Pipesville,) from California; of George Jessup and Archibald Gunter in his incipient revolt against the publishers and fresh from his "Prince Karl" success. Francis Saltus had his cenacle then in an obscure Fourth-avenue brasserie, Sartain, Ferris, Bunner and R. K. Munkittrick used to meet at the house of Bounce, then editor of Appleton's Magazine. Blanche Roosevelt was a beauty then discussed in the theatrical columns, while she courted a tardy endorsement from senile Longfellow. Two nieces of President Cleveland, bearing his name, held weekly receptions at the Gilsey House, where artists, millionaires and bohemians of all sorts congregated, and Madame Blavatsky spread theosophy, and Madame Gazaniga sang on Sundays to the clicking of poker chips. Sarony photographed the crowd, Marra miniatured the actress. Zelie de Lussan's mother and Dr. Flamand had their cosmopolitan evenings which came to an end when Mrs. Frank Leslie, having married Willie Wilde, opened the doors of her famous Fifth avenue home to all the cultured of New York.

It was by chance, one day, I went to Hoboken, and, attracted by a "to let" sign, I went up to a house which looked like a feudal castle. To my inquiries for an apartment for myself and associate, the Marquis of Calenzano, with whom I was editing the *Progresso Italo Americano,* the landlady said she could show us a room which would be vacated the next day. We entered. The apartment was in great confusion, but artistically bohemian. A superb portrait of a woman in Marie Stuart costume stood on the mantel shelf. Presently a magnificent creature, a grande dame in furs, from which emerged a fine, spirituelle head covered with a mass of Titian hair, stood before us.

"Princess," said I. "Princess Racowitza, we beg your pardon for intruding."

"You know me," she exclaimed, and then she introduced us to her husband. I told her of the interview desired by the *Herald,* but at her request agreed not to reveal her whereabouts. For ten years I was a friend of the Shevitches and with them saw much of the men and women to whom I have referred and who were responsible for the bohemian atmosphere of old New York.

When they went to Fort Lee I spent a month with them. Afterward they came to live in New York; first in Seventh street, then at the Gramercy Park Hotel. Painters, sculptors, cranks and political refugees gathered around them. Mrs. Freda Ashford—the vocal teacher—was a most intimate friend of the Princess, and one of her greatest admirers was Dr. Jacobi. I boast, with poor Frank Saltus, of having been among the few friends admitted when she was ill. She used to say: "She could afford to let us go even in the bath room, for we were such fools as not to remember that she was a pretty woman with unusual red hair."

Shewitch returned to Russia after his brother had secured the pardon of the Czar, and, with his wife went to live at Riga. His estates were restored to him, but in Riga he became a doctor to the poor. Helene Donniges, the woman who sacrificed much through her love for him, died only three years ago comforted to the end by her devoted husband.

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Letters

A Novelist Wanted

An experienced writer of sea-tales can hear of something to his advantage by addressing an Eastern publisher, vide the advertisement in a current number of one of the literary periodicals. The late Frank Norris once gave us due warning that whenever a prolific crop of authors appeared in any locality, or a locality itself was exploited, we were not to consider that there was anything spontaneous about the generation. Some publisher had his eye on the field, and was making calculations on the harvest. Apparently Joseph Conrad, Morgan Robertson, Frank Bullen, Albert Sonnichsen, Henry C. Rowland, Norman Duncan, T. Jenkins Hains, Jack London, and a half score or so of lesser lights are not enough to fill the demand for sea stories, but at the rate persistent writers, both those who have arrived and those who ever hope that their next venture may make port, keep the mail carriers loaded and the stamp clerks busy, one would hardly consider it necessary for any publisher to advertise for "copy." If there are any "experienced writers of sea stories," who have not found publishers for marketable wares, they should drift his way as well as another's. One would rather expect to find advertisements worded in precisely the reverse of this: NO writers of sea—or any other kind of stories—may expect us to handle their wares. Some of the well-established magazines return a thousand packages of manuscript every year, and on the theory that they publish the best that is submitted to them, readers can but imagine the quality of the rejected articles. Somehow, the would-be authors seem to be proof against discouragement. Probably a large proportion of them are women and girls who live at home, and either pay nothing at all for board or lodging, or else make a return for their support by helping with the work of the house. All they need is something to spend on clothes and amusements, and they can afford to wait forever, or near it, for recognition, however slight. Others are dissatisfied with the positions they hold because they are convinced that they were designed for better things, so, as paint, canvas and studio rent come higher than paper and ink, they continue to waste both material and time in attempting what is for them the impossible. If it were absolutely necessary for these people to earn a support for themselves they would speedily learn their limitations, and turn their thoughts in some other direction. One thing that keeps so many on the tiptoe of expectancy, is the fact that so many others, no better endowed, naturally or by education, manage to hang on to the fringes of journalism, receiving either salaries or space rates for their contributions to the social page or thin and watery gruel for the Sunday sheets. These people and all their friends and connections feel in a way ennobled by the consideration that they are not to be counted among the proletariat. They have an exalted opinion of their own importance, which is really that of wooden pegs filling obscure holes. They could not stand alone and would not be able to write a page acceptable elsewhere than in a woman's edition, yet they stand for exemplars. What one woman has done every woman thinks she can do, hence the tons of paper that are transported about the country, the deficit in the postal department, and the decrease in quality in inverse ratio to he increase in the mass of submitted matter.

Tales of Terror

Readers who were fortunate enough to be born without nerves, and who revel in "tales of terror," have a treat in store. Bram Stoker has a new book almost ready for publication. Its title, "The Man," is non-committal, but after "Dracula," "The Jewel of Seven Stars" and "A Mystery of the Sea," it is safe to predict another of what Thomas Hardy calls "a nice, ghastly, hair-on-end story." In these days of fads and isms, with palmistry, hypnotism, crystal gazing, and all sorts of occultism to the fore, there ought to be a demand for Bram Stoker's pen products. "Dracula" is probably the most weird and ghastly extended narrative in the language, yet the incidents which are related in it would be taken as a matter of course in Translyvania, where the peasants firmly believe in revenants, and take what they consider only prudent measures to prevent calamities. Only last week it became necessary, on account of a suspicion of foul play, to exhume and examine a body, which was found to be firmly fastened to the coffin by long nails through the hands, feet and heart. The man had died suddenly, and it was held that, unless the body was thus secured, it would arise and transfer the fatal disease to other members of the household. Just a short while before a youth was taken into custody and charged with having had a share in the mutilation of his father's corpse. He admitted the facts, but claimed, with others, that the dead man was a vampire who would come forth from his grave at night and feed on the life blood of all whom he could reach, and that each one who became his victim would, in turn, become transformed, so that the apparently unfilial acts were really performed as a public duty to protect the living. Owen Wister once promised a romance of our own country dealing with the subject of vampirism, which he said was a living belief in the Connecticut Valley of Puritanical New England. This was several years ago, and since nothing more has been heard from Mr. Wister, evidently he has abandoned the project.

—The Bookworm.

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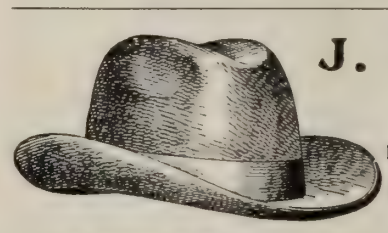

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TOWN TALK

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Merchants for Schmitz

It is somewhat surprising to learn that there are many intelligent citizens of this city who do not appreciate the gravity of the political situation. We refer to men who are not affiliated with the Citizens' Alliance or with Organized Labor, men who flatter themselves that they are patriotic citizens, that they are decent, respectable members of this community, zealous for good government, and yet unblushingly confess that they are going to vote for Eugene Schmitz for Mayor. There are not many of that class. Most men who confess that they are going to vote for Schmitz are representatives of labor unions, who extenuate their predisposition toward Ruef's distinguished protege by affecting the belief that opposition to him is in the interest of the Citizens' Alliance. Many of them have perhaps convinced themselves that such is the case, but there are others—and they are quite numerous—who harbor no such delusion, but who are for Schmitz solely because he is an anarch. They are imbued with a spirit that impels them to revolt against law and order for no other reason than that they regard law and order as conducive to the happiness of the prosperous. They do not misapprehend Schmitz's affectation of sympathy for labor unionism. He has too frequently demonstrated his utter selfishness and demagogic nature to make deception possible. In their opinion civic pride is a silly conceit that should be shunned by the poor. They are socialistic without knowing to what end. It is sufficient for them to know that Schmitz is leading a revolt against the best interests of the community. Schmitz drew this discontented, anarchistic element to him with hooks of steel when he defied public sentiment by using the police department to promote a riot for the suppression of a newspaper that had dared expose the infamies of his Administration. It is well nigh incredible that this lawless element is to be reinforced by men who would feel outraged were they accused of upholding any of the principles or sentiments that actuate the rag-tag and bobtail of Schmitz followers. Yet we are told that there are some very prominent merchants in San Francisco who have said they intend voting for Schmitz. We do not know why they intend doing so. Perhaps it is because they are merchants. Being merchants of a certain character it is possible that they warmily admire the business methods of Mr. Ruef. But that is hardly a plausible explanation, for merchants are eager to promote their own business interests, and it is inconceivable that there are any merchants in San Francisco so benighted as to be unaware of the injurious effects of the Schmitz administration on the mercantile interests of San Francisco. If there are, the California Promotion Committee should persuade them to spend a few weeks in travel, for though they may not have learned of San Francisco capital that has been withheld from the channels of commerce in consequence of well-founded trepidation, they would not have to go far beyond the confines of the city to hear much to startle them.

Hearst Again in Politics

It appears that Mr. William R. Hearst did not mean what he said some months ago about retiring from politics and devoting himself to the promotion of his newspaper interests. We learn from his own paper, *The Examiner,* that, on his return from Europe last week, he was met by some of the leaders of the Municipal Ownership League of New York, who requested him to be their candidate for Mayor. He expressed his gratitude for the compliment and said that the request would receive his earnest consideration. Therefore Mr. Hearst is not out of politics. In deciding to give the matter his earnest consideration he was resolved to size up the political situation for the purpose of determining whether the time and conditions were propitious. If he thinks they are he will accept the nomination. If he thinks they are not he will wait. When he said, some months ago, that he was out of politics, that was not exactly what he meant. His language was misleading. He had decided to abandon his scheme for the adaptation of yellow journalistic methods to politics, for he had learned from costly and humiliating experience that when a man fashions an eidolon of himself out of the principal ingredient of yellow journalism it is only a *papier mache* figure. Since then he has probably pondered recent political history and come to the conclusion that if he is to follow in the footsteps of such men as Roosevelt, McKinley and Cleveland, he must make a modest start.

The Prima Donna's Handicap

From time to time Town Talk has taken occasion to scoff at the aspirations of feminine vocalists bound for Europe to be trained for the operatic stage. We have chided our contemporaries for the encouragement they have given ambitious young women intent upon an operatic career, and we have warned the young women against the fake vocal teachers of France and Germany, who make their living by stimulating the conceit of foolish young persons. We have tried to impress upon them the fact that something more than a voice and the skill to use it pleasingly are essential to success in the operatic profession. In view of our attitude in the matter it pleases us to find support in the testimony of John F. Runciman, musical critic of the London *Saturday Review.* For Mr. Runciman's judgment of matters musical we have no respect; but he is in a position geographically and professionally to observe conditions in the theatrical world, and therefore we marvel at some of his statements touching certain phenomena in his sphere of action. He says that Americans puzzled to know what they should do with their girls have been sending them to Paris to become prima donnas, and that they arrive in shoals and perhaps one in a million succeeds in becoming a superior chorus girl. "To my knowledge," he adds, "there are dozens of them hanging on in a lonely way in the various opera-houses of Europe. They live a miserable life, they dwell in wretched hotels or pensions, they squeal three or four times a week, and in the end they disappear, no man knows where." Anybody who has taken note of the number of girls who have gone from this city to Europe after having been flattered into the conviction that they were equipped for great vocal triumphs, will not be skeptical of the melancholy picture pre-

sented by the London critic. We frequently read in the local papers that glad news has been received by the relatives of a Californian song-bird; she is making a great name for herself on the continent; or she has an engagement in a provincial opera house; or she has been playing a small part in Paris or Berlin. The glad news is always given out as evidence of successful achievement, but in reality the poor girl is having a hard struggle. In the past few years several Californian vocalists, who have returned to astonish the natives, have only succeeded in convincing the critical that much that passes for art in Europe is counterfeit. According to Runciman there are obstacles almost insurmountable in the European pathway of the English-speaking prima donna. She must be more than artistic. The prospect of the inartistic is hopeless. Social influence is essential to admittance to Covent Garden, and on the continent a perfect accent must be acquired. To pronounce a single word incorrectly is often fatal in France or Germany. Even the great Tamagno's stentorian tones were drowned in derisive laughter at Monte Carlo, because he mispronounced a French word, and in Brussels, notorious for its villainous patois, American singers have been hooted off the stage. Unfortunately Runciman is not content merely to point out the difficulties to be encountered by the English or American prima donna in grand opera. With temerity as remarkable as that of Clement Scott, who insulted the whole theatrical profession and afterwards humbly apologized, he declares: "The only woman who gets on as a prima donna is the woman of indomitable resolution, no conscience (artistic or other), and no sense of shame." After cautiously adding that there are exceptions he says: "There are directors' vanities to be played up to; there are conductors' whims to be met; there are a hundred rich hangers-on of all the opera houses who have to be pleased by your complaisance; what wonder if the real artist shrinks and rather prefers to earn an honest thirty shillings a week in the chorus than lick the soles of the feet of many unknown gentlemen?" In conclusion he asserts than an Englishman who lets his daughter become a soprano singer in grand opera in Europe should be considered a criminal. We predict that Mr. Runciman will soon be apologizing. He writes like a disgruntled vocal teacher who has been listening to the characteristic explanations of ex-pupils aggrieved because they failed to get on and quick to express their envy in slander. To say that most of the prima donnas that have succeeded owed their professional success to their easy conscience is absurd. A conscience that expresses its "easiness" in manifestations of indifference to certain provisions of the moral law is often the concomitant of the temperament essential to great artistic achievement; it is foolish to assume that every prima donna with an easy conscience and elastic morals yielded to the influential of the operatic world in order to get her start. Mr. Runciman tells us that there are many singers greater than Melba in Europe who have not been able to get a hearing in any of the big opera houses. But as he adds that Melba's voice is of poor quality, and admits only that she was a good technician "in her day," it is clear that the critic of the great conservative and cultured London weekly is either obsessed with prejudice, or is afflicted with defective tympani. His statement that Melba was a good technician in her day convicts him of an imperfect knowledge of the vocal art. Even though Melba's voice had lost its strength and purity her technique would not necessarily be impaired. The loss of virility might render it impossible for a singer to show her technique to advantage, and yet, in the case of Patti, who has nothing but her technique left, it is all the more wonderful in its wizardry.

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Wilful Waste

Lillian Bell has been contributing to the discussion of the causes of poverty. She has discovered that improvident housewives actually waste *clothes-pins.* When they take in the wash they cast the pins toward a receptacle, and those which miss fire are left scattered about to be lost. Probably as many as half a dozen are thus lost in as many weeks, hence the overcrowding of tenements, bad cooking, race-track gambling, corner saloons, child-labor and all the other ills of the age. Possibly Lillian Bell, being one of the fortunate ones of the earth, has no definite idea of the commercial value of clothes-pins. It has been proved over and over again that it is gross extravagance for house carpenters to stop work to pick up nails they drop in the course of their work, since nails are turned out by machinery at a cost below the value of a first-class man's time to stoop for them. Clothes-pins can be bought at the rate of four or five dozen for a nickel, about ten for a cent. After a tired woman has done a family wash and hung it on the line, cooked three meals and done the regular household tasks, with perhaps a teething baby to look after between whiles, it may pay her better to let an occasional forked stick lie on the ground than add to her backache in stooping for it. There is a very good story of an indifferent husband who neglected to furnish material for kindling wood in spite of reminders, but who was brought round when he found on his itemized grocery account, clothes-pins ordered nearly every day. He questioned his wife about her extravagance and was told that she found the pins an excellent substitute for kindling. If any of the wicked women who waste their clothespins by not picking them up on the instant never heard that story we suggest that they ponder it. One cannot but wonder at the patience of the poor in sitting quiet under the lecturing of pampered theorists. Women who either board in apartments or have a retinue of servants to wait on them, have small notion of the tasks which are laid on other shoulders, and how very slight the extra straw need be to break the back of the toiler.

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Rockefeller's Impressive Silence

Some very distinguished citizens, who have been so busy augmenting their fortunes that they took no note of the growth of governmental and commercial graft, are now rushing in to be enrolled under the banner of reform. Mr. Perry Belmont is eloquent in the condemnation of the corrupt use of money in politics. He says that it not only does not pay but that it is wrong. Senator Depew is not only opposed to the use of life insurance funds for political purposes but thinks there ought to be a Corrupt Practices Act like that of England. Mr. D. Cady Herrick reaffirms his well-known devotion to political purity. We are still to hear from "Gas" Addicks and John D. Rockefeller, but up to date the showing for reform is quite impressive. However, Mr. Rockefeller's tardiness in coming to the front is surprising in view of his high standing as a citizen of the Republic. Some very earnest pulpiteers have pointed to Mr. Rockefeller as one of the most conspicuous Christians in this country, and they have urged that his example be emulated by all men. Moreover Mr. Rockefeller himself has gone to considerable trouble and expense to convince the people that he is a man of many virtues, zealous for the welfare of the Church and of his country. A few words from him might give great impetus to the cause of reform. Why has he not uttered them? If he is so conspicuous a patriot and Christian as his admirers represent him to be, then he should not be silent at this time. If he is as great a scoundrel as his detractors represent him to be, then, were he to raise his voice in deprecation of the infamies of the McCalls and the Hydes, the audacity of the hypocritical performance would be astounding, but it would not surpass in boldness his ostentatious expressions of zeal for the cause of religion and the cause of education. Mr. Rockefeller's silence is impressive. The man who contributes millions to religion and education, contributes not a word to the cause of reform.

Restitution Should Be Made

It is to be hoped that when all the testimony in the investigation of the Life Insurance companies is in steps will be taken to compel restitution of the large sums of money that have been illegally spent by the trustees. It has been shown that the New York Life contributed one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to recent Republican campaign funds, and it has been suggested that other companies must have contributed liberally. A full accounting has not yet been rendered, but when all the life insurance presidents are put on the stand and taken back as far as their political donations go we shall find that millions of dollars have been diverted from the pockets of the policy-holders. The attempt is made to defend these gifts of trust funds for political purposes on the representation that the political results sought to be attained through the gifts would beneficial to the policy-holders. There is no way, however, of demonstrating the soundness of the theory. That the trustees knew it was wrong to use trust funds for political purposes is evident from the fact that they kept the contributions secret from the policy-holders. Indeed there was a great deal of secrecy about most of the transactions of the larcenous trustees. The hundreds of thousands paid in "counsel fees" to Depew and Hill were kept secret. The Depew "loans" were clandestine. Some of the contributions to political funds were made so secretly that some of the directors were in ignorance of the perversion of the funds. This secrecy was maintained because the trustees knew that even the success of the political beneficiaries would not justify them in the eyes of those to whom the money belonged. There ought to be a way of compelling restitution of every dollar so abstracted, and the law to remedy the outrage should be invoked.

The Educational Test

Some wiseacres have suggested that to stem the torrent of ignorance and raise the percentage of morality in this country, immigrants be subjected to an educational instead of a pecuniary test. There should be no objection to an educational test, but why substitute it for the pecuniary one? As a matter of fact there are very few illiterates among our habitual criminals. One of the Ohio penitentiaries now houses half a dozen bankers, who can hardly fall back on their early privations by way of excuse. The greater number of our convicts find themselves behind walls not because of their ignorance but because they have been altogether too smart. Josiah Flynt, investigator and criminologist, says that a goodly proportion of those who find themselves in jails and penitentiaries for the first time sham illiteracy in order to make a good record in the prison schools and gain the good will of their guardians. Often they are as well able to read and understand as those who are intent on teaching them. The most troublesome element in the "anarchistic" class is composed of the men who can read, and who devote their spare time to the perusal of inflammatory sheets and the expounding of their doctrines to their fellows. A little learning is indeed a dangerous thing. It is inadequate learning that is responsible for many of the evils of the age. A little learning in the pulpit has undermined the faith of countless thousands similarly afflicted. There never was an incendiary crank in the world who wasn't able to read. The most dangerous of our immigrants are men versed in the plausible but illogical philosophy of the illiterate expounders of a half-baked socialism.

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Through Colored Glasses

BY HARRY COWELL.

Today, I wear once more my optimistic spectacles—I look best in them, I'm told—and through them see plainly the soul of good in things evil; a bright side to darkness itself. To my present eyes, the devil, if not white, is, at least, octoroon; if God's caricatures cut in ebony will pardon a caricature cut in ivory of his playful trope. At this moment it needs no poet to point out to me the sweet uses of adversity. As I now see things, the debt day owes to night, spring to winter, pleasure to pain, is undeniable. In short, I have said—sweetly, of course: "Get thee behind me, Schopenhauer. Too long hast thou stood between me and the sun. I am tiring of seeing the world at its worst."

There is, I am now sure, much to say for the bad, the false, and the ugly; and some of it I have made up my mind to say while yet the magic glasses are on my nose, and the resultant mood is at its height. In behalf of these poor wretches, I may, I hope, speak freely, seeing that, this time, not even my best friend can possibly accuse me of putting in, on the sly, a good word for myself.

Now, were it not for the bad, the false, and the ugly, we, dear reader, you and I, would not be the good, the true, and the beautiful things we are. If Solomon and Socrates pass as wise men, they have the "mostly fools" to thank for it. In villages that have never heard of Venus, it is easy to be a beauty.

Supposing, most excellent reader, that I, having met you should be moved to exclaim: "Would God that no one on earth were less good or true or fair or wise than this his masterpiece!"—meaning you—I should, I take it, be wishing the world well, and you no ill. And yet, were my prayer to be answered, you, excellent as you now are, might then, in that heavenly state of things, find yourself the worst of human beings, the ugliest; the greatest fool, the biggest liar, alive. Though then the least of all living souls, you would be a dweller in a veritable paradise, surrounded by goodness, truth, beauty, wisdom; with your chances for happiness increased ten thousand fold; but could you be happy there? If you could, your incredible humility deserves a heaven higher still; for you are, remember, a person of many gifts and great attainments.

Self-love is to me the most astonishing of all mysteries. How I ever came to be so fond of myself as I now am, I have not as yet been able to make out. My faithful devotion to Harry Cowell through thick and thin for many a long year is to my mind quite unaccountable. I think I must be possessed of some very admirable moral qualities—all the more admirable because by no means obvious; for, if I know me at all, never could I possibly have fallen in love with myself for my looks. Far from it, time and again for days together, my looking-glass and I have scarcely been on speaking terms. Now, notwithstanding certain reflections it has cast, I have nothing to say against my looking-glass. It is good and true. Being human, however, at such times I would avoid it and without consulting it, as is my wont, go out to walk the crowded streets of my home city, on the look-out for—for beauty, my well beloved? No, for ugliness, my *bete noire!* By turning my back for a day or two on the poor offending mirror, whose only fault had been its too great veracity, and going out in search of the too easily found, I invariably came to think better of my appearance. Thus I learned that the thing I loathed had its sweet use for me in this most paradoxical world.

Though at all times, I try to think as well of myself, in all ways, as I can, there are days when the "admirable moral qualities" just spoken of are no more visible to me than they are to you. Then am I altogether out of love with myself. I will have none of me. But, sooner or later, the sinners be praised, I come to believe that I am not so bad, after all. Without going very far out of my way, I meet with many a worse man than myself, to my unspeakable consolation.

Often and often, too, forgetful of good manners and what is due to an occasional gray hair, I say to myself: "Is there in all the wide world another such fool as you are?" Blessings be upon your witless heads, my neighbors, the answer is not far to seek.

When my conscience says to me: "Harry Cowell, look me straight in the face," and, for the life of me, I can't do it, there is the thought of Baron Munchausen and others not so distant to comfort me.

At Arlington House, by the River Barrow, where I went to school reluctantly as love goes from love, were in my time three boys who between them kept me from being at the foot of my class, or "form," as we were used to call it. Well I mind me how I looked for them to take their places; how, when, as it chanced, two of them fell sick of the mumps at the same time, I tended them with more than a mother's care; and how I grieved when one left for good and all. Had such delightful fellows only been more numerous at Arlington House, my standing there as a scholar had been tiptop. And the masters were, one and all, undiscerning enough to tell them that they were but wasting their time at school. Wasting their time, indeed! Seldom have boys of their tender years and tough hides put their time and talents to such commendable use.

To return to the present. It now often drives me frantic to think that it is all the fault of Montaigne and Lamb and Stevenson and the rest, that my essays are not better than they are. If they hadn't written so wisely well, I should, haply, have been of the wonder men myself. On the other hand, did not my dear contemporaries, as a rule,

(Continued on Page 40)

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Shaw and His Plays

BY THEODORE BONNET.

So the works of George Bernard Shaw have been barred from a New York library! No wonder the witty Irishman laughs. For twenty years Shaw has been ridiculing benighted creatures of the type of those that are shocked by his works, and nowhere are they more cleverly held up to scorn than in "Man and Superman," the play which is one of the few successes of the current season on Broadway. Why shouldn't the destroyer of popular myths laugh to see the unco' guid of a New York library advertising his wares and driving men and women to the theatre and the book-stalls?

The situation in New York is in amusing contrast to the attitude of the British authorities toward Mr. Shaw. In London some of his bizarre plays are barred by the Censor, who objects to the Irishman's over-emphasis on some things of the flesh, but his books are admitted to the libraries. So it is not a new experience for George Bernard Shaw to be interdicted by guardians of the public morals. Nor does it worry him much when he learns that he has shocked somebody who has not been educated out of what he considers antique fallacies. He tells us in his preface to "Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant" that the extinguisher, which Walpole dropped on Fielding, descended on him in the person of the Queen's Reader of Plays, "a gentleman who robs, insults and suppresses me as irresistibly as if he were the Tsar of Russia and I the meanest of his subjects." This functionary prohibited the production of Shaw's "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which is perhaps the strongest and most artistic of his plays. Mrs. Warren's profession being that of the keeper of several luxurious bagnios on the continent is not an edifying one for stage exploitation, but it supplies a theme for a very thrilling story which affords Shaw pretext for much sermonizing. Arnold Daly, to whom belongs the credit of having taken Shaw from between book-covers and introduced him to theatre-goers, has been talking of presenting the play in New York, but he has not yet had the courage to do so. And yet the play is no bolder in dialogue than "Man and Superman." It is in this latter play that Mr. Shaw tells us that "Marriage is the most licentious of human institutions," and that that is the source of its popularity, also, that "A woman seeking a husband is the most unscrupulous of all beasts of prey"; also, that "The confusion of marriage with morality has done more to destroy the conscience of the human race than any other single error."

Shaw is as great a lover of paradox as was Wilde and consequently he is not taken seriously. His performances being paradoxical as well as many of his utterances he is suspected of insincerity by those who foolishly regard consistency as an infallible mark of sincerity. I have faith in the sincerity of Shaw though I am not a convert to his philosophy which is neither profound nor new. If he were less a philosopher [illegible] he would be more successful as a dramatist. As it is, he is a failure that he cannot realize himself to the logical and artistic development of his plots. He prefers to take the platform at inopportune moments to utter through various mouthpieces his heterodox views on the conventional moralities. Consequently he bores despite the richness of his imagination, the ingenuity of his plots, the amusing audacity of his satire.

This habit of arresting the action of the play to divert the audience with a sermon has proved fatal in more than one of the Shaw dramas. It is perhaps least noticeable in "Candida," which is an exposition of the doctrine that love should be free, and which has been misinterpreted for many to mean that free love is commendable. In this play Shaw preached his homily artistically, avoiding superfluous speeches. In "Man and Superman" he wanders from the central theme every little while, and goes astray on all sorts of philosophic tangents to shock the sober and scandalize the good. His thesis is that woman pursues man in obedience to nature's supreme law that the earth be replenished. He tells us that men have persisted for years in believing themselves to be the pursuers whereas man is always the marked down quarry, the destined prey. In this play he reprobates popular prejudice against the frail female who yields to the seducer. "Here is a woman," says the Shaw hero, "whom we all supposed to be making bad water color sketches, practicing Grieg and Brahms, gadding about to concerts and parties, wasting her life and her money. We suddenly learn that she has turned from these sillinesses to the fulfilment of her highest purpose and greatest function—to increase, multiply and replenish the earth. And instead of admiring her courage and rejoicing in her instinct; instead of crowning the completed womanhood and raising the triumphal strain of 'Unto us a child is born; unto us a son is given,' here you are all pulling long faces as ashamed and disgraced as if the girl had committed the vilest of crimes."

In another act Shaw tells us that society is a horrible procession of wretched girls, each in the claws of a cynical, cunning, avaricious, foul-mouthed old woman whom she calls mother, whose duty it is to corrupt her mind and sell her to the highest bidder.

Some of Shaw's critics believe that in such speeches the dexterous playmaker is only baiting the unctuously rectitudinous, but from a close study of his works it appears that the sentiments expressed in "Man and Superman" are in harmony with his sociological philosophy. In one of his many exquisite prefaces, he says that he has no respect for popular moralities, no belief in popular religion and no admiration for popular heroics. Unquestionably many of Shaw's plays should be read only by men and women of mature years, for though his purpose may be laudable his methods are not wholesome. To his credit, be it said, he does not flout the conventional moralities merely because (as is often the case with vicious writers), he chafes at restraint. George Bernard Shaw is an exceptionally moral and an uncommonly good man. He is of

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ascetic temperament, and is known as one of the kindest-hearted men in London. Most of his earnings go to the needy. Even when he was a struggling critic in London, he shared his small income with the poor, and he did so secretly, but one day his associates learned of his charities and then they ceased deriding his cheap clothes.

Let those who will rail at the Shaw cult; let them rave at it, vituperate, lampoon it, it will flourish so long as the brilliant disciple of Karl Marx, of Wagner, of Ibsen, of Nietzsche and the other free thinkers, turns out such brilliant plays as those that have captivated the theatre-goers of New York.

Shoo, Shaw; Don't Bother Me!

BY HARRY COWELL.

George Bernard Shaw, wittiest of living Irishmen since the death of one wittier, evidently holds with the latter that there is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is—not being talked about. Women the world over, thinking him naughty, think much of him. He is where they say he longs to be, on every lady's lips. "Man and Superman" is mouthed over and over as if it were a new sectarian chewing-gum. Only the other day an adorable puritan gossiped with me of the "unspeakable Shaw," as she called him, for hours together, which goes to prove an old paradoxical saying of mine to the effect that nothing is so much spoken of as the unspeakable. Mr. Shaw is always before the public because he is forever getting after it. On the other hand, his malodorous rival, Mr. Rockefeller, is always before the public because it is forever getting after him. Another difference between the playwright and the play-wrong is this, that, with Mr. Rockefeller, money talks; with Mr. Shaw, merit. Invariably, when speaking of George Bernard, George Bernard speaks in vein; that is say, to some purpose. His book having, of late, been put on the "restricted list" by the Public Librarian of New York, he was asked what he thought of it. Among other things, he thinks this: "It confirms the deep-seated conviction of the Old World that America is a provincial place; a second-rate country town civilization, after all." And this: "Everybody knows I know better than your public library officials what is proper for people to read, whether they are young or old." And yet this: "I have honor and humanity on my side, wit in my head, skill in my hand, and a higher life for my aim." This man's humanity to himself makes countless thousands smile. As for me, I think it admirable. Some years ago, France found in "Madame Bovary" three different kinds of immorality, and held Flaubert responsible for all three. As the world has advanced since that famous charge of the light-witted bridge was made, America will, no doubt, find in "Man and Superman" immoralities three times three, and deem Shaw unreadable for as many reasons as a cat has lives. Of course, everybody that knows anything of literature knows that Shaw's great shortcoming as an artist is, like Ibsen's, his too obvious concern for morality. The truth is that, despite his wit, he is too moral to be quite readable. But this is only between you and me. The ways of Providence are more wonderful than those of Wall street. Shaw is moved to write in behalf of public morals. In behalf of public morals, librarians are moved to restrict him. The more he is restricted, the more is he read. The more he is read, the better off he is. Q. E. D.

Be Kind

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

If you are kind
Then there will be no need of separate ways,
No painful gathering where tears upraise
Through tears that blind.

Thoughts unconfessed
Although from venom sprung, may harmless fall,
But all their potent power is past recall
When once expressed.

And love lies dead
Sometimes before the heart is yet aware
That mortal wound has been inflicted there
By hard things said.

The pulses start,
And dread alarm through soft emotion creeps,
As hopeless sorrow o'er contentment sweeps
To rouse the heart.

And when it wakes,
It turns, like one that dreams, from what annoys
And beats awhile to past remembered joys—
Then slowly breaks.

Be kind, be sweet,
And let our love from such deep source be drawn
That each shall know the other in that dawn
Where next we meet.

October, 1905.

The Saunterer

A Poet of the North

From the *Pacific Monthly*, a pretentious magazine published in Portland, and highly meritorious from a typographical standpoint, I learn that at the Exposition there is a beautiful statue of Sacajawea, a Shoshone maiden, who acted as pathfinder for the Lewis and Clark expedition. In the magazine appears the picture of the statue, and a poem of seven stanzas written by E. T. Eldridge to celebrate the deeds and charms of Sacajawea. I am friendly to poets. I would undertake poetry myself if I had the courage, but having it not I am pleased to note the fecundity of the bloomin' lyre as shown in current magazine literature. The Sacajawea lyric impressed me because it appears that Poet Eldridge received his inspiration at the Portland Fair. In the minds of the uninitiated the Exposition is associated with steel and commercialism, neither of which is soluble in aestheticism, but Mr. Eldridge wooed his muse there, and found the environment conducive to the play of his imagination. He writes sane poetry, not the frenzied stuff that lifts the soul above the region of mere sense after the manner of the old-fashioned classics, but poetry that indicates in every stanza that the author has studied the divine art with almost human intelligence. As for example:

In the mighty Western country,
Stretching far on either side,
Where the Shoshone caught the salmon
While he wooed his dusky bride,
Lived a bright and comely maiden,
Near the rapid flowing stream
Which glides onward toward the ocean
Like a lover's brightest dream—
Filling all the land with music,
And with flowers of gaudy hue;
Springing from her towering summits
Reared against the azure blue.

Proofs of the Divine Afflatus

There is a fine example of magazine poetry, and it is only one of seven stanzas, all equally inept. To appreciate its condensed force, its mellifluous rhythm, its subtlety, the reader must be strong in receptivity and sympathy. Perhaps the average reader will pronounce it opaque merely because he finds it difficult to determine whether it is the maiden or the stream that springs from her towering summits, and it may puzzle him to know why either a maiden or a stream should have towering summits. But to say that an author is obscure implies indolence in the complainant. It is the true poet who piles his fancies in wild confusion. It takes a true poet to take cognizance of the fact that a lover's brightest dream glides onward toward the ocean. Your true poet is a true lover and he knows that the ocean of emptiness is the logical finish of "brightest dreams." Moreover it takes a true poet to conjure up the picture of a Shoshone brave catching a salmon with one hand and wooing his dusky bride with the other. As for towering summits that are reared against azure blue—what could be more poetic! The prosaic writer could see only the ordinary blue against which the towering summits were reared, but the gentleman who deals in rhymed goods, looking through the poet's eye, sees that the blue is azure and sometimes he notes that it is also cerulean. Mr. Eldridge has a remarkably free and easy style, and he disdains the fetters of the minstrel's art. Sometimes his meter goes lame. At other times his rhymes absolutely decline to rhyme, as, for instance, in one stanza, when he couples "sought" with "forgot." No obedient vassal he to inexorable rules. He revolts against despotism in every stanza, and yet it is not impossible to turn his lines into almost readable English. But aside from the metrical and literary value of the effusion, it presents a paradox that entitles it to more than ephemeral consideration. Mr. Eldridge tells us throughout the seven stanzas that Sacajawea is a maiden, and yet he also represents that on her pathfinding trip she carried her babe in her arms. However, while we have a Longfellow of the North to distill legendary lore in the glowing alembic of his numbers we may rest assured that the art of making verse is not dead.

Our Beautiful Bunch of Reformers

The fusion deal having been perfected and the campaign for clean government now being in full swing, let us consider the performances of the several gentlemen who constituted themselves a reform league for the public-spirited purpose of driving the rascals out. How well have they vindicated the familiar definition of a politician—a gentleman who started out as a reformer and got wise. When the Executive Committee of the Republican League, consisting of Daly, Clark, Wheelan, Welch, Lackmann, Ryan, Rich and Bowes opened headquarters for business, it was with the virtuous intention of redeeming the municipal government, retrieving it from the clutches of Schmitz and Ruef. No political ambition had they to compass. Purely patriotic was their motive. Up to the primary election they were high-minded reformers. The metamorphosis took place after the primary when the task of selecting a candidate for Mayor was taken up. Then we behold most of them as full-fledged politicians disputing over patronage. Confident that they had the situation well in hand, the qualifications of the man to be nominated was of secondary importance. The question of patronage had become paramount. In the forefront of the squabble was the ultra-virtuous Fairfax Wheelan, the nemesis of all transgressors, who seems to find it somewhat difficult to square his performances with his professions.

The Patronage Combination

It was while these gentlemen were in hot dispute over patronage that John Partridge was cleverly forced upon them by Arthur Fisk, who took advantage of a slight panic in the reform sanhedrim. Despite Mr. Partridge's freedom from taint he was not *persona grata* to the Wheelan combination, for Wheelan, at the instigation of his mentor, Frank J. Symmes, of the water company, had joined

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hands with McNab, in a patronage deal with Auditor Baehr. A little combination had been formed through which it was proposed to build up a political machine that would control the politics of this city in the interest, some say, of several corporations. The *Bulletin* was in a large measure responsible for giving the combination its quietus, and though the whole transaction is known in daily newspaper circles the story has been suppressed for obvious reasons. Three of the papers are working together for the ousting of Schmitz, and are promoting harmony, and as the *Examiner* is on the outside it refrains from exploiting the story because Partridge's chances would be improved were it generally known that he is not tied up to the reformers.

Wheelan's Ambition

There are other interesting chapters in the history of local fusion. One deals with the political ambitions of the reformers who started out merely to drive Schmitz out of office. Every one of them, with the exception of Bowes, is on the Republican County Committee intent upon running the Republican party in the future. Bowes appears to be the only genuine, unselfish reformer in the lot. He devoted himself exclusively to the work of perfecting the deal for the ousting of Schmitz, and he was turned down by his associates with whose principles he is no longer favorably impressed. Wheelan is still the most active among the reformers, and he is eager to boss the Republican machine. The goal of his ambition is a seat in Congress.

McNab's Objections to Bent

In the aftermath of the conventions is an interesting story in connection with the renomination of Supervisor Fred Bent. The day the nomination was made Gavin McNab sent word to the Republican leaders that he would not stand for Bent. The Conference Committees were hurriedly called together and though a very exciting session was held not one word of the proceedings was published in any of the dailies. McNab appeared at the meeting, and told why Bent could not get the Democratic nomination. He made some very sensational charges against the supervisor, relating to his conduct toward the gas company when rates were being fixed. He did not split hairs or equivocate but talked right out in meeting, and emphatically declared that Bent's name would not be permitted on the ticket. The committee adjourned with the understanding that it was all off with Bent, and yet a few hours later McNab's virtuous prejudices were dissolved by some unknown process. Though McNab was ostensibly the boss of the Democratic convention, in reality he took orders, as I reported that he would. If he had declined to take them the convention would have been taken out of his hands. The delegates whom he could have controlled against fusion were in the minority. Gavin was forced to swallow several bitter pills, but Bent was not one of them. Partridge is under no obligations to McNab, and knows that he isn't.

A Strike Wanted

Mayor Schmitz is getting desperate. He feels that nothing short of another strike can save him, and as there is no immediate prospect of one's occurring from natural industrial disturbances he is eager to pull off a hippodrome strike. I am not jesting. From an officer of the Teamsters' Union I learn that a proposition was recently submitted to influential members of that organization in behalf of Mayor Schmitz, to the effect that demands be made calculated to tie up the traffic of the city for twenty-four hours, with the understanding that at the end of that time it be made to appear that his Honor the Mayor persuaded the strikers to go back to work. The proposition was rejected but the Mayor's case is not hopeless. There are other unions, and there are some officered by men who would gladly pull off a fake strike in the interest of Schmitz.

Schmitz's Lost Opportunity

Mayor Schmitz missed a fine opportunity last week when the waiters at Tait's walked out, and compelled the closing of the cafe for fourteen hours. There was a chance for the Mayor to show his worth as a pacificator, but he failed to grasp it. The closing of Tait's is a serious matter, for the institution has to take in at least fourteen hundred dollars a day to make any profit. Under the present management the receipts have frequently fallen below that figure, and I hear that no dividends have been made since John Tait was permitted to sever his connection with the establishment. Competition in the after-theatre cafe business is now keener than ever, and it will be more so when Tait opens the remodeled Zinkand's early in November.

Bad News for Convicts

An important rule adopted by the Prison Commissioners, last week, escaped the attention of the dailies. It is to the effect that propositions to parole prisoners will not be considered hereafter, until the person in whose behalf the application is made, has served one-half his sentence. This rule was adopted because of the great pressure that is brought to bear in behalf of influential convicts immediately after they reach the penitentiary. It means that ex-Tax Collector Smith will have to spend a longer time in stripes than his friends thought; also, that ex-Deputy Street Superintendent McGlade will not be released within six or seven months. He was to have been liberated in a few weeks.

Americans Denounced as Grafters

From Manila, under date August twenty-first, a correspondent writes me: "Cruz Herrera, the Mayor of Manilla, stood up during the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce the other night and said that the Americans were all a bunch of grafters—everybody from the Governor-

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General down. Ferguson, the interpreter, refused to translate the speech, but Curry, ex-Governor of Samar, who understands Spanish, rose and gave the Mayor a slight bath with a glass of wine. The Filipinos are all saying that Herrera was drunk and did not mean what he said, but the powers that be thought differently, and the Mayor in consequence has lost his job. As this job calls for four thousand gold per year the Gugu will have to go back to fish and rice and cut out the glad wagons henceforth. The other gugus saw what happened to the Mayor so they felt that their big jobs were slipping away from them, and crawled back to their holes, pulling the holes in after them. King William gave them a heart-to-heart talk and told them that they would not be prepared for independence for three generations, adding that if they were not satisfied with the policy of the Government the best thing for them to do is to resign.

A Filipino Romance

"No doubt you have heard of the American girl that married a Gugu. Well, it seems that young Torres, son of the Chief Justice here, went to Washington, D. C., some time ago, and took a course in law. At Atlantic City he met a charming girl, with lots of sangre azul, and claiming to be one of the original Daughters of Maryland. The usual love at first sight ended in a marriage and in due course of time Torres brought his bride to the Philippines. The young woman probably had the usual idea of the Philippine aristocracy, and dreamed of palaces and servants galore, but she was disillusioned. The Torres' are the usual Filipino combination. The Senor Torres is rather a fine-looking man but his wife is very dark. The Americans in Manila are not friendly to these mixed marriages and when the bride made her first public appearance, at the Governor's reception on August fourteenth, her compatriots were very frosty in their treatment of her."

How Alice Decoyed a Statesman

In the despatches to the dailies from New York comes verification of the story about Alice Roosevelt's sensational and impromptu natatory feat in the improvised swimming tank alongside a Pacific liner. The story was confirmed in New York by a gentleman who was in the party, and who saw Miss Roosevelt, attired in a beautiful, filmy gown suitable only for a promenade, jump into the water after daring a statesman to follow. According to the New Yorker, the gentleman who took the dare was not Congressman Longworth. It was agreed by all present that his name should not be divulged for publication. If that story was worth wiring from New York, it is surprising that the local dailies failed to secure confirmation first-hand in this city, as they might have done, and as I did, securing some interesting and exclusive information for my pains. The story has been very badly garbled. When Miss Roosevelt jumped into the water she was not in conventional promenade dress. The irrepressible Alice played a huge joke on that occasion. Shortly before her plunge she retired to her state-room, donned a bathing suit, and then put on one of her summer dresses that had seen better days, and that could not be damaged in salt water. She had made up her mind to play a joke, not on that attentive cavalier, Mr. Longworth, but on Senator Warren of Wyoming. And it was that distinguished statesman who took the bait and whose name has since been so carefully shrouded in secrecy. When he saw the President's daughter take the plunge in what he believed were costly fabrics, and heard her challenge him to follow, the spirit of gallantry asserted itself, and to her side he leaped. It is hardly necessary to say that the laugh was on the dignified statesman who cut a very ludicrous figure when he emerged from his bath in wet and clinging garments. Hence the suppression of his name up to the hour of the printing of this paragraph.

When the Sultan Proposed

From one of the Taft party who returned last week, I obtained confirmation of the story of the proposal of marriage made to Alice Roosevelt by the Sultan of Sulu. On the occasion of the festivities the Sultan was dressed in a frock coat and reminded my informant of George Ade's characterization in his musical comedy. The stage setting in that piece, he says, is a faithful reproduction of the scene near the Sultan's palace where the Sultan offered his hand in marriage to the President's daughter. When the ceremonies were over the Sultan complained that his American boots hurt his feet, and he made his discomfort the pretext for getting into the state of undress which is *en regle* in the islands.

Smith For Governor

Another piece of news brought back from the Orient is to the effect that when Governor Wright resigns, Jim Smith, late Colonel of the California First Regiment, will be appointed to the vacancy. Smith has made a fine rec-

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ord. Being a Catholic, he enjoys the confidence of the natives. He is at the head of the educational department, and there are now six hundred thousand Philippine children attending American schools.

A Man Worth Honoring

How many Californians are aware of the fact that Henry Morse Stephens, the brilliant lecturer on history at the State University, turns back into the university's coffers, each year, all of his salary, and that he is content to live off the income from his outside lectures? Comparatively few, in my opinion. How many are in ignorance of the fact that John D. Rockefeller occasionally gives an infinitesimally small fraction of his unearned income to the cause of education? Comparatively few, in my opinion. For years I have been listening to the chorus of sycophants chanting the praises of Rockefeller, the great star-eyed and bald-headed public benefactor, but not until a few days ago did I learn, and then by chance, that Dr. Henry Morse Stephens was something more, something greater than a brilliant historian. Dr. Stephens, by the way, has had a most flattering offer from his alma mater—Oxford. He says that he thinks he would rather grow here in comparative obscurity than go to Oxford and vegetate. He is the most popular member of the Berkeley faculty and his lectures are always largely attended.

Why Ned Jumped Town

Once more Ned Greenway found it expedient to leave town, ostensibly on business, just before the opening of the winter season. As usual there was a great deal of wire-pulling for invitations for the Friday Night Club, and though the bars were let down for the accommodation of some new climbers the line had to be drawn somewhere. And Ned is such a politic rogue that, to spare the feelings of insistent applicants, he took a train for Portland and sold a few more cases of wine.

No More Rough House Stunts

I hear that this is to be a tame season if Czar Greenway has his way. At the Czar's last year's german in honor of the Gaiety Club, rough house antics reached the limit and Mr. Greenway was much shocked. He was not educated in the Newport school, where wild hilarity is regarded as the supreme expression of enjoyment, and he has always frowned on the festive rough-house. However, when his patrons' offspring wished to give vent to their ebullience on the Gaiety occasion, he could not express his disapproval in sufficiently forcible terms. Perhaps he will catch up sometime with the prevailing idea that Vere de Vere manners are out of date. At one private ball last season, when a debutante was launched, some coltish college lads indulged in pranks that in more conventional circles would have evoked severe condemnation. In the four-in-hand figures in the cotillion the rough-and-ready dancing resulted disastrously for some of the girls. One particularly athletic society girl was so shaken up that she had to sit out several dances before she could recover sufficiently to resume the program.

The Gaiety Girls

When one of the Gaiety Club members marries she can no longer belong to that association of maidens. So when Margaret Newhall becomes Mrs. Houghtelling there will be a vacancy in the ranks of the Gaiety Girls. As the club is a sort of family affair, none outside a limited circle are eligible to membership. There are about thirty-five Gaiety members, the number being kept down so as not to crowd the private ball rooms. The girls are wary enough to invite always about twice that number of men, so that each of them will be sure of partners. According to the Gaiety standard, last season there were only about fifty desirable dancing men in society, but this year they intend to make a search outside the ranks, I understand, and see if they have not missed some eligibles by being too particular. Some of the richest chaps, they have discovered, and the most generous in returning courtesies, are not found in the strictly "inner" circle. Linda Cadwalader has just been re-elected the Gaiety's president, an honor due to her decided popularity. Miss Cadwalader is one of the most beautiful as well as charming girls in her set.

The Longest of the Lists

Mrs. Malcolm Henry is once more engaged, I am told, in getting up the Assembly list. This list is always the last one to be made out, for the reason, no doubt, that it is so much longer than the list of any of the other dancing clubs. Mr. Malcolm Henry, by the way, is still in Washington, a circumstance that the gossips have ceased to regard as significant, as they have heard that the Henrys are very much in love with each other. Mr. Henry has not been a great success financially. Like many Southerners of aristocratic lineage he has no hustling proclivities. He is one of the nattiest men in Washington, but he has a weakness for picturesque cravats and passionate waistcoats.

The Changeable Miss Collier

Lieutenant Wetherill, who sailed this week for the Philippines, was a favorite in the very inner circles of society, where only a few army officers have enjoyed favor. The army, since the influx of volunteers, has lost prestige as a social factor. But Lieutenant Wetherill made friends everywhere, and incidentally lost his heart, it is said, to Miss Collier. The story goes that they were engaged, but

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that Miss Collier changed her mind and broke the compact. However, nothing authoritative is known on the subject. Some time ago it was reported that Miss Collier exercised the feminine prerogative, much to the disappointment of a young naval officer. She is such an attractive girl that perhaps her friends think that no young man can pay attention to her without falling in love.

A Rumored Engagement

It is expected that the next engagement to be announced will be that of Etelka Williar and a young army officer who has been paying ardent court to her ever since her return from the Philippines. For the past two months everybody in Sausalito has been watching the affair with interested eyes, for the progress of young love always piques curiosity. Miss Williar and Miss Watkins are the prettiest girls in Sausalito society and they have had a string of suitors ever since they made their debut. Miss Williar's step-mother is as girlish looking as herself, and they are great friends.

The Cliffords

The Clifford-Farnham engagement caused quite a flutter among the Clifford girls' friends. The Cliffords are prominent members of St. Luke's parish, but they are not at all rich, while Mr. Farnham is of a wealthy family. Evelyn Clifford is not yet eighteen so the marriage will probably be deferred for a year or so. Elsie Clifford, Evelyn's sister, made her debut last year, at a ball given in the Arts and Crafts building. The cotillion was danced in the large assembly room, and the affair was one of the jolliest of the season.

The Masculine Idea

Those famous pearls of Hattie Crocker-Alexander have created more comment than any of the marvelous jewels that other San Francisco women have sported. I hear that she wears them constantly because by keeping them in the air they retain their wonderful purity of color. The women envy her, but the men do not understand why. One well-known clubman, seeing Mrs. Alexander simply dressed, with only the yards and yards of pearls around her neck, said to his wife:

"Now I think that Hattie is a rebuke to those other New York women who come out here with their diamond necklaces. She makes no such vulgar display. She was dressed tonight in beautiful taste—only some pearls."

"Yes," returned his wife, "she was dressed in exquisite taste, no display at all—only a quarter of a million dollars' worth of pearls."

With the Artists

Amedee Joullin is being crowned with laurel at the Bohemian Club, for he has actually broken his long fast. He brought back eight fine landscapes as the result of his Monterey outing, and one of them is on exhibition at the club.

Matteo Sandona is going abroad soon, to continue his studies in Paris. He will also visit his old home in Verona. Sandona is the most industrious portrait painter in town. It is hard to get him away from his easel. He does not care for club life, though he belongs to the Bohemian Club.

Artist Peck's Influence

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's penchant for Mexico and Mexicans has become an absorbing passion, and she is preparing to revisit that interesting old country in search of new things to add to her collection of relics. Pozo del Verona, her hacienda at Pleasanton, is a museum of Old Mexican and Spanish treasures; and I hear that it was her nephew, Orrin Peck, who fanned her enthusiasm for Spanish furniture and paintings. Orrin may have recovered from his mad passion for Spanish works of art, but his aunt has not. For several years Peck was given carte blanche, by Mrs. Hearst, to buy things for her country-place in Siskiyou county which is fitted up in Gothic style. When he returns from Europe he may have entirely new ideas on interior decoration, and may want to change everything. You never can tell what an artist will do.

Will Remarry, It is Said

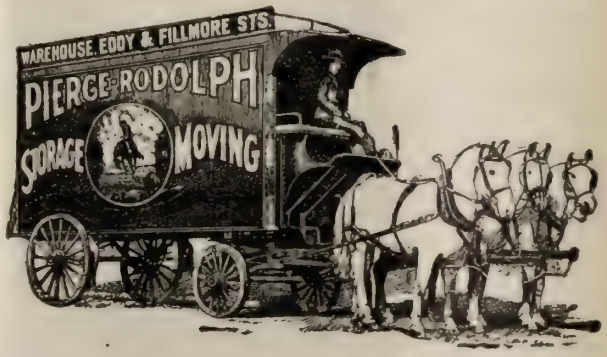
Mrs. Emily Finigan, who has returned from Europe, will go back as soon as she obtains her divorce. I hear that she had a splendid offer of marriage abroad. Mrs. Finigan is still a very pretty woman, a blonde of the Lillian Russell type, and she has had many admirers.

The Martins

The latest Martin bulletin is to the effect that the Peter Martins will be domiciled with Mamma Martin this winter. The Walter Martins have rented a house in the neighborhood, and will occupy it until next year, when they will take possession of their new home in Burlingame. Among the items of absorbing interest with which I have been supplied is one to the effect that Mrs. Walter Martin spent nearly all the summer out of doors and is as brown as a berry. In this connection I am also informed that Mrs. Peter Martin, being at all times concerned for her complexion, never ventures into the sunlight without a large supply of veils.

Private Theatricals Again

The next amateur dramatic production will be "The Merchant of Venice," for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters, in which Richard Hotaling will be the Shylock and Dr. Shiels the Antonio. The female characters have not yet been filled, I believe.



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Desecrating the Flood Home

If, before selling his beautiful country place at Alma, James L. Flood had known that Dr. Harry Tevis contemplated casting unpleasant reflections on his taste in art he would probably have refused the handsome offer of that capricious esthete. Of course Mr. Flood does not pose as a connoisseur in art. Mr. Flood is essentially a utilitarian. Dr. Tevis, on the other hand, is San Francisco's most distinguished exponent of estheticism. He loves money only as an aid to the indulgence of his artistic temperament. Inartistic incongruity jars the very soul of him. He dotes on artistic decoration. He revels in poetic color schemes. He almost expires in a spasm of disgust when the harmonies are disturbed. Dr. Tevis is now undoing the work of Mr. Flood at Alma, not only in the grounds but in the interior of the house, and when he is finished it will be impossible for Mr. Flood to recognize his old home. Almost as soon as Dr. Tevis took possession he began cutting down the palms which his predecessor had planted. Some of the palms had attained a great growth and were among the finest in the state, but Dr. Tevis said they were out of place in the Santa Cruz mountains. It pains him to see palms because they are not indigenous to the mountain soil and do not harmonize with the natural scenery. The flower beds are to be removed and there is to be a wide-spreading lawn in front of the house. The lake which is merely a pond is to be enlarged. It is to be nearly four hundred feet in length and is to be near the house for the accommodation of guests who like a morning plunge. Canoes are to be put on the lake. As for the house, it will be remodeled. James Flood spent at least one hundred thousand dollars on the house and it has a queer mixture of rooms—Turkish rooms, Moorish rooms and other kinds of rooms. All the decorations are to be torn out, and some of the fretwork which cost a fortune is now piled up in the woodshed. Much of the tapestry which offended Dr. Tevis was thrown away, but the butler saved a great deal from the wreckage. The bronze fountain in the grounds, which was one of the celebrated features of the place, is to be presented to the citizens of Alma.

Now For the Grape Cure

California is soon to enjoy a fresh boom as a health resort, the latest fad of the wealthy being the "grape cure." Not even the richest woman can have eternal youth and a slender figure though she flit from one beauty doctor to another and try all kinds of cures. Even though she becomes a convert to Christian Science to persuade herself she is slim, she cannot achieve her purpose unless she turn every mirror in the house toward the wall, and that is beyond the power of the eternal feminine. But it has been discovered that the grape cure beats all others. And California is the land of grapes. One of the arguments in favor of the grape cure is that a "grape curee" is never dissatisfied with her "cure"—while she is taking it, at any rate. She never fusses or frets about the severity of the doctor or the bad taste of the waters or the enervating effects of the baths. Indeed, unless one is hunting for trouble, there doesn't seem to be anything to grumble about. The "cure" is remarkably simple and consists of devouring as many pounds of grapes a day as one can find room for. Or one may drink the grape juice instead, just as one prefers. From eight to ten pounds of grapes a day is considered a light "cure."

When Oelrichs Disappeared

Herman Oelrichs has been rounding to after experiencing all the ill effects of a banquet. Shortly after his historical dinner in honor of Mr. S. G. Murphy, the banker and philanthropist, Mr. Oelrichs disappeared. His friends knew not whither he had strayed. At the end of a week of futile search they were thinking of reporting his disappearance to the police. But about that time it occurred to Mr. Murphy that his friend might be taking the waters at Byron Springs, for he remembered having recommended that resort. Telegrams addressed to Oelrichs were sent to Byron and he was found at the springs nursing a case of champagne on the foot.

When Confederate Daughters Disagree

From surface indications the sisterly feeling was strong in the convention of the Daughters of the Confederacy held this week, but among the local D. C.'s who handled the affair there was occasional friction. It was to have been expected for there is a good deal of jealousy between the two chapters. It will be remembered that some years ago the spirit of secession was rife in this city. That was when Mrs. Van Wyck stirred up a squall in the Albert Sidney Johnston chapter, and withdrew and organized the Jeff Davis chapter. The embers of that row are still glowing. Mrs. Van Wyck's friends explained that she organized the new chapter at the suggestion of Mrs. Weed of Florida, who had been visiting San Francisco. This statement was disputed by the ladies of the other chapter and Mrs. Weed was communicated with on the subject. Her husband, the Bishop of Florida, wrote back that his wife had not advised the split.

Old Sores Opened

The old jealousies were revived when one of the bavardes of the dailies gave Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies and her daughter, Mrs. Henry, credit for doing most of the entertaining in honor of the visitors. Mrs. Voorhies had not claimed all the credit, but it was thought that she did. It appears that the feminine reporter boomed Mrs. Voorhies for no other purpose than to excite the jealousy of another woman, because she had been overlooked when the invitations for the cotillion were being distributed. She succeeded in stirring up trouble for Mrs. Voorhies, contrary to her intention, but Mrs. Voorhies is able to take care of herself. A merry war raged for awhile, much to the amusement of those on the inside who are inclined to scoff at the F. F. V. pretensions of some of the leading belligerents. As neither of the leading opponents of the

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Voorhies faction was born in the South, and as neither enjoys the reflected glory of ancestors who shed their blood for the lost cause, their zeal as Confederate Daughters excites much amusement. By way of a smash it is said that one of them did have an ancestor in the war, but that he was with the Federal army.

When Financiers Fall Out

Some of Oakland's leading citizens were incredulous when they read my story last week of the estrangement of several prominent financiers. The telephone wire was kept hot for several hours while confirmation of the story was being sought by bankers, capitalists and inquisitive merchants. When the news was confirmed to the satisfaction of the curious it created a big sensation not only on the other side of the bay but in local financial circles. As usual the dailies, in their chagrin at being scooped, failed to follow up the tip that I had given them, fraught though it was with information of general interest. They prefer to give space to the doings of financiers in New York. And yet the exploits of the wizards of finance in Wall street are not any more remarkable than the achievements of our own money grubbers. There are some very dexterous financiers right here in San Francisco and in Oakland, and some fine human interest stories might be woven out of transactions in our Clearance House. Mr. William G. Henshaw, whose great success appears to have excited the envy of some of his old associates, has wonderful talent for manoeuvring in the marts of trade and the upholstered haunts of the exponents of frenzied finance, and the story of his rise from an humble clerkship in a real estate office to the high estate of a millionaire banker is full of the dramatic element.

Banker Martin's Threat

It was William J. Dingee, the cement magnate and water baron of Oakland, who, I believe, pointed for Mr. Henshaw the road to fortune. For ten years they had been on terms of almost brotherly intimacy and they have made a great deal of money. Some years ago when they were associated in real estate speculations on a large scale they contemplated gaining control of the Union Savings Bank. To that end they purposed ousting the late J. West Martin, once Mayor of Oakland, from the presidency of the bank. By clever manipulation they secured control of a majority of the stock of the bank, and then they called on Mr. Martin and demanded that he resign the presidency and surrender the management. Mr. Martin declined to do so. He was not only obstinate but aggressive. They argued with him, but he flatly refused to resign and challenged Henshaw and Dingee to remove him, saying that he had been elected to guard the interests of the depositors, and would not hand millions of trust funds over to a brace of real estate speculators. Henshaw and Dingee were shocked, but Martin did not mince matters. He threatened that if they persisted in their scheme to secure control of the bank funds he would issue a manifesto to the stockholders and depositors defining his position and giving his reasons for his attitude. Mr. Martin remained at the head of the bank till the day of his death, and not until then did Mr. Henshaw step into his shoes.

Garthwaite's Ugly Dreams

From this bit of financial history it appears that sometimes Providence assists financiers in achieving their ambition. But Mr. Henshaw doesn't always rely on Providence. He usually compasses his ends through his own superior ability and infinite resources. I heard the interesting story not long ago of how he sought to get control of the Oakland Bank of Savings, which is worth while, since it has deposits to the amount of $11,000,000 and is the oldest and strongest financial institution in Alameda county. Mr. Henshaw being a Napoleon of finance appreciates the importance of the Oakland Bank of Savings, at the same time he would like to give it the benefit of his guiding hand. For many years the affairs of this bank have been directed by W. W. Garthwaite, who is something of a Napoleon of finance himself and who doesn't appreciate the genius of Henshaw. It is related that Mr. Henshaw went quietly to work, once upon a time, to get hold of sufficient stock to enable him to oust Garthwaite, and that the latter was caught napping, but awoke in time to foil his rival. Since then Garthwaite and his friends have been on the *qui vive*, and they have kept the control of the bank so securely tied up that nobody else has had "a look in." But it is said that Garthwaite never dreams without having his feelings harrowed up by visions of Mr. Henshaw taking possession of the bank, and that he never wakes up without reaching for the key to his vault where the stock and proxies are sequestered. The life of a financier in Oakland is a strenuous one.

Wiltsee's Fiancee

When the news was wired from New York this week of the engagement of Emily Lorillard Taylor with Ernest Wiltsee, the oldtimers at the clubs proceeded to flutter the

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cobwebs in their skulls. There are many that remember Miss Taylor. Her mother, Gertrude Judge, was one of the most beautiful girls in early day society here. She had that rare *beaute de diable* that sets men's hearts a-flutter, and was as dashing and lovely as Bonita Canby of "Arizona." Colonel Stuart M. Taylor, Emily's father, was a delightful man but his wit was by no means equal to that of his brilliant wife. He was a popular chap, related to every Southerner of importance in town, and he was at one time Naval Officer of this port. Though nearly always in financial difficulties, he was ever the soul of genial content. He was fond of dogs and had a collection of thoroughbred canines that was among the city's wonders. He was a very handsome man but I am told by those who have met Emily Taylor that she did not inherit the good looks of her parents. She has been finely educated, for her aunt, Mrs. Lorillard, has been her fairy godmother for many years, during most of which she has resided in Paris. When Pierre Lorillard, the "Prince of Good Fellows," died it was thought that the plans Mrs. Lorillard had made for introducing her niece to New York society might not mature. But very shortly after the "Plug Cut" millionaire's death, his widow gave Miss Taylor a ball at Sherry's. It was not considered very bad form, for Mrs. Lorillard had been separated from her husband for years, and had a successor in his affections and home. Mrs. Lorillard will no doubt give her niece a rich wedding portion.

When Wiltsee Pursued Cornelia

Ernest Wiltsee, however, needs no heavily dowered bride, if recent reports of his financial condition may be believed. From all I can gather he has promoted mines so successfully that he is now a very rich man. He has always been much in the limelight from the time he first came to San Francisco, where he was very popular and cut a big social dash until the time he stood sponsor for the South African pseudo-millionaire Williams who nearly lured a prominent society girl here into a marriage. After that, Wiltsee returned to Denver, his old home, as a permanent residence. He next came into newspaperiety as a suitor at the shrine of Cornelia Baxter Tevis, widow of Hugh Tevis, the San Francisco millionaire. Wherever Cornelia went there went Wiltsee. He hosted a party on a trip to Mexico, the widow being of the company, but Mexican moonlights and Mexico's romantic atmosphere did not conduce to the expected engagement. When, about two years ago, a scandal was precipitated in a Bar Harbor cottage wherein Wiltsee posed as the protector of Mrs. Tevis and her sister from the insolence of Lieutenant Edie, a too exuberant young army officer, the gossips again scented an engagement between the widow and the mining promoter. But they were wrong, for not long after Mrs. Tevis wedded Hart McKee.

Flattering Compliment to Genthe

Nowhere has the photographic art reached such high development as in San Francisco. The potentiality of the camera in art, in bringing out the conceptions of the photographer, and in eliminating the superfluous and the obvious and appealing to the imagination, has been demonstrated by camera artists in San Francisco more than in any other city. This fact is appreciated by connoisseurs in Europe, and it is recognized in New York, but for the first time we have been apprised in a practical way of the fact that Gotham does not disdain appealing to provincial San Francisco for artistic service. A few days ago Arnold Genthe received a tempting offer by wire from the manager of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe to make the trip to New York for the purpose of photographing them in a series of Shakespearean scenes. He has the offer under advisement.

Sam Davis's Little Joke

The despatches from Reno tell us that State Controller Samuel P. Davis has revoked the license of the New York Life Insurance Company, and notified Mr. McCall that he must no longer solicit business in the grand old State of Nevada. This is, of course, a joke, but the dailies took it seriously, and printed it under screeching headlines. It had not occurred to the daily newspapermen that the Hon. Samuel P. Davis, State Controller, was that quaint humorist, Sam Davis, of the Carson *Appeal*, the only surviving wit of the sagebrush country. Some years ago Sam discovered that he could not live off his humor, so he adapted his wits to politics and was elected Controller. That was bad enough for a respectable humorist, but who would have thought that Samuel Patrick Davis would ever so far forget himself as to call his middle name into requisition to catch the Irish vote? In the circumstances the Hon. Mr. Davis has, to borrow his own homely phraseology, no kick coming against the dailies for failing to see through his official joke. To make the joke perfectly clear, it should be explained that many years ago the insurance companies refused to take any risks in Nevada because every citizen carried a gun and considered it his duty to keep in pistol practice. Subsequently when the Legislature revoked the code of honor, the population of Nevada was so small that it was not worth while for an insurance company to open an office there. So the revocation of Mr. Call's license means nothing and Sam's fierce letter to that skindicate financier is in the nature of tin thunder.

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The Law and the Doctor

The law which prevents a physician of another state practicing his profession in this state unless he passes an examination has not the unanimous support of the doctors in this city. Indeed, many claim that this inhibition is not only vexatious but obnoxious. They say that many an able doctor who would come to San Francisco to make his home is debarred from doing so owing to this measure, and that no physician who has been practicing for several years feels that he can safely enter the lists against a lad fresh from college. The case of a Dr. Murphy, who has acquired a big reputation in the East as a surgeon, and who would like to pass the balance of his days in San Francisco, is cited by way of illustration. He would like to follow his profession here but he could not do so unless he passed the state examination. Naturally he demurs to this, saying that it is not possible for him to compete with boys fresh from school. There is another instance cited, that of an eminen surgeon of Dublin, Ireland, who would also like to make his home in this state. He wrote out here inquiring whether on the presentation of proper credentials he could register. The answer was in the negative. There is no necessity to go farther afield. General Girard, U. S. A., retired, who has a wide reputation as a surgeon, would have to pass an examination before he could practice here. Theoretically the law must be commended, but to the layman it looks as if the restriction against a well-known member of the profession savored of the ridiculous. A lawyer may be admitted to the bar on the presentation of proper credentials when vouched for by some reputable attorney, and medical practitioners think that the same should hold good with doctors. The supporters of the law say that the measure was introduced to keep out the illegal practitioner; but certainly a man who has practiced in New York, Philadelphia or Boston and who has a good reputation in those cities should meet with some consideration in San Francisco.

The Irrepressible Wheeler

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler delivered an address at the house-warming of the University of California Club which did not put the members into good humor. The meeting was not exactly a school-boy gathering. There were many men there who had experience in a great many ways, yet the president of the University spoke as if he were addressing a number of small boys instead of an assemblage of grown men. Of course he was listened to in respectful silence but there was an immediate demand for a funny story when he concluded his speech.

Will Soon Leave for India

Young Mr. Douglas MacArthur, son of the Commanding General on this coast, will soon leave for the Orient, and will not be back until the first of the year. Mr. MacArthur is a likable young fellow, and though he is made a great fuss of in society he has not been spoiled by flattery.

C. S. Fee Is Climbing

Railroad men are looking with curious eyes at C. S. Fee. Mr. Fee is doing the work of E. O. McCormick while the latter is in Europe. J. C. Stubbs has a great admiration for Fee and is responsible for bringing him on to the Southern Pacific. There is a report which there is every reason to believe that the recent elevation of Fee occasioned some surprise in railroad circles, for his ability was not generally appreciated, but Stubbs knows competency when he sees it and Stubbs does as he likes, and he does not care to consult with any one when he determines on a course of action. All the stories that were current about Harriman and Stubbs not getting along appear to have been made out of whole cloth, for though Mr. Stubbs may not be liked by Mr. Harriman from the personal point of view, he is far too important and able a man to lose.

In Love with the State

F. J. Kilpatrick, who has passed a great part of the year in the state, and who represents a great amount of Eastern capital, says he is so much in love with California that he intends to bring his family out here and pass the winter in San Francisco. Mr. Kilpatrick is heavily interested in the lumber industry and he promises the news of some interesting developments in a few days. He is reputed to be a man of great wealth.

A San Francisco Girl's Success

Flora Juliette Bowley is another San Francisco girl who is rapidly winning her way to the top of the ladder in stageland. She will be a member of the Empire stock company in Boston this season. Miss Bowley is very well known here, having received her early education in our public schools. Later she attended the Burnham preparatory school in Northampton, Mass., and thence entered Smith College. She was a bright girl and became one of the star writers of the college paper, but her chief interest was in the college theatricals. She appeared in various of the amateur productions, "The Lady of Lyons" and others. Just before her graduation, James K. Hackett heard her read and immediately engaged her for his company. Her first professional appearance was made in New Haven, Conn., as Maud Catherwood in "The Crisis" in October, 1904. Shortly after Mr. Hackett produced "The Fortunes of the King," in which Miss Bowley played Drusilla, a Puritan maiden. She was also starred for one night as Sylvia in "The Bachelor's Romance," at

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the desire of the Junior class at Smith College, which invited Miss Bowley to give a performance instead of holding the usual reception in honor of the Seniors. All the Seniors and Juniors attended the performance. Miss Bowley is the daughter of the late Capt. F. S. Bowley, U. S. A. Two of her brothers are now in the service of the United States Army, one in the Paymaster's department, and the other, Capt. Albert J. Bowley, in the artillery. Capt. Bowley, who has seen much active service, both in Cuba and the Philippines, has just completed four years' duty as an instructor at West Point. Miss Bowley's mother was one of the best choir singers in Massachusetts.

FLORA JULIETTE BOWLEY.

A charming and pretty San Francisco girl who is making a pronounced success on the stage.

The Agars have taken the Eyres' home at Fair Oaks, and will join the San Mateo colony. Mrs. Agar was Miss Macdonough, "Billy" Macdonough's sister, and she has millions to burn, so she will be a strong addition to the millionaires' colony down that way.

In the Bloom of Her Youth

The death of Arlie Humphreys was particularly sad, for though some of her friends knew that she suffered from valvular trouble, it was not thought to be anything that would prove serious. Miss Humphreys was a very popular girl and was prominent in club life. It was she who wrote the class-day farce for her class at Berkeley in 1900. She was president of the Kappa Kappa Gamma Association for several terms, and was largely instrumental in founding the scholarship supported by that fraternity. She was chairman of the decoration committee of the Century Club, and had written the farces produced during the last year by the Fortnightly Club. She was also secretary of the Colonial Dames, and although their youngest member, she presided as toast-mistress at the last banquet of that society with such brilliancy and tact that the honors of the occasion were divided between her and the Rev. F. C. Clampett. It will be remembered that Miss Humphreys' brother, William Penn, married Paula Wolff not very long ago.

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Mrs. Wilson's Lectures

The cultured of society and women's clubdom are much interested in the series of Tuesday morning lectures by Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, in the Channing Auxiliary course, given in the parlors of the First Unitarian church. The first of the lectures, "In the Shadow of Tradition" (Hermann and Thusnelda) was given on Tuesday morning. The topics of the succeeding lectures, which are to be given on every Tuesday morning, at half past ten o'clock, from October tenth up to and including November twenty-first, are: "Epic Features of Early Teutonic Life," (Song of the Nibelungs, Gudrun and Hilde); "The Teutonic Part of the Holy Roman Empire," (Minnesingers and Writers of the Court Epic: Heinrich von Veldeke, Hartmann von Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Gottfried von Strassburg and Walther von der Vogelweide); "Period of the Reformation," (Martin Luther. Mastersingers, Hans Sachs); "Varied Struggles and the Rise of Prussia"; "German Philosophy and Literature of the Classical Time," (Immanuel Kant. Wieland, Lessing, Herder,

MRS. RAMON E. WILSON

Who is giving lectures before the Channing Auxiliary this season.

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Goethe and Schiller); "Napoleon in Germany and the Poets of the Liberation," (Ernst Moritz Arndt, Theodore Korner and Heinrich von Kleist); "The Hohenzollerns and the Modern German Empire."

Improvements at Del Monte

Though Del Monte, according to the word of the many tourists who visit it, is about as near Paradise as a hotel can be, the management, I hear, is not satisfied. Extensive improvements are being made in the hotel at present, details of which will shortly be made public. Elaborate plans have been made for the winter season, in preparation for society and out-of-door gatherings of all sorts. There are still many lingerers at Del Monte who appear to be in no hurry to return to town. Among the recent arrivals were the Will Taylors, Mrs. Oxnard, Harry Stetson, Miss Harvey, Horace Platt and the Spencer Buckbees.

Some Oceanic History

The foundering of the *Alameda* was a pretty severe blow to the Oceanic Steamship Company, for the vessel was perhaps the best money-maker the corporation ever owned. Though not a modern vessel, it was good for many years profitable service. The Oceanic company has been very fortunate, for its steamers have been well handled. The company was incorporated in 1881, and at that time owned two steamers, the *Australia,* which was captured by the Japanese during the war, but which was insured against war risks for all she was worth, and the *Zealandia,* which is still in service, though very much out of date. In 1883 the *Alameda* and *Mariposa* were put into commission. They were built by the Cramps and were put on the run to Honolulu and Sydney, carrying the Australian mails. About five years ago the *Sierra, Sonoma* and *Ventura* were put into commission and assigned to the Honolulu and Sydney run, and thereafter the *Mariposa* and *Alameda* went only as far as Honolulu. A few years ago the *Mariposa* was put on the Tahiti run, leaving only the *Alameda* for the Honolulu trip. Although twenty-three years old no accident ever occurred to either the *Alameda* or *Mariposa* until the former struck the rocks off Fort Point. Both were as good boats as were ever turned out by the Cramps and were as good as any that plied on the Pacific.

He Disclaimed the Title

At one time whenever a reporter was sent to interview a famous Russian and was at a loss to give him his right title he never went wrong if he addressed him as "general." It did not matter whether he was a general or a prince, the title was always gracefully acknowledged. Things have changed since the war, and it is a dangerous matter now to call a diplomat of the Russian service a general. Russian civilians now object to being mistaken for soldiers. The Russian Minister to China, Dimitri D. Pokotiloff, who left this city recently for China, was addressed as "general" by a reporter and the diplomat drew himself up to his full height, (and he is a man of many inches), and made the chilly response: "Pray pardon me, I have not the distinguished honor to be a general or a soldier either."

Bowers Shocked the Trustees

Educational circles about the bay are loudly a-buzz and all because W. M. Bowers, one of the city trustees of that usually placid little burg, Alameda, has emphatically declared that the American youth is being sadly over-educated. The occasion of this disturbing utterance was a recent meeting of the Alameda City Trustees for the purpose of fixing the tax rate and apportioning the taxes among the different departments of the municipal government. A resolution was offered reducing the apportionment for the high school twenty-six hundred dollars below the amount allowed last year. Then School Director Kollmyer and Superintendent of Schools Moore engaged in an altercation with Trustee Bowers over the proposed reduction. But the trustee refused to be silenced by intimations that he belonged to an earlier and more primitive era, and made a fiery speech in which he declared that business men consider a high school education an undesirable asset in a young man applying for a situation and greatly prefer to break in boys who have never had more schooling than is given in the grammar grades. The proposed reduction carried. Trustee Bowers has long held an important position in the San Francisco Savings Union and ought to know what the business world generally

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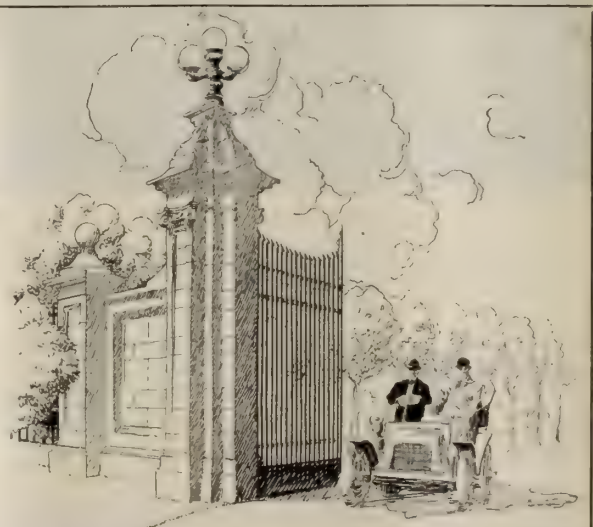

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thinks about the utility of secondary education. The teaching fraternity has not yet sufficiently recovered from its astonishment at Mr. Bowers' statements to make a concerted attack upon him, but the pedagogues are vaguely hoping that Benjamin Ide Wheeler or David Starr Jordan will break a preliminary lance or two with Trustee Bowers and lead the grand charge.

"There are times when there is no place like home," said Nagger, as he threw himself into the arm chair the first night after his wife started for New York.

Miss Barrymore Was Gracious

The Sequoians are saying that Ethel Barrymore is the most delightful lionne they ever entertained. She came early and stayed late at the reception given her by the club, and patiently endured to be lionized for fully two hours. She was the picture of well-bred elegance in a simple black frock with long white gloves. Her brother Jack, who accompanied her, soon had a bevy of young girls about him, and they stayed there all afternoon. The star's exit was as unobtrusive as her entrance, and few knew exactly when she slipped away.

Naughty Knock-Knees

Whether it is better to be born rich and knock-kneed or poor and symmetrically lower-limbed is the question society girls are debating at their early autumn luncheons. The query was evolved by the present fad of tank-swimming and diving. One of the "fair society maids" that Madame la Bavarde mentioned recently as being a frequenter of the Lurline baths, has been discovered to be hopelessly knock-kneed. Unlike the chorus girls, she has not resorted to "slicing" to make her hosiery show up well. The sad fact was disclosed to a number of matrons whose only opportunity to be in the social swim is to bathe on the same day these society girls take their plunge, and be splashed by them when they shoot the chute. One of the ladies now says that since she saw Miss X.'s knees she no longer envies her.

The Braunschweiger House

Though Hermann Braunschweiger, the liquor merchant who died this week, was numbered among the city's plutocrats, he was never able to buy happiness with his wealth. Shortly after he built the big house at the corner of McAllister and Devisadero streets a series of deaths and misfortunes in his family circle caused him to take such a dislike to the mansion that he moved away. The house, which was beautifully fitted up in its interior, was leased to various persons in succession, and is now a sanitarium, though the carriage block still bears the name of the original occupant.

N. S. Mullan, assistant manager of the Palace, accompanied by Mrs. Mullan, will sail on the *Sonoma* next Thursday for Honolulu, and will be away several weeks. weeks.

Hints to a Hostess

"Did it ever occur to you, girls, that in giving luncheons and dinners, there is an economical way of arranging them? Well, there is, believe me," says a contributor to a popular magazine for women, and when you have read her methods for entertaining inexpensively, sure enough you will be convinced of the economy, if nothing else. She thinks there will always be a sufficiency of candies, bon-bons, nuts, etc., to do for another occasion, and that the flowers, put away in fresh water in a cool place, can be depended on for a second service. So far, well enough, but, after having given a *dinner for six* you may compass a *luncheon for four* on the following day by using the leavings. "The remains of the roasted chicken—supposing you had *one* (italics are mine) could be made into delicious patties or croquettes." Imagine a solitary chicken for ten people! What would happen to the calculations, supposing any one was hungry enough to eat! The catastrophe would be as soul-harrowing as that which befell the English Countess who had hired the fruit for her entertainment, and who was obliged to send the footman to the rescue when a thoughtless guest actually made ready to devour a peach. One may buy lady-fingers by weight, too, instead of by the dozen, and thereby secure one or two extra ones for ten cents. These may be split apart, making them twice as many, and by cutting the bits into four pieces, dipping them in icing and decorating each fragment with a raisin or a crumb of nut meat, quite a showing can be made. There is no end to the devices one might think up, whereby the funeral baked meats may furnish forth the marriage feast, or those of the marriage feast may regale the guests at the first evening at home. But of course, the guests should understand that they are expected to have nothing more than their company appetite.

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Baby Newhall Rules

The George Newhalls used to laugh and make merry at the enthusiasm manifested by the Taylor couples over the stork's offerings to them. "Just you wait until one comes to your house," retorted the Mesdames Taylor who are Mrs. Newhall's sisters-in-law. Their prophecy has been fulfilled. So engrossed are the Newhalls with their baby boy that their friends are worrying terribly. They fear that they are not to have the promised entertainments that were to be given this winter in the Newhalls' town-house. Both George Newhall and his wife were extremly fond of society and went about a great deal, but like most of the Blingum married folks they seem to have lost all interest in society since the birth of their son and heir.

The Hyde-Smiths and Their Movements

Mrs. Hyde-Smith will again rent an apartment for the winter. Gertrude Hyde-Smith, who has been spending the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Garceau, at the Hotel Rafael, will soon return to town, and Margaret, who has been visiting the Irwins in Honolulu, is coming back shortly. Neither Helene Irwin nor Miss Smith has had a very gay time in the Hawaiian capital.

The Reason Why

This is the time of year when the astute climber tells everybody: "I intend to go out but little this season." This merely means that she will go to everything to which she gets a card, but fearing she may be slighted in some cases she forestalls impertinent comment by telling her friends that she is indifferent to society.

Mrs. Casserly's Enthusiasm

Since Mrs. Jack Casserly became president of the Twentieth Century Musical Club she has infused much of her enthusiasm into the organization. She is eager to have the club progress more in a musical than in a social way, and as she is very popular with all the cliques her policy is likely to meet with general favor. Mrs. Casserly is bubbling over with the musical temperament, and is said to be almost as cultured as Mrs. Will Crocker. This is not surprising as she comes from Chicago where they are bent on making culture hum.

The Passing of Curtis

Jonathan Curtis, whose death in New York was hardly noticed by the local dailies, was at one time secretary of the firm of Payot, Upham and Company. He was the husband of Josephine Payot, but as their domestic affairs did not run smoothly they were divorced. Subsequently they came together again, were remarried and again divorced. Then Curtis went to New York where he was employed in a big stationery house. He was living under an assumed name in the apartments where he died.

They Almost Had Hysterics

The Sausalito society season opened Saturday night, two weeks ago, with a big ball at the Yacht Club house. An Oakland society man who attended the dance was the guest over night at the home of a prominent resident of Sausalito. As he was without suitable raiment for the night his host promised to "fix him up." When he went to his bed-room he found, instead of a suit of pajamas, a very dainty night dress that evidently belonged to the lady of the house. He put it on, and the next morning his chums, who made an early call and found him in bed, almost had hysterics when they beheld his unshaven face peering out from a frou-frou of real lace. He looked very

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much like a bearded lady. The dances at Sausalito are to take place every month during the winter. Mabel Watkins and Etelka Williar are the most active and popular of the girls at these dances. It is for them that the dancing men of San Francisco do sprinting stunts to the Sausalito ferry whenever there is a dance at the Yacht Club.

Mrs. William Morrow of Sausalito has returned from Santa Barbara where she has been sojourning for several months. She was obliged to return on account of the illness of her son. Mrs. Morrow is one of the most beautiful women in California, and she has in addition to her pulchritude considerable dramatic talent. Her sister, Maude Muller, who was not so generously dowered with either beauty or talent, had a brief experience on the stage, and during her theatrical career met her affinity who persuaded her to retire to private life.

Captain Powell Is Here

An addition has just been made to the local military and naval colony in the person of Captain William Glasgow Powell, United States Marine Corps, who a few days ago relieved Lieutenant-Colonel George Richards as assistant paymaster in charge of the Pacific coast pay office of the Marine Corps, in the Rialto building. Captain Powell is a comparatively young man for his rank, which he reached after some vicissitudes. He was one of the graduates of the Naval Academy mustered out under the provisions of the notorious Robeson law of 1882, and later entered civil life, but only for a short period, as the Spanish war broke out shortly after his graduation and he reentered the navy as a volunteer officer. At the end of the war he was again mustered out, but almost immediately received a commission as second lieutenant in the Marine Corps. His advancement since has been rapid. Mrs. Powell will join her husband in this city in a few weeks.

Dr. Collins Is Coming

Everybody who is anybody at all will be glad to learn that Dr. Collins will be here shortly from Manila. Dr. Collins was stationed at the Presidio, and there he became quite a social favorite, for Mrs. Martin looked kindly on the young medico. Dr. Collins was seen everywhere and there were many fair ones supposed to be engaged with him. He is a good looking young man and is said to be a studious and skillful medical man.

His Specialty Is Catching Grafters

Mrs. Gillett, wife of Major Gillett, left last Tuesday to join her husband in Philadelphia. The major was sent East at the personal request of Mr. Root, who has great admiration for the stalwart soldier. Major Gillett belongs to the engineering department, and it was he that exposed the crooked work of Carter in the South. He followed him to Montreal, and the story is that he could have cleared up a big fortune if he had dropped the prosecution. I understand that when Secretary Taft passed through here on his way to the Philippines he sent for the Major and told him to go to Philadelphia and put himself at the disposal of the city authorities for the purpose of exposing corruption in the municipal government. The major soon had the situation in control and showed to the people how they had been robbed. He is still in Philadelphia and there is no telling when he will get away. There is a strong belief in army circles that the major will be placed on the Panama canal commission. All officers who know him declare that there could not be a better selection made, as he is not only a splendid engineer but is also aggressively honest.

The stork visited the home of Lieutenant and Mrs. C. P. Huff last week and left the welcome gift of twin sons. Lieutenant Huff has been stationed for some time on Goat Island.

Maud—Daisy says she's just making a bare living.
Harriett—Well, you know she's an artist's model.

Why Rust is Here

The man who does not know W. R. Rust, who is one of "the big guns" in the smelter combine, and who is frequently in the city, has much to regret. Mr. Rust is said to be adored by the men who work under him and has the reputation of being able to settle differences between mine owners and miners without a loss of an hour or the loss of a man. It will rest largely with Mr. Rust where the great copper smelter which is to be built in the vicinity of this city is to be placed, and his visit during the past year has been in connection with this enterprise.

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FOR

BREAKFAST

Belasco To Belasco

David Belasco wires to his brother, Frederic Belasco, that his new California play, "The Girl of the Golden West," has had an enthusiastic premier in Pittsburg, and that Blanche Bates, in the leading role, has scored the best success of her career. The play deals with California in the early days, and is intensely dramatic.

Laurie Bunten Is Back

The many friends of Laurie Bunten are glad to see him well on the road to health. The colonel, who is frequently called by his club friends "Baby Bunten," owing to his enormous bulk, has been seriously sick and has had to stay in the Santa Cruz mountains and live on milk and eggs. There was considerable danger of his being taken sick again when he first appeared at the Bohemian Club, as there was not a member who did not have some advice to offer him over a glass of Scotch and soda. The colonel, however, steadily refused the whisky and the advice, and he was soon able to resume business. He was much sl runken from his old self, but his mind seems to be even brighter than before he became an invalid.

Praise for Margaret

Alan Dale could see very little to commend in Margaret Anglin's Zira. William Bullock of the *Press* took a view of the performance quite different from that of Dale: "Whatever may be the fate of 'Zira' at the hands of the public, the most adverse verdict cannot militate against the triumph which Margaret Anglin won in the Princess theatre last night. The actress has worked and waited long for such an hour, and this morning she may rest content that her triumph was of the first magnitude. She started with an audience prejudiced in her favor, but there was no plastic sympathy manifest when she rose to the climax of the play. It was real enthusiasm then, and right well the actress deserved it. She compelled the acclaim of her auditors, and in doing it brought dismay to those skeptics who had said she never would find great favor with the playgoers of New York."

The seventh annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco will take place at the Orpheum on Friday afternoon, October 27th.

In the Financial Field

Business in the Stock & Bond Exchange continued fair, trading in Bonds aggregating $117,000; in Shares 10,092, as follows: 2,622 Lighting, 1,150 Water, 1,850 Miscellaneous, 120 Bank and 4,350 Sugar. San Francisco Gas & Electric rose 1 1-2 points to $84. The buying of this stock continues very good. Spring Valley Water remains very steady at about last week's closing price; the accumulation of stock appears to be going on steadily. Alaska Packers continues decidedly weak and depressed, closing at $59.1-2, a new low record; it looks as if this stock may sell about ten points lower. The volume of business in sugar stocks continues, and prices in most instances continue going up.

A letter received from the Double Eagle Mining Company is as follows: "The shaft on the May vein was continued a distance of sixteen feet with one shift working. This work was done from the 23d to 29th inst., inclusive. The ore continues good and strong and values are well maintained. The quartz is rather intermittent, though of good quality. In fact, all things considered, the bottom of the shaft shows continued improvement.

(Signed) "T. S. CASTELLO.

"Tonopah, Nevada, Sept. 29th, '05."

There is no change on Pine street and business remains about the same.

—*The Financier.*

Raspberry, cocoanut, strawberry, fig—**Buttercup Taffies** are in these flavors and many more. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

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FACTS ABOUT CANCER.

A new booklet published at considerable expense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of 416 Main St., Dallas, Texas, tells the cause of Cancer and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc., and is a valuable guide in the management of any case. It advises the best method of treatment, and the reasons why. In short, it is a book that you will value for its information. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of ten cents, stamps or coin.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Mary McKenzie, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, C. B. Perkins, Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Mary McKenzie, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said C. B. Perkins, Administrator, with the will annexed, at the law offices of J. J. Lermen, rooms 607, 611 and 612 Kohl Building, corner of California and Montgomery streets, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

C. B. PERKINS,
Administrator, with the will annexed of the Estate of Mary McKenzie, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, October 7th, 1905.

No. 12 ***George A. Newhall***

Here he is "a windin' of her up" as the land-lubber from the cow-paths remarked to the skipper when he entered a cockpit for the first time. Mr. Newhall is better known as a financier than as a sailor laddie, and since devil wagons came into vogue he is better known in automobile circles than among yachtsmen. Why the artist pictured him in sailor togs and at the wheel, I cannot explain. Perhaps he thinks that the ex-President of the Police Commission looks more picturesque at the wheel than on 'Change.

The Stage

Art in Stock

Some of us are so skeptical that we are aggressive in our attitude toward whatever threatens to bring conviction. We would stand unconvinced over a volcano until a little hot lava appealed to our credulity through the soles of our feet. This national trait is forcefully expressed in the chaste and eloquent "You'll have to show me." Theatregoers who are presumed to indulge their passion for amusement in a yielding and amiable spirit are not immune to this constitutional ailment. With them it is often associated with that other Yankee malady which prompts the victim to distrust that which is not expensive and to blindly appraise highly that which is not within reach of everybody. It is this combination of instincts that restrains some theatregoers from enthusiasm when being entertained by a stock company at popular prices and incites them to extravagant approval when witnessing a performance for which they were assessed on the basis of "all the traffic will bear." Having schooled myself to receptive and sympathetic moods, I often find enjoyment where the blase are bored and I felicitate myself on the circumstance. In addition to being receptive and sympathetic I nurse a predisposition toward that educational theatrical institution familiarly known as the stock company, which is all that we have left to offset the pernicious influence of the star system with its made-to-order dramas for the exaltation of favored mummers more distinguished for abnormal individuality than for artistic achievement. Therefore my encouragement of the Alcazar, nothwithstanding the reluctance of the management to cater more to the intellectual and its pandering to the devotees of Hall Caine and other Corelli dramatists. But the Alcazar has dipped into the intellectual drama sporadically, and I hope to see the management get an inspiration some day from the lesson that is being impressed on the magnates along Broadway, where Shaw's "Candida" was the hit of three seasons agone, where Moliere's "Misanthrope" was the hit of last season and where Shaw's "Man and Superman" is the sensation of the current season. Public taste has improved faster than that of the Syndicate in New York, and who knows but that the same phenomenon may be exhibited here if given the chance? All this sermonizing, however, has nothing to do with the Alcazar stock in Hall Caine's "Eternal City." It is distinctly a performance for lovers of the thrilling story, and a company in which there is sufficient art to tone down the melodramatic claptrap and theatrical banalities of Hall Caine is good enough for me. The Alcazar mimes accomplish that feat, and more—they hold you through the five acts, and they give you a succession of thrills. Yet take a common sense and cold-blooded view of almost any crisis in the play and the situation, seemingly heavy with the dramatic, falls to pieces. Apply the knife of analysis to any of the characters and their lives are nothing more than the reflex of countless other stage personages. There are very few touches of the real life, and the action is that of automata calculated for certain effects, but the Alcazar players manage to effect convincing illusions. Mr. Charles Waldron, the new leading man, impersonates David Rossi in a way that makes of him a flesh and blood zealot in the cause of civic reform. The temptation to elocutionize is strong in the Rossi role, but Waldron puts Caine behind him. He takes the rounded periods of the Caine platitudes without any perceptible trick of inflection. He avoids the declamatory appeal. No melodramatic revolutionist is he but a sane, sincere, earnest patriot. At every emotional crisis he gives you the impression that he has force to spare. He purveys no unnecessary significance. The Donna Roma of Miss Lucia Moore, the new leading woman, is a smooth performance, perhaps a little too smooth, for it can scarcely be said to have distinction. Miss Moore, however, gives an impersonation that has tenderness and repose. I think she is temperamentally suited to comedy rather than to strenuous emotionalism, for she is more convincing in her moments of repression than in flights of passion. However, she is refreshingly free from obvious artificiality. The Baron Bonelli of Henry Shumer is characterized by stiffness rather than by firmness and severity. Fred Butler achieves some big theatrical effects in the highly melodramatic role of Bruno Rocco, but he fails to prove that method is quicker than the eye. Mr. Butler is well versed in the tricks of his trade but he hasn't learned to conceal them. John B. Maher is the Pope of the cast, and for the first time, to my knowledge, he failed to give vraisemblance to his role. Mr. Maher does not fill the Papal robes gracefully or impressively, but neither his shortcomings nor those of any other member of the company have any serious effect on the performance as a whole. Considering the limitations of the Alcazar stage the details of the production are wonderfully complete, and the stage pictures are spirited and colorful.

Theodore Bonnet.

LENORA KIRWIN

The Alcazar's new ingenue who makes her first appearance as Helma in "What Happened to Jones," next Monday night.

The Tivoli Opera Season

Though the greatest enthusiasm has been displayed over Tetrazzini nights at the Tivoli during the present season, the Tetrazzini nights have not been the only occasions worthy of mention. "The Masked Ball" last week, with a strong cast, drew a large audience and was a very good, if not great production. "Manon Lescaut" brought out Coppola as a star of magnitude, as the Chevalier des Grieux. This opera of Puccini's should be heard more than once, for the haunting beauty of its melody is the kind that makes you long for more. In "Manon," Signorini Ticci sings the title role and the cast contains Dado and Cervi with other capable singers. "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" are to be sung Friday night of this week, with a strong cast including the tenor Angioletti, that grand old man Salassa, Petrella and Ticci.

Tetrazzini's Rosina a Bewitching Characterization

A bewitching little devil is Tetrazzini's Rosina, pretty, young, gay, saucy, willful and winning. A turn of her ankle, a tap of a petulant pink slipper, a wave of a graceful arm, an impatient tug at a jaunty *bolero*, a *moue*, a smile, a skip, a shrug—she has them all, as if she were the most vivacious soubrette in a Casino musical comedy. I believe it was Booth who claimed for every tragedian an equal gift for comedy. Tetrazzini would seem to be an illustration of the statement. As for her singing, what more can I say of her exquisite tones, smooth cadenzas, rippling trills, brilliant staccatos, thrilling sustained high notes, and the glorious ease of her through it all. Gregoretto sang splendidly the title role, but he was not a very prankish barber. Garcia, for whom the opera was written, must have been a wonderfully clever comedian to have managed to make the barber a star, or else his Rosina must have been a very dim little satellite. Fancy all that brilliant music being written in eight days! No wonder it is so freshly sparkling; it is the inspired spontaneity of a genius in his most playful mood. "Rossini had no time to indulge in the profound strains of Mozart, but must sing to the world of its pleasures, that the world might hear and be glad." Whenever I hear the otherwise delightful "Barber" I grow impatient with the great Rossini for being the man who first introduced solos for the elderly contralto and the basso, but the most amiable composers occasnonally inflict us with something we dislike. I have heard bassos who made their solos in "The Barber" interesting. And the Tivoli production of the opera, if it will not add laurels to the crowns of the other singers, has certainly placed another leaf in Tetrazzini's crown of successes.

"Arizona" a Big Drawing Card

It is safe to assert that a good play with an average cast will last longer than a mediocre play presented by all-star players. An instance of this is Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," now in its third season here, and drawing the same large and enthusiastic audiences that saw the first production with Farnum and Grace Elleston in the cast. What there is in "Arizona" to magnetize an audience into forgetting that it is in its third season is hard to say. Even a dusty road company could not keep people away from "Arizona." I presume some like the play because it contains Tony, the Mexican who loves "up to Heaven and down to hell," so intense is he in his imagery. Perhaps men like the manly Lieutenant Denton because, though they themselves might not be equal to his chivalrous self-sacrifice for the sister of his sweetheart, they fancy they see in him what they might be in the same circumstances. Women all love Denton. He is a woman's ideal, manly, courageous, true. Placed in a prosaic domestic environment Denton might not be a good provider, or equal to managing a wife and a rooseveltian family, but on the stage, on horseback or on foot, he is the ideal lover sentimental woman longs for. Edward Farrell, who plays the lieutenant at the Grand this week, is all the part calls for in looks and dramatic strength. Except for Ben Deane and Charles Graham, who still play Dr. Fenlon and Sergeant Kellar, there are

ARTHUR PRINCE
The Great Ventriloquist, at the Orpheum Next Week

no others in the cast calling for special mention, though it is adequate to the play's needs. Miss Desmonde is a handsome but rather colorless Estrella. Edward Patterson, the lover, Captain Holgman, is an extremely bad actor. He wouldn't do even in a secondary villain's part at the Central. He was miscast anyway, for he has a comedy face that all his villainy cannot villainize. Corinne Childs who plays the small part of the sergeant's daughter, exhibits dramatic promise and I expect to see her in a larger role next time she comes this way.

It's a Good Bill

The bill at the Orpheum this week is so good that even the most blase old theatre-goers sit up and take notice. Hal Merritt, the cartoonist and monologist, Macy and Hall in a clever little farce, and Franz Ebert are the newcomers. Ebert plays Dan Cupid in a sketch abounding in witticisms and in which the diminutive comedian appears to great advantage. Maude Hall, a great favorite in the old Morosco days, wears some lovely gowns and both Miss Hal and Mr. Macy, her partner, win unstinted applause. Genaro and Baily, Harry Corson Clarke and Prof. Allinei with his trained monkey remain over from last week and their popularity does not seem to have diminished in the least.

Next Week's Bills

Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann," a delightful little comedy by Israel Zangwill, will be at the Columbia. In the first three acts of this play she appears as an underpaid, ill-fed, forlorn little English cockney slavey, whose only joy in life is her love for a poor composer. On Thursday afternoon, October twelfth, Miss Robson will give a Browning performance, the poet's "In a Balcony." Three years ago Miss Robson appeared in this play at Wallack's, New York, afterwards making a tour of special matinee performances throughout the Eastern cities. This performance will begin at three o'clock sharp and no one will be seated after the rise of the curtain.

At the Alcazar "What Happened to Jones" will be a cheerful foil to its dramatic predecessor. It will also introduce Lenora Kirwin, the new ingenue, as Helma, the stolid Swedish slavey. October sixteenth comes "The Crisis," played for the first time in stock. It is Winston Churchill's dramatization of his own novel. After this comes the Virginia Harned sensation, "Iris."

Ade's "The Sultan of Sulu" comes to the Grand for one week. Albert Mahar, as the Sultan, is assisted by a strong cast and a large chorus of singers. The two acts are picturesquely staged and handsomely costumed. October

Orpheum

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Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "SONAMBULA," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti.

Wednesday night, "CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA" and "I'PAGLIACCI," with Petrella, Ticci, Angioletti, Coppola, Salassa, Moreo.

Thursday night, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti, Dado, Cervi.

Friday night, "OTELLO," with Petrella, Grasse, Angioletti, Salassa.

Seats on sale for all performances.

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SPECIAL MATINEE THURSDAY, OCT. 12, at 3 o'clock. Miss Robson in Robert Browning's play "In a Balcony."

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HAROLD BAUER,

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Monday and Thursday Evenings, OCT. 16 and 19. Saturday Afternoon OCT. 21

Season Tickets $4.00, $3.75 and $2.25, Ready Thursday, Oct. 10.

Single Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, Ready Friday, Oct. 13

Complete Programs may be obtained at the Box Office, Sherman, Clay & Co's.

Coming to ALHAMBRA:—

EMMA EAMES.

fifteenth, Sunday matinee, Jacob Litt's company will open in "In Old Kentucky," which is now on its thirteenth annual tour. The production for the present season is entirely new and has cost twenty thousand dollars. Among the features of this play are fifty rollicking pickaninnies, six Kentucky thoroughbred horses, the greatest of all horse races and the famous pickaninny brass band.

As usual the Tivoli will be closed Monday night for rehearsal. Tuesday night and Saturday matinee, "La Sonambula" will be given, with Tetrazzini, Bazelli and Gregoretti; Wednesday, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" with Petrella, Ticci, Angioletti, Coppola, Salassa and Moreo; Thursday night, "The Barber of Seville" with this week's cast; Friday night, "Otello" with Petrella, Grasse, Angioletti and Salassa.

Arthur Prince, said to be the cleverest vocal magician on the world's circuit, and known as "the nautical ventriloquist," will be the Orpheum headliner. Bert Leslie and Robert L. Dailey, a brother of "Pete" Dailey, assisted by Maud Emery and William Mowry, will present "Going Abroad" for the first time in this city. The Melani trio, favorites of the Orpheum Road Show, and Browning and Wally, trapezists, will be the other new comers.

At the Central a melodrama of Kentucky life, "The Whitecaps," will be offered. This drama by Owen Davis is said to have been one of the greatest New York successes in recent years. Its author spent a long time in the mountains of Kentucky, studying the incidents in the lives of those who formed "The Whitecaps." The entire Central company will appear in "The Whitecaps," which will be given a big scenic production.

At the Chutes among the new people will be the Diamond Comedy Four; Rome, Mayo and Juliet, who present a condensed minstrel performance, and Brydon's educated dogs, canines of intelligence.

White Whittlesey begins his Portland engagement on Monday at the Belasco theatre, and Miss Lawton, upon the same night, opens as the stock leading woman of its namesake in Los Angeles. It will be nearly a year before either one returns to San Francisco.

Andrew Mack returned from Australia Monday, after having achieved a triumph in the Antipodes. Mack opens at the Columbia following Eleanor Robson.

"Iris," the Pinero problem play, in which Virginia Harned created such furious discussion, will be done for the first time in stock, by special arrangement with Charles Frohman, at the Alcazar this month.

"Ben Hur" comes to the Grand again in November.

Some Musical Attractions

The programs for the three concerts at Lyric Hall next week by Professor Hugo Heermann and his son, Emil, are very fine. At the opening concert, Monday night, Prof. Heermann will play the concerto by Brahms for the first time here; Garten Melodie, Am Springbrunnen, by Schumann, and the Nocturne in E by Ernst. Emil Heermann, a lad of nineteen, but a virtuoso in the true sense of the word, will play the Bach Chaconne and, with his father, the beautiful Spanish dance by Sarasate, "Navarra." At the second concert, Thursday evening, the two artists will play the sonata in C major for two violins, by Bach. Heermann senior's solos will be the first movement of the Beethoven concerto and recitative and adagio from the sixth concerto of Spohr. Emil will play the paraphrase on "Tristan and Isolde" by Wilhemj and the first movement of the difficult Paganini concerto No. 1. At the aSturday matinee Hugo Heermann will play the wonderful first movement of Joachim's Hungarian concerto and Emil will play the first movement of the Tschaikowsky concerto. By special request the duet on this occasion will be the Bach double concerto. Fred Maurer will preside at the piano. Seats for all the concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

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The dates for Harold Bauer's concerts are Monday and Thursday nights, October 16th and 19th, and Saturday afternoon, October 21st. The sale of season tickets opens Tuesday, October 10th, and the prices are $4.50, $3.75 and $2.25 for the course of three concerts. Single concerts will be $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, and the seats will be ready next Friday. The box office will be at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programs may be obtained. Harold Bauer is a pianist that no student or teacher can afford to miss, and there will be no greater treat this season to the lover of the best in musical art.

Much inquiry is already being made for seats for the Emma Eames concerts. Mail orders, accompanied by checks or money order, will receive careful attention and be filled in the order received after the box office opens, Thursday, October 19th. Address Will Greenbaum, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

At the Central

Those who expected "The Lighthouse by the Sea" to be of the usual order of the Central melodrama were disappointed. This play by Owen Davis, though billed as a melodrama, is only mildly sensational. It is quite a pretty play, on the Herne pattern, and the scenery is

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Corey & Phillips, 600 Mission. Mercantile Lunch is served between 11 and 2. 15c.
Cedar Brook Whiskey, formerly W. H. McBrayer—10 years old.

THELMA GILMORE
A handsome, dashing and clever actress, who is an attractive feature of "The Sultan of Sulu" which opens at the Grand Opera House tomorrow matinee.

artistic. There is one scene where the illusion of a dense fog coming in and surrounding the lighthouse is very successfully achieved. The final scene, after a snowstorm, is also a credit to the scenic artist. The principal character, Caleb Gale, the blind keeper of the lighthouse, is played by George Nicholls, who is thoroughly artistic in his portraiture. The Central actors easily adapt themselves to change, and it is surprising how they can modify the melodramatic tone of voice of one week to the subdued accents of a comedy drama the next. Mayall has only a small part as the coast pilot, Paul, in love with Flora, Gale's granddaughter (Miss Ellsmere). In one act, however, he has a chance to use his fists to advantage, and to show his mastery of boxing. Edler and Webster are the villains, a villager and a convict; Boardman the postman; Corrigan, a good-hearted country lad; Miss Elliott, the old Irish servant; Miss Selwyn, the little maid of all work; Carvel, a constable. Miss Selwyn is one of the cleverest soubrettes the Central has ever had. She reminds one a bit of Oza Waldrop, but is more vivacious than the latter, also possessing the gifts of singing and dancing gracefully.

Little Carroll McComas Has Arrived

Carroll McComas is now billed as "Charles Carroll McComas" at the Boston Colonial, where she is of "The Pearl and the Pumpkin" cast. Miss McComas is rather proud of the fact that she is a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The McComas family were among the landed gentry of Maryland before the Revolution. By good rights this clever Californian girl should write her name with a "junior," for her father is also Charles Carroll McComas, at one time a judge in New Mexico, but now District Attorney in Los Angeles. Her mother is Mrs. Alice Moore McComas, well-known here as a contributor to newspapers and magazines. Little Carroll made her professional debut at the Orpheum, in this city, a little over five years ago. After a short experience on a far Western circuit, she went East and was engaged by Mr. Keith to appear in his houses in a whistling act. Mr. Savage saw her and engaged her at once for "The Prince of Pilsen." She then signed a four year contract with Frank L. Perley and appeared in "The Billionaire" with Jerome Sykes. After the death of Mr. Sykes Mr. Perley gave her an opportunity to go abroad. Her first European appearance was in Paris at the Folies Marigny. After an eight weeks' engagement in Paris she toured the continent, playing Brussels, Antwerp and other cities, thence going to London, where she appeared as a whistler in many private drawing rooms and at the Palace Theatre. Then she went to South Africa, appearing in Cape Town and Johannesburg, on her return to London finding a summons from Mr. Perley, who transferred her to Klaw and Erlanger to play Jimmy Gingerbread in "The Pearl and the Pumpkin."

HAROLD BAUER
The Great Pianist, at Lyric Hall

Lost by a Day

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Rawlston was a familiar figure and seemed always to be hovering about the buffet or the billiard tables, gliding from the jinks room into the library or from the library into the red room, as inoffensive and, usually, as silent as the Club's mascot, the big, black cat. He was a thin, wiry, dapper little fellow having about him an air of extreme timidity and embarrassed self-consciousness wearing on casual acquaintances, but those who believed they had discovered the real Rawlston down under the shrinking reserve were unanimous in avowing him not at all a bad sort.

He had had his small heart affair. Who has not? Few knew of it, and those who did gave it as little thought as is usually accorded the misfortunes of others. I knew, and because of it, and events that happened later, I drag poor Rawlston for a few minutes into the lime-light, the position he most dreaded.

A "Ladies' Jinks" was held at the Club a few years ago in honor of a celebrity. She was an acknowledged beauty, possessed talent and ability, and, what is more to the point, had distinctly "arrived." Before the night of the jinks Rawlston had seen her, with her company, at the —— theatre. She had played there ten nights and he had seen her ten nights, over the footlights. The little chap could never muster courage to approach the stage door except in his dreams, but Rawlston was a good dreamer, so who knows but that the shadows he cherished were as satisfactory as realities would have been. However, it was the night of the jinks, and Rawlston was there, dreaming. He had come early and tucked himself away in a corner of the library with back toward the door and face toward the bookshelves, but he did not see the titles on the red and brown moroccos any more than he saw the lines of printed paper that he held in his hand. Rawlston's body was there in the library but Rawlston's soul was down in southern California—down there with the "celebrity." She was not a celebrity then, but just a little slip of a girl with a suggestion about her of the beauty that was to be; with occasional flashes of strong character, then undeveloped and untried. He loved her, and this love of Rawlston's was the most thorough thing of his whole unthorough life. All the time, too, there was another man in the case who held the rank of fiance. He was in the East somewhere, just where did not much matter.

There is a day for happiness and another for sorrow. Very soon this latter day came. The girl was to go away and marry the man in the East. Rawlston had had his day; it was to be the other fellow's day now. There was no alternative; the fiance was well-to-do in this world's goods, and the slip of a girl and the slip of a girl's mother were in the same sad plight of the boy who wanted to taste the pieman's wares, they had "no penny—not any." No more had Rawlston, but he had hopes, great hopes, the writer's stock in trade, and his new book if successful—

He told the girl of his prospects and asked her to marry him. He told her that he couldn't live without her, and if she would but say so, they would send the other fellow to Coventry.

All was quickly arranged. They were to leave Los Angeles the next morning by different trains. Rawlston leaving first should await the girl at Ventura. They would go to Father Robson who had known them since childhood and be married. It was very simple.

Next morning the slip of a girl, perched in a dog-cart as yellow as a buttercup, drove to the station, a bevy of white-frocked maids accompanied by slim youths there

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Guests of the Palace Hotel are always sure of the best that experience, money and a desire to please can provide. The management has just installed a sanitary compressed air cleaning plant which removes every vestige of dust completely. The Palace also has a telephone in every room, steam heat, open fires, a perfect system of ventilation, a pipe organ and orchestra, large palm garden, perfect service and unexcelled cuisine, beside other comforts and conveniences almost innumerable. Rates most reasonable. Information cheerfully furnished.

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Forget business for a few days and spend a week-end at the luxurious Hotel Vendome, surrounded by the most glorious floral park in the City of Roses.
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assembled. Certain of the slim youths whispered to certain of the white frocks that Rawlston was too cut up to join them, whereupon the heads belonging to the white frocks nodded knowingly. The train pulled out. The girl was calm, but her face was paler than usual, her eyes brighter. Her heart thumped uncomfortably and for the first time in her life she found herself getting nervous. The trip had been made often but the run to Ventura had never before seemed so long.

The train neared the station and, with bag and parasol in hand, she went to the platform. A few loiterers were there but among them no familiar form. An inquiry regarding the first morning train elicited the information that it had arrived on time. Her eyes, slightly dimmed now, searched in vain. A cold lump came into her bosom that sunk down upon her heart and hurt her. In a few hours there would be another train from Los Angeles; she could wait for it. But she didn't.

She married the fiance, but not before again seeing Rawlston, who followed her to San Francisco, next day. She received him sadly. There were no more kisses, no more disregard for opinion, no more dash and impulsiveness. All was formal, and proper, and cold. He explained his tardiness of the day before, pleaded, commanded, all to no purpose.

"I do not understand it; yesterday you loved me, yesterday you would have married me," he complained.

"But yesterday is no more, Rawlston. Yesterday I loved you, yesterday I would have married you—beautiful yesterday, dead yesterday. Suppose that all your life you were to be one day too late? Think, think of the disappointment, the misery of it; say no more, plead no more, we have lost happiness—by a day."

* * * * * * *

"Rawlston, the carriage is here and she is getting cold. Come along, old man."

Rawlston's book slapped the floor in its rough descent and was left there unheeded. Making his way to the reception room he stole away to a deserted corner. The lines about his mouth had sunk deeper in the last half hour and the soft wrinkles that age lays kindly on a man had found a tinge of yellow, his shoulders wore a heaving stoop.

Toward him swept the slip of a girl, the celebrity, the reigning stage beauty of the world; walking straight up to him she held out her hand in that frank, careless way, so well remembered.

"What! you know each other?" said some one, "now, who would have believed our Rawlston to be so favored?"

She broke in upon the chaffing with, "We are old friends," adding, hesitatingly, "are we not?"

* * * * * * *

One of the carriages that rolled away from the lights and laughter that night held a little, shrunken old man with eyes very bright and face very pale. As it rattled along the cobbles toward his lodgings he was saying, "'Suppose you were to be one day late in everything, Rawlston, think of the disappointment, the misery of it.' She read me aright, she read me aright! All my miserable life, in every undertaking, I have been one day too late, but I have hesitated long enough. For once, Rawlston, old boy, we're going to be on time."

The beauty sighed as she sat in the loneliness of her room hours after the jinks was over and the last guest gone. She looked long and wistfully at the picture of a dapper, wiry form, and a semi-youthful, irresolute face. "It is strange how love sees no defects, no change," she said softly. "He does not know—he does not guess—. Now, suppose I tell him?" She mused long over her hopes and her foolish fancies; she sang a little crooning song to herself and seemed to hide in her heart a secret that made her very happy. Inexplicable are the ways of women.

And up in Rawlston's room the thing that lay stark and huddled on the floor was all unconscious that it had a second time lost happiness—by a day.

October, 1905.

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SPEND THE WEEK END

THE present days of autumn and of early winter make up the best time of the year at Hotel Del Monte down by the sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf links were never in better condition. The oiled roads are superb for automobiling, and fishing and sailing on the bay form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it by. Special round trip tickets between San Francisco and Del Monte, good Saturday to Monday, including two days board at the hotel, $10.00. For more details, apply Information Bureau, 613 Market street.

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Automobile Topics

Chewing Gum and Motoring

Druggists and confectioners tell me that the sale of chewing gum has increased fifty per cent with the craze for automobiling. It was the same when cycling was the fashion. Scorchers all chewed gum, and bought it in large quantities. With the waning of the wheel's popularity the demand for gum fell off. Automobiles have revived it. By some psychological principle a high rate of speed maintained for any great length of time produces an uncomfortable desire to keep the jaws going. Since a person cannot very well keep up the masticating movement without something to chew on, automobilists have hit upon gum as the most satisfactory substance. Everybody chews it, from dare-devil drivers down to the most timid passenger.

Crankless Automobile

Now that the automobile with the entrance at the rear, like a hearse or a police patrol wagon, has become an obsolete type, there is to be a clamor for the abolition of the starting-crank. The back door has gone. The crank must go. For some time the multi-cylinder cars have been so far perfected that it has been possible to start them from the seat if the engine has not been stopped too long. This is due to an explosive charge being caught under the compression in one of the cylinders when the engine stopped. This possibility of doing this depends upon engine perfection—tightly fitting valves in particular. The French cars were first to show this development, but some of the American makes are now often started from the seat shortly after a stop has been made. With the little cars it cannot be done but with some of the largest and best makes it is possible after the motor has been dead for hours. I nthe Columbia cars of the gasoline type, for instance, it often is possible to start the engine from the seat after it has been standing overnight. It is done by a quick backward throw of the ignition lever, with the smallest amount of throttle, and chauffeurs are fond of practicing the trick. This marks a decided advance but it is not the end, and the cry for the abrogation of the unsightly dangerous starting-crank is growing louder. Already there are several devices on the market for crankless starting and more perfect ones are sure to come.

Diamonds Win Praise

The Diamond Rubber Company has been fairly flooded with letters and telegrams of congratulation on the superb record made by the Diamond Wrapped Tread tires in the Vanderbilt trials last Saturday. The Diamond tires bore out their reputation for durability and every other quality that goes for tire perfection.

Likes Fast Motors

Mrs. Louis T. Roenits of Chicago, who finds time in the administration of her social obligations to enjoy automobiling, has planned a novel tour as a test for her new White steamer. Mrs. Roenitz is a young society woman who is not satisfied with the operation of a slow, nag-like motor warranted not to shy, scare at the cars or run faster than four miles an hour. Her friends say that nothing will satisfy her less than a high-geared racer with forty horsepower engines and a potentiality in its driving box capable of driving it at the pace of one of the below-the-minute-mark cars. She demonstrated her theory a short time ago by discarding her old automobile and going to Cleveland to purchase the first 1906 model White steamer. Then Mrs. Roenitz got into the seat and drove it from

4 of The 5
Cars Qualifying in
The Vanderbilt Cup Trials
were equipped with

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WRAPPED
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Nine of the 11 cars appearing for the race were equipped the same. Not one car so equipped had any tire trouble of any description.

NOT A PUNCTURE
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And DIAMONDS were the only make of Tires used that gave no trouble. Like the unequalled Record they made in the Gordon-Bennett Race, DIAMOND results point infallibly to the universal conclusion.

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Cleveland to Chicago. In a few days the call of the wild came to Mrs. Roenitz and now she and her husband have started out on a tour into Minnesota and through the Dakotas, a run of three thousand miles or more, as a fall outing. They will be gone six weeks.

Round and About

It is expected that when Miss Grace Spreckels weds Alexander Hamilton they will take their honeymoon trip in an automobile. Miss Spreckels is devoted to motoring and is one of the best chauffeuses hereabouts.

L. A. Gould has taken up the motor car sport and is becoming exceedingly skillful as an operator of his new White.

Autos at Byron

The continued beautiful weather at Byron Hot Springs is attracting many automobilists to make the run. Among those who were there Sunday were: Louis Rosenfeld, Joseph P. Parker, Lewis Levy, Max L. Rosenthal, H. J. Crocker, in a Pope Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hansen and Ira Coburn in a model B Winton; Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn, O. A. Baker and F. W. Winz.

—The Chauffeur.

A King Deposed

(*An old favorite, published by desire.*)

He sat in the darkness weeping
By the gates of his empire closed,
A ruler stripped of his purple,
A king of his realm deposed.

They passed him going to worship;
And, wistful, behind he crept;
And coldly they bade him be silent
Because the new king slept.

They lifted him up to the cradle,
Their fingers laid on their lips,
And he touched one baby dimple
With his own little finger-tips.

Then they set him down in the nursery,
A worn little love-lorn heap;
And he lay with his child's heart breaking,
Sob-sobbing himself to sleep.

They have taken his baby scepter,
They have taken his robe and crown;
They have driven him out of his palace,
And fluttered his house-flag down.

And a new king rules in his kingdom;
For him are the gold gates closed;
And they think that he does not notice—
Ah! Poor little king deposed!

—*Will H. Ogilvie.*

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The first practical Automobile coach has made its appearance on the streets of San Francisco and can be seen at almost any hour making its trips between the Hotel St. Francis and the R. R. stations, and we are proud to say that it is a California production which was built by the Mobile Carriage Co., Golden Gate Ave. and Gough St., who for several years have tried to maintain a passenger service between the Hotels and R. R. depots with machines of Eastern manufacture, but finding it practically impossible to keep these machines in operation owing to the bad condition of the streets, and the many hills to be encountered, they set to work and designed and built a machine to meet the conditions required of it. To say they have succeeded in their efforts is putting it very mildly, for its services between the Hotel St. Francis and the depots for over a week, making fourteen round trips daily and carrying from 12 to 17 passengers, has without doubt demonstrated the fact that a California concern is more capable of building a machine to meet the requirements than Eastern concerns who do not know of the severe conditions which must be overcome.

The entire machine was designed by Mr. J. A. Scott, the Master Mechanic of the Mobile Carriage Co., who is widely known in Automobile manufacturing circles, having been engaged in the Automobile Manufacture business for years, and has been identified with some of the most prominent manufacturers in the United States. With his technical knowledge and the many conditions to overcome, he designed and built the above which is a self-evident success.

The coach has a seating capacity of sixteen passengers beside the driver and its motive power is a 35 H. P., 4 cylinder gasoline motor which is placed in front under a hood and directly over the front axle.

The motor transmits its power through a 3 speed sliding gear transmission to two side chains which drive both rear wheels which, are shod with solid rubber tires. A large deck rail surrounds the top which serves to carry all baggage of passengers. In rainy or stormy weather it is enclosed with side and end curtains which have large windows in same.

It is quite a credit to San Francisco to have a concern on the Pacific Coast who are capable of turning out a masterpiece of workmanship as is shown in this production, and it demonstrates the fact that we can build commercial vehicles on the Pacific Coast that are better adapted to our services than those imported from the East, and the Mobile Carriage Co. having been the first to grasp the opportunity are now actively engaged in pushing the manufacture of such cars to its fullest capacity.

Music

Paderewski Advised Him

Harold Bauer, the pianist who follows the Heermans in concert here under Greenbaum's local impresarioship, took up the study of the violin and gave evidence of rare attainments as a player of that instrument before he decided to devote himself exclusively to the piano. His decision was largely the result of persuasion brought to bear by Paderewski, who induced him to go to Paris to study under his tutelage.

A Musical Evening

Mrs. M. E. Tillman entertained a number of friends at an informal At Home on Friday evening of last week. Those present included Miss Hilke, Miss Kathrin Hilke, Mrs. Mills, Miss Kathrin Mills, Mrs. Kervan, Miss Ida Kervan, and Miss Connell. Miss Kathrin Hilke sang some of the most charming songs in her repertoire. This accomplished vocalist, whose work at the Loring Club concert was so well received, will sing at a concert to be given in the near future by the Landmarks League.

A Sequoia Musicale

Mrs. Marriner-Campbell prepared a very charming program for the Sequoia Club on September twenty-first, the participants being Miss Elsie Arden, contralto, Miss Virginia Pierce, soprano, Miss Grace Marshall, mezzo-soprano, Henry L. Perry, basso, Miss Grace Freeman, violiniste, Miss Julia Rapier Tharp, pianiste. The various numbers on the program were enthusiastically received. The three young singers are pupils of Mrs. Campbell. I am also pleased to note that Mrs. Klippel-Schafter, also one of Mrs. Campbell's pupils, has been appointed soprano in the choir of Plymouth Congregational church. Mrs. Schafter has a pure and beautiful voice, and her numbers have always been enjoyed by the audiences who have heard her in concert and recital.

A Farewell Concert

A large and friendly audience gathered to hear Irene Palmer, Hugo Mansfeldt's pupil, in her farewell recital. The young pianiste is dowered with an interesting personality which counts for a great deal. Her playing is rapid and brilliant, and she takes difficulties of technique lightly. However, she is yet in the stage of immaturity and it would appear that the technical rather than the interpretative aspect of playing has up to this point engrossed her main attention. Miss Palmer goes to Leipsic to continue her musical studies. The following is the program played at her recital: Sonata, op. 2, No. 3, Beethoven; Impromptu, B flat, op. 142, No. 3, Schubert; Nocturne, op. 44, No. 5, Rubinstein, Scherzo, G flat, Rheinberger, Air, E minor, op. 50, and Capriccio, C major, op. 50, Moszkowski; Walzer-Caprice, E minor, op. 37, No. 2, Grieg, Scherzo humoristique, op. 19, No. 2, Tschaikowsky, Melody, G flat, op. 10, No. 1, S. Liebling, Tarantelle, A minor, op. 25, Zarembski; Sonetto del Petrarca and Rhapsodie Hnogroise, No. 11, Liszt.

Music at the Temple

Much interest was taken in the musical portion of the New Year's services at Temple Emanu-El. Cantor Stark had arranged special music for the occasion, the choir being augmented to twenty singers, assisted by the organ and an orchestra of twelve instruments. The result was certainly very impressive and beautiful, not only in the traditional Jewish melodies but also in more modern compositions. An important portion of the New Year's ceremonial is the Shofar service, which comes in with solemn and mysterious effect. Cantor Stark's arrangement has been adopted by most of the Reformed Jewish congregations in America. The singers of the Emanu-El choir are Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano, Miss H. Kelley, contralto, Mr. Liedermann, tenor, and Mr. S. Homer Henley, basso. Mr. Sabin is the organist. The choir is under the direction of Cantor E. J. Stark, whose remarkable baritone voice added much to the impressiveness and solemnity of the Festival service. Cantor Stark has also arranged elaborate music for the Day of Atonement services which begin on Sunday evening, October the eighth.

The Kawaiahau Orchestra and Glee Club gave a concert at the Press Club on Thursday evening of last week, by courtesy of Manager Greenbaum, and delighted a large audience of members and their wives and daughters.

The Olympic Club is giving as the "ladies' night" entertainment this Thursday a concert, with Denis O'Sullivan, Mackenzie

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Gordon, Miss Camille Frank, Mrs. M. E. Blanchard and the Golden Gate Quartet as the attraction. Dr. H. J. Stewart is the musical director.

Mrs. Beatrice Fine's concert will be reviewed next week. It was given on Tuesday evening in Lyric hall.

Miss Agathe Normani, the lyric soprano, pupil of Professor La Villa, sang before the Sorosis Club on Monday afternoon.

Their Thirteenth Birthday

Every year for four twelvemonths past the Roeckel twins, Mario and Maria, have celebrated their birthday anniversary by giving a recital, their programs showing the progress they have made in their music. One cannot fail to notice the improvement made by the young artists, who are not only under good training, but who are very much in earnest. Maria, in particular, has gained remarkably in strength of voice and in dramatic expression, these qualities being very marked in the prison scene from "Il Trovatore." Mario is slighter of build, but had the grit to rise from a sick bed in order to fill his part as set down on the program. He has a pleasing voice, and is thoroughly at home in the various operatic characters which he assumes. Maria is perhaps the better singer, her voice being stronger and of wider compass, but Mario is the better actor. He has added "Celeste Aida" to his repertory since last year's recital, which he sings in costume, and the brindisi from "Cavalleria," with the big, dramatic recitative from "Pagliacci." His sister has as her new operatic offering the "Connais tu le Pays" from "Mignon," and the two children sing the duet from the same opera, "Legeres Hirondelles," Mario in the costume of the old harper and Maria in the dress of poor Mignon. Maria sang this number so well that it was hard to believe that she is but thirteen. The children gave as their final number the canzone and prison scene from "Il Trovatore," Maria wearing the gypsy costume and Mario garbed as Manrico. This promises to be one of the most popular numbers in the twins' repertory. The program in full was: Duo, Elegie, Chopin-Roeckel, Maria and Madame Coursen-Roeckel; The American Flag, Drake, Madame Roeckel; La Marseillaise, Rouget de Lisle, Mario; from song cycle, A Love Garden, Leighton—There is a Flower, The Rose and the Nightingale, The Fate of the Rose, vocal waltz, Diletto, Luckstone, Maria; Celeste Aida, Verdi, Mario; violin solo, Conversation, Gabriel Marie, Dr. M. W. Fredrick; brindisi, Cavalleria, Mascagni, Mario; Connais tu le Pays, Mignon, Maria; Legeres Hirondelles, Mignon, Maria and Mario; songs, The Sweetest Flower, Roeckel, The Milkmaid's Song, Osgood, Madame Roeckel; recitar, Pagliacci, Leoncavallo, Mario; song cycle, From an Old Garden, McDowell, Madame, Roeckel; canzone and prison scene, Il Trovatore, Verdi. Dr. Fredrick, who is only an amateur but takes a very sincere interest in his violin studies, was compelled to respond to two encores after his number. He plays with fine understanding and rare feeling. Madame Roeckel's songs were also of the pleasures of the evening, and won her warm applause and more than one recall. I must give special mention to Mr. Joseph Roeckel's setting of Drake's "American Flag." It is a fine strong composition; too good, I am afraid, to become popular.

Gerardy, the great Belgian cellist, who arrives in this country on the steamer "Touraine" November second, will leave at once for Indianapolis, opening his season in that city on November sixth. Gerardy was here a few years ago with Ysaye and Lachaume, appearing in concerts at the Baldwin.

Josephine Wellington, the dramatic soprano, will make a tour of this country this coming season. She will be heard in the leading cities of the country, in oratorio and concert.

Marteau's Expressive Face

Henri Marteau, the violinist, is to concertize here this season. At least I judge so, since his press agent continues to send me literature about him. Hark to this: "An eminent musician thus describes the great musician, Marteau, as he appeared while playing his instrument. 'Then the "Kreutzer Sonata" began, and I looked at Marteau, as he stood, holding the violin between his fingers, and looking vaguely into the air. He put the violin to his shoulder. The face had been like a mass of clay, waiting the sculptor's thumb. As the music came, an invisible touch seemed to pass over it; the heavy mouth and chin remained firm pressed down on the violin, but the eyelids and the eyebrows began to move, as if the eyes saw the sound, and were drawing

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it in, luxuriously, with a kind of sleeping ecstasy, as one draws in perfume out of a flower. Then, in that instant, a beauty which had never been in the world, came into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died, having revealed itself to all those who were capable of receiving it.'" I wonder how Henri likes this sort of description. As I remember him, he was a fine, manly chap, who, I should fancy, would resent this sort of rhapsodic criticism.

And Reisenauer

I should also judge that Alfred Reisenauer will be here soon, since London Charlton has sent me this: "An incident of which Reisenauer never wearies of telling occurred years ago, when with Liszt and several of the latter's pupils he was visiting Wagner. An argument arose on the subject of piano improvisation, and to demonstrate his side of the controversy, young Reisenauer seated himself at the piano to make a fantasy of several widely different themes—'Parsifal,' 'Liszt's second rhapsody, the 'Blue Danube,' 'Die Lorelei' and 'The Barber of Bagdad.' 'I played for nearly an hour,' said Reisenauer, 'and at times I confess I was in a rather tight place. The transition from the 'Blue Danube' to 'Parsifal' presented a yawning gap that rather awed me for a moment, but I made it. I paraphrased all the themes as a beginning, then wove in counter melodies, then drove the subjects tandem, then set them against one another, then sent them up into the thin musical blue so far that they were almost unrecognizable. Then I brought them back with a few pulls at the harmonic guiding lines, and made them dance and prance and show all the musical paces which aptitude and instinct of the moment suggested. Finally, I reached what Americans call "the grand-stand play" when I tossed three distinct melodies into the air, and had them all distorting themselves merrily at the same time, dressed in iridescent harmonic hues, and shot through with all the brilliant technical tracery that youthful daring allowed me to employ. It was great sport, and I learned then and there that the great ones in music like a pyrotechnic display sometimes as well as ordinary mortals.'"

—The Music Critic.

George Eliot's Philosophy

As expressed in "Amos Barton."

Slander may be defeated by equanimity, but courageous thoughts will not pay your baker's bill, and fortitude is nowhere considered legal tender for beef.

Indeed, what mortal is there of us who would find his satisfaction enhanced by an opportunity of comparing the picture he presents to himself of his own doings, with the picture they make on the mental retina of his neighbors? We are poor plants buoyed up by the air vessels of our own conceit; alas for us if we get a few pinches that empty us of that windy self-subsistence! The very capacity for good would go out of us. For, tell the most impassioned orator suddenly that his wig is awry, or his shirt-lap hanging out, and that he is tickling people with the oddity of his person, instead of thrilling them by the energy of his periods, and you would infallibly dry up the spring of his eloquence. That is a deep and wide saying, that no miracle can be wrought without faith—without the worker's faith in himself as well as the recipient's faith in him. And the greater part of the worker's faith in himself is made up of the faith that others believe in him. . . . Thank heaven, then, that a little illusion is left to us, to enable us to be useful and agreeable—that we don't know exactly what our friends think of us—that the world is not made of looking glass, to show us just the figure we are making and just what is going on behind our backs! By the help of dear, friendly illusion, we are able to dream that we are charming—and our faces wear a becoming air of self-possession; we are able to dream that other men admire our talents—and our benignity is undisturbed; we are able to dream that we are doing much good—and we do a little.

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Through Colored Glasses

(Continued from Page 7)

write so unconscionably badly, things would undoubtedly be much worse with me than they are.

The many shortcomings of our neighbors that we are in the habit of deploring are, in fact, blessings in disguise. Were it not for them, we could not possibly be half so well satisfied with ourselves as we now are. Did no woman make a fright of herself; no man a fool of himself; no one do things that we would not dream of doing; what, I ask, would become of us? Where would be the self-esteem now so easily won?

From this point of view, one can readily see the duty of regarding with leniency, if not love, those in any wise below us. 'Tis, so to speak, their lack of scholarship that keeps us from being at the foot of the class; from wearing the dunce's cap.

Trifler that I am, the flippancy of my day has won me a name for high seriousness. Were this a time of Carlyles and Emersons and Thoreaus, that name, little as it is, would be less than nothing. Why, then, should I fall, tooth and nail, on the flippant? Where is my quarrel with them? I am in their debt, am I not?

Blessings be upon the head of the boor that upholds so ably my pretensions to culture; on the head of the cruel man that makes it possible for me to think of myself as kind. As a truthful man, I must say a word for the liar; as a good man, a word for the bad; as a wise man, a word for the fool; as a passable man, a word for the ugly; as a whole, a word for the world at large.

How much better for us, then, is the world as it is than would be a better one where we should have much ado to save ourselves from the ignominy of being accounted worst, etc.? A right friendly world, I say, is this, in which so many persons so politely insist on being more foolish and so forth than I am, to my immeasurable aggrandizement.

By some strange association of ideas, I cannot think of myself in heaven without recalling my school days. The insufferable dread of the foot of the class comes upon me. I should indubitably be more at my ease, were I assured that those three boys that used to befriend me long ago had somehow managed to pass the final ex.'s set them by the awful old pedagogue, St. Peter. Better to be above the average here below than to be below the average there above. By the way, I do not think that those that smile to see their neighbors fall from grace are as wantonly cruel as they seem; they but rejoice to feel themselves ascending. When we make fun of a man, we literally enjoy ourselves at his expense. With many, the sense of humor is inseparable from self-love.

Speaking of my school days reminds me that the theory of the relativity of things is as old as I know not what human hill. Little did I dream in the hours of adversity when I first studied it, that it could be put to any such sweet use as that of curing me when sick of the sight of myself, or otherwise down in the mouth. Who that has made for himself the startling discovery that philosophy is, after all, of some practical value in the world, could ever again be a pessimist? To love that which makes us in love with ourselves is human. From now on I am the sworn friend of philosophy, so help me my infirmities. See, what it has just done for me, enabled me to play the fool to some purpose; and it takes a wise man to do that.

But this is taking an optimistic view of myself with a vengeance; is nothing short of optimism gone mad.

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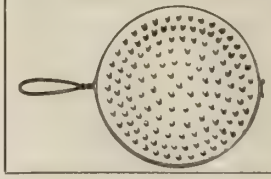

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Letters

A Matrimonial Primer

This is a very artistically printed and illustrated little volume, issued by Paul Elder and Company. We are told that it is "A series of epigrammatic pearls of humor and wisdom by V. B. Ames, supplemented in an unusual manner with illustrations and decorations by Gordon Ross." I quote:

"When you are married, be a good comrade, if it breaks every canon of your church and ancestry."

"If you selected your wife because of her style, don't growl when the styles change."

"When your husband seems willing that all the economy shall be at the home end, insist upon laundering his shirts yourself."

"Use your best conversational powers occasionally at your own dinner table."

"Elevate your husband's sports by participating in them."

There is a great deal in this little volume which has been said in language somewhat different by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Dorothy Dix and before them by many persons far more clever. The wit is of the species known as summer wit. It consists in presenting platitudes with a veneer that deceives the illiterate into thinking it new. Giving new applications to old truths is a commonplace exercise, but it gets applause. If you have never read the old epigrams these will please you. They are in tune with the superficial element of modern smartness and that is the highest flattery I can give them.

H. G. WELLS, author of "Kipps"
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Miss Repplier's Reminiscences

Every reader of anything besides fiction knows it is time to sit up when a new volume by Agnes Repplier is announced. Houghton, Mifflin & Company will bring out very soon her reminiscences of her school days, but the scene of her youthful exploits is laid, not as many have surmised, in France, but in a convent presided over by the Presentation nuns on the outskirts of Philadelphia. It goes without saying hat the author of "Little Pharisees in Fiction" is neither an admirer of nor a believer in the angelic child, and those who have been enjoying a foretaste of "Our Convent Days" in the "Atlantic Monthly" have been regaled with the innocent escapades of some pretty lively little girls. There is one point which is emphatically in favor of Miss Repplier's book, and which applies equally as well to that other volume of convent school reminiscences, "May Iverson, Her Book." The children have as many adventures and escapades as is natural to their years, but they are held down to earth by their guardians, and their mischief never transcends the bounds of propriety. They are held in check by the Ten Commandments and respect for "those in authority over them." Though "Our Convent Days" is not designed as a juvenile, while elders and adults have no more discretion than to give "Little Citizens," "Emmy Lou," "The Madness of Philip," and other good books of their kind into the hands of those they were not intended for, one can heartily commend Miss Repplier's stories, as not in any way

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likely to encourage flippancy and insubordination. The Elizabeth of "Our Convent Days," it may be noted, is now Mrs. Pennell, wife of the artist Joseph Pennell, and niece of the late Charles Godfrey Leland, best known as the author of the "Hans Breitman Ballads," though he was one of the greatest linguists of the last century, a traveler of note and an observer of strange peoples. He knew more about the Gypsies than any one since George Borrow and had many warm friends among the Romany folk.

Sensational Book-Booming

There is said to be some excitement in English literary circles over the missing manuscript of a novel entitled "Fulfillment," the production of a Lancashire schoolmistress, Miss Edith Allanby, who committed suicide after putting her work into the hands of a publisher, in order to attract attention to it. The publisher is unknown, and her friends and relatives are using the mails and the telegraph in successive applications to every publisher of consequence in order to recover the masterpiece. It will be just as well to swallow the story with a liberal sprinkling of salt. No doubt there is such a novel somewhere in existence, but it does not necessarily follow that there is or was an Edith Allanby or a suicide. There was that sensational story in England of the mysterious manuscript in a red box, left at a publishing house without name or other mark of identification, but so good that the firm could not resist its charm, and advertised far and wide for the author, finally bringing it out under the title "The Manuscript in a Red Box." It turned out to be only an average bit of work which had been hawked about here and there for a year or more. The "Englishwoman's Love Letters" aroused two continents, not because the book was anything remarkable, but because of the various legends circulated about the imaginary author of the heart-throbs, and after all the thing was just a bit of novelistic ingenuity. Within the last two or three years the real diary of an unappreciated poet, who committed suicide somewhere about New York, turned up in print, and in order to lend verisimilitude to the tale of woe, a death notice had been inserted in one of the papers so that it could be referred to as indisputable evidence, and that, too, turned out to be only faking. In fact, the artificial booming of books has been pushed to the limit. Hair tonics, tooth washes and face powders are not more brazenly puffed, and it is a fairly safe rule of guidance to assume that the more ingenuity there is displayed in attracting attention, the less value the book will possess. The chances are that by the time all the sensation seekers are agog over the sad fate of Miss Allanby, and "Fulfillment" has run through two or three editions, some one will step out from behind the gravestone and graciously bow to an appreciative public.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward has availed herself of the author's privilege of altering the name of her new novel at the last moment. Serial publication is to begin in the November "Century." The original name, "Fenwick's Ambition," has become "Fenwick's Career," and the plot deals with the life of a young English artist who went to London on borrowed money to make fame and fortune, leaving his young wife and child home. As far as that much of the outline, all that has been vouchsafed to us, goes, it resembles that recent pot-boiler of McCutcheon's, "The Sherrods."

Jack London is reported to have nearly finished another book which is in effect a reversal of "The Call of the Wild." The story is called "Whitefang," and relates the history of an Alaskan wolf tamed and taught to take on the ways of civilization, brought down to the "States," and exhibited to the profit of his master, for Whitefang beats all dogs at their own games, just as Buck leads the pack of the Arctic.

Wallace Irwin's new book, "At the Sign of the Dollar," will be brought out by an eastern publisher in the course of a few days.

—The Bookworm.

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A Goddess Betrayed

The star-eyed Goddess of Reform is once more bewailing the perfidy of the unregenerate. Repudiated in the house of her friends, she is now a pathetic figure on the stool of repentance, lamenting her rashness in yielding to the embraces of a betrayer. We feel sorry for the star-eyed one. She is seldom discreet in bestowing her affections, being prone to give ear to the hypocritical pleadings of the too aggressively virtuous. Her latest mesalliance was with a civic patriot of most ardent temperament, one Fairfax Wheelan, a man of high ideals, scornful of evil and devoted to the cause of political purity. He escorted her to the mountain top and unfolded to her enraptured gaze a most pleasing prospect, a modern city beautiful, graceful of outline, and rich of color. He directed her attention to polished marble palaces, beautiful garden walks winding among choice trees, statues and fountains distinct and sparkling in the morning sunlight. It was an entrancing spectacle, but the heart of the goddess was saddened when her escort told her that the people of this city were in great distress, being under the humiliating rule of an avaricious and shameless knave. Then the civic patriot gladdened the heart of the goddess by pledging himself to undertake the overthrow of the vicious ruler. He explained that he was imbued only with patriotic zeal, that he had no selfish motive to subserve, and he asked her, as the Goddess of Reform, to equip him with the qualities necessary to the achievement of his exalted purpose. Believing in the sincerity of his virtuous intentions she yielded to his desires, and thereafter he went forth on his holy mission. For a time he led the hosts of reform with great earnestness and with excellent promise, but one day he thought he saw an opportunity for self-aggrandizement and he quickly forgot his pledge to the Goddess of Reform. More concerned for his self-interests than for those of the oppressed city beautiful, and unmindful of the affections that he had won through his virtuous representations, he sowed dragons' teeth in the pathway of the hosts of reform, much to their dismay and to the great glee and satisfaction of the enemy.

Treachery of Reformers

As soon as the reformers of the Republican League reached the conclusion that John Partridge, if elected, would not be their subservient tool, they took no further interest in the campaign for clean government, but proceeded to stir up strife among his friends regardless of the fact that their conduct tended to jeopardize the cause of the fusion candidate and strengthen the position of Mayor Schmitz. It is now clear that Fairfax Wheelan and his associates are reformers of the familiar sham order. The ousting of the grafters from office is of less importance to them than the control of the Republican machine. Their pretext for making the fight for control is that they wish to destroy the influence of the railroad in politics. A most worthy motive. Town Talk is heartily in favor of purifying the politics of this city, but we do not see how conditions are to be improved by substituting for railroad influence the influence of several local quasi-public corporations that are intent upon directing the affairs of the municipal government. The Southern Pacific Company has much less to ask at the hands of Mr. McNab's Supervisors than have the Gas Company, the new telephone company, the Water Company and the United Railroads Company. Those are the corporations in whose interests Fairfax Wheelan, Frank J. Symmes and Gavin McNab plotted for control of the Republican machine with that eminent ex-Southern Pacific henchman, Dan Burns, who once brazenly sought to coerce the legislature into voting for him for United States Senator. It was in the interest of those corporations that they employed that distinguished Oakland reformer, Charley Spear, to whip into line the riff-raff of the water front. We have been of the opinion that the task which the reformers had cut out for themselves, and to compass which they invoked the support of all decent citizens, was the redemption of San Francisco. We understood that the most urgent reform to be consummated was the ousting of Schmitz from office, and that being our conception of the matter we cannot but regard as treacherous the conduct of those pseudo reformers who precipitated the squabble in the County Committee. Are the taxpayers of San Francisco more eager to see Fairfax Wheelan made boss than to see Abe Ruef's license to loot revoked?

Fisk and His Detractors

The reformers who are trying to mask their selfishness behind a pretense of civic virtue are evidently proceeding on the assumption that this is a remarkably unsophisticated and gullible community. In their opinion they have only to proclaim their own purity to win public confidence. To persuade the public that the city is in the grasp of the Southern Pacific monster and must first, above all things, be rescued therefrom, it is sufficient for them to declare that such is the case. There is no likelihood, think they, of anybody's uncovering the sophistry of their claims. Here they are denouncing Arthur Fisk as the political representative of the octopus, a Machiavellian character, from whose machinations the city should be delivered. Yet it will not be disputed by any of the reformers that Fisk has been zealously and honestly engaged for several months in perfecting a plan of action for the abatement of graft in the municipal government. It will not be denied by the reformers or by either of the two morning dailies supporting John Partridge for Mayor, that that gentleman was the choice of Fisk, who in suggest-

ing him as a candidate broke up an indecent combination for the hogging of political pap. Now if Fisk is really the representative of the Southern Pacific Company that corporation should be acclaimed for co-operating with the decent element of the community to rid the city of grafters. And instead of being derided, Fisk should be applauded for his untiring efforts for the promotion of clean politics. We know of nothing in the career of Arthur G. Fisk to warrant suspicion of his motives in this fusion campaign against graft. He twice served the people of the state in the Legislature, and was conspicuous for his honesty and devotion to the public interests. He has been a consistent opponent of grafters throughout his public career. He has not posed as a Wheelan, but he has won the esteem of men of high character throughout the state, and though he has taken no pains to strike terror to the hearts of evildoers it is well known that when he served in the Assembly he intimidated more than one dishonest legislator into the honest performance of his duty. The *Examiner* is the paper which has been most active in spreading the report that Fisk is the puppet of a corporation. Fisk should expect such treatment from the *Examiner*. It is visited on him as retribution for leading a crusade for the *Examiner* against the corrupt police department of San Francisco when he was in the legislature. Mr. Hearst has paid his friends in that sort of currency before. But perhaps, so far as Fisk is concerned, Hearst feels that he liquidated his obligation when he supported him for District Attorney so earnestly as to provoke Republican prejudice and insure his defeat. We have not taken a contract to vindicate Mr. Fisk in all his political enterprises. His motives are not always accessible to Town Talk. But as he has not yet done anything that we know of to provoke distrust, and as he has done much to entitle him to the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens, we are impelled to protest against the slanders of sham reformers intent upon clearing the political reservation for their personal exploitation. It is sufficient for us to know that he is concentrating all his efforts on a coup for the extermination of Schmitz, and even if the Southern Pacific is behind him we have no misgivings as to the honesty of his purpose. If corporate influence failed to corrupt him in the legislature, why should we think that he is likely to yield now? And as between the Southern Pacific, which has no favors to ask of San Francisco at present, and the Gas and Water and street railroad companies, which have many favors to ask, the lesser evil is not hard to pick.

A Pessimistic Banker

The nation is in grave danger because of dishonesty in high places and its palliation by the masses. Such is the opinion of J. Edward Simmons, President of the Fourth National Bank of New York, who delivered an address on palliated dishonesty before the Maryland Bankers' Association last week. Mr. Simmons is too pessimistic. Until there is more substantial evidence of the decay of public morality than we have at present, there should be no serious alarm over the future of the nation. As a matter of fact dishonesty in high places is not palliated by the masses. The disinclination of the masses to palliate dishonesty in high places is causing much uneasiness in high places at the present moment. If the masses were indifferent to the dishonesty of the predatory rich, then there would be occasion for worry over the future of the nation. Such indifference would be significant of impoverished public morals, but while the plutocratic pirates of finance are kept busy trying to avoid being jailed, and are squealing under the lash of public scorn, the situation should not provoke pessimistic sentiments. If those who have been getting excited over the disclosures of graft in public office and in the insurance business will study the history of the Republic, they will find that the corruption of today pales into insignificance in comparison with that which flourished among our revered forefathers. In the early history of our country corruption was practiced more brazenly and on a larger scale than now. On October 8, 1776, John Adams, later President, wrote to his wife, Abigail: "The spirit of venality you mention is the most dreadful and alarming enemy America has to oppose. * * * * This predominant avarice will ruin America if she is ever ruined. If God Almighty does not interfere to control this universal idolatry to the mammon of unrighteousness we shall be given up to the chastisements of his judgments. I am ashamed of the age I live in." John Adams was something of a pessimist. Despite the avariciousness of his age, the nation grew and prospered, and today despite the avariciousness of the age of J. Edward Simmons of New York, the moral force of the nation is felt throughout the world. There is corruption in every age, but not in every age is the public conscience alert. In the days of Andrew Jackson there were scandals that aroused but little indignation, though they were great even in comparison with those of today when the country is vastly richer and the revenues of the government much larger. Nothing that has come to light in our time approximates the defalcations in the New York custom house and the systematic stealings in the postoffice. For many years before the war multitudes of people were swindled by the "wildcat bank" graft. When President Buchanan and his associates were manoeuvring for the Kansas bills, the patronage of the government was shamelessly bartered. Money was used to influence votes, and one Representative was offered a whole township. Mail frauds and unlawful army contracts of great magnitude have been uncovered from time to time, and in the old days there was very little general protest. Public sentiment today is in a healthier condition than ever before. The world is really growing better.

A Private Chaplain for Ryan

Thomas F. Ryan is reported to have had a priest appointed chaplain for his family. Mr. Ryan is the multi-

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millionaire who recently secured control of the Equitable Insurance Company, and in view of the magnitude of the trust which he is empowered to execute, it should be comforting to the numerous policy-holders to know that he keeps in close touch with the church and has a clergyman in his entourage. But there are skeptics in the world who look with suspicion on every ostentatious display of religious zeal, and who will infer that Millionaire Ryan has a sinister purpose to subserve in playing the role of the pious, God-fearing Christian in the glare of a strong calcium. And there are surely many Catholics in the country who will long to see the report of the appointment of a chaplain for the Ryan family denied. Some of the biggest scandals that ever occurred in the Catholic Church grew out of this private chaplain snap. Simony, among other things, was fostered through the custom of assigning priests as private chaplains to the wicked rich. When society was corrupt, and loose were the morals of the nobility, the ministers of God were contaminated in the homes of the vicious laity. Morals have improved since those days, thanks to the efforts of the Church, but there is still necessity of repressing the arrogance of the wealthy, of minimizing the importance of Croesus in spiritual affairs, and persuading the skeptical poor that the church is not more partial to purple and fine linen than to rags and coarse cotton. Why should the rich, merely because they are rich, have their spiritual consolation brought to them, and the poor, because they are poor, be compelled to trudge to church in quest of the Divine blessing? This discrimination may go all right in Europe where the peasant cringes to the Prince, but it does not harmonize with the spirit of democracy. No doubt Mr. Ryan makes large contributions to the church, but his generosity does not entitle him to greater courtesy than is shown the poorest communicant. If Christian churches would make less effort to win the favor of the rich they would do much toward strengthening the faith of the poor.

Clerical Tolerance

It is refreshing to contrast the amiable modern Christian divine, so genially complaisant and tolerant of much that savors of wrongdoing, with the old-time uncompromising reprover of sinners who chained the Andromeda of joy to the cold rock of virtue. Earth has become a more pleasant habitation since the clergy in divers solemn and sacrosanct conventions assembled tore off the forbidding mask of Satan to allay the superstitious misgivings of the wicked by revealing to them the mild and benevolent countenance of the long misapprehended Prince of Darkness. And now that there is a growing disposition among churchmen to deprecate inflammatory popular criticism of the transgressions of the sanctified rich, the institution against which the gates of hell shall not prevail is faring better than ever before—from a materialistic standpoint. This change of attitude on the part of the clergy is in harmony with the letter and spirit of Christ's admonition given in His sermon on the mount, when He said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Mindful of that admonition many of Christ's ordained followers today refrain from joining in the popular clamor for the reprehension of graft. Last week at the Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church in New York, in which sat J. Pierpont Morgan, a resolution was introduced by Rev. Dr. John Marshall Chew criticising the men who have perverted the funds of the big insurance companies. The resolution was extremely mild. It merely set forth that it was the duty of the Convention to take cognizance of the disclosures in the press of the official investigation of certain insurance companies, of the evidence of moral laxity among men from whom the Church and the nation have a right to expect better things, and to proclaim anew the word of God: "It is required of a steward that he be found faithful"; also to disapprove indifference to the rights of others and commend scrupulous fidelity in business. When Dr. Chew submitted his resolution, Bishop Potter said, "My son, I shall treat this in a paternal manner. Let us not pass judgment until a final judgment has been rendered by those who are investigating." The resolution did not receive a second. Thus was Dr. Chew very properly rebuked for exhibiting the old-fashioned clerical spirit which has become repugnant to the Christian ministry of the enlightened twentieth century. That spirit of charity which prevailed in the Episcopal Convention when it was proposed to accept candid confessions of graft and proclaim anew the hackneyed word of God, is akin to the spirit which moved the Congregational ministers who rebuked Dr. Gladden for proposing to divert sound tainted coin of the Republic from the foreign missions. It is the same laudable spirit that influences the beautifully tolerant Catholic priests of San Francisco who invite Mayor Schmitz, as the Chief Magistrate of the city, to preside at their church fairs and contribute to the cause of religion. We have received numerous letters from intolerant laymen asking us what we think of the attitude of the Catholic clergy toward Mayor Schmitz. We think that it is fully as edifying as the paternal attitude of Bishop Potter toward Dr. Chew and of the Congregational ministers toward John D. Rockefeller. There are Catholic priests in San Francisco who are not to be surpassed in charity toward all mankind by any Protestant divine.

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The Devil's Market

BY HARRY COWELL.

As all my little world knows, I am a man of moods. When I get up of a morning, I never can tell which of my many selves I am going to be during the day; nor whether I shall be myself at all. I am more men than ever Heine was.

Last night, I was not feeling quite myself, but some drooping-mouthed pessimist or other. Foolishly enough, I had opened for awhile the window of my mind that gives on the great matter-of-fact world without; the noise of "tainted money," "frenzied finance," and the like, had reached me, and I had come to have a vague disquieting idea of the present prodigious activity in the devil's market. In short, in plain prose, I had been reading the daily papers, the weekly periodicals, the monthly magazines, and found myself, through my own folly, not in the Father's house of work I had thought the "great matter-of-fact world" to be, but in a den of thieves, denied the sunlight, sick at heart, insecure.

How to make good my escape? I pulled the shutters to, closed the offending window, drew down the blind, and turned away to lean out of the window opposite, that gives on the matter-of-fancy world within. But even there, a noise, as it were the ghost of the sound of the shattering of "Thou shalt not steal," came to haunt me. I was still a prisoner.

Adept that I am in breaking the jail of things as they are, when my own fancy fails me, I call to my aid the more powerful fancy of genius, and then, almost invariably, the sore manacles and fetters of fact drop from hands and feet as if my magic. Varying according to the mood in the ascendant, to the necessities of the case, or even to the way chance will have it, it is "Shakespeare to the rescue!" "Shelley to the rescue!" or other invincible name.

This time it was Walter Savage Landor that—happening to catch sight of—I called upon in my distress. Here is how the savage wretch served me. He flung his famous epigram on the delinquent Lord Melville in my appealing face. Imagine with what force the following struck me:

"God's laws declare
Thou shalt not swear
By aught in heaven above or earth below.
'Upon my honour!' Melville cries.
He swears and lies.
Does Melville then break God's commandment? No"

There were gigantic rascals in those days, also, it seems; something then doing in the devil's market. Ah, Landor, it was a cruel blow, and from a friend, too, in whose imaginary conversations I have time and again found refuge from the intolerable small talk of the world of fact! But, my savage friend, I wonder if the stiletto-tongued muse that inspired the making of your occasional epigrams in verse would be equal to the occasion here and now? Knaves, if I remember aright, you hated even more than you did kings, that is to say, fools "whose fatuity would have befitted them better to drive a herd of swine than to direct the energies of a nation." Well, the fool and the knave like me not at all, so, if I must needs be prisoner of foul facts, send me down, I pray you, friend, your lady of the pointed tongue, that with her I may while away an hour or two of my term. Small need of her you have in heaven, I trust. What inspiration comes may be said to be the result of doing time, aided and abetted by Landor's muse.

In days of eld 'twas thought the strong,
The kings of men, could do no wrong:
The which was pleasant for the kings, I take it.
And now that we for kingly craft
Of kingly stock have only graft,
'Tis thought that he that makes a law may break it.

Alas, savage hater of George (not Washington—him and liverty you loved), now that you put me in mind of it, methinks if there is one thing more than another that a certain nation—which shall be nameless—needs at this very moment to direct and control her energies, it is a capable swineherd!

Now, will you not, for the love of all that is lovely, loose me from the galling facts?

"Ah, what avails the sceptered race?"

No, that will not do at all. Its very appositeness makes it absolutely ridiculous, and puts but a new rivet in my fetters.

Walter Savage Landor having failed me, I turned, as a last resort, to "Nature, the dear old nurse" and foster-mother of the soul of man—turned childwise in simple faith. Opening wide a material window, of glass and wood and putty and paint, that gives on the visible universe, I looked out into the night. It, too, was dark.

All at once, from out a softly billowing cloud, arose, like Venus from the waves of the sea, a crescent moon, a veritable goddess of love and loveliness, fair as a silver flower, and as virginal. I was present at the ever-recurrent renaissance of beauty, and bowed my head and worshiped and was made whole.

This morning I am myself again, free of the ugly facts, going about my own proper business in God's market, where no end of the most precious commodities, offered to all comers, are to be had without money, though not without price—the which is appreciation.

No rascal has ever yet been able to rob me of my faith in man, and leave me altogether poor and pitiable; nor so to grieve me that I could no longer find solace in Nature, with her wonderful tales and rhymes of the uni-

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Peeping Bok of Philadelphia

BY JOHN COWLEY-BROWN.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little augur-hole in fear,
Peep'd * * *.

—Tennyson's "Godiva."

E. Winifred Bok of the *Ladies' Home Journal* is in hot water. "*A bas* Bok," "*conspulz* Bok," hiss the dear creatures who divide our joys and quadruple our expenses. Wherefore all this tumult and shouting—these exacerbations—at the expense of pigmy Bok? Merely Bok's criticism in the current number of *The Ladies' Home Journal* of certain feminine fashions. Here are the passages that have aroused the superior sex from Maine to Florida:

For awhile women confined these bodily allurements to the bathroom and to affairs after lights were up. But apparently this did not suffice, and latterly the same idea has been introduced into the street and into the daylight hours. The thinnest, flimsiest textures are resorted to by young girls and women for bodices until the texture that can show most plainly the billows of lace and of pink and blue ribbons underneath seems to be most sought after. But even that did not seem to suffice. There must be introduced the 'fishnet' bodice, showing 'things underneath' even more plainly, more strongly, until the very limit of daring open-work design seems to have been reached. But even this has not sufficed for some girls and women. Apparently it wasn't enough for the sex to wear these 'inflammatory waists,' and suggest the upper portions of the body and their underclothes. With this generally goes the most expensive of silk open-work stockings, with the sitting posture always so arranged as to show a goodly part of the expensive things! Where is going to be the end of this sort of thing, Sis? Where is the limit? Are men wrong in attributing the virtue of modesty to women? Hang me if it doesn't make a chap sometimes think so!"

Bok's antitype is Robert Buchanan of "The Fleshly School of Poetry," the Buchanan who in 1872 raved in true Bok fashion about the leg-disease:

Look which way I will, the horrid thing (leg-disease) threatens and paralyzes me. It lies on the drawing-room table, shamelessly naked and dangerously fair. It is part of the pretty poem which the belle of the season reads, and it breathes away the pureness of her soul like the poisoned breath of the girl in Hawthorne's tale. Never was this Snake, which not all the naturalists of the world have been able to scotch, so vital and poisonous as now. It is only in fashionable rooms and in the stalls of the theatre that leg is at a discount; but that is not because life there is more innocent and modest, but because leg is in the higher circles altogether eclipsed by its two most formidable rivals—Bosom and Back. Is it any wonder that leg-literature flourishes? There lies the seat of the cancer—there, in the bohemian fringe of society. Will no courageous hand essay to cut it out? Will no physician come to put his finger on the true seat of the sore? There it is, spreading daily like all cancerous diseases, foul in itself and creating foulness. If we cannot destroy it altogether with some terrible caustic, let us at least take precautions to prevent it from spreading.

Buchanan on "Bosom and Back," however, is eclipsed by Bok on "'fishnet' bodices, showing things beneath," Bok on "silk open-work stockings" and Bok on "underclothes, with pink and blue ribbons."

As an editor Bok is beneath criticism—beneath contempt. His invertebrate paper is peppered and salted with learned disquisitions on pea soup by Ella Squealer and Beatrice Barefacts, with sparkling lucubrations by the editor or Ruth Ashmore on nether garments, constructed to cheat the washerwoman in the count. Contemporary critics whose work matters are anathema to plaster saint Bok, who is the self-righteous sort of person who would gingerly take up "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" or "Jude the Obscure," or "Esther Waters" with a pair of tongs, consign them to the flames, and then celebrate the event in two splay-footed descriptive columns. To the pure—you see—all things are impure. Mary Wilkins—not Hardy or George Moore—is the Bok ideal of a great writer, Mary Wilkins and cognate she-scribblers whose forte is in telling about the woman with the check apron who picks up the crying and dirty baby, spanks it prior to putting it to bed, of the soiled sheets and pillow-cases that could not be changed because the socks had to be darned. Canned literature of the Wilkins brand is what Bok wants; stories with the red corpuscle—the Jack London or Frank Norris sort of thing—are to him as is the proverbial red rag to a bull.

Bok, it will be remembered, was the editor who, reading a MS. of Kipling's in which there was a mention of men drinking champagne, indignantly cabled the author, "The Ladies Home Journal permits no mention of alcoholic beverages," only to receive the waggish answer, "So! then insert Mellin's Food." Bok is the epicene, mealy-mouthed editor who gelds every story sent him, the editor who would indignantly decline another "Boule De Suif," another "La Maison Tellier," another "Jesus Christ in Flanders," if such miracles—vain assumption—should be offered him. Bok is precisely the sort of editor our own Ambrose Bierce had in mind when he wrote "The American magazine is what is the matter with American literature." "Mr. Prettyman" Bok reminds me of that historic vestal proof-reader who, in 1868, threw up her job rather than continue to read proof on a story so wicked and immoral as "The Luck of Roaring Camp." That gentle proof-reader today must be close on sixty years of age. I fancy she finds the fashionable novels of today rather spicier than Bret Harte's famous story. Novelists certainly have more latitude than in the days when an Edinburgh reviewer opined "Jane Eyre" "to have been written by a woman who for good and sufficient reasons had forfeited the society of her own sex." Certainly it is a far cry from

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The Saunterer

Tom Lawson's Press Agent

The frankness with which American society compels the public to take notice of its purely private affairs is becoming more offensively pronounced every day. This craving for ostentatious display is one of the most humiliating features of contemporary manners, being as it is an outward sign of the absence of a sense of the proprieties and punctilios. So insistent are our leaders of fashion on being kept in the public eye that they employ promoters of publicity to supply the press with news of their doings. Even Tom Lawson of Boston, author of "Frenzied Finance," scornful though he appears to be of many of the methods of the aristocracy of wealth, finds nothing inconsistent with good breeding in hiring a scribbler to exploit his family affairs in the newspapers. This week I received a notice of the marriage of Mr. Lawson's daughter from a gentleman with whom I have no acquaintance, Mr. C. B. Marble of Boston, Mass., who, I presume, is Tom Lawson's promoter of publicity. He informed me that the notice was sent free of charge and that should I desire photographs of Miss Lawson and Mr. Stanwood for reproduction, he would like to send them.

Mr. Marble's Effusion

This is the gratuitous contribution:

The marriage of Miss Gladys Lawson, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Lawson, and Mr. Eben Blaine Stanwood, will take place at Dreamwold, the country home of the bride, at Egypt, Mass., Wednesday, October eleventh, at noon. Only members of both families will be present, and these will number less than one hundred. A special train will run from Boston to Dreamwold in the morning and return in the afternoon. Rev. John Suter, pastor of Mr. Lawson's home church, the church of the Epiphany, in Winchester, Mass., will officiate. Miss Lawson will be attended by her two younger sisters, the Misses Marion and Dorothy, as bridesmaids, and Miss Bunny Lawson, the youngest of the family, is to be flower girl. Mr. Stanwood's best man will be Mr. Ezra B. Barstow, and the ushers will be Dr. Lawrence Oliver, Mr. Arnold Lawson, Mr. F. M. Stanwood Jr., Dr. J. M. Little Jr., Mr. Philip French and Mr. C. H. McDuffie. Following an old English custom, Miss Gladys Lawson has sent out invitations to the employes of Dreamwold, their families and friends, numbering three hundred, to a dance to be held in the big carriage barn on the farm the night of the wedding. It was generally expected that the wedding of Miss Lawson and Mr. Stanwood would be a large public affair, but Mr. Lawson decided that the wedding should be conducted in accordance with his usual custom when dealing with family matters. It will, therefore, be strictly private.

Perhaps Mr. Lawson felt that as the newspapers would insist on devoting a great deal of space to his daughter's marriage, it would be advisable, for the sake of accuracy, to give them the simple facts. There is nothing of a fulsome character in the notice. It is not typical of the literary style of the society press agent, but it was no doubt what Mr. Lawson demanded, for otherwise Mr. Marble would have employed some of the familiar adjectives and gushing sentences that are kept on tap for the glorification of women who can afford to pay for hyperbolic panegyrics. There is only a mild suggestion of self-laudation in this compact news item. We are naively told that it was expected the wedding would be "a large public affair, but Mr. Lawson decided that the wedding should be conducted in accordance with his usual custom when dealing with family matters. It will, therefore, be strictly private." And Mr. Lawson, it appears, also decided to give the strictly private affair as much publicity as possible, employing a press agent to that end and agreeing to supply the newspapers of the country with photographs of his daughter. It should be remembered, however, that the Boston millionaire has merely followed a custom that has received the approval of the "best families" constituting our vulgar aristocracy.

Newlands To Have Opposition

A correspondent writes me from Goldfield, Nev., that shortly after the arrival of Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate, in that bustling town last week, the rumor became current on the street that he had senatorial aspirations and intended taking up his residence in Mr. Newlands' pocket borough for the purpose of giving that statesman a tussle for the toga. As the Republicans are now in power in Nevada, and as Schwab has enormous investments in the gold and silver mines of the State, he would be able to make a pretty good start in a Senatorial race. The two-hundred-mile mineral zone which many experts believe to be an extension of the great Comstock gold and silver belt, and the centre of which is Goldfield, a populous town occupying a site which but a few years ago was a desert, owes its prosperity and progress largely to the money that has flowed from the coffers of Charles M. Schwab. So he is something of an idol in Goldfield, and when he arrived there he was given a very warm greeting. My correspondent writes me that he was informed by men near the throne that Schwab intends to establish a residence in Nevada. During the millionaire's brief sojourn there was a revival of the report that there was to be a merger of the Jumbo, Atlanta, Florence, Combination, January and Red Top mines. Schwab has already made million out of mines in Tonopah and he has lately become interested in Goldfield mines through John McKane, his western representative.

How a Fortune Was Made

McKane, by the way, was one of the first to reach the scene of excitement and mining activity in Nevada four years ago. He was then a poor man. The Mizpah was the only mine that had been opened up and mining men had not enthused over it. One of the first men whom McKane met was Tom Lockhart, an old Colorado prospector who arrived in Tonopah on a grub-stake. He had located the

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property that is now the Tonopah Extension mine. The whole camp regarded him as a "wild-catter," a man who promotes a company and sells stock in a hole in the ground. Lockhart stuck to his mine, putting down unaided a shaft to a depth of over sixty feet. He was a man of remarkable nerve. Every morning he went down a ladder, drilled without aid a round of holes for blasting, lighted a fuse and then hurried up out of the shaft to beat the explosion. Again and again he would descend into the shaft following each explosion with a bucket with which to carry out the waste rock. There was nothing in sight to encourage the industrious miner, but he had a theory; it was that the Mizpah ledge continued below the surface overflow of porphyry. Finally Lockhart went flat broke, and then McKane secured an option on the property, went to Pittsburg, introduced himself to Schwab and induced the latter to invest $150,000 in the mine. It is now a big dividend payer, and its stock is selling in the open market at a valuation of six millions for the property. McKane is now Schwab's western representative, and he has extended operations until their combined holding includes some of the most valuable properties in Southern Nevada. Out of his original investment of $150,000 Schwab has secured properties worth ten millions.

Pardee's Temperature Revealed

Some weeks ago the news came from Sacramento that Governor Pardee was suffering from a very serious organic trouble, and that it was very unlikely that he would seek renomination. His political future, said his close friends, would depend largely on the immediate outcome of his malady. They believed that by the first of January he would know whether it would be hazardous for him to continue his political activities. The politicians have received no pathological bulletins since, and yet they are convinced that the Governor is convalescent. This conviction was forced upon them during the contest for control of the Republican County Committee, when the water front brigade voted against the machine. The Governor's suave lieutenant, Charley Spear, was around bright and early the following day giving his solemn assurance that he had taken no hand in the fray, but of course he was not believed. When the veteran programmers from the water front, who had voted with the reformers, were questioned as to the cause of their defection, they said that they had been enjoined from discussing the matter. So it was concluded that Spear had not only voted them against the machine, but had put padlocks on their mouths. For ways that are queer the Oakland politician is peculiar.

The Great Procrastinator

Pardee's fence-mending task keeps him so busy that he cannot find time to fill the vacancy on the bench in Oakland. Judge Greene has been in his grave over two months, and litigation has become seriously congested on the other side of the bay much to the disgust and indignation of lawyers and their clients, but Governor Pardee, who lived in Oakland all his life and knows the dogs on the streets as well as their masters, cannot select a suitable man for the judicial job. The two leading candidates are Judge John Yule and Deputy District Attorney Will Harris. Pardee also continues to procrastinate in the matter of the Shasta county judgeship. The people of that county have been waiting seven months for him to appoint a judge to preside over the court created by the last legislature, and it has been suggested that if he cannot find a suitable Republican in the county, the bar will be satisfied with T. W. Shanahan, a Democrat.

When John Partridge found that the reformers of the Republican League were so preoccupied with their purely personal affairs of a political nature that they could give him no assistance in the campaign for clean government, he opened headquarters for himself from which his campaign will be conducted. John Coughlin, who was his associate in the City Attorney's office, is in charge of the headquarters, and Arthur Fisk spends a good deal of time there directing things.

Gossip From Honolulu

My Honolulu correspondent writes that Governor George R. Carter is believed to be grooming himself for the Congressional run next fall to succeed Prince Jonah Kalanianaole, who was put forward by the Republicans in 1902 to defeat Robert Wilcox, the Home Ruler. Kalainianaole is not a Republican. He was away on a tour of the world when the territory had its first election and when he returned he allied himself with the Home Rule party and tried to beat Wilcox for the nomination for Congress, but failing negotiated with the Democrats and Republicans. He closed a deal with the Republicans and was elected. He was renominated a year ago on condition that he permit the Chamber of Commerce to name his secretary. Now it is proposed to beat Carter with A. G. M. Robertson, a prominent lawyer, who stands at the head of his profession, and who is very popular, but who, unlike Carter, has no big missionary and plantation pull.

Getting Close to Blingum

By her marriage with Alexander Hamilton Grace Spreckels will be brought a little closer to the Burlingame set, for her fiance is a cousin of the Carolans, one of whom married into the Pullman family and thereafter became identified with the leisure rich. Mr. Hamilton being himself quite wealthy and Miss Spreckels being a great heiress, two fortunes will be united by the marriage. Frank Carolan was not a very rich man when he married Miss Pullman, but as her husband he has money to burn.

The Versatile Mr. Michel

It is a question among the many friends of Mr. Leopold Michel whether there is any enterprise in which he is not interested or has not been interested. They were talking about the *St. Paul* when he quickly observed: "Do you know that I outfitted that vessel when she was built?" A friend who knows Mr. Michel then said casually, "By the way, Michel, have you even been a trapper?" "No," he replied carelessly, "but when I was a youngster I was sent to Japan to close up a firm which had dealings with us and when there I heard that a good thing could be made out of furs, so I went to Siberia and stayed some months with the natives, buying pelts." "The drinks are on us," was the comment.

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Society Balked

That it is the coin of the realm and not blood that counts in San Francisco society was exemplified by our smart set's attitude of indifference toward the Daughters of the Confederacy. In that organization is some of the best blood in the country and its possessors have no trouble in tracing it back through several generations distinguished in history for deeds of heroism and chivalry; but it was not taken seriously by our mushroom aristocracy of wealth, for in San Francisco blood is recognized only when it is nourished on delicacies. At the Charity Ball given by the D. C.'s there were very few of our representative leaders of fashion, and those that attended the affair were amused at the unfashionable cut of the gowns they saw. Mrs. Eleanor Martin, who is a Daughter of a Confederacy on the strength of her first marriage, attended the ball with some of her satellites, and they gave it a certain eclat, but most of the mighty dames of society were conspicuous by their absence. Of course they all bought tickets and promised to go, but they were "unexpectedly detained at home." No doubt they felt that tickets were too easily obtained and feared being brought in contact with the polloi. There are not many women in San Francisco society who can afford to incur the risk of not being considered exclusive, so they shun the average subscription dance and Charity Ball as they would the deadly upas tree.

The Queen Held Court

Mrs. Martin had the usual homage paid to her at the ball, and she was surrounded by courtiers of both sex during the whole evening. She beamed amiably if not regally in a gown of brocaded white satin, and looked hale and hearty, as they say in the old country. She bore the outward semblance of one who is in fine fettle for a winter campaign no less strenuous than the one she went through last year. As many of the Daughters wore high-neck gowns, the assemblage did not present a very showy appearance. The only women who were more gorgeous than the lilies of the field were Mrs. Malcolm Henry, Mrs. Pedar Bruguiere, whose face was wreathed in smiles all evening, Irene Sabin in a spangled frock of red, Mrs. Charles Butters and Mrs. Charles Krautoff.

Has a Good Name in Newport

That there something in pull, and something more in advertisement, there is no manner of doubt. Though there are many smart-setters whose social position here is several pegs above Mrs. Martin's, yet I am told in Newport and New York "dear old lady Martin" is regarded as our one and only leader. This impression was no doubt strengthened by Mrs. Peter Martin, who likes to stand well with her friends. Whenever any Newporters are coming this way, Mrs. Peter gives them letters to her mamma-in-law. The latest to get the open sesame to San Francisco's precious inner circle were the Pembroke Joneses.

The White Dances Come Higher

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White having passed the experimental stage as a leader of the smart set, raised the price of subscriptions for her dances to ten dollars, and some of our wealthy society women are actually grumbling at the increased taxation. One of the dissatisfied females was called down by a patroness of the club. "My dear," said the dowager, "I know at least ten girls who would be willing to pay thirty times the amount for the privilege of joining. Mrs. White gives as much as Greenway for just half the money."

New Line of European papers on display. SCHUSSLER BROS.' Engraving Dept, 119 Geary street.

The Huntingtons

One of the Huntington girls came into the limelight last week. It was Marian Huntington who gave one of the largest theatre parties of the year. As usual she entertained all her old friends. The Huntington sisters are very unassuming, and as they care not a rap about society they make no effort to cultivate the acquaintance of the press-boomed fashionables, or to figure in the functions which serve as mediums for the promotion of publicity. As the Huntington sisters are great heiresses they could have suitors galore were they inclined to encourage the beaux of the swim. A comparatively impecunious young man is said to be looked upon with favor by one of the sisters, but no hint of an engagement has yet been dropped. Mrs. H. E. Huntington, I hear, would like to scale the heights in the intellectual world, but as her health is not very robust, she is compelled to keep a brake on her energies.

Pillsbury Buys the McLean Home

When Mary Kohl marries Mr. E. S. Pillsbury she will have for a home one of the most beautiful residences in San Francisco, her fiance having become the owner of the property at the northeast corner of Pacific avenue and Broderick street. This was formerly the home of Dr. Robert A. McLean, the eminent surgeon. Some years ago it took second prize in an architectural competition, first prize being awarded to the Colton house in California street. The building was designed by A. Page Brown, and it cost fifty thousand dollars. There is not a home-site in this city possessing so many advantages as that which has become the property of Mr. Pillsbury, and for which he paid over one hundred thousand dollars. Dr. McLean, the original owner, had, at one time, the largest surgical practice on the coast, but after the death of his wife some years ago, he suffered from derangement of his nervous system, and was forced to withdraw from the activities of

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his profession. He is still a very rich man, and is once more practicing his profession, though he has not fully recovered his health. Dr. McLean is known in the profession as a wonderfully expert surgeon and a scientist who is a good deal of an idealist, having been more frequently actuated by philanthropy than by pecuniary motives in the exercise of his talents. He was a protege of the famous Dr. Toland, founder of the Toland Medical College, and it was in that physician's office that Dr. McLean as a poor country lad began the study of his profession.

Platt Has a Rival

A deadly rivalry has sprung up between those two distinguished bachelors, Tom McCaleb and Horace Platt, and in consequence great warmth of feeling has been engendered among their respective friends in the Pacific-Union Club. Mr. Platt has long prided himself on his talent for post-prandial spellbinding, and the millionaires of the Pacific-Union Club rank him with Chauncey Depew because of tthe sparkling character of his wit and his ability to say nothing gracefully. There are other orators in the Pacific Union Club but they are of the perfervid order more successful in intellectual debate than in beguiling the lovers of airy nonsense whose sense of humor is keenest when the bubbles are in the wine. Mr. Platt had his special field all to himself until Tom McCaleb took the floor at the banquet of the Adornment Society at tthe St. Francis. On that occasion he proved himself a real artist in words, a cunning master of the wiles that lure the intelligence and tempt the risibles. Since that banquet his friends have been saying that, as a spellbinder, he has Horace Platt lashed to the mast. Charles Webb Howard scoffs and says "Nonsense." George Hall, booster for McCaleb, retorts, "Well, Tom doesn't burn the midnight oil, writing his speeches and committing them to memory. His flow of wit is spontaneous." Now it is proposed that Hermann Oelrichs give a banquet and hold a competitive spellbinding contest for the settlement of the vexed question. McCaleb, by the way, like Oelrichs, was once a butterfly in New York's world of fashion. He came to San Francisco some years ago, to hibernate, and has not been able to tear himself away.

When Genevieve Comes Out

The bavardes of the dailies are assorting all their choice adjectives in preparation for the debut of Miss Genevieve Harvey, and she will soon be reading some very flattering paragraphs extolling her charms and graces. Miss Genevieve is, in truth, quite comely, just a little bit shorter than her sister Anita and of the buxom type. She is a good healthy-looking American girl, and is not likely to have her head turned by gushing newspaper exploitation.

To Wed Next Month

Comparatively few invitations have been issued for the wedding of Fanny Allen and Dr. Grimwood, on the eighteenth of the month, in Trinity church. Miss Allen belongs to the Gaiety Club but owing to ill health has not been able to keep up the continual round of functions which most of the younger set consider necessary to their happiness. The Allens have been occupying the Magee home on Broadway. Miss Allen is a cousin of Mrs. Ben Dibblee and is of the Ross Valley set.

They Mourn Their Flesh

Word comes to me from Los Angeles that Mrs. Jack Johnston (Bernice Landers) whom Pearl Landers is at present visiting, has grown so stout that few of her old acquaintances would recognize her. It is feared she will soon reach May Irwin's proportions. Her little cousin manages to keep herself down in weight by taking long walks, but that does not always prove a weight reducer. When Ethyl Hager tried pedestrianism to see if she could not shed a few pounds, she found the walks had an effect contrary to the one desired. One of Mrs. Will Tevis's objects in going abroad last summer was to lose a few superfluous pounds.

No Culturine For Her

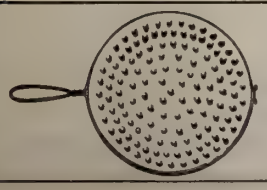
One of the few matrons in society who has not taken up the culturine fad is Mrs. Fred Kohl. Mrs. Kohl says frankly that she dotes on society and the frivolities thereof and considers it a waste of time to strive for things that are of no use or pleasure when acquired. Mrs. Kohl will have a houseful of her old chums this winter, and will entertain them royally.

Mrs. "Tay Pay"

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, who recently arrived in New York, and who is said to be coming to this city, may meet one of her former husbands if she should make the trip across the continent. She was at one time the wife of Frank Gassaway, who is employed in the *Examiner* business office. After divorcing him she married a Mr. Howard, by whom she has a son and who is now a successful portrait painter in London. Her third venture was with "Tay Pay," the well-known journalist and member of Parliament. She has been on the stage and has written plays that have been boomed in her husband's weekly, but that have not met with great success on the London stage. One of them was used by Cissie Loftus. She is very friendly with the Denis O'Sullivans.

His Hopeless Search

Crittenden Thornton, severely correct with his most austere manner, strolled into the Supreme Court building late one Saturday afternoon and looked vainly for some official. He met Mr. John Crowley, janitor and owner of blocks of houses and general loaner to the impecunious. "Ah, Mr. Crowley," said Mr. Thornton as he unbent. "is there any one in the library?" Mr. Crowley was certain that everybody had left the building but then Mr.



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Crowley would be glad to do anything for a Thornton. "I should like Spelling on Corporations," said Mr. Thornton. "Sure an' I will find it for you," and Mr. Crowley disappeared. He came back after an hour and made this explanation: "Blamed if I can find a speller in the library, but here's a dictionary for you."

Again, the Grammar Fiend

By an anonymous "gentleman and scholar"—that is to say, a nameless unlettered no-gentleman—who evidently keeps watch over my every utterance, I am called to account for a word of mine, the use of "it" relative to "the public." According to his anonymity, the public is more than I think it is. "It" should by rights be "they." Vanish, fond dream of an impeccable pen laid by in an honorable old age glorious and grammarful! A little learning is a dangerous thing, but much learning, destruction itself. For years, now, I have made what the colleges call an intensive study of the American public. 'Tis a subject whereon I have read authentic history and the Hearst newspapers; burning in its behalf much midnight Rockefeller, and from all I could read and see and hear on the matter, I was led to the belief—erroneous it would seem—that here in the United States the public is "it." If the public is not "it," then did our brave forefathers fight in vain; then is the constitution null and void, a thing of naught; and liberty a lie. The nameless no-gentleman attacks the very cornerstone of this country. My patriotic soul strongly suspects him of being a vile insidious traitor, and would fain see him deported to Germany, where they, the public, are as far from being "it" as "It," the Emperor, can remove them.

Sprightly Gossip from Los Angeles

Our gossipy Los Angeles correspondent writes as follows: "There is a decided dearth of society news of account, although automobile accidents, divorces with alimony, burglaries and hold-ups, queer council proceedings and operations for appendicitis furnish the daily papers and their readers with the usual quota of acceptable 'news.' As a matter of fact not a single high society item pleasing to woman has appeared in the papers for a week. Even the ex-stenographers and ex-housekeepers and other swell society leaders have remained quiet for a month or two, and feminine activities have been confined to antiquated club women and tressel-work members of the W. C. T. U., who disregard all the canons of good taste and approved social tenets by obtruding themselves into others' business and domestic affairs. The event that has interested the men of Los Angeles is the appearance of 'Sammy' Clover's new evening paper. Clover managed Millionaire and Fruit Dealer Earle's *Express* for several years and made it an excellent paper and a money-making concern. But Earle became a millionaire, and therefore stingy, and bothered Clover's life out of him by telephoning him by the hour, even going so far as to attempt to regulate the society columns through the subscription department. And between Earle and Sammy himself—and the latter did most of the bouncing—Sammy was bounced. To be sure, the latter is not a great editor; he is too finicky for that, and does not know that there is any place in the world but Chicago or any newspapers outside of that city; and he writes poetry about dead criminals, and the like. He will have Otis and Earle, proprietors of the *Times* and *Express* against him; also the *Herald*, which is Otis's hermaphrodite, and also the *Record*, as a matter of course; the *Examiner* will pat Sammy on the shoulder because he has many times roasted Otis to a turn and often made Harrison Gray Otis feel and "look like thirty cents." Sammy may hurt the *Express*, but I don't believe the accession to his staff of the major portion of the effulgent genius of that paper will do his enterprise much good. The fact is that possibly the *Express* may be improved by a defection of the kind who now run it. Earle may get better men. It seems to me that the *Record* has a splendid hold on the one-cent constituency, and that the Scripps telegraphic service will probably be increased. They at least have a service, backed by four or five newspapers, while Sammy, shut out of the Associated Press, will have to create 'his'n.' There is plenty of work cut out for my ingenious friend and his 'angel.' The business community—the advertisers—will be quite apt to resent another application of the thumb-screws. Three evening papers for Los Angeles to two for San Francisco seems somewhat out of proportion.

"The Lummis phantom still hovers over the Los Angeles library and shocks sensitive visitors, who regard the distinguished egotist as a positive calamity. But Lummis is now placing himself *en rapport* with the gentle sex by increasing the salaries of a majority of the girls under him. There are fifty-two of these young women and they and their cronies are such omnivorous readers that an Angeleno has no more chance of obtaining the latest literary favorite than he has of inspecting a palimpsest in the British museum.

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Captain Faison's Joke on General Sumner

Military people are having a quiet laugh at the expense of General Sumner, who commands the division on this coast. It is well known that the General is a great stickler for discipline, and he has ardently advocated that officers be compelled to stay with their regiments instead of being assigned to pleasant duties when they should be in the field. He has written to the War Department quite a long brief on the subject, and he flattered himself that his communication was received with approbation and that it would be acted upon, for he views with considerable displeasure the attempts of many officers who have a pull to evade duty in the Philippines, and he was determined that as far as lay in his power he would put a stop to the pernicious practice. So when the Thirteenth regiment was ordered last week to Fort McKinley, which is near Manila, General Sumner thought of his letter to the War Department, and he felt sure that no officer would be permitted to remain behind. He had not reckoned with Captain Faison, who has good connections and a fine pull. Captain Faison exercised his pull and secured a transfer to Washington. He met General Sumner one morning and the General accosted him, saying, "Well, Captain, what transport do you take for Manila?"

"The Overland Limited," said the Captain. "I'm off for Washington in a few days."

"You are not going with your regiment?"

"No, sir."

And then General Sumner expressed his opinion in language more forcible than polite.

"Johnny Haul-Taut"

Captain Franklin J. Drake, U. S. Navy, who has been assigned to the command of the battleship *Wisconsin,* on the Asiatic station, will, it is reported, be relieved as Captain of the Yard at Mare Island by Commander Alexander McCrackin, lately commander of the cruiser *Des Moines,* an officer who has already served for some years on the Pacific coast and who has many friends in San Francisco. He is popularly known in the navy as "Johnny Haul-taut," a sobriquet he earned by his punctiliousness in having everything about his ship in apple-pie order. When McCrackin was a watch officer, as soon as he had relieved the deck for his tour of duty, he would make his presence known by a series of orders to "haul taut" this or that piece of gear. The title has stuck to him. Unlike most seafaring men, McCrackin has always been a sworn enemy of profanity on board ship. He never heard a sailor indulging in unseemly language without promptly reprimanding him.

The Travers Tragedy

Local club men who were acquainted with "Billy" Travers are curious to know what prompted him to end his life. Their curiosity has been greatly piqued by the vague innuendoes contained in the New York newspaper accounts of the millionaire's tragic death. It is known that he was not worried by his wife's action in divorcing him, for they had been separated several years, but there have been hints of a terrible scandal that preyed on his mind and which his friends discussed only in whispers. One of the New York dailies said: "Just what was the scandal which weighed so heavily on Travers's mind as to impel him to suicide could not be learned. Those who know the details whisper them in awed tones, fearful lest other names may be smirched." Some weeks ago Travers tried to have a New York editor arrested for referring to him as "a social outcast," and after his death a New York daily stated that though his fortune was intact he could not mingle with the gay set and his sun had practically set. Travers had many very wealthy and powerful connections, a circumstance to which may be ascribed the studied efforts of the newspapers to avoid a forthright discussion of the tragedy. Their recital of the incidents leading up to his withdrawal from several clubs, however, warrants the inference that he was guilty of acts of a most flagrantly immoral character. His friends in this city say that he was a very manly fellow, a fine athlete and not of a morbid disposition, and therefore it is hard for them to account for the strange hints thrown out by the New York press.

Barred by Society

The homes of the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Belmonts, the Harrimans and others in which Travers had been a welcome guest were closed to him for many moons before he sped the fatal bullet into his head. And those leaders of fashion do not bar a man merely because he is frisky or gives his wife cause for divorce. Travers was well known in this city, having met nearly everybody that ever visited Newport, for he was secretary of the swell club of that fashionable resort. He was known to many residents of this city as the brother of Mrs. Walter Gay of Paris and also as the uncle of Mrs. Clarence Mackay. He was the son of the famous wit, William R. Travers, and a brother of Reverdy Travers, whose secret marriage was one of the scandals of a decade ago.

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No Longer Ballet Girls

Now that Maren Froelich has gone in for landscape painting, and has done some Monterey cypresses that everybody is talking about, perhaps people will not be always bringing up her ballet-girls when her name is mentioned. I have been told that Miss Froelich is sick and tired of being known as the creator of the popular ballet-girl. She painted two of the airy-skirted beauties a few years ago, and they made such a hit that orders for ballet-girls poured into her studio. Then other artists took to painting fluffy-petticoated and fleshinged beauties, and the students and amateurs fell into line. Then the ballet-girl poster come into vogue with premieres danseuses in miniature. When Miss Froelich appeared in public she was pointed out to strangers as "Maren Froelich, you know—she paints the ballet girls that are the rage." But Miss Froelich determined to show that ballet girls were not her limit and her exhibition this year is almost solely of her Monterey sketches.

Julia Heynemann, who will occupy the Putnam-Piazzoni studio while the sculptor and artist are abroad, belonged to that coterie of artists that formed the Art Students' League. She and Elizabeth Curtis, who is now Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, were great friends. Others of the League were Jessie Rodda, now Mrs. Will Jackson, and Emilia Kalisher, now Mrs. Thompson. Miss Heynemann is one of the few members of the League who stuck to her career without mixing it with matrimony. She has resided abroad for several years, and has been very successful with her portraits.

When Emma Comes

Now that Emma Eames is on her way here, society is wondering whether she will be entertained by the same rival hosts who dined and supped her during her visit here as a Grau star. During that memorable season the prima donna had Dr. Harry Tevis and Harry Holbrook continually dancing attendance, and the latter gave her a dinner at the Bohemian Club when the small list of guests was supposed to represent the real "who's who" of Our Society. Mr. Holbrook is married now, but it is presumed that his wife, who is in harmony with him on all subjects, I have heard, will be glad to join him in extending the glad hand to the great diva. It is predicted that Dr. Tevis will not be so free-handed in the bestowal of flowers on the singer as he was during her Grau season. It will be recalled that upon the occasion of Eames's last appearance in "The Marriage of Figaro," she was showered with bouquets of long-stemmed American Beauties that were thrown from all points of the opera house and completely covered the stage. For this demonstration Dr. Tevis had paid a hundred dollars. The statuesque Emma appeared to be delighted at the floral shower, but after she had moved on farther East one of her Chicago friends, in a letter to a woman here, wrote that the diva could not stand the scent of roses. The overpowering fragrance made her faint and affected her vocal chords, so that she was never more unhappy than when her admirers beflowered her.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

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They Will Miss Him Greatly

The Blingum ladies are grieving very much over the suicide of Corbin, the coiffeur. Corbin was the only hairdresser they would trust to arrange their locks on state occasions. He was one of the best coiffeurs in Paris, and Mrs. Frank Carolan was his first patroness when he came to California. Soon after that all the ladies of the Blingum set became his customers and they made a great fuss over him because he made no replicas out here. Yet he was by no means attentive to his smart customers. He put them off on any old pretext. He went on protracted sprees when he had domestic difficulties. But even the haughty daughter of Chicago went down on her knees to him. Now the Blingum set may take to wearing false hair.

Not "Smart," but Strenuous and Successful

The California Club now feels that if any club of women is entitled to spell itself success with a capital S, it is this organization. There is no women's club that "does things" with such persistent energy as is displayed by the California Club. When the members, a few years ago, began to talk about owning their own club-house, members of the other clubs smiled and took but a faint interest in the discussion. They thought the California club-house would be, perhaps, like the Bohemian Club's Wenban fiasco. But now that the California's big club building is among San Francisco's architectural beauties, the members can afford to forgive those saucy skeptics. There was an immense throng present at the house-warming on Thursday night of last week, and no words but of praise were bestowed upon the ambitious ladies who had pushed to a finish the handsome building in Clay street, between Polk and Van Ness avenue. The California Club makes not the slightest pretension to being "smart," and is quite willing to let the Century Club retain the title of being the only really fashionable club of women in San Francisco. But the California ladies know that their club is the most progressive in this city, and they pleasantly plume themselves upon the fact that by now there would be nothing left of Telegraph Hill except a few bare boulders if they had not come to the rescue. It was this club that started the Telegraph Hill agitation, which resulted in the injunctions against the vandal blasters. Miss Katherine Hittell and Dr. Dorothea Moore were the most active workers in the Telegraph Hill campaign, and it was Dr. Moore

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also who worked most busily to make the Juvenile Court a success. In the Telegraph Hill beautification all did not go smoothly, but that was because the ladies forgot about the goats. When they planted infant trees and went away to eat their lunch, they found upon their return to the scene of their artistic labors that the naughty goats of the hill had also lunched—upon the infant trees.

MISS UNA FAIRWEATHER

The well-known contralto, who leaves San Francisco on the first of next month for the greater opportunities of New York, and will be greatly and sincerely missed in local artistic circles. She is a remarkably gifted girl in very many ways, and adds to her unusual attainments a most interesting personality. In appearance she suggests the pictures of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Before her departure for New York Miss Fairweather will give a farewell concert at which she will be assisted by Mr. Hother Wismer and Mr. Fred Maurer. A number of prominent society ladies are acting as patronesses

A Question of Angelic Gender

I wish these theological gents would finally settle that time-worn controversy concerning the sex of angels. I have never been able to understand why there should be any dispute about the matter. There are one hundred and twenty-eight independent references in the Old and New Testaments of the Christian Scriptures to angels in the singular number; angels in the plural or indefinitely massed are mentioned seventy-three times; in addition there are probably a score of repetitions of some of these texts—I did not think it necessary to count them. In none of these references is the angel or angels sexed woman wise; in all of them where the sex is mentioned it is of the masculine gender; all the angels named are men angels, as Gabriel, Michael, Satan. From this I gather that there were no female angels; or if there were, it was not thought worth while speaking of it. Some of the New York experts, however, have been wasting a lot of midnight Standard oil searching the Scriptures to find female angels, and they announce that unquestionably the sexes must have been about equal in the angel hosts. This conclusion, I insist, is a guess in the dark, lacking substantial proof, and subject to the suspicion that the proponents of the theory of feminine angelhood are endeavoring to placate the overwhelming feminine majorities of their congregations who are probably protesting, after the manner of the emancipated sisterhood, against taxation for church support without representation in the lower house of the heavenly parliament.

A Pronouncement Ex Cathedra

Archdeacon Sinclair, of the Church of England, whom the erudite cable reporter of the New York *Herald* calls "one of London's prominent divines," whatever he may mean by such gibberish, is reported to be of the opinion that "as they (angels) are always represented as men, or at any rate, with the appearance of youths, the idea would be, no doubt, that they have no sex at all." I have never marveled much that the so-called "higher critic" has invariably found the Church of England polemic too easy for anything approaching serious consideration. If I were a "higher critic," and if Archdeacon Sinclair should come up against me embattled and truculent, I think I should be inclined to flout him with the suggestion that he immure himself in some quiet cloister with one Mill on the science of logic, as a necessary preliminary to taking his place as fourth assistant secretary to a learned council convened to devise ways and means of refuting the obvious modern theological controversy. What sort of reasoning is this that deduces from the premiss: All angels are men; the corollary that therefore all angels are sexless? Archdeacon Sinclair may be "one of London's prominent divines," but if I were a belted earl in the hog district of Berkshire or a cattle king in Jersey, with livings galore in my gift, I wouldn't vouchsafe so much as a hand-out to Archdeacon Sinclair.

An Unfinished Discussion

Surely it would profit these gentlemen of the cloth more if they would cease this useless disputation regarding the sex of angels, and resume the mediaeval effort to enumerate the host of angels capable of dancing on the point of a needle, leaving sufficient room for the harpers and fiddlers. There is a question worthy of elaborate contention, the solution of which would, I am sure, assist materially in establishing theology as an exact science.

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Father Ryan's Eulogy

The Rev. M. P. Ryan, pastor of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, has become one of the most distinguished clergymen in California, and yet he is said to be a modest man, and not more brilliant mentally, nor more religiously devout than scores of other priests of the Catholic Church in this state. Father Ryan achieved distinction in a single night, and by a single speech that was neither epigrammatic nor eloquent. It was delivered on the occasion of the opening of his church fair last week when he introduced Mayor Schmitz as a man whose "good works" are appreciated by the people of the parish and who has set "a noble example" which Father Ryan hopes "may not go unrewarded." This speech brought Father Ryan from the obscurity of the St. Vincent de Paul parish into the full glare of public notice, and why not? Here is a man, a churchman, who comes to the defense of a much-abused public official; to the defense, indeed, of the most abused public official that ever drew money from the city treasury. If ever there was a man in need of a defender that man is Mayor Eugene Schmitz, but not until Father Ryan came to his defense did anybody of any standing in the community venture into the charitable role. And Father Ryan did not protest against calumniation of the city's Executive. He had no apologies to offer in behalf of Mayor Schmitz, but he held him up as a "noble example," a performer of good works that should not go unrewarded. It was a courageous thing for the distinguished prelate to do, for it is generally known that Mayor Schmitz has done things that no conscientious Christian could palliate. I refer not to offenses that have been recklessly charged against him, but to acts that are of public record.

McEwen's Rebuke

Arthur McEwen has taken occasion to mildly rebuke Father Ryan for what he regards as a serious indiscretion in extolling Mayor Schmitz and asserting that "There are men outside this parish, who if they knew him (Schmitz) as I know him, would not oppose him in his candidacy for re-election as Mayor of this city." But no doubt that is Father Ryan's honest opinion based on an imperfect conception of the character of the taxpayers of this community. He probably believes that all men are impressed with an outward showing of religious fervor, and that they judge a man's morals from his professions rather than from his performances. Mayor Schmitz goes regularly to church, and that circumstance leads to the conviction in Father Ryan's mind of Mayor Schmitz's piety. But, of course, Father Ryan is wrong in assuming that if all voters knew Mayor Schmitz as he knows that gentleman, they would all support him at the polls. The average voter is too sophisticated to be guided as Father Ryan is guided in such matters. Nor do the laity of the Catholic Church appraise a man on the basis of his churchgoing or of the size of his contributions to church fairs. Indeed, they are inclined to resent an ostentatious showing in such matters if it appears to have been inspired by a sinister motive. There are some Catholics who feel humiliated when it appears that their noble Church with all her salutary influences has failed to improve the morals of a conspicuous citizen.

Mrs. Norman McLaren gave a small tea for her new sister-in-law, Mrs. Porter Ashe, last Saturday. Only a few intimate friends of the Ashe family were invited to the function.

Dr. Arnold Genthe has joined the artist colony at Monterey. The versatile doctor is building a pretty little bungalow near Point Lobos.

Sprightly Gossip From Stockton

The Philomath Club, the swagger woman's club of Stockton, is making a strenuous effort this year to recover the prestige which it lost two years ago when nobody wanted to be president, and the membership fell steadily away. To give the club eclat Mrs. H. H. Hewlett was induced to accept the presidency, though she has not been an active member for some time, and the ladies are all going out to the highways and hedges and compelling their friends to become members. So enthusiastic have the ladies become and so appreciative of advertising that whereas in years gone by they were too exclusive to desire any report of their meetings to reach the newspapers, they now appoint one of their members "press agent" to see that things do get into the papers. The election of Mrs. Hewlett came after quite an exciting meeting at which the candidate of the nominating committee, Mrs. F. R. Clarke, was turned down. The members then got in and hustled votes like good 'uns for Mrs. Hewlett. There was no objection to Mrs. Clarke, for she is a most capable woman of education and refinement, but she didn't happen to live in the sacred "northern part of town." Besides, Mrs. Hewlett wore such swell clothes and would be "such a stunning representative at the Federation," argued one of the ladies. So it went and Mrs. Hewlett took the chair gowned in the latest shade of lavender. After electing Mrs. Hewlett president, the ladies elected Mrs. Clarke first vice-president.

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Mrs. Clarke was stunned and embarrassed, but amiably accepted the office. There is no objection on the part of any one to Mrs. Hewlett (and she was not at all aware of the electioneering of her admirers), but there was a feeling that Mrs. Clarke for various reasons was entitled to the place and should not have been elbowed out of it. The disappointed ones have come out into line, however, and there is nothing on the surface to show that the waters were ruffled.

There goes a story that when a breakfast was given some time ago by the Shakespearean Section of the club, at the home of Mrs. Clarke, some of the members were terribly worried lest it might not have the proper tone since it was not pulled off in "the northern part of town." (Mrs. Clarke lives a little east of northeast.) So anxious, indeed, were they that they all stayed away during those hours when Mrs. Clarke battled with tables, flowers, dishes, etc., and only the timely arrival of one or two friends relieved the lady of a greater burden than she should have borne and saved the affair from being a fiasco. Yet it was their breakfast and not hers. Despite the cold water thrown on it it turned out a notably brilliant affair.

The Gown She Didn't Wear

Miss Peters recently appeared at a tea in Stockton in the bridal robe which she did not wear at her wedding. The gown created a great sensation at the tea.

The Soul of the Succubus

Herman Scheffauer's poem, "The Iron Virgin," published in *Town Talk* September 30th, is one of the few strong poems that have been handed down to us from the high court of the muses during the past ten years. I classify this Scheffauer verse with Kipling's "Vampire" and Davidson's "City of Dreadful Night," and I rank it superior to either, both in conception and execution.. I find in this terrible arraignment of woman for her devil-inspired perfidy a distinct echo of the sagas that personified in sirens and loreleis the treachery of the feminine—the cat-like attributes overheld from the incarnation of tigresses blood-lusting, but delaying the fatal stroke as long as the writhing prey could please with its helpless agony the cruel humor of the beautiful beast. It was fitting that a theme suggested by a mediaeval torture of Nuremberg should develop in the mind of a poet whose ancestors may have worn the flaming beards of the Northmen, a comparison with the torture that has been inflicted in all the ages by women whose strain is Gothic and whose heredity has suffered no deformity from the original stirps. There is nothing more awful in the history of womankind than the remorseless loves of Brunehilde and Fredegonda, and it is perpetuated in a progeny that are monsters of duplicity and malignant cruelty even unto this day. For behold, as it was spoken by the All-wise Woman to Gunnar the king, "their garment is Shame, and nought the web shall rend, save the day without repentance, and the deed that nought may amend."

A Poet of the Red Litten Gloom

Scheffauer is learning better how to marshal the words that symbolize his thought; he has already learned the worth of the word that speaks its meaning in the half utterance that informs the wise and is dark in the sight of the foolish—the word that finds its context in the mind of the initiate, but is as a withered leaf gust-blown on the bleak expanse of mediocrity. This poet weaned at the breast of the Tragic Muse under the azure of Californian skies amid the pastoral suggestion of sun-bronzed landscapes, should find congenial stimulus in the gray atmosphere of ghost-haunted London, in the sad memories that cling to cities whose history is but the record of man's inhumanity to man and woman's tears shed responsive to the bitter reprisal of woman's hate, in the streets that Villon trod, and in the shadows through which mad Tasso groped to eternal fame. I believe that Herman Scheffauer will one day win to wondrous heights on Parnassus; but I believe, too, that his song will be a war cry and a dirge for the dead who died in vain.

From Messenger Boy to Millionaire

John I. Sabin, whose death occurred this week, accomplished great things during a comparatively brief span of life. He began his career as a messenger boy in this city, and at an early age took an interest in electrical contrivances. When the telephone was invented Sabin was one of the first to appreciate its potentialities, and he was one of the founders of the big corporation that has a monopoly of the business in this city. He did more than any other man in this country to perfect telephone service, and so generally was his ability recognized that he was called East a few years ago to assist in developing the business in Chicago. It is believed that he accumulated a fortune of not less than three millions.

An interesting engagement of the week is that of Miss Elizabeth Smith, sister of Mrs. George L. Fish, who resides at the Palace hotel, with Dr. Samuel Gardner, nephew of Dr. Matthew Gardner, chief surgeon of the S. P. Co.'s hospital department. Miss Smith is the daughter of the J. Henderson Smiths of Scotland. The marriage is to be pulled off in December.

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R. D. DAVIS
The San Francisco merchant whose wedding was one of the week's events.

The Rumor Was True

It is very rarely that I make a mistake in an engagement prediction, and I am glad to record that my San Jose correspondent did not err when sending me the news that R. D. Davis intended to take unto himself a bride in the person of Miss Adalene Robinson. As this paragraph goes to press, Mr. and Mrs. Davis are on their way East, on an extended wedding tour from which they will return early next month to make their residence in this city. The wedding was a quiet home affair, at high noon on Wednesday, at the home of the bride in one of the suburbs of Chicago. I have already recited the romance which led up to the marriage, the merchant having met the beautiful girl who is now his bride at the home of mutual friends in San Jose, where she was visiting relatives. Mr. Davis is a Canadian, born in Guelph, Ontario, but he came to California when a boy. By his own efforts he has come to be one of San Francisco's leading merchants. He has two little sons, aged ten and six, by a former marriage.

Mrs. Hubert Howe Bancroft's tea at St. Dunstan's, complimentary to Mrs. Philip Bancroft (Nina Eldred), a bride of the summer, was a very delightful affair. Mrs. Paul Bancroft, her other daughter-in-law, assisted in receiving the guests.

Will She Announce It?

I have heard rumors to the effect that one of the engagements that will be announced this winter is that of Miss Helen Dean, who has been traveling abroad for some months past, and Frank King. In Miss Dean's first season here Mr. King was very attentive to her, but Baldwin Wood was also in her train. The young woman herself seemed to favor King, but an engagement was never more than hinted at. When Miss Dean went away on her travels, there were many to prophesy that she would lose her heart to a title, as several San Francisco heiresses have done, but that prediction has not come true. So now the gossips say that Miss Dean surrendered her heart before she went away.

Another Romance Hinted

Another rumor going the rounds of the verandas connects Miss Dean's name with Philip Baker. Mr. Baker was the salvation of San Rafael this summer, being the only man who appeared willing to scatter the simoleons. There was spirited competition among the girls over there to capture the coveted seat beside this golden youth in his smart traps, for he handles the ribbons cleverly and is a connoisseur in horseflesh. Miss Dean was the most favored of his friends in this respect, so of course a romance was at once scented.

Mrs. J. B. Williams was hostess at a delightful dinner at the Hotel Cecil last Thursday evening. The decorations were in red. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. George Scott Garrett, Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Cheyney, Dr. and Mrs. F. P. Wilson.

MRS. R. D. DAVIS
Who was Miss Adalene Robinson of Chicago.

Mrs. John McMullin will be down from Stockton this winter. She intends taking a house here for the season.

Consul Bennett's Telephone

So many people, especially strangers in the city, have been unable to get telephone connection with the British Consulate that it has become a matter of belief with a large majority that the Consulate has no telephone. Indeed, a story describing the vain efforts of various Britishers to "ring up" Courtenay Bennett, E. I. E., the local Consul-General for Great Britain, was printed in Town Talk two weeks ago. Because of the difficulty experienced

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in getting the Consulate on the 'phone, Mr. Bennett was said to have provoked much bad language, but it appears now that apologies are due the genial representative of the British Empire, for the Consulate really has a telephone. The number isn't in the directory, to be sure, and you can't get the number from "Central" or "600" without showing a strawberry mark; but the telephone is there, just the same, and if you know how to go about it you can talk to the British Consul over the wire. How to accomplish this feat you may, or may not, learn from Mr. Bennett's friendly note, just received by the editor of this journal:

"Dear Sir,

"In the last number of Town Talk there was a little paragraph which, whilst too kind as regards myself personally, stated that I have been the cause of a good deal of swearing in the community. Now swearing is a bad habit and I have too high a regard for my many American friends to wish to imperil their immortal souls, especially unnecessarily. The sum and substance of my offending is that I have no telephone in my office. I have a telephone, and always have had. Its number is . . . Well now, really, I hardly think I can give it to all the innumerable readers of Town Talk, for if I do I shall be inundated with enquiries as to what is the age of the King's youngest granddaughter, whether it is true that a Cabinet meeting of extraordinary importance was not held yesterday, whether Lady Curzon should not be styled Vice Reine of India, what is the duty on American chewing gum in Great Britain, and no doubt the lady with a cat of five colors will telephone for the gratuity of five hundred pounds said to have been promised by the late Queen Victoria to anybody who could produce one, a legend which I have met in three continents and which has more lives than a cat of ordinary hue. The telephone being here, the thing is to get it. 'Central' is discreet and says 'Ask 600.' '600' is polite and knows nothing. Evidently the course to pursue is . . . but a mere Englishman need not tell an American how to act. And believe me, the telephone is there, and you have only to get the number to receive a reply."

A Dashing Beauty

It is probable that Mrs. Peter Martin's coming will create but a mild sensation for the reason that a greater social lionne is on her way here. This is Lady Constance Mackenzie, with her husband, Sir James Farquharson. Lady Constance is one of the most interesting characters in England, for she is a peeress in her own right and one of the wealthiest women in the world. She is six feet tall, of radiant beauty, and brilliant wit, dashing and daring personality. She wears bathing suits that are said to shock the natives wherever she goes, but may prove far less sensational than some that were worn by San Francisco beauties on the Santa Cruz beach this summer, for all we know. All that I can learn about those astonishing bathing suits of Lady Constance is that they are cut decollete, and that she goes hoseless into the water. Lady Constance paid her first visit to the United States under the protecting wing of Poultney Bigelow's sister, who married a son of Lord Wimbourne after her divorce from Charles Dodge. The Englishwoman was the sensation of Newport, but did not lose her heart there. After returning home she engaged herself to a Scotch baronet, but the betrothal lasted but three months when the fickle lady broke it off by wire and invited her friends to witness her marriage with a new flame.

Not a Mare but a Woman

An amusing story is told of a wealthy Texas rancher who wired his overseer that Lady Constance Mackenzie would arrive on the next train and for him to meet her and take her to the ranch. The overseer arrived prepared to escort home a new blooded mare. It took about an hour for him to get it through his head that it was a woman, not a mare, he was to take to the ranch.

Diamonds and Five Dollar Bills

An odd fad is that of Mrs. Robert Montgomery, wife of the Bullfrog mining man who has acquired three millions in an incredibly short space of time. Mrs. Montgomery, who lives at the St. Francis, has a passion for collecting five dollar bills with the Indian head engraving. But she does not put the bills away in a cabinet, but uses them for charity. She does not care for jewels but has one brooch, a bullfrog of diamonds, that is a very odd and handsome ornament. Mr. Montgomery does not share his wife's indifference to jewels, but has acquired a large collection of diamonds of various sizes and shapes.

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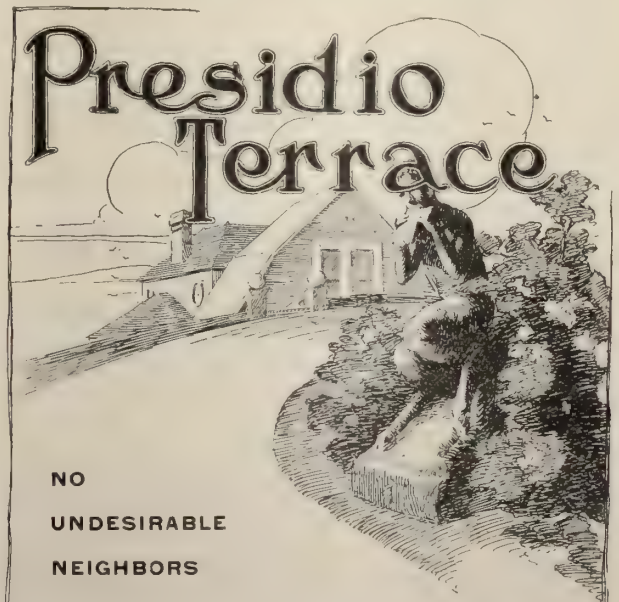

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Going to Travel

Mrs. William Willis will spend next year in travel, which is the reason the Emory Winships were enabled to rent her house for the winter. Mrs. Willis used to entertain a great deal before her niece's marriage with Arthur Spear, but she does not seem to care so much about it now. Nearly all the young women whom she used to delight in entertaining are married now, and prefer domesticity to society.

She's Now a Singer

I am informed that I erred last week in referring to Mrs. Morrow's sister, Maud Muller, as an ex-actress. Though she is no longer an exponent of the drama she is still in the glare of the footlights having gone into musical comedy. She has been having her voice cultivated in New York and is now with the "Babes in the Wood" company.

The Detective Turned Down

Both professional and amateur financiers have been amused at the ease and assurance with which one Ambrose Carpenter, alias D. R. Blossom, who has the appearance of a callow youth, carried on a system of forged cheque transactions during the past few months at the expense of some of our best known banking houses. When an airy mannered stranger can go into a bank and without any trouble get away with sums of money ranging from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to over one thousand dollars on fictitious cheques, while the honest person who presents one for five or ten dollars is closely scrutinized and required to identify himself there must be some truth in the old saying that the harder the "touch" the surer you are of making it. Somewhat amusing was the experience of Detective Ed Gibson, who arrested Carpenter in the Crocker-Woolworth National Bank, after he had passed one cheque for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and was in the act of negotiating another for five hundred dollars. Only a few days before Gibson entered the bank to get a cheque for seven dollars cashed.

"We don't know you here; you'll have to be identified," he was told.

"Why, I am Detective-Sergeant Edward Gibson of the San Francisco police department," said he, at the same time exhibiting his star.

"I don't know anything about that," said the teller. "You must be identified just the same."

And Gibson had to step around the corner to find one of the thousands who know him to identify him.

Close to the British Throne

Quite an interesting Britisher came to town the other day in the person of Colonel Cecil Grenfell, one of London's crack polo players. He was well supplied with letters to men and women of the Burlingame set. The Colonel became the object of much interest as soon as it was learned that he was the cousin of Will Grenfell, famous as King Edward's most intimate chum, and a near relative of the Duke of Marlborough.

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The Social Dictator

From a gentleman who was here with the Taft party I learned that a great injustice was done Mrs. Roosevelt some time ago by one of the dailies which represented that she was trying to create an exclusive social set in Washington. He said that nothing could be more remote from Mrs. Roosevelt's intentions, for she cared very little for social splurging. He added that it was not generally known that a woman is employed in the White House to attend to perfunctory social affairs. "Rulers of the Old World," he said, "who appoint as grand masters of ceremonies men old in years and in experience, and familiar with all details of social etiquette, would undoubtedly be surprised, to say the least, if they knew that the President of the United States has put the burden of similar duties on the shoulders of a young woman. Although Major Charles McCawley is supposed by many to be the one in charge of all social affairs in the White House, it is known only to the few that the real power behind the throne is Miss Hagner, known as Mrs. Roosevelt's social secretary. Few women, if any, hold positions which require more clear judgment, knowledge of the fitness of things or which carry more responsibility with them than the one occupied by this young woman. The making of lists of guests, the discrimination necessary in sending out invitations for different entertainments, receptions, dinners, etc., all is left to Miss Hagner. She makes all the plans for the social season, and with the assistance of other secretaries carries them out. There is not one person whose name is on one of the lists whose character, position and social standing has not been investigated, and Miss Hagner's word as to the propriety of inviting such and such persons at different times is final."

Advantages of Being Deaf

A tenant in a New York apartment house has been making bitter wail in the newspapers over his sufferings from a piano-pounder in a neighboring apartment. According to his version it would drive a deaf mute to lunacy. This is an exaggeration. A mute might be driven to lunacy through his inability to express his feelings in strong language, but the deaf mute is immune to the soul-harrowing sensation which the piano-thumper inflicts on his neighbors. Deafness has its glorious compensations. Think of the comfort of walking the streets in quiet, oblivious to the clanging of bells, the tooting of horns, the rattling and banging of heavy trucks, loosely loaded, and the strident voices. Think of the hours of time wasted in answering futile telephone calls, going to the door to tell peddlers that one does not want potatoes, and to tell book agents that a History of Creation in forty-nine volumes on the installment plan is not an essential of happiness, to say nothing of the frivolous remarks one must endure from acquaintances for the sake of politeness. If the deaf must forego the opera they escape the "musical evenings" of their friends. If Paderewski cannot be heard, neither can the infant prodigy in the upper flat nor the raucous hand-organ in the street below.

Mr. L. D. Ventura will read in French and deliver an address on modern languages on the evening of October twenty-third, in Steinway hall. Invitations may be obtained at the Osborn Music Conservatory.

Juliet Crosby has returned home after a brilliant engagement at the Belasco, Los Angeles. Her last appearance was as Kathie in the third act of "Old Heidelberg" at the Oberle testimonial.

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REPRESENTATIVES

KEARNY AT POST

The Immodest Zangwill

Israel Zangwill is one of the few lions of letters who has never visited Western America, but "Merely Mary Ann" is not the first of his plays that has been seen here. We had the dramatized version of "Children of the Ghetto," with Wilton Lackaye in the principal role, a good many years ago. Zangwill is a remarkable man. Born in the London ghetto, the son of poor Russian immigrants, he managed to distinguish himself at the Jewish Free School, and at sixteen had published several clever articles. He became a teacher in the parish school and graduated with honors from the University of London. After leaving college he founded a comic paper which had but a brief life. Then he plunged into the vortex of the London newspaper world. It took him some time to learn how to write, that is to express his thoughts in readable English, but he managed to live while learning and even to gain a place in the world of letters. He made a bid for the reputation of a wit by publishing a volume of essays, "Without Prejudice," in which he showed himself as a phrase-maker and an expert in the school of topsy-turvey paradox. It is evident from these essays that he had studied Wilde and Shaw to advantage, and in imitation of them posed as a great egotist. The personal pronoun is rampant on every page. But this studied conceit seems to be by way of protest against the mock modesty of the average essayist, an affectation which he pronounces "the most ludicrous of human shams," and adds, "I have nothing of this modesty to be proud of. I know that I am cleverer than the man in the street, though I take no credit to myself for it, as it is a mere accident of birth, and on the whole a regrettable one." Unfortunately Mr. Zangwill bores with his mountebankish affectation of immodesty, for he harps too persistently on one string.

Manners Mended While You Wait

More than one Englishwoman of title makes, 'tis said, a tidy penny mending the gaping manners of American girls, putting to rights their gaucheries, sewing on little polite patches, instructing them how to show a fair front and conceal the seamy side—fustian forebears, and the like; making them presentable to the fastidious eye of England's monarch, lilies of the drawing-room, neither toiling nor spinning, but arrayed as never was Solomon in all his glory; teaching them the way they should go crabwise out of the august presence of kings, without so much as a single *faux pas*. Methought Columbia had turned her back on royalty once and for all, with admirable, if rude, independence. In every court save that of the king of kings my mind's eye was wont to picture her haughty-headed, straight-limbed, incapable of genuflections gawky or graceful. Why, dear girl, be at so much pains and expense to give to Ned abroad honor that you deny to Ted at home? Democracy, my love, tell me for what reason you consider a triple ostrich plume in your *coiffure* the feather of feathers in your cap? By George, for the life of me, I can see none. Little Miss Independence, do you, my child, really feel justified in holding your head higher than ever, after having held it so low; after having made your ridiculous obeisance—the while the world looked on—at Windsor Castle or St. James', whichever place was the scene of your delection and defection? Believe me, girlie, in the amused

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eyes of those to the manner born you fill to perfection the vacant place of the court fool.

Reunion of Classmates

An event of unusual interest was a reunion of old classmates at a lunch given by Mrs. Henry Myers at her residence, 2460 Washington street, on September twenty-third. Nineteen representatives of the class assembled in person, and letters were read from absentees. Mrs. Myers presided charmingly, assisted by a bevy of graces in the persons of her daughter, Edna, and her young friends. A feature of the occasion was a poem composed and read by Mr. Henry Myers. The table decorations were autumn leaves, and the favors consisted of pins in the form of Japanese maple leaves enameled in autumn colors. Miriam Myers, the second daughter of the hostess, is completing her studies at Smith College. She is an accomplished musician, and while in this city was a pupil of Sir Henry Heyman.

They've Leased Their Lot

It seems fully decided that the Bohemian Club will not build on the lot at the corner of Taylor and Post streets which it purchased some time ago. The club has leased the property, on which stands the synagogue where the congregation Sherith Israel formerly worshiped, to the Christian Science church which has been holding its meetings for years in a Sutter street hall. The synagogue will be remodeled and will be the temporary home of the Christian Scientists until their new church is erected at the corner of Sacramento and Scott streets.

George Osbourne and family have reached London, after touring Belgium and Holland and spending a fortnight at Ostend. Their globe trotting expedition which began last December will cover more than a year.

The Mayo Newhalls are in New York buying the furnishings for their new home. After their shopping is over they will visit the Houghtellings in Chicago and will bring their daughter Margaret home with them. She has been visiting her future husband's relatives.

Praise From a London Critic

William Gillette has produced his latest play, "Clarice," in London, and it has been severely scored by Max Beerbohm, the scholarly critic of the *Saturday Review*, who points out the numerous theatric absurdities of the plot. Mr. Beerbohm also pays a high compliment to the histrionic art of American mimes. "Nearly always, American companies give one the impression that in America the acting is on a higher level than here—that it is more natural and better disciplined. Much of its charm may be the mere charm of foreignness. But, even so, there remains a wide margin that cannot be ignored. One obvious advantage of the American theatre is its full supply of competent ingenues. In our theatres ingenues do not begin to approach competence till they have long ceased to seem ingenuous. In America, apparently there is no such retardment." Of Marie Doro, who was last seen in this city in a musical comedy and who plays the part of Clarice, he says: "She is an altogether exceptional person—so highly finished is her art, which can have only just begun. But, though I have not seen her match, I have seen many American ingenues who might be mentioned in the same breath with her. In England we never mention our ingenues. It would be brutal."

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Tong Wars in New York

"All things come round to him who will but wait." Right on the top of all the rumpus over the narrow-mindedness of the Pacific coast on the subject of Chinese exclusion comes a complaint from New York of the Tong wars in Gotham's Chinatown, and a demand that restrictions be placed on the owners of firearms. It has begun to dawn on the good people of the other side of the continent that their meek and docile yellow brethren are not all they seem to be, and now *Leslie's Weekly* objects to their policy of "preparing for war in time of peace." They really have not had such a bad time of it yet. Down in South Africa the coolies are giving trouble, too. They probably are no worse than a similar class of any nationality would be if imported in large numbers and colonized, but they are bad enough. In those dear delightful days when California housewives are believed to have been living in the happiness of having at command an inexhaustible supply of cheap and efficient domestic servants, it was almost an every-day occurrence to have whole families wiped out because a Chinaman had a grievance, or thought he had. As yet New York does not know what a Tong war is. The North would not accept the views of the South on the character of the negroes, nor would the East see the Mongolian with Western eyes, nor the West take the tenement house problem seriously. It is only the stocking that knows how the shoe pinches.

Among automobilists who made the week-end run to Byron Hot Springs last Saturday were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Pierce and Dixwell Lloyd Pierce of Davisville; Mr. and Mrs. George Metcalf, Mrs. Thomas R. Bacon and John B. Metcalf of Berkeley in their big Winton; Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Harris, Mrs. M. C. Harris and son and Mrs. Etta Chadburn of San Francisco in a Pope-Toledo; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCabe and Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Bishop of San Francisco in an Autocar.

The Bauer Programs

All the musically inclined will crowd into Lyric Hall next Monday night to hear Harold Bauer play the great Bach chromatic Fantasia, Beethoven's Sonata Op. 53, the Davidsbundler dances of Schumann, Chopin's B minor Scherzo, the Hungarian march by Schubert-Liszt and the rarely played etude, "The Wind," by Alkan. At the second concert on Thursday night the feature will be a suite in seven movements by Handel, Schumann's Faschingschwank and, for the first time in this city, the prelude, choral and fugue, by Caesar Franck. At the Saturday matinee Beethoven's Sonata in D minor, the Rhapsodie in B minor and intermezzo in A, by Brahms, Weber's Rondo Brilliante and groups of Schumann and Chopin works form a particularly interesting program. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices being $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, including reserved seats.

The Eames Programs

Emma Eames will give her first concert here on October twenty-sixth, singing the aria from Mozart's "Cosi fan Tutti," Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," Brahms' "Am Sontag Morgen," Henschel's "Spring" and, with Mr. Gogorza, the grand duet from "Hamlet." At the matinee on Saturday, October 28th, Mme. Eames' numbers will be the two great scenes from Puccini's "La Tosca," Massenet's "Elegie" and Bach's "Mein glaubiges Herz," the last two with 'cello obligato, and with Mr. Gogorza the beautiful duet, "Crucifix," by Faure. The assisting artists will all have important numbers and the complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens next Thursday morning at nine o'clock. Prices will be $3.00, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00, and there will be but two concerts, both at the Alhambra.

The remodeled Zinkand's will open early next month under the management of John Tait, the most experienced caterer that ever came to San Francisco. He has many surprises in store for epicures and fashionable patrons of the after-theatre cafe.

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The Financial Field

"The sensation of the week," writes my Goldfield correspondent, "is the great strike made in the Kendall mine on Columbia Mountain, within a mile of the town of Goldfield. A vein of ore four feet wide that averages clear across eleven hundred dollars per ton has been disclosed at the 20-foot level. On the surface where the strike was made the owners of the Gardner-Oddie lease had taken out one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of ore. The lessees didn't have time to go to any depth, and the present strike has been made within three feet of their workings by the company itself. In addition to this strike the company has been working in another shaft, a few hundred feet away, and here, at the 100-foot level, they are sacking shipping ore from a vein that is five feet wide. A shipment of 50 tons of this ore was made to the Columbia sampler on Thursday. It will net $100 per ton.

"The Kendall adjoins the Sandstorm, and is said by experts to have as good a showing as the Sandstorm itself. Its ledges are apparently a continuation of those of the Sandstorm property, and the two properties are practically of the same character.

"That part of the Goldfield uplift that lies directly east of the Dixie mine, in the line of the Golden Horseshoe, is now the scene of a lot of activity. Knickerbocker Mountain, which adjoins the Dixie on the east, has just passed into new hands, and the Windsor group, which lies directly east, adjoining Knickerbocker Mountain, is reported to have been bonded to the Broughton Brothers for $60,000. Immediately adjoining the Windsor on the east lies the Davenport group, in which John McKane and Key Pittman own a half interest. D. H. Perry has just purchased a quarter interest in this group from Harry Knickerbocker. Within a thousand feet of the Windsor, midway between the Windsor and the Blizzards groups, lies the Piute claim, and here a shaft, that has been sunk to a depth of sixty feet, has revealed $300-dollar ore in sufficient quantity to warrant sacking for early shipment. On the Blizzard group a shaft is being sunk on the ledge where assays on the surface of $36 per ton were obtained two weeks ago, and the entire ledge is being prospected on the surface.

"An important strike has been made on the January, but particulars cannot be obtained. Sol Camp, the superintendent, verifies the information but announces that the company will not make any statement until it has done more exploring.

"There are more men at work in Goldfield district now, three to one, than there were last spring, and tremendous activity is observed in every direction. In the shipment of ore to the samplers and smelters Goldfield is rapidly shattering all previous records of mining districts. This has not been so much in the gross tonnage as in the remarkably high average in the values. During the remaining three months of 1905, the output of Goldfield is conservatively estimated by mining engineers J. F. Mitchell and W. A. Stanton at over $750,000 per month."

Business in the Stock and Bond Exchange continues quite brisk, trading in Bonds aggregating $294,000; in Shares 7986, as follows: 2244 Lighting, 1175 Water, 1217 Miscellaneous, 50 Bank and 2300 Sugars. San Francisco Gas & Electric rose another 1¼ points, selling at $85.¼, high mark for the present movement. Spring Valley Water remains steady at the stereotyped quotation of $40.⅝. Alaska Packers' Association reacted about 2.½ points under very small sales reaching $62, but again declined at the close to $60 bid, $61 asked. Business in Sugar stocks continues in fair volume, prices in most instances remaining very strong.

A letter received from the superintendent of the Double Eagle Gold Mining Company was as follows:

"Tonopah, Nev., Oct. 8, 1905.

"The contractors working in the May shaft continued the sinking seventeen feet for the week ending on Saturday and eighth. During the progress of the past week the vein maintained strong and well defined, showing clean walls with an abundance of talc carrying values though not as rich in gold as the work of last week showed. The vein is becoming better defined each day and the values are up to average of past work and in some instances better than heretofore. The formation is certainly changing to a more solid matrix; in fact it seems to be coming into the lode porphyry so characteristic of the mines in Oddie Mountain and now that the cleavage is so strongly pronounced future development will be watched with the utmost interest.

"Very truly,

"T. J. CASTELLO."

Business on Pine street is picking up a little.

—The Financier.

FACTS ABOUT CANCER.

A new booklet published at considerable expense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of 416 Main St., Dallas, Texas, tells the cause of Cancer and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc., and is a valuable guide in the management of any case. It advises the best method of treatment, and the reasons why. In short, it is a book that you will value for its information. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of ten cents, stamps or coin.

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The Stage

MARION SHIRLEY
As Madge in "In Old Kentucky," Grand Opera House beginning tomorrow, Sunday matinee.

Zangwill's Sentimental Play

In "Merely Mary Ann" Mr. Israel Zangwill does not enhance his reputation as a man of letters, but he demonstrates his skill in the manipulation of the chords of the human heart. Mary Ann steals into your sympathies by throwing your judgment off guard through the medium of a subtle blending of the purely fanciful and the theatrically plausible. Mr. Zangwill does not deal in realities, yet he cleverly deludes you into the notion that he is going to portray the comedy and tragedy of London lodging house life, and after preparing you for an artistic transcript by showing you the antics and eccentricities of "types" and getting you into a receptive mood he serves you with a sugary compound of impossible sentiment and you are smacking your lips approvingly before you discover the deception. It is charlatanical dramaturgy, but with the aid of Miss Eleanor Robson Mr. Zangwill gives you all the sensations that are produced by the real thing. Miss Robson goes far beyond her material, and gives a delicate, subtle performance, bringing more pathos to the role than is to be found in the lines, and making flesh and blood of a character that is distinctly an idealistic creation. Mary Ann is a type sentimentalized. To make her effective for the purposes of the plot she is rendered unsophisticated to the point of feeble-mindedness. To give her the air of the simple, benighted maiden from bucolic regions Mr. Zangwill makes her more ingenuous than Topsy. She has an undeveloped soul for music and though she has passed the age of puberty and is working in a cheap London lodging house patronized by seedy journalists, rollicking medical students and sporty vaudeville females, she doesn't know what the young musician means when he proposes to take her for his mistress. But it is this very child-like and bland ingenuousness that stirs your sympathy and compels you to concern yourself for the fate of the poor simple-minded maiden who, of course, as you very well know, is in the end to become the wife of the struggling, distressed musical genius. You are convinced there is to be a happy ending because the play has all the ear-marks of that brand of drama. The play is one series of concessions to lovers of maudlin sentimentality, and the characters are puppets ingeniously adjusted to no purpose but that of catching sympathy, and they catch that from the going up of the curtain down to the close of the third act, for there is much that is human as well as much that is unreal in the play, and the story is told with some power and a judicious distribution of pathos, bathos and humor. Judged merely as a sample of contemporary drama, it is a fine piece of playsmithing, and its author deserves the success he en-

ELEANOR ROBSON
In "Merely Mary Ann" at the Columbia.

joys, but judged as the work of a man of letters it is puerile and tawdry, vulgar and theatric, inartistic and cheap. The story of the impecunious lodger, the musical genius unappreciated by the mob but adored by the drudge, is familiar. We have all met the lodger's landlady and we have even witnessed before, that comic situation resulting from the landlady's application for her rent from the penniless artist. The breezy, prosperous friend has become a tradition and a classic, and we have been touched by the soaring pride of the struggling genius who is at work on something that is destined to make him rich and famous. We have pitied him in a thousand guises for being too poor to marry, and for letting the heiress slip away from him for no particular reason. Her slipping away, however, invariably gives us a thrill though we know they will be reunited. All this familiar dramatic material has been cleverly worked over by Mr. Zangwill, and in a way to perfect the element of suspense much to the joy of enthusiastic Columbia Theatre audiences. Moreover he has had the courage to appeal to our risibles by some of those revered tricks that bring back to memory our childhood theatre days. Who can fail to recall how he almost fell out of his seat with laughter when he first saw the absent-minded chap overdose the tea with sugar and pass it to his guest who added a few more cubes, being in ignorance of the quantity that had already been absorbed? Mr. Zangwill deftly revives this antiquated situation and evokes the guffaw as of old. Mr. Zangwill's ingenuity is successful until the final act when its exhaustion becomes apparent. He does not deal easily with high society, and Mary Ann, who was interesting as a lodging house type, becomes very unrealistic as a woman of fashion, despite the artistry of Eleanor Robson. This young actress has made great strides in her profession, and Mr. Zangwill should feel greatly indebted to her for her great achievement in the title role of his play. She makes of Mary Ann a living, breathing character, and at no time does she expose her method. There is grace and delicacy in her impersonation and the touch of genius is over all. The company is one of the best that has come to town in years, and notwithstanding the distinctness of characterization achieved by each member of the company there is one that stands out in bold relief, that of the breezy friend played by Ernest Mainwaring, an actor of excellent finish and skilled in producing the illusion of naturalness. The Launcelot of Mr. Warner is slightly marred by fits of indifference. There are times when he appears to be taking his role without sufficient seriousness. Ada Dwyer does a capital bit of character work as Mrs. Leadbatter, and Margaret Fuller plays Rosie as though temperament and lack of poise and polish qualified her for the part.

Theodore Bonnet.

Tetrazzini's Amina

I have a very dim memory of Patti's Amina, so when I heard somebody else sing the role—in the old days when the Tivoli ran a grand opera in occasionally between comics—I could enjoy the familiar music without making invidious comparison. There is such a difference between the big toad in the grand operatic puddle and the little polliwog that it would be absurd to try to compare them. Best enjoy the little ones, I say, and they prepare us for an appreciation of the big ones when they come our way. I am glad to have been one of the Tivoli audience on Tuesday night when Tetrazzini sang Amina. She is one of the great ones in the world of song. Each hearing of that matchless voice convinces one of that. One could shower Tetrazzini with all the florid adjectives in the dictionary

Scene from "THE CRISIS" at the Alcazar

and not one would come amiss. We need not fear how New York will take her when she appears there with Conried. New York will take her but one way—to its heart. "La Sonnambula" is a one star opera and for that reason was always a favorite of Patti's. The fair Adelina always caroled her most joyous note when singing Amina. Tetrazzini is the least jealous of prime donne, and she always wants the rest of the singers to share the applause with her, but on Tuesday night there was no reason to applaud anybody else, unless it were Polacco, who led royally, and Gravina, who sang Rodolfo with noble ease and understanding. It was Amina's night. Tetrazzini, who always forgets herself in her part, changed before our eyes from the simple childlike girl, gleeful over her betrothal ring and flowers, pouting when her fiancee chides her, to the sad little woman of the last act, where she carols, unknowingly to herself, of her sorrows to an audience of villagers. The story of "Sonnambula" is one of the most improbable of the old operas. To be realistically ended Amina should spurn the lover who refused to believe in her virtue, instead of taking him to her heart again. But such is Tetrazzini's power that no one could realize the absurdity of the finale, but all were honestly glad that the opera ended happily with a final carol of joy from Tetrazzini's golden throat. The Bellini music calls for even more intricate coloratura work than "Lucia," and Tetrazzini sang in her most birdlike way. Her greatest work was in the second act in the Count's sleeping apartment, in the aria which blends into the chorus. The dramatic intensity that the singer put into the music was the kind that sends creeps along the vertebrae and down into the knees. The scene had to be repeated, the audience was so clamorously applauseful.

The New Ingenue

I always wondered how Harry Corson Clarke managed to keep a-going on "What Happened to Jones" for so many

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Wednesday Night, "CARMEN," with Alice Coleman as Carmen.
Thursday Night, "SONNAMBULA," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti.
Friday Night, "OTHELLO," with Petrella, Grasse, Angioletti, Salassa.

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ELEANOR ROBSON
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A natural comedy by Israel Zangwill
SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 22—ANDREW MACK in his great success
"TOM MOORE"

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Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday

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The Famous Play of the Civil War
From Winston Churchill's Novel
Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c

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Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Oct. 15th

SENSATION AND FUN

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY, Demonstrated by Captain Blum; Three Nevaros; Raymond and Caverly; Dean Edsall and Arthur Forbes; LESLIE AND DAILEY; Malani Trio; Browning and Wally; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last week of ARTHUR PRINCE.

Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 10c, 25c and 50c.

seasons. Though it was George Broadhurst's first success it is by no means his greatest, and I presume he is no prouder of it than other playwrights are of their infant efforts. "What Happened to Jones" is not so good as "The Private Secretary" on whose lines it was modeled. It is not so crisp in action and its absurdities are not so laughable. But the Alcazar company gives it a bright reading and perhaps for this hot spell we are having it is as good as anything else for an evening's *pour passer le temps.* It serves to introduce the new ingenue, Lenora Kerwin, as the Swedish maid-servant, and she acts the role for all it is worth. She proves herself an artist, in her make-up. I have seen her off the stage and know she is a pretty girl, but she sacrifices her looks to Helma's needs. She received the usual rousing Alcazar welcome on Monday night, with flowers enough to fill a truck, and the tears were in her baby-blue eyes as she stammered her thanks. Waldron plays Jones in a quiet key, with humor but without exuberance. In the bishop's knickers he displayed a pair of thin but shapely legs, as agile as Edwin Stevens's. Maher as Ebenezer Goodley, Adele Belgarde as his wife, Homans as the real bishop, Byers as the lunatic and Nera Rosa as Alvina are the real spirit of farce. Miss Moore, Miss Allen, Miss Snyder and the others fill their roles with the required vivacity.

Pete's Brother at the Orpheum

Billed as a brother of Pete Dailey, the Dailey at the Orpheum this week might have done better had he decided to be press-agented on his merits alone. When any member of a family distinguishes himself above his brothers and sisters it is always better for them to change their names when challenging criticism in the same lines of work. The Orpheum Dailey is a clever chap but he is not so clever as plump Pete. And because we know he is Pete's brother we are driven to compare their merits, which we would not have done had we been ignorant of the relationship. Leslie, who supports Dailey, and is helped out in the task by Maud Emery, gives a tough stunt that suits the gallery and boxes equally well. Prince, the nautical ventriloquist, is an adept in his specialty. The Melani trio are as popular as ever and Browning and Wally give a skillful exhibition of acrobatics.

Another Davis Thriller

Owen Davis promises to become a formidable rival of Theodore Kremer and Lincoln J. Carter with Central audiences. His "Lighthouse by the Sea" last week was favored by large houses, and this week "The Whitecaps" has pleased even larger ones. "The Whitecaps" pictures a phase of Kentucky life that has become familiar to us through recent novels, and Mr. Davis has interwoven fact with fiction in thrilling style. Herschel Mayall has a part that gives him opportunity for courageous action, and he is never better than in such roles. Edna Ellsmere is the fair heroine, the judge's daughter, and Webster has the role of her father, whom the Whitecaps murder. Corrigan as a colored servant is, aside from his dialect, quite in the picture. Shumer returns from the Alcazar, to create the part of the desperate leading Whitecap, and he makes good. The play is a thrilling melodrama with picturesque mountings.

Next Week's Bills

Eleanor Robson will remain at the Columbia another week in "Merely Mary Ann." Andrew Mack, the Irish comedian, comes next in "Tom Moore" and "The Way to Kenmare." Mack is just back from a successful Australian tour.

"In Old Kentucky," of which no one will ever tire, comes to the Grand tomorrow (Sunday) matinee. For thirteen years "In Old Kentucky" has been drawing big crowds wherever presented and it will probably remain a standard attraction for several years to come. There will be a strong cast to interpret the roles of the Colonel, Madge, Aunt Lethe, Holton and the rest, and a big pickaninny chorus, with the jolly band. Beginning Monday night, October thirtieth, "Ben Hur" will be the attraction for two weeks only.

Though Isabel Irving presented "The Crisis" here some time ago, the Alcazar production next week will be the first stock presentation of the Winston Churchill dramatized novel. Lucia Moore, herself Southern born, should be suited to the role of Virginia Carvel, and the character should fit the manner and method of Charles Waldron. Lenora Kirwin will have the ingenue role. On October sixteenth will be given the first San Francisco production of Clyde Fitch's comedy "April Weather," written for Sol Smith Russell. After this will come "Iris." Neither of these plays has ever been given in stock.

The repertoire at the Tivoli next week will be: Tuesday night, "Il Barbiere Di Siviglia"; Wednesday night, "Carmen" with Alice Colman in the title role. Miss Colman is a San Francisco girl who has just returned from Europe where she has been studying with French and Italian masters. She is a daughter of Charles Colman and a niece of M. A. Gunst. Thursday night "Sonnambula" will be repeated by special request with Tetrazzini, Bazelli and Gregoretti, and Friday night "Otello" with Petrella, Grasse, Angioletti and Salassa in the cast.

At the Orpheum Captain Bloom, an electrical expert, will demonstrate Marconi's wireless telegraphy. The three Nevaros, clever acrobats, will duplicate the hit they made when here before, as also will Raymond and Caverly, the "Wizards of Joy." Dean Edsall and Arthur Forbes, two recent recruits from the legitimate stage, will present Miss Edsall's one act comedy, "The Two Rubies."

A big production of the famous melodrama, "Tracked Around the World," is to be the attraction at the Central. The play shows famous scenes in Chicago and New York, San Francisco, Paris and Madrid, with a bull-fight in progress. Many extra people will be employed in the production, including Grace Goodall, Lolita Robertson and Marion Badger.

At the Chutes will be Senor Arnoldo, with his troupe of jaguars, panthers and leopards; Lancy and Schwartz, society sketch artists; the De Graw trio of comedy acrobats; Macauley and Donovan in a comedy sketch and Petronella D'Arville, violin virtuoso.

Ade's Sultan Again

There has been a dearth of good musical comedy in this city of late, and consequently when "The Sultan of Sulu" came to the Grand there was a great rush for seats, and the performances have been attended by large throngs. The company contains some pretty good talent and gives a very spirited performance. There is an abundance of rippling music in the Sultan, and though the book is not bril-

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PETRONELLA D'ARVILLE
Violin Virtuoso at the Chutes.

liant, it presents some very amusing situations. To the character of the Sultan Albert Maher brings adornments of cleverness and vivacity. Harriet Sheldon as the up-to-date woman is a picture well drawn. Nellie Nichols is a gladsome and charming Chiquita. The chorus is well balanced and the production on the whole is a meritorious one.

Some Reminiscences

Olive Oliver, who plays the nun in "Sunday," is best known to her old friends in Oakland as Emma Oliver. She went on the stage a good many years ago, having studied to that end with Mrs. Julia Melville Snyder. Miss Oliver did Shakespearean roles for awhile but later went into the regular stock repertory of New York theatres. One of her successes was the star role of "Lady Windermere's Fan," in which she succeeded Julia Arthur for a road tour. Her part in "Sunday" is an unimportant one and she fails to lift it into prominence. Mrs. Snyder was the popular dramatic teacher here many years ago. It was her custom to launch her pupils in star parts. Marie Howe was one of them. She came out as Camille. Mrs. Snyder's daughter, Emilie, who became a comic opera singer, made her debut at the age of thirteen as Fanchon. She is now manager of a dramatic stock company in New Orleans. Mrs. Norton Bush, the artist's wife, had a grand debut at the old California theatre supported by John McCullough. Then there was Nellie—now Eleanor—Calhoun, and Adele Waters, now dead, who later supported Joe Murphy and William Crane. Katherine Clemmons—now Mrs. Howard Gould—was also a Snyder pupil and she made her debut as Gabrielle de Belle Isle in the play of that name, at the Grand Opera House. Charlotte Behrens, who married Robert Mantell and died a few years ago, was another of the Snyder school. Mrs. Nat Brittan, Mrs. Brazell—Mrs. Sanger Pullman's sister, Virginia Earle, Mrs. Fanny Bowman Hall and Effie Bond were a few more whose names I recall.

—The Playgoer.

DEAN EDSALL
Who will present "The Two Rubies" at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon.

With the Cafe Noir

"So his jealousy is not without cause, you say? Well, I am not surprised, but I regret to learn that she has damaged her reputation. Do I know her? Well, yes, I know *of* her; that is, I knew of her before they were married. Let me see, that was fourteen years ago. I was twenty-three then, and I remember that she was younger than I by two years. You say that she looks to be my senior now? Well, how old does he look? Fully sixty? Well, that's astonishing. He is her senior by a little less than twenty years, but come to think of it, he had the reputation of being a pretty gay blade just before their marriage. I recall that he had a hard time getting out of an entangling alliance with a celebrated Parisienne. The effects of a fast life begin to tell on a man when he gets into the fifties. So now she is flirting with mere boys! Well! Well! And she looks more than her age, too! Yes, I suppose unhappiness does put lines into a woman's face. Perhaps it would have been better for her if she had not jilted her young lover. Did she? Yes, he was poor and she thought he was a fortune-hunter. Though her father had all kinds of money, she wouldn't encourage suitors who were not rich; that is, she discouraged all but one, and finally jilted him to marry a man who had almost as much money as her father. I knew the young fellow she jilted. How did he take it? Oh, quite philosophically. Indeed, when he learned her true sentiments, he seemed quite satisfied to be jilted. It probably occurred to him that she was hardly worth while save as a commercial enterprise, and as he had not proposed to her on account of her riches, he had no regrets. No, he never married; he became something of a misogynist after that, and he got along very well and enjoyed life, too. But I know he would feel very sorry for her, if he saw her looking older than her years, married to a broken-down old man and flirting with boys. It's a tragedy. What did you say—I've got a tear in my eyes? You suspect I'm the fellow who was jilted? Well, Bob, I don't mind confessing. I am, but I sympathize with her just the same.

—*The Dramatist.*

Wise Sayings That Interest

BY THE GLEANER.

The summing up of a philosopher in "Sons of the Morning," by Eden Phillpotts: "Nothing is new, and nothing is true, and nothing matters."

Philosophy of the Coquette:

"Comment fais-tu les grands amours,
Petite ligne de la bouche?"

Scriptural:

"There are three things for which the earth is disquieted—yea, four which it cannot bear: a servant when he resigneth; a fool when he is filled with meat; a handmaiden that's heir to her mistress, and an odious woman when she's married."

Byron:

"Few—none—find what they love or could have loved—
Though accident, blind contact, and the strong
Necessity of loving, have removed
Antipathies—but to recur ere long
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong."

"We pray 'Lead us not into temptation,' yet we would thrust ourselves into it."

Nathaniel Hawthorne: "The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove himself a fool; the truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom is to know when it ought to be resisted, and when obeyed."

George Eliot:

Nice distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black, than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue or green, to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbor is good for nothing than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher, is the slave of some woman or other.

Signora Antonietta Pisanelli.

Circolo Famigliare Pisanelli

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The performances are interspersed with English, typical Italian songs, and Neapolitan ballads.

The cinetographic views are changed every evening.
Refreshments sold only of first-class quality.

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Unico Cafe Italiano

BY A. M. TOMPKIN.

To the institutions eloquent of the cosmopolitan character of San Francisco has been added an Italian Cafe Chantant. This bit of news should gladden the hearts of the lovers of the Bohemian atmosphere.

When next you wander in the Latin quarter, it would be worth your while to wend your way to the corner of Union and Stockton streets, and step into what was formerly Bersaglieri hall, but is now the Circolo Famigliare Pisanelli. This new feature of the Latin quarter has been flourishing for two months, and has proved a boon to the sons of Italy. It is a distinct addition to the local Bohemia, and has been patronized by American artists and literary idlers who revel in the easy, unconventional atmosphere of the place and get inspiration from contemplation of scenes that are refreshing and alluring. Every evening the bright, airy hall is thronged with Italians who bring there their entire family and sit round the little tables, and listen to the songs, dramas and farces enacted on the stage, in front of which a small but acceptable orchestra discourses sprightly music. Quite a few Americans have taken to going there in search of Italian color; a dinner at Coppa's or Sanguinetti's is appropriately supplemented with a visit to the Circolo Famigliare Pisanelli, admittance to which is free. All kinds of refreshments are sold, including those typical of Italy—Neapolitan ices, cakes, Chianti and Marsala. The Pasquale Rapore Company which performs there nightly came from New York a month ago and it includes some of the most talented of the actors who played in the Bowery with Majori, whom the New York press belauded.

The enterprising founder of the Circolo is Signora Antonietta Pisanelli, a very pleasant, whole-hearted woman who successfully conducted a similar enterprise in New York, but allured by the potentialities of a large Italian population in San Francisco, she thought it possible to repeat the experience here. She first rented the Apollo hall, and having met with success there, assumed the responsibility of the large Bersaglieri hall, and with the help of an architect transformed the second floor into a small but attractive theatre. The Signora is a woman of brains who came to this country twenty years ago. She comes from an old Neapolitan family, and is the niece of the famous barrister who was Minister under Cavour in 1861—Signor Cavaliere Giuseppe Pisanelli.

A cheerful *"Buona sera, come state?"* greets you as you ascend the wide staircase, and the Signora is diverted for a moment from her multifarious duties to welcome you. With interest you watch the assembled crowd. At one table an artist in a loose coat, with *degage* tie, is intent on making rapid sketches of some of the interesting types around him, which some day perhaps may figure in a world-famous masterpiece, *Chi lo sa!*

At another table, three black-eyed girls, in large hats, with limp ostrich feathers drooping somewhat dejectedly over the brims, are regaling themselves on Neapolitan ice-cream; their bright red waists make vivid splashes of color in the hall. They are in high spirits and fairly bubbling over with the joy of living, and appear to have an unlimited capacity for *gelato.*

Suddenly the red curtains part, a short pink-skirted lady appears, tambourine in hand, and sings a vivacious canzonetta; much applause follows and loud cries of "Brava!" from a table of fishermen making merry over

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their Chianti, their white teeth gleaming in contrast with their bronzed faces, and their black eyes sparkling joyously. They are evidently out for a jolly time, and ready to enthuse indiscriminately at whatever comes along. Murmurs of *"Carina mia"* come in cooing tones from a little table in the farthest corner, where Enrico and Enrichetta are ensconced, exuding happiness at every pore, oblivious of surroundings, and undisturbed by the brilliant light which illuminates every corner.

Presently the curtains part again and a tender *Cantilena* fills the hall, seemingly in sympathy with sentimental Enrico. When the song dies away exuberant spirits again find expression in the buzz of voices and clink of glasses, until a shrill voice is heard above the merry din: *"Ecco, si alza il sipario."* Then comes a sudden lull, for the curtains are drawn back, and the piece de resistance of the evening has begun, a three-act comedy of the farcical variety, dealing with the adventures of twin brothers of the Dromio order. *"Che buffoneria!"* ejaculates in disparaging tones a Beau Brummel of the Latin quarter, wearing a high collar and a blase air. *"Ma, e bellissimo!"* returns his companion, a pretty girl with naive expression, whose eyes follow eagerly every movement of the low comedy star of the performance. The said star speaks in Neapolitan dialect, consequently the plot of the play is somewhat shrouded in mystery to all but his compatriots. By them he is warmly approved. They laugh boisterously at his sallies. He is at home in his role and scorns the prompter ensconced in a big box among the footlights, solemnly waving the while a fat white hand to indicate to members of the company when it is "up to them to cut in."

The family groups wax joyous over the adventures of the twin brothers; evidently the *Circolo Famigliare* is a pleasant change from the six by eight flats to which modern civilization condemns the majority.

"Bravissimo!" shouts a lusty-lunged and swarthy fisherman. The farce has ended, and a singer once more occupies the stage centre. The song wins rapturous attention, and even he of the high collar and blase air condescends to murmur, *"Nonce male,"* and the rest of the house thunder applause. About eleven p. m. the program draws to a close, and the various mammas gather up their broods preparatory to departure. Cries of *"Vieni qui"* are heard, mingled with protests from some insatiable youngsters, who are loath even now to leave this hall of enchantment. *"Addio"* is heard on every side; with talk and laughter they stream down the stairs and out into the night, with the Signora's cheery *"A rivederci"* ringing musically in their ears.

Thoughts

A bachelor's heart is an outlying fortress that some fair enemy may any day take, either by storm or stratagem.

It isn't all of us that can make conquests when our ugliness is past its bloom.

Oh, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know. *George Eliot.*

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Don't present anybody with an engagement cup until you've ascertained that she's not merely experimenting.

Don't boast to your friends that you eat a light breakfast; it's such a common habit.

Don't grumble if you can't find a seat in the car. If you object to standing, hire an automobile.

Don't talk if by your silence you can cover a magnitude of ignorance.

Don't imagine that you're the only man in town who wears the same brand of underclothing all the year round.

Don't sleep with your head out of the window or your neighbors will think you have consumption.

Don't move to Oakland just to make your friends think you are meek and lowly.

Don't promise your wife that you won't go to the races on Thanksgiving. You may change your mind if somebody gives you a good thing.

Don't ask anybody how is his good health. There are other less irritating ways of proving that you have an idiot's sense of humor.

—POLONIUS.

Automobile Topics

For Sanitary Purposes

A new automobile road sweeping and watering machine is at present undergoing its official trials by the sanitary department of the municipality of Paris. As a start it was given the most difficult task that could possibly have been found—namely, to sweep in and around the Central markets. Hundreds of market carts, rows of fruit and vegetable stalls, lines of sacks of potatoes drawn up in regimental order, and underfoot heaps of tramp led vegetation, among which moves the usual noisy crowd of buyers and sellers—such is the scene every morning in and around the Central markets. All refuse must be cleared away with great rapidity so as not to interfere with the ordinary course of business. Thus a machine was required that would take up little room, move rapidly, turn quickly and dodge around apple stalls and egg baskets without upsetting them.

Brickell's Trip

William D. Brickell, a newspaper owner of Ohio, is a great admirer of the automobile. Last week, in company with his wife and niece, he completed a tour of nearly two thousand miles, visiting Cleveland, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, Chicago, Toledo and other points. The party rode in a White steamer, the trip being made without a solitary mishap, not even a puncture occurring throughout the entire tour.

The Butters Auto

Charles Butters, the wealthy mining man of Claremont, and his wife are still enjoying most interesting expeditions to neighboring towns in their Columbia, which is one of the finest things in the motor-car line that has ever been seen in this part of the world. For the nonce, the Butterses have given up coaching for motoring, and they are enjoying the sport to the utmost.

C. A. Hawkins, general manager of the White Sewing Machine Company of this city, left last week for the scene of the Vanderbilt Cup race. After America's blue ribbon event in automobiling Mr. Hawkins will journey to the White factory at Cleveland, Ohio, in order to hurry shipments of the new models coastward and also to get additional cars to supply the ever-increasing demand for the side entrance White steamer.

What the Horn is For

The automobilist should bear in mind the fact that the proper office of the horn is not to sweep the road clear that his car may rush through at unchecked speed, but to warn those who, for any reason, are unaware of possible danger. A careful driver will save much noise and avoid irritating many persons by occasionally reducing his speed slightly rather than sound his horn. If such habits were more general there would be less complaint against the noises of the horn and against the automobile.

There are at the present time operating in the renting business in this city over ten White steam machines.

Motors for Mail

In view of the proposed motor car service on Union Pacific branch lines in Nebraska and Kansas, the postoffice authorities have taken steps to utilize the improvement for obtaining better service. Mail cars with at least fifteen feet of space for clerks are to be used. A rapid service will be instituted to take the place of that now carried in mixed passenger and freight trains.

The first carload of 1906 side entrance White steam touring cars has arrived in San Francisco. The machines are all equipped with aluminum bodies and the upholstering, which is of the finest hand-buffed leather, is much heavier than that on the sample '06 White first sent out here. One of the new cars is finished in an olive green with black, another in a magnificent coach blue and a third is painted a combination of wine and black.

—The Chauffeur.

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Peeping Bok of Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 7)

the flyblown neurotic novels of the day—"Baccarat," "Pigs In Clover," et cetera, in which the (Bok-like) peeping novelist capers nimbly into a lady's chamber—to the fragrant Bret Harte story that in the latter sixties so shocked a narrow-minded printer and a prudish young lady proofreader.

But to our sheep—I mean our Bok.

Bok is a blockhead for animadverting against woman's perfectly legitimate and entirely lovable predilection for baby ribbons, peekaboo waists, open-work stockings, fancy lingerie and other feminine foibles and furbelows. "Blockhead," because there are feminine fashions far more vulnerable to criticism. For example, ponder the way women are holding their skirts. Why do women (especially those with the lines of a Raphael and built up like a quarterhorse) hold their skirts so tight? Take up this crying question, brother Bok. Reserve your mordant fulminations for the women who, not content with swathing their skirts tight around them, cultivate into the bargain a sort of hoochie-coochie twist in their walk comical enough to tickle the tongue of their grandmother's shoe. Many of these hoydens have so developed this kangaroo-like juggle as to make the contortions of "Little Egypt" sedate in comparison. Yes, Bok should devote his famous "Side-Talks With the Girls" to the inartistic, indelicate and reprehensible taut stretching of skirts. The current eel-like skirts emphasize the more coarsely muliebrious effects. In brief, the new gowns (or rather, the new way of holding them) are an advertisement of that element of the eternal femine which cultivated femininity would keep farthest in the background. At least so declares the original shirt-waist man, Colonel "Bill" Reedy, the Pope of St. Louis, and editor Arundineous usually knows what he is writing about.

One word more, as the pulpit-thumpers put it. Bok, the sometime asexual, seems now to be qualifying for mention in the well-known treatises of Kraft-Ebing, Havelock Ellis, Lydston, Lacassagne, Moll, *et al.* "Baby ribbons" are apparently his fetich. With his X-ray gimlet-like eye, peeping Bok of Philadelphia seems to be able to undress a woman on sight. What he needs is a powerful anaphrodisiac. Too long reading of the illustrated lingerie ads. that stud his blameless publication has made Bok naughty. The bromide for rubberneck Bok, with his prurient itching to dwell on "bodices plainly showing billows of lace and of pink and blue ribbon." *A bas* Bok.

Advice to Diplomats

Louis the Fourteenth had in his court a nobleman known to be anxious for distinction. One day the king asked him if he understood the Spanish language.

"No, sire," was the answer.

"That is unfortunate," said the king.

The nobleman at once imagined that the king wished to make him embassador to Madrid, and, employing a teacher, applied himself to acquiring the language. At last, pale and exhausted, but with a satisfied, expectant look upon his face, he came to the king with the announcement:

"Sire, I can now speak Spanish."

"Do you understand it well enough to converse intelligently with a Spaniard?"

"Yes, sire," the man answered, his heart beating high in anticipation.

"I wish you joy," said the king; "now you can read 'Don Quixote' in the original."—*The Historian.*

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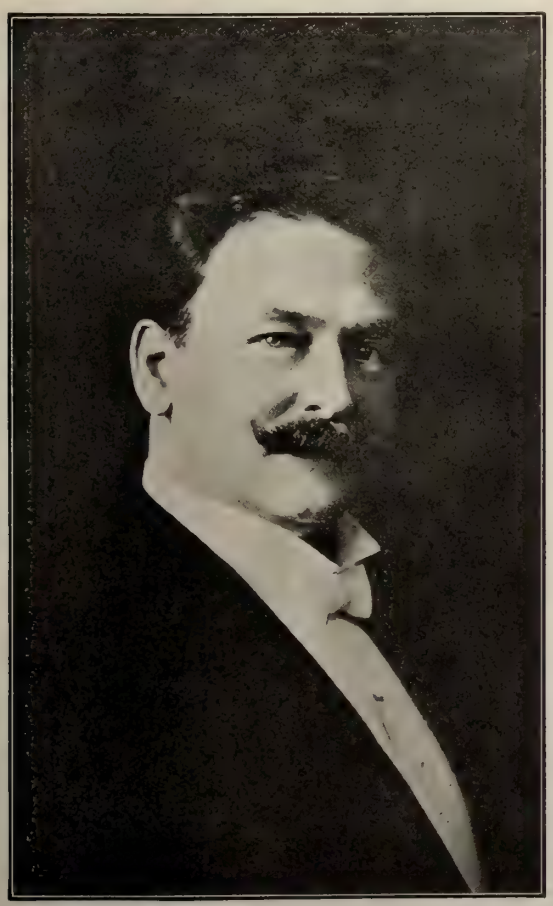
Music

The Heermanns

The half a house which listened to Hugo Heermann on Monday evening heard a violinist who for once has all the excellence his advance notices claimed for him. Heermann made good in every respect. He has virtuosity, purity of tone, warmth, and above all, soul. In the Ernst Nocturne in E major his instrument, a noble one by the way, sang like a Tetrazzini. The Brahms Concerto was the main event of the evening, and was played with brilliancy and a mastery of technique fully appreciated by the many musicians in the audience. They fairly reveled in his chromatic passages, double trills, and other hallmarks of the virtuoso. Heermann, however, has other qualities which appeal to a more general audience. He has depth, feeling and sincerity, and even his most technical passages are not mere show, but merely a means to an end. Heermann, the younger, has mainly a promissory interest as the son of his father. The young man's training tells in his accomplished technique, but his tone lacks the purity and evenness of the elder man. However, he is young and has time before him. Fred Maurer played the piano part in the Brahms Concerto in his usual musicianly manner.

—*Irene Connell.*



MAURICE LEON DRIVER,

The composer-pianist, will make his second appearance in this city at the Howe Club concert, which is to take place at the Alhambra Theatre on Wednesday evening, October 18th. He will play two extremely brilliant compositions of his own, "Les Hirondelles" (The Swallows), and the big etude in D flat called "The Wintry Wind."

Bauer's First Program Here

At Harold Bauer's opening recital here, in Lyric hall, he will play some very important numbers, including the Davidsbundler Dances and Faschingschwank by Robert Schumann, the Suite in G by Handel, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue by Bach, Prelude, Choral and Fugue, by Caesar Franck, beside works by Beethoven, Chopin, Poldini, Liszt and other masters.

Miss Eleanore Joseph will be the guest of honor at a reception next Wednesday afternoon at the Laurel Hall Club. Miss Joseph recently returned from Europe, where for four years past she has been studying voice culture. In Paris she studied with Madame Laborde and in Berlin with Gustave Frederic-Plaichinger. Miss Joseph was known here before her departure for Europe as one of our best pianistes. I hear that she has developed a very fine dramatic soprano voice which will be heard in concert this winter.

At the first meeting of the Mansfeldt Club after its summer vacation, new officers were elected: Helen Stocking, president; Hazel Knowles, vice-president; Carrie Sheuermann, treasurer; Ethel Duke, secretary. The club will give its first concert of the new season in November.

First Minetti Concertt

The first of the Minetti String Quartet chamber concerts for this season will be given next Friday evening in Maple hall, Palace hotel, at a quarter after eight o'clock. The quartet will be assisted by Hermann Genss, pianist, and the program will be: String quartet in G minor, op. 74, Haydn; Elegie and scherzo from piano trio in D minor, op. 32, Arensky; piano quintet in E flat, op. 44, Schumann. Such a program as this is delightful to the true music lover, and an appreciation of it is the distinguishing mark between culture and culturine.

Free Organ Recital at Trinity

Next Friday evening at eight o'clock Louis H. Eaton, organist of Trinity church, assisted by Miss Una Fairweather, contralto, and Samuel Savannah, violinist, will give his first free organ recital of the new season. The program will be: Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream, arranged by S. P. Warren, Mendelssohn; Choral-Vorspiel No. X, Brahms; Parsifal Paraphrase, Wilhelmj, Mr. Savannah; Sixth Trio Sonata, Bach; In Paradisum, Fiat Lux, Dubois; Incline Thine Ear, Stevenson, Miss Fairweather; Scherzo Symphonique, Miller.

For the Seamen's Institute

By desire of British Consul Courtenay Bennett and Mrs. Bennett, Madame von Meyerinck arranged a benefit concert for the Seamen's Institute on October third. A large audience attended the affair, and two rows of jackies helped out the program by singing one of their rallies during the intermission. All of the

Partridge says:

I recognize no class except the grafter and the honest man

participants otherwise were of the von Meyerinck School, Miss Jackson being the elocution teacher, Miss Fischer one of her pupils, Miss Blum a pupil of Frederick Zech, and Miss Wilcox the accompanist coaching there. The opening trio, "The Arethusa" (old English), by Misses Spink, Blake and Bertaud, was peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. The other numbers were: Ballad, A flat major, Chopin, Lilly Blum; Ave Maria, Bach-Gounod, Isabel Forcade (violin obligato, Miss Spink); monologue, Hunting for an Apartment, Edith Jackson; aria from "The Magic Flute," Oh, Isis and Osiris, Guide Them, Mozart, Irish Folksong, Foote, Marie Bertaud; trio, Alphabet (a musical joke), Mozart, Misses Spink, O'Brien, Bertaud; Good-bye, Tosti, Mrs. John Morrisey; Spanish Dance, Sarasate, Lilian Spink and Miss Wilcox; Little Boy Blue, Nevin, May Morning, Denza, Isabel Forcade; Waldesrauchen Forest Murmuring, Liszt, Lilly Blum; Serenade, Neidlinger, The Curl (Scotch), Marie Bertaud; A Bicycle Race, Lilian Fischer; quartet, The Rhine, Vogerich, Misses Spink, O'Brien, Blake, Bertaud. Little Isabel Forcade received the most applause of all and one of her encore selections was "Mary of Argyle" (old Scotch).

Joaquin Wanrell, the basso, was one of the participants in the big concert at the Macdonough theatre, on October fourth, given for the benefit of the building fund of St. Mary's parish, Oakland. Signor Wanrell sang the Verdi aria "O Patria" (I Vesperi Siciliani) and the same composer's "Ella giammai m'amo" (Don Carlos). Wanrell was also on the program at the reception given the Daughters of the Confederacy at the St. Francis the following evening, his numbers being the Toreador Song and the bass aria from "Sonambula." The basso had a long and successful season in the spring in Mexico with the company headed by Tetrazzini. "El Norte," the leading daily of Chihuahua, gave the basso warm praise for his Mephisto, saying it "was the salient feature of the representation. It brought forth well merited applause. The Serenata obtained the honor of an encore."

The Fine Recital

The most carping critic would have been satisfied with Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine's recital of Tuesday evening, October the third. Finished ease marked the rendition of every number, no detail of color, rhythm, or intention being slighted. The program was a diversified one, and none but a careful and intelligent student could have done justice to so many moods and styles. Mrs. Fine's clear enunciation must come in for a large share of praise. It is one of her greatest charms, and contributed greatly to the rounded artistry of her interpretations. Her program in itself was so well chosen, and the different numbers were so well and yet so differently executed that a detailed criticism would necessarily be a too lengthy one. Several of the selections had to be repeated, including the Bach "My Heart Ever Faithful," Henschel's "Shouggie Shou" and Frederic Norton's dainty "Mad cap Marjorie." The program in full was: Batti, Batti, Mozart; Lauf der Velt, Ein Traum, Grieg; Sandmannchen, Brahms; Schlagende Herzen, Standchen, Richard Strauss; Minuet, (17th century), Weckerlin; Coppelia (ballet music), Delibes; Aime Moi, Viardot-Chopin; Chanson de Scozzone (Ascanio), Saint-Saens; My Heart Ever Faithful, Bach; They Say, Randegger; Spring, Henschel; Shouggie Shou, Henschel; The Proposal, Mary Sumner Salter; Madcap Marjorie, Frederick Norton. Miss Grace Rollins at the piano was an able and intelligent accompanist.

An Hawaiian Musical Treat

The Honolulu Orchestra and Glee Club attracted good houses to Lyric hall with a repertory of native airs. There is something so sweet and penetrating about Hawaiian music that it appeals to all tastes and reaches all hearts. No one can escape its charm. The present organization was formed by the late King Kalakaua, and comprises ten musicians, all soloists and performers on different instruments, including violin, cello, double-bass, flute, saxophone, guitar, ukelele and taropatch, the last two being native instruments of the string variety. It will be seen that the organization, while not large, is unusually capable. The voices are all good, some of them remarkably so. The basso, James Kamakani, would attract attention anywhere. The old plantation song given by Keoni Eluene had a special and plaintive beauty, and nothing short of three repetitions would satisfy the audience on the night I attended. The appearance of the men in their white uniforms with sashes and neckties of light blue was striking in the extreme.

Madame von Meyerinck has been elected musical director of the choral section of the To-Kalon Club.

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Matrimony and Musical Stars

Josef Hoffmann is to marry Mrs. Eustis, we are told, a very prominent and wealthy woman. It is not likely that his marriage will affect his popularity. Paderewski is not less of a matinee idol because he has a charming wife. And when Jan Kubelik, the "boy prodigy" violinist of four years ago, returns to this country this autumn, he will bring with him his wife and their year old twins. Attended by a large retinue of servants brought from the Castle of Byher in Bohemia, this interesting family will make a five months' journey over the new world together. Pianists, violinists and singers have taken their husbands and wives with them, and occasionally a developed child, but their own twin babies never before. Kubelik, his wife, and the diminutive Kubeliks will make the long trip in a private car. The violinist's wife is the Countess Czaky-Szell, scion of one of the oldest and richest families in Bohemia. Her marriage with Kubelik was romantic and unusual for he, despite his genius, is only the son of a poor flower gardener.

When Calve appears here in concert she will sing numbers from "Carmen," the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," several French, Irish and Scotch songs, and, with Mr. Bouxmann, her tenor, a scene from Massenet's "La Navaraise."

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—The Music Critic.

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The Devil's Market

(Continued on Page 6)

verse, and her irresistible bribe of beauty. No matter how much he may have taken to heart the abuse of himself and others at the hands of "great big fellows, who ought to know better," 'tis a haughty child and abnormal that will not cease crying and wishing himself dead, when nurse comes to the rescue with inexhaustible song and story on her lips, the sweet of love in one hand and the sweet of beauty in the other. As for me, I have seen my dolls—dream children dear to me as were her real children to Rachel—slain before my very eyes, and have not refused to be comforted.

Of all my poor slaughtered innocents, dearest to me was Democracy. To this day I weep her untimely taking-off, and cannot bring myself to believe her dead and sawdust. My aristocratic kith and kin were wont to smile at her and at me for my love of her, but the more they smiled the more did I cherish her. To have saved her life, gladly would I have given mine.

And yet, I have the heart to be happy. I smile to see the waters that are above the earth bring forth, as it were a Venus of their own. I smile to see the virgin dawn, like a white flame, come tripping over the hills of dream, impearling her flower feet with priceless dew. And when the day, a matron now, with all her brood about her, vanishes from sight into memory's immeasurable sea, I still smile, albeit a little sadly. Yea, I have been known to smile in my sleep.

True it is, the world wounds us sore, and not yet is there an end of weeping, but long as beauty lives may balm be found in Gilead; and what country without its Gilead? Beauty kisses our sad eyes, and we can see nor sorrow nor evil; nothing but her sovereign self.

Spring and summer and autumn and winter come, bidding us dry our eyes, bringing, each, its gladdening sights, its solace of song, its seasonable folk lore and fairy tale.

"Many rascals are in the land," I say to myself.

"And roses," says myself to me.

"Lord Melvilles are stealing in high places."

"And larks singing in higher places still."

"How can you be happy in a world where so much misery is?"

"The happier I am, the less miserable is the world."

"What is the good of turning your back on ugliness?"

"The good of not seeing it."

"But that's selfish."

"Does ugliness, then, desire to be looked at?"

"But the facts—"

"Are for fools."

"Go to."

"Go to, too."

"I wouldn't like to be you," I say to myself.

"Nor I, you," says myself to me.

Being a man of moods has its little drawbacks, but, I trust, it makes good reading.

The average temperature at Hotel del Coronado last week was seventy.

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Letters

A Smart Set Satire

Perhaps "Mrs. Radigan" will be all the better appreciated because it is not a bit like what one would look for as a successor to "The Soldier of the Valley." Authors, especially the younger ones, are so much inclined to follow up one good story by another in a similar vein that Nelson Lloyd deserves a double share of praise, both for his good work and his escaping the rut. "Mrs. Radigan" is rather a series of episodes in the career of that energetic climber than a novel with a definite plot. It is a social satire in which the trials and triumphs of the new-rich family are related with an admirable good humor, and she deserved the success which crowned her efforts. In the expressive slang of her own breezy West, she "hit only the high places," and each time she rested but long enough for another and a higher bound. The Radigan genealogy was probably as good as that of her competitors, and her Kansas City French no worse. She went to New York with a definite intention to succeed socially, she knew just what she wanted and she was not hampered by any sentimental considerations. She was observant enough to learn in one lesson and she had fifty millions with which to pay for

From "McAllister and His Double" by Arthur Train

her instruction. She started on her social career with the assistance of two or three brokers' clubs, but before we have done with her she has gathered in the whole plutocratic clan and had the pleasure of seeing her sister refuse to marry an English earl, though, to be sure, she would rather have had him accepted, and she has taken up "old families" and dropped them by the way. There was a Mr. Radigan—but he did not count in the scheme of things, for all that the millions were chiefly his; but there was a sister, Pearl Veal. Ve-al—v-e ve, a-l, al. It's French" (Kansas City French). And Pearl had a pair of eyes, a smile and four millions of her own. She did nothing but smoke cigarettes. It really is a wonder that some seeker after novelty does not discard the hackneyed flowers the bridesmaids always carry at a fashionable wedding and have the dainty damsels walk down the aisle puffing some special brand of tobacco. There was a baby Radigan, too, but as mamma naively remarked, when some one discovered his existence, "We have been keeping him at Newport for the winter," and when she had her portrait painted by a very fashionable artist who suggested a maternal pose, young Master Radigan comported himself in such style that: "I just couldn't stand the kicks any longer, so we got a child from an asylum I am interested in." The Radigans built a mansion, they attended the horse-show, they had a box at the opera, and they gave an Indian costume ball, where Pocahontas, Minnehaha, the Apache Princes, Red Cloud and Hiawatha mingled together in happy oblivion to discrepancies in time and space, and tribal warfares were forgotten. Mrs. Radigan herself was "Pocahontas, and that there should not be the slightest color of scandal she made Radigan appear as Captain John Smith, so when he wandered

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up dragging his long rifle, she could with propriety acknowledge him as her husband." She named her carriage horses Samson and Delilah, "out of an historical novel," and called another Ulysses, "after a play," but then with fifty millions one can afford such luxuries, and apparently the only objection her contemporaries could have made was that their own wit was slower. She even wrote a novel herself, or at least began one, and the difficulties she encountered in the matter of spelling and having to consult a dictionary would daunt any soul less brave. "Mrs. Radigan" is as clever as any of the sketches of the smart set without the slightest trace of the vulgarity which so often mars such work. It must be read to be appreciated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Tragedy of Trifles

The sub-title "The Story of a Simple Soul" which was attached to "Kipps" when it appeared serially in an English magazine accurately describes H. G. Wells's latest novel. It is a tragedy of trifles, and were Kipps anything of a snob or an ordinary climber it might have been amusing instead of pathetic. As it is, Mr. Wells has artfully contrived to enlist our sympathies. Kipps is the beetle impaled on the pin of circumstances. We cannot laugh at his struggles, and we cannot laugh with him since there is nothing humorous from his point of view. After attending an "academy" for seven years, where the pupils wore mortar-board caps, and learning and teaching were both truants, he was apprenticed to a dry-goods dealer who taught him little concerning the business. In the one place he had books which he never learned to read, and in the other he handled bolts of table linen and napery, but ate in a basement dining-room from a table covered with oil cloth, and so he passed through his childhood and youth, dimly conscious that he ought to know more, yet with no idea of how he was to begin to learn. One tentative effort he did make, spending his solitary evening off duty at a free class in drawing, not because he cared to learn to draw but because it was the only one available, and when by a re-arrangement wood-carving was put on the schedule for Thursday evening, he took that in the same dull way. He had no vices, no inclination to dissipation, no ambitions and not an aspiration that he could put into words. "A 'underd pounds" was the extent of his wildest flight of financial fancy and "a 'underd pounds" was apparently as unattainable to him as a slice of the moon, when suddenly and without warning he found himself heir to a fortune and felt it a duty to live up to his position. He was too unsophisticated to know that his new and self-constituted mentors were only a shade less ignorant than himself, and his life at once became a martyrdom to the etiquette of calls and cards and clothes. He spent sleepless nights warrying over the proper bending of his hat-brim and the way to carry his gloves, and religiously tried to understand the rules laid down in "The Perfect Gentleman" and the "Correct Guide to Conversation." He was overawed by the intellectual miracle of an "anagram tea" and a helpless victim in the hands of his executioners. He found himself engaged to a very superior young lady and committed to the future of life in a fashionable London flat and "a circle of our own" which was as much of a mystery as the anagrams, and what the end of it all might have been no one can tell, for the proverbial last straw was laid on the willing camel's back—the worm turned. Poor, stupid, well-meaning Kipps made one desperate leap back to freedom and his kind. He turned away from the cards and culture, the clothes and calls, and actually felt relieved when his rascally solicitor embezzled everything and left him to begin anew with just enough for a comfortable start. One lays the book down wondering with Kipps himself, whether there ever was another quite like him, or whether he represents any considerable number of the lower middle class who have apparently every advantage within their reach, and yet who seem to miss everything. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

—The Bookworm.

Husband—Why are you going to the dentist?

Wife—Just because.

Husband—There's nothing the matter with your teeth.

Wife—No, but the dentist will find something the matter with them.

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, October 21, 1905 No. 686.

No. 14 ***Jack Wilson***

The popular young broker and club man is here depicted as a student of tape literature. His manner and appearance indicate that he doesn't expect it to hold him; perhaps it is because the company is not congenial. Mr. Wilson is a very enthusiastic Yosemite Park Commissioner, and from the background I should judge that visions of California's famous park are making it difficult for him to keep his mind on the tape.

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Frank Professor Faunce

President Faunce of Brown University says that "culture is not an aim but a by-product of education." President Faunce is a remarkably candid individual. The promotion of culture is not the aim of the twentieth century American university, but all university presidents are not so frank as to admit that the chief purpose of education is to perfect the student in the science of "get there." They prefer to keep alive the delusion that the modern educational system is devoted to the old ideals, that it seeks to promote culture and stimulate a zeal for the higher aims of existence. Indignant are they at the suggestion that education has drifted from its old moorings and become perverted in the shallows of commercialism. President Faunce, however, sees no necessity for deceiving the public. He knows that the spirit of the times is not to be shocked by the truth regarding the tendency in all American universities to equip men for the struggle for material success. Almost everywhere is culture subordinated to technical training and specialized inquiry. The classics as compulsory studies are more than ever on the defensive, and nearly all advocates of the traditional education admit that there is pressing need of reform, but President Faunce knows that the demand of the age is for that mental equipment which best qualifies a man for the pursuit of the elusive dollar.

Castro of Venezuela

Now that France is threatening to make a demonstration before Venezuela for the intimidation of the haughty and impertinent Castro, it occurs to us that it would be a good thing if the President of this country had the right to suspend the Monroe Doctrine in certain emergencies and for certain purposes. From all accounts President Castro is a pretty bad man. He appears to have no regard for the moral or legal obligations of the nation over which he rules, and he is the source of incessant annoyance and irritation. It is evident that he depends a great deal on the security guaranteed by this country, and yet Americans are subjected to worse treatment at his hands than are the citizens of any other country. He has behaved outrageously toward the American owners of the Asphalt lake in Venezuela, and the probability is that before long he will be called to account by the State Department. Castro tried to dispossess the owners of the lake by a hocus-pocus resurvey which the courts would not sustain, and then he seized the lake on the ground that the owners had favored a revolutionary party. The lake is now in the hands of a receiver who operates the plant, selling the asphalt to a company which is a rival to the owners. Castro has offered to return the lake to the owners for ten million dollars. These facts seem to have been established beyond the question of any one except Castro.

More Ships, More Practice

As a result of his recent investigations in Japan, Representative Foss of the House Committee on Naval Affairs is more impressed than ever with the need of ships of the line to have the American Navy equal to any demands which may be made on it in a foreign war. He reports that the Japanese laugh at the statement that torpedoes and similar devices played an important part in the taking of Port Arthur and the destruction of Rojestvensky's fleet. The version of those achievements that ascribes great execution to the torpedo, in the opinion of the Japanese, had its origin in the press agency of some submarine manufacturing firm. Representative Foss was told by the chief of the Japanese navy that heavy battleships and big guns did the work of ending Russia's power in the Orient. "It may be accepted as authentic," says Foss, "that no submarine was employed in the battle of the Sea of Japan, and torpedo boats were used only to administer the *coup de grace* to vessels already beaten. It is therefore the opinion of the chairman of the House Committee on Naval Affairs that to win great battles on the sea and to take and hold first rank in sea power, a nation must have an adequate supply of ships of the line. This is the opinion of naval experts the world over, but it is also important that the crews of the big ships know how to shoot. We must keep on building battleships, but we must not neglect our target practice.

Death Penalty for the Burglar

San Francisco is not the only large city infested with burglars in these piping times of graft and lax administration of police regulations. The police department of New York is as complaisant as our own, and the Eastern metropolis is now being exploited by expert criminals, much to the indignation of citizens who have suffered from their depredations, and who are inclined to put the blame where it belongs, on the police authorities. Josiah Flynt, an acknowledged authority, tells us that expert criminals never operate in large cities until after they have successfully negotiated for immunity with the leading police officials. They are known to those officials in every large city, and when the officials are honest the crooks are driven out as soon as there is an epidemic of the sort of crime in which the outcasts are expert. When they are permitted to sojourn in a city they operate at the risk of being caught by a patrolman, for the patrolmen are not taken into the confidence of the heads of the department, but that risk is not very great. So rampant have the criminals of New York become, that certain newspapers are now advocating an amendment to the Penal Code providing for the imposition of the death penalty on the burglar who has been caught armed. It is believed that such an amendment would have a most salutary effect which could not be wholly destroyed even with the connivance of the police. The same problem that is before the people of New York has been met by the people of other states. There are five or six states in which the law provides that the burglar who goes on a plundering expedition armed shall suffer the death penalty. The law has had a wholesome effect in checking crime. The men who uphold this law think that no more mercy should be shown to the armed thief than to the poisoner. In Texas where the law is in operation the people enjoy a feeling of security at night that is regarded as one of the highest blessings. The nocturnal burglar is almost unknown in Texas. If the fear of the death pen-

alty has done so much toward checking crime in Texas, it is surely worth while instilling it into the burglar in other states. The burglar is classed as one of the most despicable of thieves. He enters the house at night prepared to take human life at the slightest provocation, or at the first sign which threatens his liberty. No man, woman or child is safe. No punishment is too severe for the miscreant who starts out to commit burglary, and who by carrying a concealed weapon shows his intention of taking human life if interfered with.

The Compulsory Marriage

A London magistrate who had a young woman brought before him officially on a charge of child-desertion gave her the choice between marriage or jail, whereupon some of the newspapers fell upon him and denounced him for rating marriage as a penal institution, and censured his method as savoring of that ancient usage by which a criminal was permitted to elect whether he should make his exit by poison or the halter. And yet, there is scarcely a week in which some man is not placed in the same dilemma. He may deny and protest his innocence; he may be, and frequently is brought round at the point of a pistol, and yet no voice is ever raised in his behalf. He is generally regarded as the villain, whereas he is quite often the victim. Though it is a well established fact that girls are maturer of judgment than boys of the same age, and that in nine cases out of ten they are the pursuers, the fiction still holds good that women in the abstract are heavenly beings that have inadvertently strayed from their celestial homes, and that their innocence and unsophistication are excuses for their errors. It is questionable whether these marriages under compulsion are in the interest of good morals. As a rule the parties to the contract separate immediately, and it requires a process of law to induce the man to contribute anything toward the support of the woman and child. He is more than likely to betake himself from the jurisdiction of the court, and in any case, there is an application for divorce filed as soon as possible and generally granted on default. The advocates of these compulsory marriages are absurdly illogical, as George Bernard Shaw points out in his play, "Man and Superman." They denounce the male of the species as a villain and a scoundrel and yet they insist that the unfortunate female take him as a partner for life. The theory is that such procedure is to the advantage of society, and it probably was in the old days when marriage was regarded as a sacred institution and involved certain inviolable obligations, but nowadays unions effected under duress are neither for the benefit of society nor of the individual.

The Free Library Evil

The London *Saturday Review* is taking up the cudgels against the spread of free libraries which are characterized as a species of relief for mental paupers. It is these free libraries that make possible the flood of "while you wait" biographies and the quantities of hastily prepared volumes concerning the topics of the times, as well as the trashy novels which seem to be written between sunrise and sunset. Libraries, too, it is asserted, discourage the habit of buying and owning books, and the more they multiply the worse it is becoming for both authors of merit and retail dealers. We have heard the same complaints in our own country, and unhappily, with the same good ground. Familiarity with books does not seem to encourage learning; nor does it necessarily mean a love of them. Books, in these days, are a sort of conventional ornament which people provide themselves with because others have them, and they express not individual taste, nor any taste at all. Every house of any pretensions must have a room called a library, and convention demands that the library be properly furnished with the traditional volumes which no gentleman should be without and the books that people are talking about. There have been endless discussions about what books the public libraries should supply, and there is a strong expression of opinion against fiction, which constitutes not only the bulk of the average library but decidedly the preponderance of what is called for. It is more than a question, however, whether there is any right to restrict the people when they are obliged to support the institutions. If they must pay, at least they have a right to demand what they want, and those who consider only the Latin classics and the standard scientific works as proper mental pabulum are in the minority. The truth is that the free library like many other excellent institutions has outgrown its sponsors. The infant is too large to be carried in arms. Having insisted that everyone must read and that to that end books must be furnished free and in unlimited quantities, it is now too late to attempt to stem the flood. If free restaurants were established, the same thing would occur. At first the demand might be for Irish stew and potatoes, but sooner or later it would settle down to a steady order for ice cream and cake, and woe betide him who would attempt to cut off the supply.

Significance of Hearst's Neutrality

Acording to the *Bulletin*, Mr. William R. Hearst is for reform in New York and for graft in San Francisco. The *Bulletin* assumes that Mr. Hearst's San Francisco paper is espousing the cause of Eugene Schmitz. This assumption is not wholly justified by the policy of the *Examiner* in this campaign, for it has not yet endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Schmitz, or urged its readers to vote for him. The *Examiner* has disseminated a great deal of news favorable to Schmitz's candidacy, it has colored the news for the benefit of the Mayor and it has scoffed at, sneered at and flouted the fusion ticket, but we deem it a matter of considerable significance that the Hearst daily has not recommended Eugene Schmitz to the favorable consideration of the Hearst constituency. And the significance of the *Examiner's* studied indecision and affected neutrality

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is not such as to excite the enthusiasm of the Schmitz followers. Mr. Schmitz is ostensibly the standard-bearer of the workingmen of San Francisco, and the *Examiner* is presumed to be the organ of the class which is said to be eager for Schmitz's election. The *Examiner* has recognized Schmitz as a proponent of municipal ownership and municipal ownership is Hearst's latest hobby, the hobby on which he hopes to careen into the mayoralty of New York, and yet his great San Francisco daily does not urge that the Labor Party candidate be elected. Assuredly the spectacle of Mr. Hearst astride the political fence does not fill the followers of Schmitz with glee. They surely cannot be insensible to what the *Examiner's* attitude implies, for the implication is as plain as a pikestaff. The *Examiner* flouts the Fusion ticket on the pretext that it was nominated by men intent upon securing special privileges for public utility corporations. It has nothing to say against the Labor Party ticket or the principles for which that party stands. It frankly admits that it is devoted to the cause of organized labor, and in its local columns it goes to considerable pains to make it clear that the workingmen regard Eugene Schmitz as their candidate, cautiously refraining the while from putting itself on record as the champion of that candidate. The attitude of William R. Hearst is exceedingly humiliating to Eugene Schmitz. It expresses more than has ever been said against the Mayor by his most bitter enemies. It is tantamount to a repudiation of him by his friend, by the man in whose behalf he lifted up his voice in loud acclaim after carrying it all the way to New York. Mr. Hearst may be for graft in San Francisco but he is not for Eugene Schmitz; or, at least, he has not yet said so and the campaign is drawing to a close. We can account for his silence on no other theory than that he believes what Schmitz's enemies have said about the Administration. By his silence, in view of what he says of the other ticket in the field, he virtually gives the workingmen of San Francisco to understand that he does not think the election of Eugene Schmitz will be to their interest.

A Countryless Duke

The Duc de Orleans is a veritable "man without a country." It would make no particular difference under ordinary circumstances, but he has taken to exploration, and having made discovery of unclaimed territory lying between Nova Zembla and the coast of Greenland, the question has arisen, in the name of what nation shall the land be held? There is no dearth of pretenders to European thrones, but in every other instance they have been granted the privileges of honorary citizenship in the countries in which they have taken up their residence. But the Duc de Orleans, though born in England, educated in an English military college, and for some years an officer in the British Army, is decidedly *persona non grata* with the royal family in consequence of the insulting letter which he addressed publicly to Queen Victoria, his relative and benefactress, at the outbreak of the Boer war. He was pointedly cold-shouldered at court, barred from some of the London clubs and expelled from others in consequence of that bit of ill-breeding, so it is not in the least likely that he will care to see England profit by his discovery. Italy, Belgium and Austria have objected to his residence within their borders, as neither has any inclination to become a rallying ground for conspirators and headquarters for plots, and none of the other nations has shown any desire to give him sanctuary. It is customary, when new land is discovered, to take possession in the name of the nation represented by the leader of the expedition, and this is certainly the first time in the history of the world that a Columbus has owed absolutely no allegiance to any government.

Speed Lust

The motor maniac afflicted with speed lust is not peculiar to any country. He is as great a nuisance and fully as terrifying in England as in America, and the wildly careering auto has been responsible for so many deaths in London of late that the newspapers have started an agitation for the suppression of the reckless chauffeur. In France there is a growing public sentiment against the auto maniac and demands are being made for more stringent laws for the regulation of speed. In this country the auto driver is fully as indignant as the pedestrians and others who complain of his violation of speed ordinances. In New York, where five persons were killed in the streets by motor cars in one week, a publication devoted to the automobile industry complained of the negligence of pedestrians. The editor asserted that it was the victims' own fault when they were run over, and added that the slaughter would continue as long as pedestrians did not "take the ordinary precautions of looking to see if an auto is coming before they attempt to cross the street." He desires it to be understood that "the streets are for vehicles." Motorists and victims of the motor car seem to be equally intemperate when discussing the subject of automobiling. The editor of the automobile publication writes as though he suspected that enemies of the "benzine buggy" were trying to get run over just to give the automobile a bad reputation.

They Start Painful Reflection

Bill—I don't like her kisses.

Jack—I'm surprised; she has had lots of experience.

Bill—That's the trouble; in the midst of her kisses you begin wondering how much experience it took to reach such perfection. —*The Flirt.*

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The vigil of All-hallows, mysterious, mischievous Hallowe'en, will soon be here. That is the night when fairies, witches and hobgoblins hold high carnival. Candy boxes representing these are attracting much attention at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

An Essay in Easy Writing

Involving a More or Less Successful Attempt to Companio n with Such Thoughts as Come Unbidden Out of the Dark Backward and Abysm of Unpremeditation and Vanish in the Dim Religious Twilight of the Vast Beyond.

BY DEMOCRITUS.

Just to drift with my happiest thought, the first vagrant fancy awakened from long slumber in some obscure brain cell; to companion with a fresh idea until it stales—then to sit by the roadside until another meditative hobo slouches along; thus to while the time without an effort; open to the inspiration of the instant—that has been my longing for many moons—chained like a galley slave to the stroke oar of Duty.

This is my opportunity. At this moment I am thinking of nothing. Even the sentence that shall follow this one is not yet born in my mind. That period was forced upon me by the exigency of construction. Usually it is necessary that behind the wrist with which the Thought is hammered into type there shall be some semblance of an Idea; some ghostly suggestion to be materialized, some shadow of—

Good-bye. I'll never know what the end of that "train of thought" would have been. And I can easily imagine that a "best seller" is written in this easy, happy-go-lucky, never-give-a-damn fashion: "The shades of night were falling fast as a solitary horseman might have been seen slowly surmounting the Grampian Hills where his father fed his flocks before he went out with the pikes of ninety-eight"—and it dawns upon the darkened understanding of the writer of the Seller that he must begin to write an historical novel. It comes to me in this inspiration that some of our editors write in this lack-thought manner. The difference between an Editor and a Seller is this: The Editor must write; the Seller needn't write if he doesn't want to write; the Editor would starve if he didn't write; the Seller is under no such compulsion—and his crime is greater than the offense of the Editor. I wish that the Seller had starved to death before he began to write. The inspiration of the Editor is in the Event as it is printed (egotism of journalism); in the Comment of a Loathsome Contemporary; in anything that is palpable, obvious, NEW. The Seller's inspiration is the itch for writing; the impulse to unburden himself of something that the unrighteous want to read; the necessity of finding a publisher who will boom his book. Editors and Sellers—

Farewell, thou fleeting intention. I part with thee without regret for thy presence was wearying.

Whereupon I remember that somewhere lately I have read an advertisement of a ten-cent magazine published in New York in which it was proudly boasted that cigarettes were not advertised in those holy pages. Indeed! thought I, then what is advertised in this breviary for sainted maidens, this missal for the prayer-mumbling million who subscribe for the magazine that refuses to advertise cigarettes. Lighting another cigarette I began an investigation. I dipped into this cigaretteless magazine, and on the first random page I found this delectable sentence: "She puffed her cigarette with all the abandon of a lady of Seville and blew the smoke through her nose in approved English fashion as she expounded her views upon the unconventional in tones and with an emphasis that attracted the attention of all the guests seated on the veranda." Farther along in this chap-book of folly for Pharisees I found a college youth smoking a cigarette as he described a game of football.

Then I turned to the advertising pages, which comprised two-thirds of the bulk of the magazine and on every page I found something to make me grin derision at the pretense, the hollow mockery of that advertisement announcing that cigarettes were not advertised in that magazine. On one page I found an advertisement of a corset with a picture of a buxom lady in the corset; on another page I found a patent medicine that has been condemned for its excess of alcohol. Then there was the food for babes that Dr. Wiley of the National Laboratory says is mostly opium. Turning the page I was confronted by the statement in big type that I must insure my life in the Old Reliable Equitable, and on the opposite page I was informed that the Mutual Life Insurance Company is the only safe investment for the poor man who wants to provide for himself in old age or for his family if he should die. On the pages of "publishers' announcements" I found three "sets" of "classics" for which I paid fifty dollars each last year offered by the original publishers for fifteen dollars net. Then I roared with rage, and calling the house dog and the lap cat to my side as dumb witnesses of my wrath, I solemnly but firmly tore that lying magazine limb from limb and cast the fragments into the fireplace where, when the weather grows colder they will be consumed in flames—after they have served as a catch-all for the burned-out cigarettes of my autumn smoking.

Still, when you come to think of it right seriously, neither the advertisement of cigarettes nor the smoking of cigarettes is nearly so bad as robbing the policy-holders of a life insurance company. I have no doubt most of these robbers smoke cigarettes—perhaps their women folk chew gum; the domestic and personal habits of the gang have not yet been exposed—but I don't believe the small vice of smoking cigarettes cultured the large vice of larceny in the moral viscera of these life insurance thieves. Surely the advertising of a thieving life insurance company is worse than the advertising of a brand of cigarettes. It is possible that President McCall of the New York Life does not smoke cigarettes but he has stolen thousands of dol-

(Continued on Page 44)

IT IS NOT TOO SOON TO SELECT CHRISTMAS GIFTS—

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Plaint of Industrial Paris

BY MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN.

The person who visits Paris for the first time after having burned the midnight oil clandestinely over "The Count of Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," "Mysteries of Paris," and "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," loses no time in going to the Palais Royal, the Madeleine, Church of Notre Dame, Halles Centrales, Church of St. Eustache, Place des Vosges, and to hundreds of other points made noted by Dumas, Hugo, de Kock and Sue. Going later he will find that Paris, like London, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, is yielding to the pressure of industrial progress, and giving up many of its most historic places to expand the dimensions of its golden calf. Thus, among the threatened sacrifices is the Palais Royal, which may soon be transformed into an American department store which will make the "Louvre" look "like thirty cents." The Palais Royal was built about the middle of the seventeenth century for Cardinal Richelieu, who left it to the Crown. In 1672 Louis XIV gave the palace to his brother, the Duc d'Orleans, and it became the residence of the Orleans family. It is at present a bazar with many arades of cheap jewelry, lorgnettes, clocks and watches, medals and badges, books and stationery, imitation diamonds, parasols, canes and umbrellas, eye glasses and spectacles, gloves and hosiery, men's and women's underwear, and a variety of other stores, such as photographs, paintings, chromos, and the like, and there are many restaurants where as good a dinner, including a wine, may be obtained for six francs as at the boulevard cafes for from thirty to sixty francs.

The present-day visitor will also see the Place des Vosges, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and near the July column, threatened with destruction, as the old arcades are giving way, not even being propped up or repaired. The Place des Vosges dates from the days of Henry Quatre, who had it transformed from a horse market into a fashionable district. It became the Place Royale, and was a favorite residence of the nobility until the taking of the Bastile. It was then abandoned for the Palais Royal. Later it became the home of Victor Hugo, Daudet, Sue, and other romancers, and of many newspaper writers, picture makers and not a few *chevaliers d'industrie*, fortune tellers, *et hoc genus omne*.

* * * * * * * * *

Away down at the bottom of the association's troubles —more than any other one thing, or all other things, as a matter of fact, was the trade unions movement, aided and abetted by many manufacturers of shoes, hats, clothing, cordials, and perfumes, as all these and various other articles were made in vast quantities by the monks and nuns and sold at prices far below those of other manufacturers. The controversy was at its height in 1900-01 in the lower legislative branch, and also in the cafes and newspapers, and I gave the matter a good deal of attention, so much so that I went to hear Rochefort, Deschapel, and others speak on the subject. I knew the bill would pass, while it was also well understood that the Senate would agree by a big majority.

But now come other manufacturers—the manufacturers of church ornaments and other religious articles in France—filled with alarm, with a red-hot manifesto for the Chamber of Deputies, which points out that a few years ago they could count upon fifty-five thousand customers, composed of thirty-five thousand French parishes and the twenty thousand religious communities, and now many have vanished and the disappearance of others is threatened; and they further declare that if the parishes are "wiped out" two hundred and fifty persons will be thrown out of work, many firms will be ruined and much capital lost. According to the manifesto of these manufacturers, the suppression of the associations has already greatly injured trade and the separation of Church and State engenders further and more terrible results. There is no doubt of this in the least, as enormous sums are spent annually throughout France in connection with religion. Paris, indeed, according to the latest official statistics, derives $2,225,000 from the manufacture of rosaries, jewels and medals, $2,750,000 from gold and silver and bronze crucifixes and other emblems; $1,300,000 from pictures; $4,200,000 from the printing of religious books; $1,400,000 from organ building; $900,000 from stained glass work; $5,000,000 from statuary, and $1,000,000 from bells. Some seventeen years ago I spent a few days in Lyons, and Mr. Constant Meyer, a former resident of Los Angeles, said to me that the value of the trade of Lyons in silks, embroideries, and other materials for religious uses, was estimated at $5,000,000 annually.

Reflect, as all may; rejoice, as many will, especially if they be thoroughly anti-Catholic; deplore, as multitudes must, this stupendous assault on the Congregations, (Associations,) the calm and disinterested observer cannot conceal his feelings of sympathy and distrust regarding the sweeping measures which have already unhoused tens of thousands of nuns, unshopped a third as many monks or monkish craftsmen, and tremendously disturbed a religion that has done much good for France, and which it would have been better to have kept regulated than to have disintegrated or destroyed. As it was, none of the Catholic churches in Paris, or elsewhere in France, were owned by Catholics, and the Pope of Rome had no word in their government—the National Government owned and controlled all the edifices, from the Madeleine and Notre Dame down to the merest chapels along the country highways. It is a matter of fact that four-fifths of the inventions in France since the eleventh century, when it was a country of miserable huts, have been made by the craftsmen of the monasteries, who have also been instrumental in transforming the low and clumsy structures called churches in the eleventh century into the grand and imposing cathedrals at Rouen, Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Bordeaux, Nice, and St. Denis, the admiration of the world at the present day.

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Orpheus and Eurydice

By Louis A. Robertson.

The lyre she loved to hear on Earth rang through the Halls of Hell;
The gloom became a golden dawn; the Streams of Sorrow turned
To rippling silver as she dropped Death's fading asphodel,
Then in her tear-wet pallid cheeks Love's crimson roses burned.

'Twas the harp of her husband she heard in the distance,
T was the lute he had waked as a lover to woo her,
And it called through the shades with the searching insistence
Of a rapturing, rescuing summons that drew her

Through the dark to where Acheron's waters were sobbing,
But their sob seemed a psalm to the souls that were greeting,
And a hymn to the hearts that together were throbbing,
Till they rose and went onward, his lute-strings entreating

Mighty Dis for the guerdon that none had been granted,
Save his Queen, who sat by him, Demeter's sad daughter;
How her soul with the cry of those chords was enchanted!
What a vision of Earth and of Enna they brought her!

Nearer and clearer and louder and prouder echoed his strains, till the cries and the clamor
Made by the hapless were hushed into silence, lost in the silver-tongued tones that resounded
And rang to the roof of that palace infernal, till through the gloom that had grown to a glamour,
Throned 'neath a blazing and bright borealis, Dis he beheld with his subjects surrounded.

He paused before the throne;
His hand fell from the strings
Still trembling with the tone,
The spell that Music flings
Over the hardest heart;
Yea, though it be of stone,
The tears of Grief will start,
If it Love's lips hath known
And lost them, as he lost
Those of Eurydice,
When Aristaeus crossed
Her path upon the lea;
When from his arms she sprang,
Her loyal lips to save,
But felt the serpent's fang
And faced the wailing wave.

No need had he to speak a single word,
They knew his story well;
The throb within the harpings they had heard,
Told more than tongue could tell;
But all as deaf as to the captive hordes,
Who gathered near,
Was Dis unto the pure and peerless chords
Zeus loved to hear,
Until his Queen
Did closer lean
And whisper in his ear:—
"By all the pledges thou hast given me,
Give Orpheus back his bride Eurydice."

He looked on her and said, "Yea, for thy sake
I'll yield me now," and thus to Orpheus spake:—
"If thou hast in thy soul
The courage to control
The love that led thee hither, listen well;
Thy bride may follow thee
Back to thine Arcady,
But till both pass the lordly gates of Hell,
Give not one backward glance
To her, but still advance,
Guide her to where your glowing roses bloom;
But if thou disobey
My mandate, she shall stray
Back to the home that waits her in the gloom."

One look he gave the Lord
Of Hell, then every chord
Waked as he turned to kiss Eurydice;
Dis listened with disdain
To the transcendent strain
That thrilled the heart of pale Persephone;
She heard the murmur of Sicilian Streams,
And saw the sacred meadow of her dreams.

Sweet as the croon of the doves of Dodona, cooing and wooing, his harmonies called her;
Moving like one in a dream she obeyed them; light seemed the cold lethal links that enthralled her;
Far in the azure the lark whistled to her; borne on the breeze came the fragrance of flowers,
Soon with her lover she'll couch in the clover, dreaming through Passion's sweet perilous hours.

His harp sang of the bees,
And of the warbling birds
That nested in the trees
Above the sleeping herds;
Then one clear conjuring cadence crowned his lyre,
And Arcady appeared, home of her heart's desire.

Lulled by his lute-strings, Hell's mighty immortals paused to behold her as onward she wended;
Cerberus leaped like a lamb from his kennel, fawned on the lily-white hand she extended;
Followed her on, as she followed her lover, led by the lute that had ne'er-known denial,
Till Orpheus drew near the ponderous portals, looked on the sunlight, and then came the trial;
Oh, how his triumphing harp-strings then trembled! Fair were the streams and the meadows that faced him,
Where, in the first fervent faith of her girlhood, glowing Eurydice's white arms embraced him.
Oh, what a breath of ambrosial sweetness fanned her fair cheek!
What a halo of splendour
Shone through the gloom on her golden corymbus! How those clear chords compelled all things to render
Homage to her, as when Dis was persuaded to give her again to the arms of her lover,
If he could lead her, and never look backward, out of the gloom to their couch in the clover.

The gates of Hell he gained;
A single step remained
To set his loved one free;
But ere that port was passed,
A glance he backward cast
And saw Eurydice
With outstretched hands, into the darkness fade;
Oh, what a price for that last look was paid!

October, 1905.

The Saunterer

Disappointment for Lane

The report of the appointment of Franklin K. Lane to the Interstate Commerce Commission appears to have been somewhat premature. It caused great rejoicing among Mr. Lane's friends, who were quick to credit the false news because they knew how assiduously he had courted the friendship of the President, especially during his campaign for Governor, when he went through the state ignoring his associate job-chasers on the Democratic ticket but fulsomely panegyrizing the Republican Executive. No doubt Mr. Roosevelt appreciated the kind words of the Democratic standard-bearer, and no doubt he would like to appoint him to the Interstate Commerce Commission, but he probably feels that it would be useless to do so for the reason that the appointment must be confirmed by the United States Senate which, unfortunately for Mr. Lane, happens to be Republican. It is hardly likely that the Senate would consent to turn the Commission over to the Democracy, and that is what it would do if it confirmed the appointment of another Democrat. However it can be readily seen that Mr. Lane came very nearly getting the appointment; almost as near as he came to being elected Mayor of San Francisco. His friends deplore the fatal combination of trivial circumstances that preclude his accession to the job, for Franklin K. Lane is a most deserving young man and his talents are more fitted for the activities of public than of private life. But there are other jobs yet to be filled, so he should possess his soul in patience. Even now there is a vacancy in a high diplomatic position, for William Powell, Minister to Hayti, has resigned. Mr. Powell says that battle, murder, sudden death, riots, revolutions and fever are incidents of daily life in Port au Prince, and as there are never any competitors for the job he got tired waiting for a successor to be appointed. There is glory, however, in being Minister to a foreign country, tempered though it is by circumstance, and if Mr. Lane wants some of it, the Senate is not likely to stand between him and the Black Republic.

Wheeler's Fine Chance

The friends of Mr. W. R. Wheeler, an employe of the firm of Holbrook, Merrill & Stetson, think that he is the man for the job to which Mr. Lane expected to be appointed. Their belief is founded on the circumstance that Mr. Fairfax Wheelan is his sponsor, for Mr. Wheelan is reputed to be a confidential friend of President Roosevelt. It is thought that Mr. Wheelan has assured Mr. Wheeler that he will get the job. If so, we shall soon learn, perhaps, whether the San Francisco reformer is as close to his old classmate of Harvard as his friends believe. Mr. Wheelan has given many people the impression that he is something in the nature of President Roosevelt's confidential representative in San Francisco, and he has openly declared that Federal officials in this city must be cautious in their political activities or else he will have them disciplined by his old college chum. So it may be readily understood that Mr. Wheeler, who sells hardware, stands a good chance of being selected to assist in regulating the transportation rates of the United States, for there can be no objection to him on purely political grounds. It only remains for him to persuade Senators Perkins and Flint to give their consent to his confirmation in the event of his appointment, it being the rule of the Senate that such consent must be obtained. A picture of Perkins and Flint consenting to Wheeler's appointment would be interesting from an historic if not from an artistic standpoint.

His Debate With Sproule

Though Mr. Wheeler is not one of the most conspicuous citizens of California, he has recently been quite busy demonstrating his familiarity with the subject of frieght rates. It will be remembered that some time ago he challenged Mr. Sproule, the freight sharp of the Southern Pacific Company, to debate the freight question with him. No one suspected at that time that he was after the Federal commissionership. I have never been informed as to how he handled his side of the debate, but I have learned that he published his argument in a pamphlet entitled: "The Views of President Roosevelt on Freight Rates as Debated by William R. Wheeler." That he did not include in the pamphlet Mr. Sproule's reply to his speech does not argue that the railroad man made all the strong points. In all probability Mr. Wheeler's speech may suffice for the purposes of the pamphlet.

McCall and His Frankenstein

When insurance grafters fall out honest men may not get their due, but they get a great deal of satisfaction out of the humiliation and disgrace to which the predatory financiers are subjected. The revelations of insurance graft now in progress in New York are entirely due to the falling out of the magnates of the big companies. The story leading up to the catastrophe in this sensational, twentieth century, American drama which has enthralled the people of two continents for nearly a year is one of exceptional interest. It was imparted to me by a financier who has had intimate relations with the men besmirched, and who within a month has talked it over in New York with leading representatives of the warring elements. He says that the opening wedge was inserted by J. Pierpont Morgan who has been sore at the Rockefellers ever since he was drastically disciplined by them nearly two years ago. It was to hit them a smash through the Equitable company that the New York *Sun*, in which he is largely interested, published the sensational story of the Hyde ball at which Rejane did her high kicking stunt. A little later his financial partner, John A. McCall, spread the

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story of the row between Alexander and Hyde. Long before the trouble between those two magnates reached a climax, McCall gave publicity to the story of the trouble that was brewing. He felt that if the Equitable could be made to suffer through the exposure of its internal dissensions, the prestige of the New York Life would be greatly increased. He reasoned that once the public knew of the turmoil in the Equitable, a large proportion of new business which the Equitable would naturally command would be diverted to its big rival over which he presides, and he saw in the situation a fine opportunity to add to the power of his company.

Spreading the Story

To get the story before the public he employed the services of Patrick J. Hanway, editor of an insurance paper, and formerly financial editor of one of the big New York dailies. Hanway was told the whole story of the Equitable trouble, and he was requested to give it to the dailies. That was early in February and Hanway promptly started out on his mission. He was well qualified for the task, for he enjoyed the confidence and esteem of many prominent newspaper men. He visited the offices of several of the leading dailies and recited the sensational story, referring the several editors on whom he called to certain high insurance officials who would confirm his statements. The next morning the story was given to the world. Such was the inception of the big sensation. At that time no one supposed that the storm would affect any concern except the one primarily involved. Little did John A. McCall think, when he drew aside the curtain and turned on the limelight, that the force he called into being to injure a rival would react on himself. When the Equitable scandal began to assume alarming proportions, causing people to wonder whether other companies were conducted along similar lines, McCall made strenuous efforts to placate the warring factions. Hyde was persuaded to sell out on condition that Alexander would resign, and he is now preparing to take up his residence abroad. Alexander went into a sanitarium, a physical wreck from the strain he had undergone. Then came the demand for the legislative investigation which has proved so disastrous to the New York Life and which has covered John A. McCall with infamy.

"Does Hearst expect to be elected Mayor of New York?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, what is he running for?"

"On the advice of his business office doctor who says he must get up circulation."

Simplicity and Greatness

Persons used to the grand airs of the great of little provincial towns such as San Francisco, are apt to be struck dumb by the simplicity of the great of Paris, where every other man you jostle in the street is a genius. At least, so I'm told by two independent witnesses, travelers returned from abroad, one a man; the other, a woman; both able musicians, both observant, both modest. The which is good news and well worth the telling. To be great is not simple, but to be simple is great and no mistake. Of all the great of Paris, none, says the woman witness, is simpler than Harold Bauer, the greatest living pianist. The tuft-hunter can have none of his hair. Why any one should fuss over him, he can't for the life of him make out. By the grace of God and lots of hard work he is what he is. He plays well, but what of it? Nearly everybody one meets does something well; and so on. Of all the great of Paris, none, says the man witness, is simpler than Guilmant, greatest of living organists; and none gentler, he adds, and then goes on to tell this beautiful little story by way of illustration: Guilmant, great and simple, lives, you must know, at Meudun, and at peace with himself, his wife and all the world. But one morning, while eating breakfast *prestissimo* in order to catch a train to the city, where he had a matter to attend to that would wait for no man, they fell out, his wife and he, they knew not why. No humpty-dumpty fall, that: they just had words, not very many nor very bitter, bear in mind, but yet words. Breakfast over, Guilmant, long benedict and now gray-bearded, ran all the way to the depot, arriving in the very nick of time to get his train. As he was about to climb aboard, he remembered that he had forgotten to kiss his wife good-bye; and—well, the end of the tale is even as that in Tennyson's poem—an end beyond prose and poetry alike.

"Why do they hold so many Church Fairs during political campaigns?"

"To give the job-chasers the opportunity to advance the cause of religion with tainted money."

Mrs. Martin's Servants and Service

I hear that the reports of the impedimenta associated with Mrs. Peter Martin on her trans-continental trip were exaggerated. One report credited her with having a retinue of eighteen or twenty servants, and one authority had it that a score was a conservative estimate. It is now suspected that that report was put into circulation for the sinister purpose of giving the Grand High Treasurer of the family an attack of apoplexy. Though Mrs. Peter Martin could employ twenty servants with perfect ease and keep them all busy, as a matter of cold, unadorned fact she actually ventured out West with only three servants—a maid, a nurse for the children and a chauffeur. If Peter has a valet there is no record of the fact. It is absurd to attribute to Mrs. Peter Martin such extravagance as is implied in the report of a retinue of twenty servants. She has no desire to emulate Scotty of Death Valley, though it must be said to her credit that she is not of the temperament of the thrifty daughters of the new-rich of California, some of whom are rather awkward in their efforts to conceal their envy. I hear that they have been commenting invidiously on her gold service. One distinguished dowager expressed the opinion that it smacked of the nouveau riche, but it is the privilege of a woman of Mrs. Peter Martin's social position to establish precedents. If Mrs. Astor of New York were to wear diamond fillings in her teeth, other smart setters would quickly follow her example.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the arrival of a splendid assortment of new Fall and Winter Woolens, also the latest plates from Paris, Vienna and New York.
My workmanship is still the best, and my prices moderate.
I will appreciate an inspection of my goods.
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MISS ELIZABETH SMITH.

Whose engagement with Dr. Samuel Gardner was announced last week. Miss Smith is the daughter of the J. Henderson Smiths of Scotland.

He Is a Son of a Gunboat

Lieutenant L. R. Sargent, U. S. Navy, flag-lieutenant to Rear Admiral Goodrich on the *Chicago*, now at Mare Island, has been honored by that estimable society, the Ancient and Honorable Order of Sons of Gunboats, which has just elected him to the position of secretary and treasurer. This new naval order is an interesting one, its requirements for membership being both strict and peculiar. Ask of any member what they are and he will look mysterious, glance uneasily around, and then give you an evasive answer. Its high sign, outer password and countersign have not yet been divulged to the multitude, but assurance is generally given by the elect who compose the order that its objects are both beneficent and humane. The president of the order is Commander Benjamin Tappan, well known on this coast, and at one time in command of the *Callao*.

The Star Witness

Lieutenant-Commander F. W. Bartlett, who has been a star witness in the Young court-martial at Mare Island, is a man upon whose testimony reliance can be placed. In these days of inexperienced and incompetent engineering officers, Bartlett's researches and statements mean something. He is one of the few survivors of the old, excellent engineer corps of the Navy, a corps which was ruthlessly wiped out by successive ill-advised legislation. Bartlett graduated from the marine engineering course at Annapolis at the time when the standards there were at the highest. He was an engineer, nothing but an engineer, and one of established reputation at that, but about five years ago, by the workings of the Personnel Act of 1899 he became a hybrid. It is no wonder that less competent interrogators are unable to shake his testimony.

Are you going to be married—See Tom Dillon, opp. Palace Hotel.

It is not generally known that the Navy has in its ranks a playwright and librettist of no mean talents. He is Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Allerdice who arrived in this city a few days ago. While Allerdice has permitted his genius to run generally to screaming farces or burlesques some of which have won for him fame in the East, he has also shown talent for serious dramatic work, and it is reported that he is now preparing a three-act play for a New York manager.

What the Duchess Wore

A distinguished Blingum matron has received a letter from a Newport friend describing for her the attire of the Duchess of Marlborough on the occasion of a luncheon party in New York: "She wore a gown of the soft, trailing, clinging kind she usually affects. It was of pale shades of blue and pink. The skirt of blue chiffon cloth trailed slightly in the back and rested on the ground all around. The lower half was formed of scantily gathered ruffles about five inches wide, edged with an inch-wide ruffle of lace. Forming a heading to the lace on every ruffle was a pink satin ribbon. The skirt was gathered slightly at the

DOROTHY MARCUSE.

Hugo Mansfeldt's little pupil who gave a piano recital last Sunday afternoon at the residence of Mr. J. B. Levison in Pacific avenue. Among those present were Dr. H. J. Stewart, S. G. Fleishman, R. A. Lucchesi, Sir Henry Heyman, Miss Amy Seller, Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Miss Fannie Dunforth, Mrs. Edna Snell Poulsen, L. S. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Georges, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Gebhardt, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, Arthur Lilienthal, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Will Gerstle, Mrs. Sarah Sloss, Arthur Cushing Dyas[illegible] Miss E. J. Livermash, Miss Livermash, Dr. and Miss Oscar Mansfeldt, Miss Mansfeldt, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Fleishhacker. Among the two hundred present, musicians and others, there was not a dissenting voice as to the really great talent manifested in the child's playing.

Repsold's wines are not used everywhere but they are enjoyed by **everyone. Inspection invited. 420 Pine St., San Francisco.**

waist line, and the pointed girdle of blue satin was finished in the back with long ends that fell to the train. The bodice had narrow ruffles, finished with ribbons and lace to match those on the skirt. The elbow sleeves were formed of ruffles in a way to give a puff effect. The hat was a large, round French sailor of pale blue straw, trimmed with a wreath of pale blue pink rosebuds."

"How do you know you will be the belle of the winter dances?"

"Because my uncle's sister-in-law is writing the social gush for one of the dailies."

The Swatting of Eleanor

Miss Frances Joliffe, of society and journalism, has cultivated such an amiable disposition in her latest and happy field of endeavor that I was positively shocked when I read her mordant allusion to Eleanor Robson in the *Bulletin*. It was so unlike the almost habitually complimentary and always courteous Miss Frances, that I thought somebody had made a mistake in printing her name over the article containing the unkind cut. It was a cut that to me seemed undeserved, for Miss Robson is not generally regarded as an incompetent actress; nor does she give one the impression of being either an emergency star or the favored pet of a manager. However I am loath to believe that Miss Joliffe would recklessly invite suspicion of her sincerity as a critic by wantonly smashing a bread winner in the profession which she herself once adorned. If Miss Joliffe's name was not inadvertently printed over that gentle swat then, from the *Bulletin* critic's standpoint, Miss Robson is a very much overrated actress in London, New York and San Francisco, in which cities even the carping critics paid high tribute to her budding genius. But it is not to Miss Joliffe's discredit that she does not agree with other great critics. She has her own good viewpoint, and it is only the master critic who can condemn or praise with equal facility.

The Bottling of a Star

And, by the way, if Miss Robson writhed under that stinging allusion to her as a star by managerial courtesy or words to that effect, she would scarcely be justified in making complaint, since by her own conduct she implied that the *Bulletin* was scarcely worth while as a medium of exploitation. If such is her opinion, it is logical to assume that she considers its gentle swats of no consequence. There is an interesting little newspaper story behind the non-appearance of Miss Robson as the subject of one of Miss Joliffe's very interesting Sunday interviews. Miss Robson has for a press agent a gentleman with a name suggestive of prophylactics, poisons and theapeutics—A. Toxen Worm. He is a gentleman with a great respect for the power of the numerous Hearst newspapers scattered over this broad land, and to show the deference due, he undertook to bottle up his star and give none but Ashton Stevens the combination to the cork. Frances Joliffe was to be scooped. But the well-laid plans of mice and press agents oft gang agley. Mr. Stevens secured the interview, but before he had time to write it up he became ill and went to a hospital, where he has been ever since under the care of a physician. So Miss Joliffe didn't get an interview with Miss Robson, but from what she wrote of the actress perhaps she doesn't think Mr. Worm's star is worth one.

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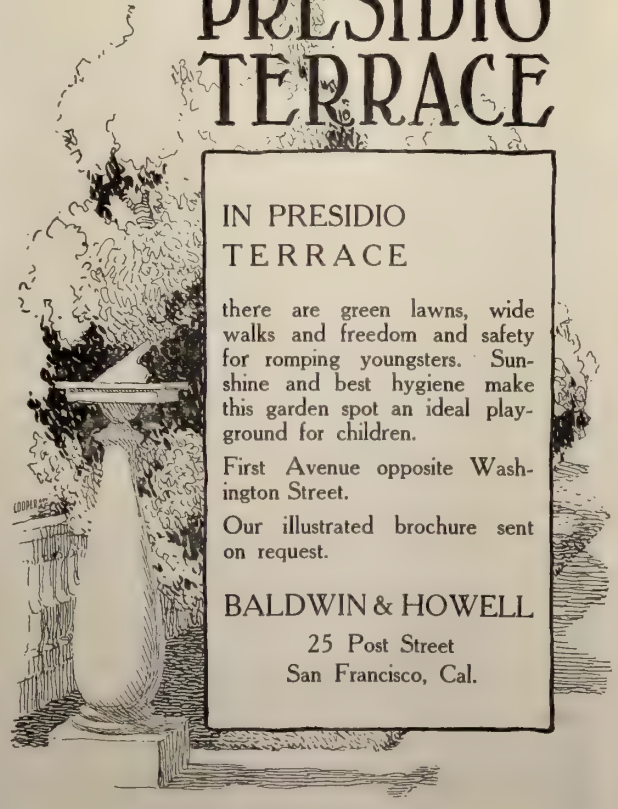
Hers Was a Love Match

So cold and unsympathetic does Emma Eames appear toward those who fail to interest her that it is hard to believe that her marriage was the outcome of a really romantic attachment. She married Julian Story, the sculptor's son, against her mother's wishes, and it was a long time before Mrs. Eames would forgive her daughter. But when she saw that the marriage was really a union of hearts and that it was ideally happy, she forgave the young sculptor for winning her daughter from her. Mrs. Eames was herself a singer before her marriage and in her girlhood, I have heard, was even more beautiful than her daughter. Emma was born in Bath, Maine, not in Boston as many people believe. She never mentions Bath, and indeed has little patriotic sentiment, I am told. She prefers Paris to all other places, and has a lovely home there. When her American friends visit the French capital they are always made welcome at the Story home. Emma Eames is one of the few grand operatic stars against whom no word of scandal has ever even been hinted. In Paris, where whisperers abound to an even greater extent than in our big cities, Mrs. Julian Story is regarded as a model matron. In New York a story once went the rounds about a great orchestral leader's infatuation for the prima donna, but whom she would not even look at. She is an aristocrat of aristocrats, and though invited everywhere, is very particular about the invitations she accepts.

Mrs. Tom Dargie's luncheon at her Oakland home, in honor of Mrs. Fred Dorr of New York and Denver, was a delightful affair of the week. Mrs. Dorr is passing the winter here at St. Dunstan's, with her husband and daughter. The guest at the luncheon were Mrs. William Lynham Shiels, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Stanley Jackson, Mrs. Burd, Mrs. John W. Tibbatts and Miss Hampton.

PRESIDIO TERRACE



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Fate of the Fairmount

The fate of the Fairmount still hangs in the balance, and Mrs. Oelrichs has not as yet secured a tenant for the big hotel. There was some talk that when Colonel Kirkpatrick returned from the East he would bring some definite information as to whether the Sharon estate would take the lease. Now the Colonel says that nothing has been done, and the general impression is that the Sharons are rather averse to putting in money in another hotel, but prefer to spend what is to be spent on the Palace by adding two additional stories. If this is the case, Mrs. Oelrichs will find a veritable white elephant on her hands. The trouble was that Mrs. Oelrichs thought she had the cards in her hands, and she made such extraordinary demands that no sane business man could think of accepting them. As the lady had to deal with one of the cleverest men in San Francisco, she found that the begging would have to come from her side, and I am told that she kept the wires busy for many a day with despatches to the Colonel who is now rather indifferent to the outcome of the negotiations which may be resumed. He says that at one time it looked as though the deal would go through, but after the terms had been practically agreed on, Mrs. Oelrichs wanted a few extra clauses inserted and then the Sharons called the whole thing off. Senator Newlands would like to see the deal consummated, but Fred Sharon is no longer enthusiastic. He prefers to enlarge and improve the Palace.

Oh! For the Yellow Peril

Mr. M. H. de Young may well say that this is an ungrateful world, and that the more a man does for his suffering countrymen the more is he abused. Some time ago the *Chronicle* was having conniption fits over Japanese immigration. It set out to mould public opinion against the dreadful "Yellow Peril" and paid no heed to my suggestion that it was swinging wildly at a windmill, there being no prospect of the Japs coming over in such large numbers as to seriously affect our industrial affairs. Now the farmers of the interior are raising Cain over the *Chronicle's* absurd agitation. Indignation meetings have been held in the San Joaquin valley at which the *Chronicle's* course was bitterly condemned. One old farmer who has several hundred acres under cultivation, and who cannot get men to harvest his crop, proposed the organization of a mob for the purpose of coming to San Francisco and terrorizing the whole *Chronicle* staff and subjecting Mr. de Young to the punishment that fits the crime. In his opinion Mr. de Young is a candidate for Governor and he has been lambasting the Japs to win the labor vote. From several sections of the state comes the plaint that labor is scarce and the prayer that the "Yellow Peril" be hastened. The construction of the Western Pacific will be delayed because it is impossible to get men for the work. Mr. Harriman wants to extend a line from Idaho into the Yellowstone, but he cannot get the necessary labor.

The Dignified Van Dyke

Justice Van Dyke looks as though he were one of the meekest and most amiable of men, but on the bench his dignity is easily ruffled, and he gives vent to an ominous growl when he fancies that there is not a sufficient amount of respect being paid to the august body of men that comprise the Supreme Court. A well-known lawyer of the city who has the mildest voice imaginable, and whose whole attitude is one of deferential respect, was pleading before the justices lately and so far forgot his habitual self-control as to bring his hands together in a sort of mild clap. Justice Van Dyke tried to fix the offender with his eyes but the attorney was gazing at the Chief Justice when suddenly there issued from the throat of Van Dyke, "Counsel will please to be less demonstrative." Counsel stared and put his hands in his pockets. The Justice has no love for members of the press, and consequently his emotion was beyond expression recently when a reporter called his attention to a decision of the court, saying: "I say, judge, I can't make this out. It is written in such rotten English that it is impossible to make out what it means." It was one of Justice Van Dyke's opinions.

Herrin and Harriman

Mr. William F. Herrin has returned from his trip abroad, and once more it is rumored that Mr. E. H. Harriman is still eager to lure the great attorney to New York. Harriman has said that Herrin is the greatest railroad lawyer in the country, and I have heard that he offered him a very large salary to take up his headquarters in New York, but Herrin prefers San Francisco for his residence. Harriman, by the way, sets a good example for rich men by his devotion to his civic duties. It may surprise people to learn that he is a Supervisor, and that with all his numerous enterprises he gives a great deal of attention to the small affairs of the country place wherein he makes his home. Good roads are his hobby and unlike Colonel Albert Pope of Southern California, who wrote volumes on good roads but never built a road on his property, Mr. Harriman spends a great deal of money in improving the roads near his home. The home life of the Harrimans is marked by simplicity and by the religious tone of the household. No meal is ever eaten in the Harriman home without a blessing being invoked.

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Society in Politics

Some of our young society matrons are nourishing a new fad. They are throwing themselves with vigor into the political scrap and working for Reform and Partridge. The most popular books just now are "The Plum Tree," Professor Herrick's "The Memoirs of an American Citizen," and Ford's "The Honorable Peter Stirling." The most frequently quoted sayings are those of Joseph Folk and Jerome of New York. Not to be able to converse intelligently upon the political situation is to confess yourself a relic of the middle ages. Mrs. Mark Gerstle is one of the energetic young matrons who is interested in the campaign. She is working heart and soul for the Fusionist candidate. Both Mrs. Gerstle and Mrs. Fairfax Wheelan attend the political meetings, and rarely without a party of their friends.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The playwright now in the limelight. He has two plays running in New York. His "John Bull's Other Island" was produced last week. Excerpts from Eastern criticisms appear in the "Stage" department.

Mrs. Older's "Giants"

Mrs. Fremont Older has taken a much firmer grip on the art of novel-writing since the appearance of "The Socialist and the Prince." Her latest story, "The Giants," is not of the ordinary texture. It is a topical novel dealing with the methods of the Rockefeller system, and is full of human and dramatic interest. Mrs. Older is not an unblushing purveyor of the sensational fiction greedily devoured in the servants' hall. She writes for a salutary purpose, and there is a pervasive air of seriousness about her work which should win for her the attention of thinkers as well as of mere diversion seekers. Her characters are not of the conventional type; that is, they are not of the type

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Photo by Genthe

MRS. FREMONT OLDER

Author of "The Giants" a story of Standard Oil Infamy

to be found in conventional fiction. She deals with flesh and blood characters from real life, one of whom is none other than the unspeakable Rockefeller, whose portrait is easily recognized. From all that we know of the great archetype of trust criminality he is eminently qualified to figure as a villainous giant on the novelist's canvas. Mrs. Older has studied her man. She has read Ida Tarbell and Tom Lawson to good purpose, and with the aid of her own imagination and her instinct for analysis she has created a character of compelling interest. To effect absorption in her study of Rockefeller she has made the vicious principle which he incarnates the *motif* of her story. She introduces her reader to the Rockefeller system in the oil fields of California shortly after the big discovery of petroleum in the southern counties. And some of her chapters descriptive of the evolution of the oil boom, and the futile fight of the independents against Standard Oil are quite admirable. She presents her historic events dramatically, develops her theme skilfully and with a fair sprinkling of sensational incidents keeps the interest of the reader keyed to the proper pitch.

Suggestive Description of a Californian Family

Mrs. Older's novel will not appeal to the clerical defenders of the infamous scoundrel who has coined his

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money from the blood and tears of widows and orphans; but it may prompt the Standard Oil Croesus to loosen up again with a view to augmenting his reputation for philanthropy and abating harsh but deserved criticism. Mrs. Older has graphically depicted the withering sweep of the devastating Rockefeller system through the oil fields of California, and has shown how the minions of the great pseudo-philanthropist resort even to murder to accomplish their monopolistic designs. But the author does not sermonize. She has made one of the hideous crimes of Rockefeller the motive of a pretty love story. The son of a Rockefeller victim devotes himself to the avenging of the great wrong that had been done his father, and the element of suspense lies in the progress of the young man toward his goal. The reader follows him from California to New York, through Columbia law college, through a political campaign and into the office of District Attorney, which is the medium by which he compasses the downfall of the predatory millionaire. Mrs. Older imparts vraisemblance to this story, and works into it a great deal of the atmosphere of the situations that arise in the course of development. Incidentally she interests the reader in the fate of the hero's sweetheart, who by the way bears a striking resemblance physically and temperamentally to a prominent young society woman of this city who was, I am quite sure, in Mrs. Older's mind's eye during the writing of this novel. Of her father it is said, "He looked like a Spaniard, a Japanese American, but in reality was the son of a California pioneer, who, in his youth, had married the daughter of a Seneca Indian chief by an American. She was a regal half savage of excellent intelligence and education, and had vastly aided her husband in his early struggles in California." The scions of this marriage are referred to in the story as the Dallabies, who, according to Mrs. Older, "were liked or disliked, according to one's taste, but their courage was feared, their beauty admired, and they never received that tribute to mediocrity—indifference. They were called 'the eccentric Dallabies' and throughout the entire family, with the exception of Dorothy and Gladys, the primitive, persistent, Seneca blood showed itself in the olive complexion, the long upper lip, the Oriental eyes, the impatience of restraint, the savage tempers, the relentless hatreds, the passionate loves, the loyal friendships, which made of the Dallabies positive entities never to be ignored." How many of our society people will think that they recognize the Dallabies from this description?

A Bit of Tropic Word-Painting

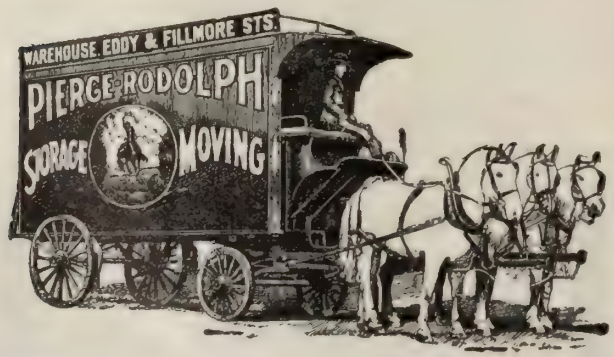
The oil king of Mrs. Older's book differs from the real chief of the "system" in that money is not his only passion. He has a mistress and through her he seeks to compass the downfall of the Californian avenger. This woman furnishes the pretext for some highly colored scenes of a tropical nature, as for instance when she lures the hero:

The little hand touched his, and he held it as though he were clinging to fire that burned him until he was sick. At her touch a spark flew from her brain to his and glowed. He felt it in the swift beat of his heart, in the pulses at his wrists that hammered as though each stroke were the last. He clasped her hand with his, and she seemed multiplied into a dozen Reinas, wonderful rose-garlanded nymphs, catching the fleeting moments of life as they danced about him, suffocating him. He was bending over her, drinking her breath as wine, his eyes staring madly into hers. He heard her say, "Ah, you are beautiful, beautiful as a god. I know you would be so. I love you; dear Heaven, how long I have loved you." She was sincere at last. All the world in his drunkenness seemed to reel on her lips as she said: "Come abroad with me tomorrow and we'll be happy. We'll lose ourselves in the Oasis of an African desert; we'll hide in the forest of Sicily; we'll lie under the palm trees of Sorrento; we'll romp up through Italy; we'll pick scarlet poppies in the fields of Ravenna; we'll swim behind the orange sails of the fishermen's boats from Vienna to Trieste; we'll go where we please, when we please."

* * * * * * * * *

Fast all capacity for thought was leaving him and he fell upon her lips. Her arms were around his neck, like the grip of a snake that plays with a man before killing him, and he, who two years before had blushed as he hid her shoulders, now tore from them the tulle which covered them, and lost his reason in the blasting, burning kisses he rained on her breast."

Mrs. Older's book is superior to much of the ephemeral fiction of the day. It is more readable than the recent novels of far more experienced Californians of the gentle sex who have been pronounced by log-rolling critics writers of real literature. The book reads easily and the expression is nearly always felicitous, and though there is no distinction of style the touch is firm and not effeminate. Its author shows that she has knowledge of the world, social, economic, political and journalistic. She has handled her plan well, and rouses the hope that she may do better yet with her next work.



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Mrs. Alexander Meets Baron Witte

Mrs. C. O. Alexander, who recently arrived in Paris, wrote to friends here that she enjoyed the companionship of M. De Witte, the Russian Ambassador, on her ocean voyage and that he gave her his autograph. On the same steamer was Mrs. Sterling Postley who made a great hit with a rollicking Russian Duke at Del Monte a few years ago. Mrs. Alexander is visiting Mrs. Gus Spreckels in Paris, and expects to see a great deal of her later when Mrs. Spreckels makes her regular annual visit to New York where she is gradually improving her social status. As the social stock of the Haggins's is steadily going up in New York nowadays, Mrs. Spreckels will probably find herself pretty well advanced up the social ladder when she returns for she has been identified with that family ever since she has been going into winter quarters in the metropolis.

Henry and Serge

Serge De Witte was not the only distinguished personage on the steamer *Kaiser Wilhelm II.* Among the passengers was King Leopold's bosom friend and Counsellor of the Exchequer, Colonel Henry I. Kowalsky, sometimes of San Francisco but always a cosmopolite. The Colonel kindly keeps his San Francisco friends informed of his achievements abroad, and he no sooner reached the other side than he called on a printer and instructed him to run off a brochure, a copy of which was sent to me. The statement of its contents is thus set forth:

"ADDRESS
By
COLONEL HENRY I. KOWALSKY,
Chairman at the charity concert given on board
S. S. KAISER WILHELM II,'
Sept. 16, 1905,
under the patronage of
His Excellency
SERGE De WITTE.

Response
By
His Excellency Serge De Witte."

The Colonel was as eloquent as usual on that memorable occasion and gave a fine sample of the quality of hot air that he exudes when engaged in seducing the crowned heads of Europe. "France has had her Talleyrand and her Richelieu," he said; "Germany her Iron Chancellor, Bismarck; England her Disraeli and Gladstone; America her Blaine and Hay,—and today Russia may well boast of her Witte. Serge de Witte stands out in bold relief as the foremost statesman of his time. He has been tried over and over again in the crucible of diplomatic fires of jealousy and doubt, and after the acid test, has proven to be pure gold." The Colonel threw a few bouquets of rhetoric to the Czar, and President Roosevelt was not overlooked in the distribution of posies.

Witte's Response

Baron Witte showed himself as the true diplomat by making a response which was deftly uncompromising. Being a fine sample of diplomatic literature it is worth reading:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I am very grateful to you for the kind way in which you have received the mention of my name and expressed your concurrence in Col. Kowalsky's appreciation of my efforts to bring about peace on acceptable terms. But I crave your permission to say that the meed of praise which you think due to me, in reality belongs to my august sovereign, whose will I was merely instrumental in carrying out. What was well done in the historic transaction recently completed at Portsmouth, N. H., was planned by his Majesty and executed by me, as his servant, as it was my duty and has been my aim, loyally to fulfill his instructions, the credit for the result is justly his. Of the Czar's friend, the President of the United States, and of the noble part played by him in the matter, I need say nothing to you who are familiar with the facts which have already passed into history. I should like, however, to draw your attention to the fact that since we left the hospitable shores of the United States we have been sailing under the German flag and to all intents and purposes living on a piece of floating German territory. I need not remind you that the august ruler of that Empire is a warm friend of the Czar and of President Roosevelt. I feel sure therefore, ladies and gentlemen, that I am the exponent of your own wishes when I propose that we rise and do honour to his Majesty Kaiser Wilhelm II, and that the orchestra play the German national hymn.

"I suppose that nobleman who came over on the 'Manchuria' is eager for the excitement of the chase."

"Yes, I suppose he would like to be pursued by an untamed heiress."

They Approve Tom's Choice

At the polo races on the Charley Clark track last week the Tom Driscolls were the observed of all observers. It is expected that the happy pair will join the Blingum colony. The Blingumites decidedly approve Driscoll's choice of a bride, and I have heard many comments on her chic style and correct manner and voice, "just like an English girl, you know."

Why Lloyd Lowndes Went Away

Some of the Browning Club members who attended the performance of "In a Balcony" last week are saying that their production of Browning's dramatic fragment a few months ago, when Grace Llewellyn Jones, Mrs. Sloss and Lloyd Lowndes played the leading roles, was a more creditable performance. But the difference in price probably had some influence on their judgment. Since the departure of Lowndes, by the way, a society gossip has been telling an interesting story about a little romance in which he figured and that did not have the popular happy ending. The amateur actor fell madly in love, so the story goes, with one of society's most attractive and most ambitious girls, but one day he thought that he detected her in the act of distorting the truth and he was immediately disenchanted. The blow was too much for him, so his sentimental sympathizers say, and he quickly shook the dust of San Francisco from his patent leathers, resolving never to return. What a pathetic catastrophe! Mr. Lowndes is indeed an idealist in love, but how unfortunate that he should have pedestaled a twentieth century maiden among the clouds, equipping her with wings and risking the inevitable shock of the revelation of her frailty! But how fortunate for the young lady that she should have revealed the flaw in her character in time to save herself from a union with a man who had been worshiping her under the delusion that she could live up to his sentimental apotheosis!

To Give Tone to the Dance

Katrina Wright is being urged by Mrs. Malcolm Henry to defer her departure until after the first Assembly. As they cannot have the daughter of the President at the Assembly they will be satisfied with the daughter of the Governor-General of the Philippines. Miss Wright will impart considerable eclat to the dance which the patronesses hope to make a very swagger affair and to which end they are appealing to some of the best branded of society to participate. Several of the younger matrons have already condescendingly agreed to contribute such tone as goes with their presence, so the club managers are very happy over the bright prospect. Katrina Wright is to be the motif of several large affairs, I hear. Her hostesses, Mrs. Voorhies and Mrs. Henry, are to give a big tea in her honor. Katrina is a beauty and she is also an intelligent young woman.

Confidence Repaid

Mrs. "Sam" Cheyney is giving a big tea this week at her home in East Oakland. Mrs. Cheyney was Bessie Wall, one of the brilliant Wall sisters of Oakland. One of the sisters is now Mrs. John R. Glascock. Bessie was considered very courageous when she married the mining man who was being sued for breach of promise. But she stuck bravely by him in his trouble, and they are very happy.

They Fear She'll Be Dull

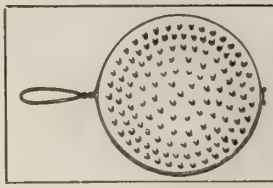
The friends of Jessie Fillmore that was, Mrs. Joe Peters that is, are wondering how she is going to survive a winter spent on a buhach plantation. Those who have visited buhach plantations near Stockton say they are dreary enough in summer, and simply indescribable for dullness in winter. However, Mrs. Peters is one of the cheeriest of mortals, and it is not likely that she would die of ennui anywhere. The Stockton friends of the Peterses intend giving some entertainments for Joe's bride this winter, I hear.

After all, this is not to be a debutanteless season, as it was feared when so many of the expected buds went off to New York or Europe or into mourning. Emily Marvin is the latest of the young girls to announce her decision to enter society this winter. She is the daughter of the Henry Marvins, and a member of the Saturday Night Club of which Helene Irwin, Mary Keeney and Helen Thomas are members.

Gossip From the South

My Los Angeles correspondent writes me that the friends of Maude Reese Davies are looking forward to the announcement of her engagement with Brigadier-General Robert Mankowski of the Governor's staff. Miss Davies is the daughter of the late J. M. Davies, the millionaire lumber man of Los Angeles. She is a coloratura soprano who had her voice cultivated in Europe and who now uses it modestly for the delectation of the fashionable parishioners of Christ Church, being a member of the choir.

It is expected that some of the Huntingtons will come to Los Angeles to attend the marriage of Hazel Noonan with Dr. Henry Walter Gibbons of San Francisco. Another November wedding will be that of Rowena Moore, granddaughter of John Lanfranco, a plutocratic Spanish pioneer, with Paul Selby of Oakland.



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The Oil Fight

The fight between the Standard Oil forces and the Los Angeles oil men grew very bitter last week, when it was learned that the Standard had practically arrayed itself against all of the independent refineries of the South. The Puente Company, one of the latest to be brought into the fight, has the sympathy of Riverside county, representatives of the monopoly having lately spent considerable time at Coachella looking over the field, supposedly with the intention of putting its tanks very soon into the orange county.

Telephone Competition

The New Home Telephone Company having broken into Alameda county after getting franchises in Los Angeles and other southern counties, will soon invade the San Francisco field. Behind this corporation are the Gerstles and Thomases of the St. Francis and several influential bankers of this city and Los Angeles. There is an abundance of money behind the company, and judging from the fight that was put up across the bay, where the chairman of the Council performed a wonderful acrobatic feat that attracted general attention, the men behind the enterprise are not to be easily balked.

Will He Get a Title?

Railroad men are wondering what title H. G. Burt will be adorned with when he comes back to this country from Russia where he has gone to reorganize the Siberian Railroad. His contract is for one hundred thousand dollars a year for two years and besides that he will have many perquisites. Domestic trouble, it is said, was the cause of Mr. Burt's leaving the service of Mr. Harriman, and the latter is said to have offered him all kinds of inducements to stay with him. Harriman is of the opinion that Burt, who was on the Union Pacific for many years and who is well known in this city, is one of the greatest operating men in the world. The friends of Mr. Burt say that Harriman has told him that when he finishes with his work in Russia he will give him a place which is equal in importance to that held by Mr. Kruttschnitt.

Nyrop on Kissing

For many centuries kisses have received the attention of pundits and poets. Secundus described the kiss in its infinite variety and with passionate emphasis. Ovid's pages are palpitant with love lyrics that tell of the delights that thrill the devotees of the osculatory pastime. An Austrian savant whose name I have forgotten classified kisses phonetically. He said that kisses were of three sorts: the affectionate, clear-ringing kiss coming from the heart; next, the more discreet or faintly sounding and weaker kiss; lastly, the kiss contemptuously designated as an *ekelhafter schmatz*—a loathsome smack. And now comes one Dr. Nyrop, professor of Romance Philology at the University of Copenhagen, whose book, "The Kiss and Its History," has just come to hand. He puts the kiss into five groups—of passion, of love, of respect, of peace, and of friendship. The professor invokes the poets to bear testimony on the subject. From the obscure Greek poet he learned that the kiss is "the key to Paradise," a belief that has been expressed by many modern rhymesters. But in Rome the kiss was vulgarized as Nyrop learned from Martral, who complained of its being the universal form of salutation, so that when a Roman returned after a long absence "every hairy-faced farmer presses on him with a strongly scented kiss." Kissing was a nuisance in France during the Renaissance, but in recent years it has become a fine art in Paris. Professor Nyrop has made a deep study of the kiss, and yet there are chorus girls in America who could give him pointers.

"I wonder what's her social status?"
"She's vulgar enough for the smart set."

The amateur band of the League of the Cross Cadets, directed by Lieut. E. G. Williams, will give a concert, followed by a dance, in Native Sons' Hall on November sixteenth. The band will attend the national convention of the Knights of Columbus in June, 1906, and will play in the large Eastern cities during that trip.

Mrs. G. W. de Wolfe, who has been spending the past month visiting in Montreal and Pittsfield, Mass., and is now with her daughter, Miss Elsie de Wolfe, in New York, will return here in December. E. S. de Wolfe will go East about the middle of next month, meeting his mother in Chicago and returning with her.

The Edgar Peixottos are too happy for anything because the stork left a baby boy at their home the other day. The little fellow is being deluged with gifts from his father's Bohemian Club friends, and his numerous relatives.

Mrs. J. B. Casserly returned to town last week with her children, who immediately contracted a bad case of diphtheria.

Mrs. Carl Renz entertained about two hundred of her friends at a delightful matinee reception last Saturday, at the Hotel Cecil. The parlors, reception hall and banquet room were beautifully decorated in pink and white. Mrs. Renz was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Alfred von de Ropp, Mrs. W. Winterberg, Mrs. Edward Xavier Rolker, Mrs. Emil Pohli, Miss Adele Bruene, Mrs. Lewis Tashiera and Mrs. Berg.

Next Monday evening in Trinity church will be celebrated the marriage of Miss Helen Brune, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest L. Hueter, and Dr. Fillmore White.

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When Our Aristocrats Come to Town

The hegira of the Burlingame set urbanward will not take place this year until the winter season is well advanced. Many of our gilded exclusives are not coming to town until the first Greenway ball lures them hither. When Ned opens up his first case of wet goods for the fashionable market many of his old friends who are still grateful for the branding which he vouchsafed them will be on hand in their best bib and tucker to give eclat to the entree of the latest climbers. The members of the Hopkins-Taylor faction, who are becoming more clannish every year, are to be just one degree more aloof this season than they were in 1904, and they will cling to their vines and fig trees until the third call. The Fred McNears are to hold the Blingum fort until the holiday season approaches. The Gus and Will Taylors have engaged small apartments for the winter but will not show themselves in society until the end of next month. The Gene Murphys have taken apartments in a Van Ness avenue hostelry where the Harry Holbrooks are domiciled and where they contemplate doing a great deal of entertaining. The Eugene de Sablas and the Clement Tobins will not return to town until the middle of next month. Mrs. Tobin, I hear, will be with Mrs. Fred Kohl a rival of Mrs. Peter Martin for modishness. All the tremendously exclusive Parrott clan will be installed in their city homes in two weeks, the de Guignes making their home as usual in Mrs. Abby Parrott's big house in Sutter street. The Laurance Scotts and Whittells will be among the latest to come to town.

The Baroness Is Coming

Baron von Horst is to have his wife with him in San Francisco this winter, and they are to take a house, I hear, so that they will be able to entertain more generously than heretofore. The Baron is quite a favorite in his own particular set, but the swagger people of society have not made much of him in the last few seasons. Titled folk are not such a novelty now as they were when von Horst came to town with his brand new title, and as there were some persons who had the boldness to question his right to pose as a member of the lowest order of hereditary nobility, provoking him into a serious defense, the smart setters lost interest in him. However, though Burlingame does not enthuse over the Baron, he enjoys the very warm esteem of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and a few other dowagers. The Baroness, I hear, is far less interested than her husband in the pomps and vanities of society. She leads a very quiet life in London.

Where the Youngsters Get Aplomb

The latest dancing club to send out invitations is the Saturday Evening Club, which is composed of those society girls who have not as yet made their debut. Nearly all the younger set of dancing men are invited; also, a few worldly-wise damsels who have been out as many as three seasons. This dancing club has the approval of managing mammas for it enables their olive branches to acquire *sang froid* before getting into the thick of the inevitable struggle. At the Saturday Night dances the darlings shed their diffidence and get rid of their awkwardness, and become accustomed to the inanities of polite social intercourse. No intoxicants are served at the meetings, for it is deemed inadvisable to develop a thirst in the youngsters. But even the more mature girls in society have not the courage to drink wine at so large a gathering as there is at a dance. They are always in dread of the gossipy dowagers who appear to be on the alert for some girl whose sparkling eyes and ebullient spirits would justify them, in their opinion, in suggesting that she had been indulging too freely.

Partridge says:

How trivial are men's political opinions in comparison with the city's honor and fair name.

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FOR
BREAKFAST

Santa Clara College
Santa Clara, Cal.
The next sessions will begin August 30th, 1905. Full particulars sent upon request.
RICHARD A. GLEESON, S. J., President.

Oakland's Shrewd Financier

Gossip in club and financial circles continues to find a congenial topic in the shrewdness of William G. Henshaw, the Oakland banker, in driving a bargain. The latest to be retailed with gusto along the line deals with the Oakland financier's negotiations to lease a fashionable residence in this city. It seems that Mr. Henshaw has conceived the idea of setting up his household gods out on the hills where smart society congregates. He found a place to his liking in a swell residence in Pacific avenue, belonging to Dr. Buckley, which was to lease, furnished, at a monthly rental of three hundred dollars. After going over the details very carefully, Mr. Henshaw announced that he would take the house, but said he would be unable to move in before the twentieth of October and insisted that the rent begin on that date instead of on the first of the month. This concession was reluctantly made, and the papers signed. Subsequently Mr. Henshaw notified the agent that it would be impossible for him to move in till the first of November, requesting that the rent be made to run from that date. The first concession meant a loss of two hundred dollars in rent. The second one asked for involved the loss of a hundred more. When notified, Dr. Buckley curtly told his agent over the telephone to cancel the lease, that he did not want a tenant who figured so close and wanted so many concessions. And now the club gossips, busy with the ways peculiar to financiers, are discussing the amusing story of how came the medium to tell old man Haines that the spirits advised him to sell his stock in the Oakland Bank of Savings.

The Spirits in Financial Circles

Mediums, by the way, have long played an important part in the financial affairs of this state. Everybody knows that Stanford University was founded at the suggestion of the spirits esteemed by Senator and Mrs. Stanford. But it was not generally known that Mrs. Hopkins, widow of the railroad magnate, had a confidential medium on whom she relied for guidance. There is an interesting story of how this medium was pressed into the service of that shrewd manipulator, C. P. Huntington, who set the pace in a new style of financiering for the financiers across the bay. Huntington got into a row with Stanford and wanted the presidency of the Southern Pacific, but Stanford had the Crocker interests with him. It became important for Huntington to secure the co-operation of Mrs. Hopkins. To that end, so the story goes, he consulted her medium, not because he had confidence in spirits, but because he wanted to play a spirit himself. It was as a result of that interview that the spirits told Mrs. Hopkins that Mr. Searles would make an excellent husband. She married Searles and the latter joined forces with Huntington. Of course Searles knew nothing of the interview between Huntington and the medium, but the railroad magnate being friendly with the Boston decorator felt that he could rely on his co-operation. Alvinza Hayward was another financier who stood well with the spirits. It was a medium who persuaded him to develop the Utica mine, and I have heard it was on the advice of the spirits that he erected the big building at the corner of California and Montgomery streets. They told him that it would be a monument to his memory, but his heirs, ignoring the sentiment of the spirit world, sold the property to the Kohls who had Hayward's name chiseled out and theirs chiseled in.

Judge Garber's Happy Hit

Of all the surprises in the recent threatened conflagration of Berkeley by the grass fires Judge Garber was responsible for the greatest and the cheeriest when he invited a dusty, hungry, thirsty, wearied, smoke-begrimed phalanx of fire-fighting students into his residence and set before them a cooling luncheon to delight the heart of a fastidious clubman. It was his way of showing his gratitude for what the students had done in saving his property from the threatening flames. It made such an immense hit with the lads that they're not done talking of it yet, for at the psychological moment Judge Garber offered them what in their famished, wearied condition seemed the biggest thing on earth—something good to eat and drink.

Engagement in Bohemia

Where there's smoke is there always fire? The rumor of Porter Garnett's engagement to a well known Santa Rosa belle is being hummed through Bohemia with an insistence that shows—well, that shows that the nimble-witted world thinks that Benedict is netted at last. Certainly Santa Rosa has been the capital of California on his map for at least three years, and all his trips on science, philosophy, poetry and home cooking led in that direction. For years he has been dreaming of cutting loose from the money changers in the mart and plunging into journalism and the higher flights of writing, after the manner of his friend Gelett Burgess. Quite recently he made the plunge by severing his connection with the U. S. Mint and taking a place on the *Argonaut,* where he now wields a giant pair of scissors in a newly cushioned editor's chair, and occasionally pushes a nimble pen. From the time this change was made the rumors of his engagement have been growing in insistence. There'll be a rice typhoon in Bohemia if he ventures the matrimonial sea.

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A Degenerate Clergyman

The despatches tell us that the Rev. Henry Austin Adams, the brilliant lecturer, has bobbed up in Seattle, where he has been living under the assumed name of Vincent Harper, and that he has been writing short stories for several magazines, making a very good living with his pen; also that the woman who alienated his affections from his family and with whom he eloped to Australia is with him and is now the mother of a child. He now hopes to secure a divorce, being eager to marry his paramour. Henry Austin Adams is very well known in this city, for he lectured here under the auspices of a Catholic Church society. He was formerly a clergyman of the Episcopal Church, and when he became a convert to Catholicism he took to the lecture platform and made a great deal of money. He is one of the most flagrant hypocrites that ever practiced deception on a gullible public. After running away to Australia he wrote to clergymen in this city denouncing as lies and slanders the stories of his immorality. To all his epistles he appended pathetic appeals for money, explaining that his troubles had unbalanced his mind, and that while insane he fled to Australia where he was stranded. When he was lecturing in this city a few years ago he was one of the principals in a "wet night" in a suburban hotel, and it was said that though there were several Eves at the function, there was but one Adams. The story of the escapade was denounced as a base slander by Adams's friends. They were positive that this modern Tartuffe had a double.

His Free Love Brief

Before starting for Australia Adams published for private circulation a pamphlet entitled "The Brief of My Client's Case; a Story of Tristan and Isolde." It was evidently intended as an explanation of the act which he then contemplated. His friends sought to recall the entire issue, but one of the copies fell into my hands. Adams undertook in this brief to justify unlawful love. He argued that men and women by the very nature of things should be as free as the birds and bees, and he asked, "Does the great God think I shall clasp air and kiss the wind forever?" He prefaced his argument with some original verse including this passionate rhapsody:

We climbed, we two, the "Mountain wrapt in Peace."
  The benediction of the night lay on the sea;
The pent up Love of Life longed for release,
And rapture decked a throne for you and me!
The storm-swept ocean of my Past grew calm;
  Stillness and rest lay shadowed at my feet.
Night's unseen choirs began their vesper psalm,
While evening's acolytes swung censors sweet.
And we were there! We two, alone, unseen;
  Above life's lie; escaped from duties cold,
We two alone save for the stars serene,
  Those friends who keep the secrets they are told.
Then when the hush had deepened into pain,
  You broke the breathless silence with a song
So infinitely sweet in its refrain
  I wished each note were infinitely long.
Then from life's utmost deeps surged wild Desire.
  To have! To hold! To make that moment ours!
To make it yield us All, nor dare expire
  Till we had plucked the eternal Passion Flowers.
Pressing my lips to yours I bade you sing
  The very heart of song into my soul.
The stars above our heads began to swing!
  The crag on which we leaned began to roll.
Borne on the heaving flood of bliss we went,
  Heedless of clouds that warned fierce Passion-Gales,
Which soon raged round us, and, their fury spent,
  Forced us to hoist our consciences for sails!
With which we made what way we could to land,
  Back to the ports of Sanity—and loss.
To Duty's shores where wise men understand
  Life's law is sacrifice—its key, the cross.

What Irish Thinks

Colonel John P. Irish seldom breaks into print nowadays, for the Colonel has joined the leisure class, a circumstance in restraint of his wit and therefore to be deplored, for when he had his pen in hand he was a prolific contributor to the gayety of the community. Now he loves to loll in one of Colonel Kirkpatrick's upholstered chairs in the Palm Garden, there to reflect on the comedie humaine and make epigrammatic comments for the edification and entertainment of a few congenial spirits. The other day he was approached by an old friend of his newspaper days who asked him what he thought of Mr. Hearst's chances in New York. He made reply: "I think that Mr. Hearst is rapidly becoming the Dr. O'Donnell of America."

Improvements at Del Monte

Just now, during a little lull, when the summer season has ended and the winter gaiety has not yet begun, an

New Line of European papers on display. SCHUSSLER BROS.' Engraving Dept, 119 Geary street.

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Yet not forbidden—its delicacy of flavor, its piquancy, its stimulating qualities, are all gladly welcomed at every banquet board and formal dinner, and at every exclusive home social.

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NO DIRT

The Gas Company
415 Post Street

army of mechanics are busy at Hotel Del Monte, refitting and modernizing the main building. The management announces that guests will be as welcome as ever, during the next two months, but while alterations are in progress, the work of carpenters, plumbers, painters, and carpet-layers may cause some inconvenience. The improvements will involve principally the main building and will add fully one-third to the high-class accommodations of the big hotel. Rooms in the main building have never been popular heretofore, but when the winter season opens, these overlooked apartments will show all the latest touches in electric lights, porcelain tubs, telephones, steam heat, and aesthetic furnishings. Under the present management Del Monte's popularity has been growing, so that while it's still the proper thing for society with a big S to go there steadily, yet everybody from everywhere is made to feel at home. Manager Snell, Mrs. Snell and Miss Snell sailed Tuesday for Tahiti on the *Mariposa*. Mr. Snell has been helping others to rest so long that he feels he needs one himself.

Robertson's Play

Louis A. Robertson, whose latest poem appears in this issue, has put the final strokes of his pen to his beautiful play, "Montezuma," which created a big sensation at the Bohemian midsummer jinks a few years ago. Mr. Robertson had dashed the play off for the jinks without the least expectation of its ever being produced on the professional stage, but Ben Greet was so impressed with its potentialities that he urged Mr. Robertson to whip it into shape with a view to achieving greater dramatic effects. The poet has been working leisurely upon it ever since, and it will be sent to London, there to be read by a manager whose interest was aroused by Mr. Greet.

Will Dance the Fandango

The Sequoia Club that was born in the fertile brain of Ednah Robinson, now Mrs. Charlie Aiken, is a very big child now and has long outgrown the infant garments. It is branching out in many ways, and its gatherings this winter promise to be among the most genial social events. Next Thursday night the club rooms are to be transformed, the accordeon and the fiddle will shake the atmosphere, and dancers will revel in the fun of an early-day fandango of the sort that once delighted Californians in the idling days before the *gringo* came. Members are told they may make their costumes as fanciful as they like, and the fun is to be as furious as they please. Dull Care is to be driven into his corner. Of course a good many of the members will attend the Eames concert, but as the invitation is like those the Press Club sends out for its jinks, to "come early and stay late," meaning just the opposite if you prefer, the concert-goers will appear at the fandango affair later. On Twelfth Night, the club proposes to revive this old-time celebration following Christmas, to keep alive its traditions much as the San Francisco Art Association, by its annual ball, keeps alive the best features of Mardi Gras.

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The Reverend Henry Woods, S. J., will deliver a course of lectures on French history at Wheeler's Auditorium, 1215 Sutter street, during November and December. The lectures are to be under the auspices of the St. Ignatius Training Association, and among the patrons are Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mrs. Fred C. Kohl, Mrs. Charles M. Clark, Miss Laura McKinstry, Thos. B. Bishop, Downey Harvey, J. S. Tobin and Garrett M. McEnerney.

Mrs. G. Alexander Wright of Alameda has been re-elected president of the Woman's Auxiliary to the British and American Union. The newly elected directorate will entertain the members of the Auxiliary at a reception next week in their club-room, Utopian hall, in Sutter street.

Proserpine in a New Role

Louise Closser has appeared in a new character, which promises to be as successful as her Proserpine in Arnold Daly's production of Bernard Shaw's "Candida." This clever actress, who in private life is Mrs. Walter Hale, has written a serial for the *Bookman*, the first installment of which appears in the current number of that magazine. It is called "A Motor-Car Divorce," and is an automobile romance. The story is illustrated with drawings by the author's husband, Walter Hale, who is very well known in this city. He was a member of the Alcazar company in the Stockwell days, and later appeared here with New York companies.

A New Comic Opera

Reginald De Koven has written the score of another comic opera, "Happyland," that has made a big hit in New York. It is real comic opera, too, not on the lines of the many pieces that have been masquerading as comic opera in recent years. The chorus has been suppressed, there are no show girls on the stage, and the music is logically incidental to the libretto.

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The Hechts to Sell Their Home

It will be a great surprise to the friends of Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht to learn that they are making preparations to sail for Europe to be gone for an indefinite period. The Colonel is a very sick man. Before the departure of the Hechts they will sell their magnificent home situated on the fifty-vara lot at the northeast corner of Washington and Octavia streets, facing the beautiful Lafayette Park on the South, and having on the north, east and west superb marine and landscape views that are not surpassed from any other home-site in San Francisco. Marine view property is getting scarcer every day, and consequently the Hecht home is not likely to be long on the market. It affords views of alluring stretches of the bay, including many of the islands, and of the ocean and marine shore with Mount Tamalpais in the distance.

Happy Milkman, Hapless Public

Eugene Lent's determined effort to prosecute the milk purveyor who furnished his family with "doctored" milk is enthusiastically approved by every householder in San Francisco. Too much of this business of doping milk is now going on here, notwithstanding the showy vigilance made by inspectors and the Board of Health. Despite the reports made by the easy-going city officials every buyer knows that most of the milk distributed in San Francisco is doctored, and the amount of doctoring depends on the flexible conscience of certain low-class milk dealers. It is no exaggeration to say that three out of five samples of milk set aside these October days will quickly develop signs of something wrong. A lady who recently lodged a complaint was answered by the puzzled complaint man of the company with the frank answer that he couldn't understand what made the milk act the way it did, for he had received twenty similar complaints that same day. An hour or so later the lady dropped in on a friend of hers who used to be a large dealer in lacteal fluid—and water. "It's very easy to explain," he observed, "the big milk companies are at their wits' ends to supply their customers at this season of the year, so they call on the small dealers for all they can supply. The small dealers dig up milk from everywhere and anywhere they can get it, especially the conscienceless kind. They dope it, fix it up, water it out and do anything to gather in money, while the big dealers mix all this stuff that is handed over to them and the result is that they get hold of lots of doctored stuff they don't understand. That was what puzzled your milkman. He's a big dealer, he wants to hold his customers, and of course he'd be only too glad to remedy your complaint if he knew how to go about it, but some of these small dealers use preservatives and dope that even experts would have a hard time to classify. Then such scamps are daring, too, for they know the milk they sell to the big dealers will be swallowed up and lost among thousands of gallons."

"What remedy has the householder?" asked the lady.

"Patronize a dealer who has a small, exclusive trade and is satisfied with a fair profit."

Engraved
Wedding Announcements
and Invitations

ROBERTSON 126 Post Street
San Francisco

Her Aunt Lives in Lake County

Though Alice Roosevelt did not promise to visit any of the social leaders on her return trip to San Francisco she did promise to pay her aunt a visit. This aunt resides on a farm located between Bartlett Landing and Upper Lake. She is a sister of Princess Alice's mother, who was a Miss Lee of Boston, and she married Charles Hammond, a rancher of Lake county. The Hammond place is a model farm, though not of extensive acreage. Cereals, fruits, and a vineyard are among its features, and also a beautiful garden which contains specimens of almost everything in plant life that flourishes in a semi-tropic region. The house commands a view of the lake and surrounding country and is one of the show places of Lake county. There are peacocks strutting on the well-kept lawns, and prize fowls in the barnyard. A steam launch is also one of the owner's possessions. It was about twenty years ago that the Hammonds came to California to live, and every year they go to Boston to eat their Thanksgiving dinner with Mrs. Hammond's parents, who are Alice Roosevelt's grandparents. Mr. Edmunds, Mrs. Hammond's brother-in-law, owns a farm adjoining. He is a millionaire, but prefers a quiet country life to the turmoil of his home city, Boston.

A Generous Widow

Mrs. Bertha Welch, who has given fifty thousand dollars towards the building of the new Santa Clara College, and a new organ to St. Ignatius', is one of the most generous of San Francisco's rich women. She has always been liberal in her gifts to the Catholic churches of this city, and her private charities also draw largely from her purse. Mrs. Welch is the widow of the late Andrew Welch. Her daughter married Eugent Lent, and her three sons are all married. Mrs. Charles J. Welch was Miss Livingstone of New York, Mrs. Andrew Welch was Miss de Laveaga of this city, and Mrs. Aloysius J. Welch was also a San Francisco girl—Miss Ethel Tobin.

NEW DINING ROOM AT HOTEL PLEASANTON

The Artistic Pleasanton Dining-Room

A fashion which London and New York adopted a long time ago, and which still continues popular in those and other large cities where it has found place, has been introduced in San Francisco by E. S. de Wolfe, proprietor of the Hotel Pleasanton. This is to reproduce the interior decorations of homes of a famous poet, artist or author, or great figure in history. In New York the writer has seen some of these reproductions, and they are very faithful copies. Some householders have been fortunate enough to lease the houses where the famous people dwelt, and then the reproduction has been more in the line of restoration. Miss Elsie de Wolfe, the actress who has lately gone in for house decoration, and who is by the way the sister of the Pleasanton's proprietor, lives in the former home of Washington Irving, a quaint little dwelling at the corner of Irving Place and East Seventeenth street. Those who cannot lease the entire house of a celebrity of the long ago do what they can to reproduce the "atmosphere" of a room at least. The room where Scott wrote "Kenilworth"; an apartment in Kenilworth itself; the study where Emerson wrote his essays; a bit of the Italian palazzo where the Brownings dwelt—these are some of the possible reproductions in modern interior decoration. Mr. de Wolfe, who has been spending much time and thought for some months past upon the remodeling of the Pleasanton, which is, taken as a whole, the most artistic hotel in San Francisco, has succeeded in reproducing in the small dining-room the walls of Longfellow's study, and the effect is "great," to use an expressive term which has no adequate synonym in elegant English. The groundwork of the paper is a delicate white on which rise columns of shaded gray, with Cherokee roses of the same soft grays twining their tendrils about the pillars. The effect is that of real columns, lofty, and of necessity adding to the height of the room. The woodwork and ceiling are also of creamy white. There is no dining-room in this city, even in the Pacific Heights palaces, the homes of our millionaires, that can compare with this for delicate beauty. There is nothing garish or overdone about the decorations, though the necessary warm tint without which a dining-room would be but a cheerless place is supplied in the luxurious red carpet and the heavy cardinal velvet draperies that overhang the cream lace curtains. The furniture is Colonial, handmade, simple, but in harmony with the square tables, covered with spotless damask. Silver candlesticks with red shades over the lights are also in the harmonious picture. One might easily, while discussing one's own meal in this picturesque room, fancy Longfellow sitting at just such a plain square table—only without the dinner adjuncts—in just such a Colonial straightbacked chair, reading over one of his verses by the light of just such a softly shaded candle. The central and table lights in the room are strengthened by side-lights, with ebonized fittings, and quaint little shades of beaded red fringe.

San Bruno Road adjoining Belle Air Park is now being extended through to Golden Gate Park

San Bruno Road

The Association for the improvement and adornment of San Francisco, by its public spirited enterprise has completed details for an extension of Nineteenth Avenue from Golden Gate Park through property freely given by the Spring Valley Water Company, and the authorities of San Mateo County, together with the Automobile Club of California, have agreed to open up a new road connecting this with San Bruno Road, which directly passes Belle-Air Park, thus giving to San Francisco a much-needed outlet South and the finest boulevard on the Pacific Coast. There have been over 400 lots sold in Belle-Air Park since Sept. 10th.

The Financial Field

Business in the Stock & Bond Exchange continues quite animated, trading in Bonds aggregating $407,000; in shares 7,806, as follows: 2,834 Lighting, 761 Water, 1,130 Miscellaneous, 116 Bank and 2,965 Sugars. San Francisco Gas & Electric seems to be quietly absorbed at $84.1-2 to $85. Spring Valley Water weakened a little, selling as low at $40.1-4 and closing at that figure. There is a good deal of backing and filling going on in Contra Costa Water at about the present prices, $48 to $49, quite a little stock being sold at the sellers' option. Dealings in Alaska Packers' Association are practically *nil*, quotations remaining at $61 bid, $62 asked. There is a fair amount of business going on in Sugars and prices continue to remain very steady. Reports from the plantations for the coming season have never been better in their history.

The Tonopah market is somewhat dull this week, on account of the passing of the Montana Division Consolidated. Stock is thrown on the market by Eastern shareholders, but the stock is taken by strong inside parties at the decline. Conditions favor high prices for the better class Tonopah and Goldfield stock. News received the past week from the Double Eagle mine shows a continuance of good ore as sinking progresses. The 225 foot level has now been reached and it is the intention of the management to start drifting north and south when the 250 feet level has been reached. The Tonopah Standard reports good progress. The shaft is now 300 feet deep and is still in lode porphyry.

The intention is to start cross-cutting and drifting on the 400 feet level and from indications it would point that another Tonopah extension is liable to be opened up in this western country. Mr. Duval has been appointed superintendent of the North Star and reports this mine as looking very well.

—*The Financier.*

W. W. Van Arsdale has returned from his ranch up in Mendocino, where he has spent most of the summer. He is back in the city again for good and brought with him one of his garage of motor cars, his Autocar runabout.

C. E. Green expects to receive his new 1906 Packard some time during the month of November. William T. Coleman has just purchased a 1905 Packard car.

Rollin C. Ayres Goes With Cooper Agency.

It will be of interest to the advertising public to learn that Mr. Rollin C. Ayres, who for the past seven years has handled the advertising of S. N. Wood & Co., has associated himself with the F. J. Cooper advertising agency and beginning November first will have the full charge of the "ad"-writing department of that office. This fact will materially increase the popularity and efficiency of this office and give the public the advantage of having at its disposal one of the best "ad" writers on the coast.

FAT FOLKS

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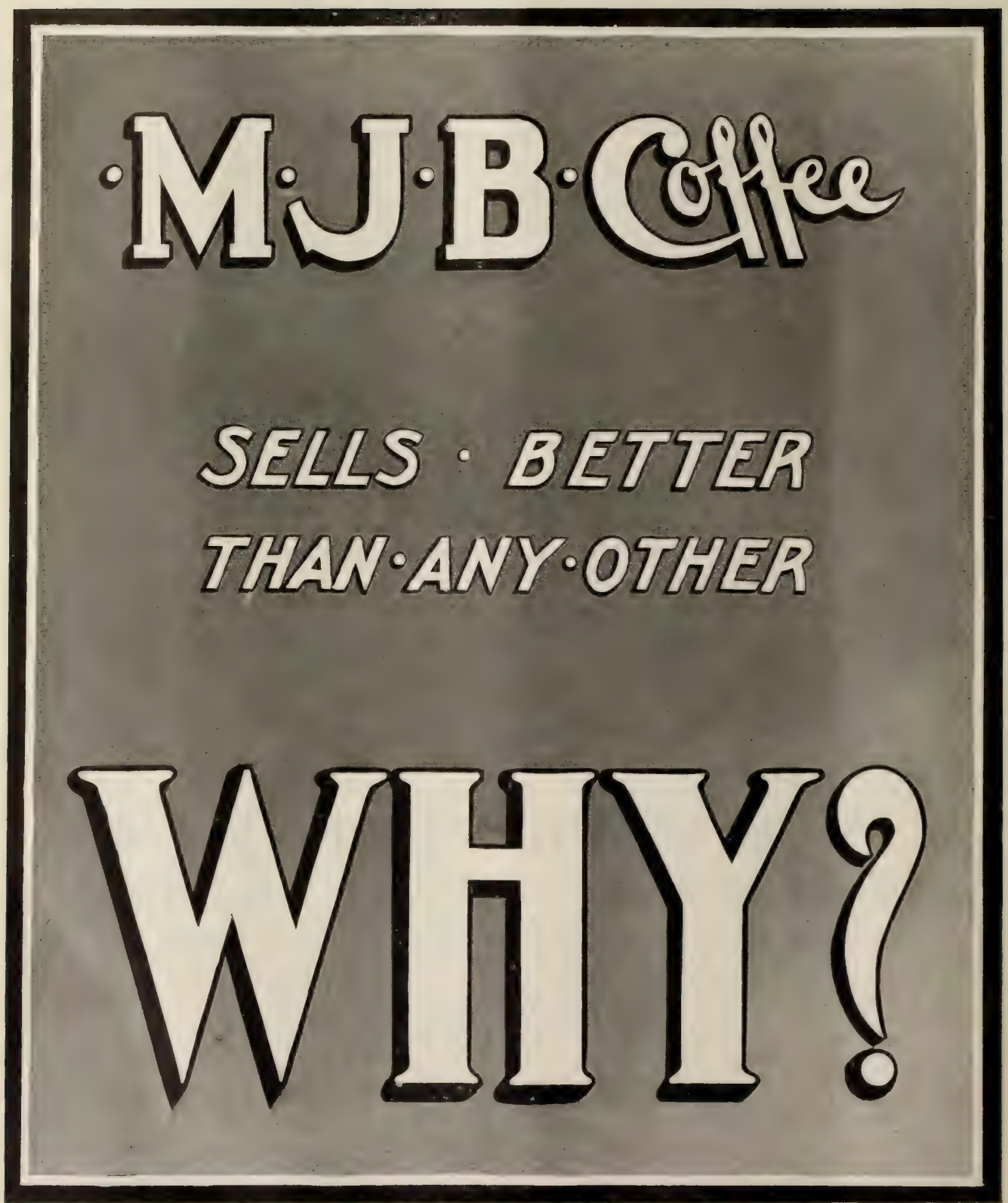
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WHY?

Suburban and Interior Realty

By D. M. Fraser, Real Estate Editor of the "Bulletin."

Never before in their history have suburban and nearby interior real estate been so active. Judging from the sales recently made investors and home-seekers of moderate means are realizing that the time to invest is the present. The prospect for increased steam and electric service has done much for the development of this class of property. Along the shores of the bay on either side and close to the waters of the Pacific ocean, where formerly men could be seen following the plough and cultivating orchards, others are now laying out streets, digging cellars and giving shape to houses.

Where formerly lay vast tracts of land now can be seen hundreds of homes. This wide expanse of suburban property stretching along the peninsula in San Francisco, San Mateo and Santa Clara counties on this side of the bay, and on the bay shore of Alameda county, is undergoing a great metamorphosis, and with the improved transportation facilities it will not be long before it will be difficult to secure choice home sites. Nowhere, perhaps, has the change in the character of property been so great as along the routes of the electric and Southern Pacific railroads from this city to San Jose, especially since the electric road has been in operation. San Mateo Park, Burlingame and other points have expanded and new villages have sprung up.

Great impetus was given to property on the peninsula a year ago when it became known that the bay shore cut-off would soon be constructed. The rush of home-site seekers has been great ever since, and promises to be still greater next year.

High rents in San Francisco have, of course, been responsible in a measure for the demand for suburban realty, but it has been quite clear that there were some fine opportunities for investment in adjacent counties, and real estate brokers and operators have taken advantage of the situation. And the counties adjacent to San Francisco are not the only ones that have profited from improved railroad facilities and as a consequence of the eloquent indications of the big growth in the near future of the metropolis. Well-to-do farmers have successfully handled big colonization enterprises in the interior, and the building of the Western Pacific road has done much toward giving buoyancy to the market throughout the fertile sections of the state.

Who's Who

BY H. C.

Who's first in war, and first in peace?
A hearty cuss and heady.
Who's good for ganders and for geese?
Why, Teddy.

Who dares to climb the bronco, Fate?
A rider rough and ready.
Who fears nor bulls nor bears to bait?
Why, Teddy.

Who's now Columbia's ownest own,
The fickle lady's steady?
O, shade of Georgie Washington,
'Tis Teddy!

October, 1905.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate of
EDWARD T. DONNELLY,
Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, made on the 10th day of July, 1903, in the matter of the estate of Edward T. Donnelly, deceased, the undersigned, T. V. Maxwell and Richard L. Barry, executors of the last will and testament of Edward T. Donnelly, deceased, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after MONDAY, the 6th day of November, 1905, all the right, title, interest and estate of said decedent at the time of his death in and to the premises hereinafter referred to, and also all the right, title and interest in the said premises other than or in addition to that of the decedent at the time of his death which said estate has acquired or may acquire prior to said sale, by operation of law or otherwise.

A complete description of the said real property of said estate sought to be sold has been given, printed and published heretofore in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, a copy of said notice being attached to the affidavit of publication thereof heretofore filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County on the 22nd day of March, 1904, among the records of said estate, and being the same real property particularly described in subdivisionsof said notice designated First, Second, Third, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth. Said description contained in the said publication of the said first notice, proved and on file in the above entitled Court, is hereby referred to for further particulars, and is hereby expressly made a part of this notice.

Offers or bids must be in writing and may be left and will be received at the office of J. J. Lermen, attorney for the undersigned, rooms 607-611-612 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, or delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of said City and County of San Francisco, to which said Superior Court the return of said sale must be made, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash.
Dated, San Francisco, October 21st, 1905.

T. V. MAXWELL,
RICHARD L. BARRY,
Executors of the last will and Testament of Edward T. Donnelly, Deceased.

J. J. LERMEN,
Attorney for Executors,
Rooms 607-611-612 Kohl Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

The Stage

The Real Thing in Melodrama

The other night a bright idea, or at least, what I flattered myself into believing was a bright idea, came into my head. It was this: melodrama served up frankly as melodrama cannot be vastly different from the more pretentious dramas that come from the pens of reputed men of letters and by which we are being regaled in houses that are patronized by the cultured. I had in mind "Leah Kleschna," "Raffles," "The Eternal City," "Sunday" and "Merely Mary Ann." I resolved to investigate with a view of ascertaining whether my bright idea had any excuse for being, so I dropped into the Central to observe the method of the author of "Tracked Around the World," an author whose humility might well be pondered by many self-satisfied playsmiths. Of him it may be said that if he is no Moliere he knows it. The writer who cannot be deceived by his own brain-child is not without genius; it requires genius to appreciate the shortcomings of one's own illiterate effusions. The author of "Tracked Around the World" had no delusions about the demerits of his melodrama, so he refrains from pointing to himself with pride. His name is not on the program. He had too much sense and perhaps, too much pride, to put it there. And yet "Tracked Around the World," judged from the standards which are accepted by contemporary dramatists and critics, is not beneath sincere criticism, though I am told that it is a vastly more flagrant appeal to the mob than it is customary for the Central management to make. It is prime melodrama undressed but warm in its nakedness and unblushing in its disingenuousness. It is clear that the author started out to write good ding-dong stuff, and he wrote it, keeping in mind from beginning to end the best traditions of yellow literature. He created a heroic detective and a villain to make for the essential conflict, and he created a heroine to make work for the willing hands of the evil one. Then he put numerous familiar figures into familiar places and started the dramatic ball a-rolling. A crime is committed in the first act as in "Sunday" and "Raffles" and everybody becomes interested in the outcome. As the plot thickens there is a blend of every variety of the drama as in "Merely Mary Ann." There is comedy and tragedy, farce and downright melodrama. The play moves so quickly it is almost bewildering. There is not a dull moment in it. Something is always happening. There is an exciting scene in a Pullman car running out of Chicago. In the next act the heroine, who wears the emotional gown of black, is kidnaped in Chinatown, San Francisco. She is rescued by Bill Hickory the detective, a veritable Johnny-on-the-spot, who carries an arsenal and is blazing away at the villain every little while. We next meet all hands in a bawdy house in Paris, the heroine being there in duress vile. The landlady wears the appropriate emotional gown of red and you have not the least difficulty in identifying her. As this act takes place in Paris the hero consistently eschews his guns and girds on the trusty blade. Of course the villain falls before his well-directed thrusts, though both parry and lunge with clock-work precision. I have seen many plays more pretentious from the esthetic standpoint than "Tracked Around the World," but none so full of action. Some time ago Herschel Mayall complained, in an interview with the always entertaining Frances Joliffe, of the great tax imposed on his memory by the weekly change of bill at the Central, but if his role in "Tracked Around the World" is a fair sample of the demand made on his brain-cells there was no justification for the complaint. Bill Hickory, the detective, is a role that is more exacting physically than mentally. The lines are few but the gun-plays frequent, and Mr. Mayall is a wonderfully agile actor. It would be hard to find an actor more athletically fitted for the character. Athletics and histrionics go hand-in-hand in this drama. The author is a writer of business, not of epigrams, and having a sense of the importance of stimulating the mentality of his audience he leaves a great deal to the imagination. Some of the bungling playwrights, unversed in the technique of the drama, assume that theatregoers have no imagination, and in trying to be explicit accentuate the implausibility of their plots. Not so, the unknown author of "Tracked Around the World." He deftly puts you into a receptive mood and then relies on your sympathy and imagination to do the rest. . I came away from the Central convinced that the unknown playwright has the ability to do work fully as creditable as some that has been done by Hall Caine and Israel Zangwill. Indeed, I am inclined to the opinion that he is more deserving than they of acclaim, for they are serious and try to write up to a standard that is beyond them and fail, whereas he, fully cognizant of the absurdity of his work, tries to write down to the illiterate and succeeds.

Theodore Bonnet.

Irving the Educator

Henry Irving is sincerely mourned by every true lover of the dramatic art. He rendered to the stage the service that Matthew Arnold claimed should be performed for literature by the true and accomplished critic. He felt that the actor was as much of a creator as the playwright whose work he interpreted, and that in interpreting a role he devoted himself to the performance of an artistic feat that called for imagination and superb technique. He believed that the actor should contribute to the elevation of the dramatic art by lending himself to the promotion of the best in dramatic literature and the discouragement of caterers to the mob. Though he was a great actor, his histrionic genius was of less importance than the elevating influence he exercised on the stage and on the theatrical profession. That influence was tremendous. He compelled respect for the English stage and for the exponents of the drama when the theatrical profession of England and this country was in ignorance of the ideals that have since guided it to worthy achievement. Irving familiarized himself with the best traditions of the stage and with the classics of dramatic literature, and he constantly sought to make the theatre what it should be and what it had ceased to be in the early part of his career, an educational institution for the improvement of public taste and for the inculcation of a love of the beautiful. To that end he set up high standards and struggled for perfection. His Shakespearean revivals were an education in themselves. Nothing so artistic had ever before been seen on the stage. To make the performances artistically complete Irving spent days in museums, studied archaeology, and employed

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the services of the greatest painters in London. To the influence of the great actor is to be traced the perfection of detail that has been achieved in this country in recent years. Irving's productions have been surpassed in grandeur by American managers, but they received their inspiration within the four walls of the Lyceum theatre.

His Unhappy Marriage

An English actor who some time ago played an engagement here told me the story of why Henry Irving and his wife lived apart. Irving married when he was young and very poor and not until after his marriage did he learn that his wife held a rooted aversion toward the stage. She was always begging him to leave his profession and advising him to take up some other occupation. After six years of nagging, he could stand it no longer, and they decided to separate. Meanwhile Irving's fame was increasing in the provinces and finally, late in the sixties, he was engaged to play Mathias in London. About that time a mutual friend of the Irvings was trying to effect a reconciliation. He brought them together on the day of the first performance of "The Bells," and Mrs. Irving was induced to waive her objection to the theatre and to witness her husband's performance. That night Henry Irving scored his greatest triumph. His reputation was made. Immediately after the performance he joined his wife. With a burst of enthusiasm he asked:

"What did you think of me tonight?"

"I don't think I ever saw you behave so foolishly before," was her withering reply.

Without another word Irving left the house. That was in 1868, and the Irvings were separated ever after.

"John Bull's Other Island"

Two Shaw plays are now running in New York. This is a pretty good triumph for a writer who two years ago was appreciated by a few studious enthusiasts, who were unqualifiedly classed as cranks. His "John Bull's Other Island" was produced at the Garrick in New York last week, and opinion is divided as to its merits. This play has not yet been put between book covers and we can judge of its merits only from what the critics of New York have to say of it. The critic of the *Sun* writes: "It is as brilliant as 'Man and Superman' in spots, and is far more nearly related to real life and genuine ideas—at its best a work of real human art. But it lacks the broad appeal to men and women of all sorts. What success it achieves will be largely due to the impetus of the Shaw boom. The theme of the play centres in the visit of two friends to a rural spot in Rosscullen. One of them is a typical Gladstonian Liberal, bent on regenerating the land, the other the usual Shaw wit and paradoxologist—in this case an Irish citizen of the world who returns to his home after an absence of eighteen years. Larry Doyle (Arnold Daly) has the spiritual fervor of his race, but also the sense of humor that turns its best impulses to extravagant mockery—and futility. Broadbent (Dodgson Mitchell) is a typical John Bull, who blunders unspeakably, deceives himself both as to his ideals and as to his practical, even oblique, sense for the main chance—and ends by gaining a seat on the Irish bench by virtue of his earnestness and his racial ability to do things. The first act is made up almost entirely of a duologue between these two. It is as brilliant a bit of writing as ever came from the pen of the Irish Saturday Reviewster, and, in addition to its radium flashes of wit and intuition, it has a very real substratum of intellectual and moral fervor (the morality, of course, is that peculiar to Shaw). After this the action is transferred to Rosscullen. The third act shows an encounter of the two friends with rural Irish magnates—Larry's father, a former land agent, who has become a landowner; the parish priest, a couple of rarely studied types of peasants of the old Ireland who have become landowners in the new. These worthies sit in front of old Doyle's cottage and discuss politics, with a view to an approaching parliamentary election. Nowhere in Shaw is there a more brilliant passage of dialectic trenchancy and wit; and in the whole range of the modern English drama, no passage now comes to mind of such deliciously mingled and contrasted character. One can imagine an English political audience alternately sitting up in electrified attention and falling back in their stalls, a prey to convulsions of laughter. Larry's brilliancy at the art of Donnybrook knocking of course alienates everybody. But even as the priest remarks that he will not sit in the House of Commons, he adds that the lad has a head on his shoulders. Broadbent speaks next, and the meanest peasant there sees through his solemn buncombe. But one and all prefer him as being less of an ass than their present representative." The critic of the *Post* says: "As a play, 'John Bull's Other Island' has nothing whatever to recommend it. As a political manifesto, it is flashy, incoherent, and insincere; as a satire, it is, in places, highly entertaining, bitterly unscrupulous, and, occasionally, both dull and silly. It has a purpose undoubtedly, but to the problems which it propounds it offers no solutions except such as are either vague or platitudinous." He adds that the play is nothing but an exposition in six divisions of the author's views on things in general.

A Good Stock Production

"The Crisis" is a much more satisfactory vehicle for a stock company than for the exploitation of a star. There are so many characters introduced that there is little chance for individual distinction. It is very well presented by the new Alcazar stock mimes who have had no chance yet to exhibit brilliant acting qualities but who at least fall readily into the roles allotted them. Waldron as Stephen Brice does not have an opportunity to do more than make a quite part effective. That he succeeds shows his artistic excellence, for it takes a genuine artist not to lay on colors where only shades are called for. Miss Moore as Virginia Carvel makes a charming Southern girl, full of whims and fancies but true at heart in spite of all her apparent lightness. The grace with which she emotionalizes from coquetry to earnestness proves her to be an adept in the tricks of her trade. Maher as Eliphalet Hopper makes a good deal as usual out of the role, and Belasco as the

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HENRY IRVING.
(From a drawing by Frank Richardson, the London caricaturist.)

ANDREW MACK,
The Irish Comedian, in "Tom Moore" at the Columbia.

freed darky Josephus never did better. In fact the whole company enters thoroughly into the spirit of the play. One thing to be specially approved was Waldron's refusal on Tuesday night to answer to a curtain call when he had just fallen over, shot. It must have been difficult for him to retain his inanimate pose, however, with such a clamor of applause bidding him rise and bow.

EMMA EAMES.

One of the great musical attractions of the world, who will be presented by Manager Greenbaum at the Alhambra during the coming week. There will be but two concerts in this city and only three in California, as Madame Eames is under contract to appear with the Conried Grand Opera Company in New York. At the evening concert, next Thursday, October twenty-sixth, Madame Eames will sing the recitative and aria from "Cosi fan tutti," and no one who heard this artist sing in the wonderful performance of "Marriage of Figaro" during the first Grau season will ever forget how Emma Eames interprets Mozart. Her other numbers will be Schubert's "Who is Sylvia," Brahms' "On Sunday Morning," and Henschel's "Spring." With Emilio de Gogorza, the baritone, she will sing the grand duet from "Hamlet" by Thomas. De Gogorza will sing the prologue from "Pagliacci" and some modern French songs by Godard, Dubois and Alvarez. Josef Hollmann, the Dutch cellist, will play Boellman's Variations Symphonique, Handel's Sonata in G and some compositions of his own. Amherst Webber, the pianist, will play the Liszt transcription of the Liebestod from Tristan and Isolde. At the matinee, Saturday afternoon, October twenty-eighth, Madame Eames will be heard in excerpts from one of her greatest roles, "La Tosca," by Puccini. She will also sing two numbers with violin obligato by Massenet and Bach and with Mr. de Gogorza "The Crucifix" by Faure. Hollmann will play works by Popper, Bach, Mendelssohn and himself. Gogorza will sing a charming group of Schumann numbers.

As Good As It Ever Was

"In Old Kentucky" is as good as it ever was, and on the large stage of the Grand Opera House it is far more effective, scenically, than when given at the California where I saw it so many years ago that I have forgotten the date. But I never forgot the play itself, the pickaninnies' band, blithe Madge who jockeyed to the wire a winner and her thrilling leap over the chasm, the old Colonel with his mint juleps, and his dignified lady love. All of these features are in "In Old Kentucky's" new edition—the fourteenth or fifteenth, I believe it is. The theatre's patrons have approved the attraction by filling the house every night, and there has been a big advance sale for the second week.

At the Orpheum

Arthur Prince's ventriloquial act improves at every hearing. It is so natural that one can scarcely believe the sailor is not a live partner, instead of being but a puppet through whose lips the man across the table speaks. Captain Bloom's Marconi demonstrations are very interesting. The rest of the program is about of the average.

Those Hateful Hats

The Alcazar has checked a public nuisance by a polite but conspicuously displayed card in its house program requesting ladies to refrain from resuming their hats prior to the final fall of the curtain. It has worked like a charm. It might be well for some of the other theatres to follow suit. The final scene of an opera was spoiled for me and my neighbors the other night because three smartly gowned women insisted upon putting their hats—big, feathered creations—on right in the midst of Tetrazzini's final burst of song.

Great Salassa in "Otello"

Even the Tetrazzini nights have not called out more enthusiasm from the Tivoli audiences than did "Otello," when it was given last week for the first time this season. Salassa, the grand old man of Italian opera, was at his well remembered best as Iago. Surrounded by a much stronger company than when he sang the role here years ago, his own work seemed stronger if that could be. The Verdi music was rendered by the orchestra under Polacco's direction with a new power, and the audience simply rose to some of the finales. "Otello" is one of the great triumphs of the Tivoli grand opera season.

Dixey's Latest Triumph

The perennial Henry E. Dixey is no longer in vaudeville. He is now making a great hit in New York in a refined comedy, "The Man on the Box." William Bullock

SOME OF THE BROOMSTICK WITCHES
Who will appear at the Orpheum next week.

writes of him: The conditions that have kept Dixey so long in vaudeville when players not fit for comparison with him have been prospering as "stars," would cause amusement did they not impose great loss on the public. Mr. Dixey's acting of the adventurous lieutenant affords unalloyed delight, and not another mummer comes to mind who could equal it. We have been acclaiming John Drew all these years as America's foremost comedian, but it seems as if Mr. Drew could learn something from Mr. Dixey in the dexterity with which he saves from derision a lot of sentimental nonsense about a rose. Mr. Dixey is master of every situation, and some of them, surely, approach so closely to the preposterous that it is only the best of acting that holds the sympathy of the audience. The actor has waited a long time for this success, and now that he has gained his heart's desire of the good will of the metropolis there is promise of his permanence in the position he so richly merits. It was fortunate for Manager Lawrence that he placed the actor under contract for a term of years, as already several managers have expressed the opinion they have comedies in pigeon holes that would fit Dixey like a glove.

Better than Ever was Bauer

"That is the wettest Bach I ever heard!" Such was the strange praise Harold Bauer received last Monday evening at the close of his first number, the Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue of the great composer that, for all his beauty, many a music-lover, like the one quoted, considers "just a wee bit dry." A danger—no slight one—that constantly threatens technical perfection in art, musical or other, is its inevitable tendency to become "just a wee bit dry." Has Bauer escaped it? He has. A sentimentalist, is he? He is not. Artistic reserve is his, if any man's, and that comes of mastering passion—but not, mind you, of killing it. He is that paradox of paradoxes, a sane poet. His technique is perfect, but his playing wet as it were with dew. Most pianists read Beethoven as do most priests the Bible, perfunctorily. The greatness is there; 'tis big, but the wonder is dead and the color faded. Not so, Bauer; he is true priest, his reading alive. Of the Davidsbundler, this much: I never missed a word of it, nor did I once fidget in my seat. What more can one say? No; I'm telling a little white—you-know-what. I did miss one whole sentence, dreaming of the Carnival of two years ago. As for the rest of the program, Harold Bauer played it; the which, by the way, was, to my ear, the chief merit of Alkan's etude, "Le Vent." *Harry Cowell.*

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Assisted by

MR. EMILIO DE GOGORZA, ... *Baritone*

MR. JOSEF HOLLMANN, ... *Violoncellist*

MR. AMHERST WEBBER, ... *Pianist*

Seats $3.00, $2.00, $1.50, and $1.00

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To Help the Cause Along

All of the leading theatres will be represented on the bill at the seventh annual benefit in aid of the charity fund of the Associated Theatrical Managers of San Francisco for the sick and needy in the profession, to take place at the Orpheum Thursday afternoon, October twenty-seventh. Tickets are on sale at all the theatres for the event. Tetrazzini, Salassa and others from the Tivoli will lend their voices, and Denis O'Sullivan will sing several Irish songs. The Pickanniny Band, one of the features of "In Old Kentucky," will discourse lively music. Just to help the cause along Camille D'Arville will sing as she alone can, and Charles Waldron and Lucia Moore will give the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet."

The second concert of the Minetti Quartet, assisted by Herman Genss, pianist, will be given next Friday evening, October twenty-seventh, in the Maple room of the Palace hotel. The program will be: Piano quartet in G minor, Mozart; Fantasie for piano, Genss; String quartet in E minor (From My Life), Smetana.

Pauline Is Coming

Pauline Hall is going to appear here in her comic opera, "Dorcas," I am told. "Dorcas" was written by the Paultons, who wrote "Erminie," and Pauline is said to be quite pleasantly situated in the star part. One of Miss Hall's most successful roles was Erminie, which she sang in the days when she was twenty-eight and light-weight. Pauline's name was Schmittgall and she was one of four children, her father being a German druggist of Cincinnati. Mary Anderson became acquainted with the girl after she had been a few years on the stage, and it was in her company that Pauline gained her first valuable stage experience. She is very well known in this city.

Ralph Stuart and Cathrine Countiss are touring the East in "The Christian," and their company includes Luke Conness, formerly at the Alcazar, Louis Bishop Hall, James A. Bliss, Ernest Wilkes and Fay Wallace.

Maxine Elliott is having a successful season in New York. Nat Goodwin is rusticating at Virginia Hot Springs.

Next Week's Bills

Andrew Mack, just returned from a successful tour of Australia, begins a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) night. In Theodore Burt Sayre's Irish comedy, "Tom Moore," Mack is supported by the same excellent company which shared with him the Australian successes. The star has a very effective light tenor voice and in the rendition of the several songs used in the production he never fails to make a strong impression. "The Way to Kenmare" will also be seen during the engagement. "The Prince of Pilsen" is coming.

From melodrama and frivolous farce the Alcazar passes on Monday to Clyde Fitch's "April Weather," never seen in this city before. It was written for Sol Smith Russell, who produced it at Daly's, New York, and was playing in it when stricken down by infirmity. "Iris" comes next and then "The Little Minister."

There will be lots of excitement at the Central next Monday night when the thrilling railroad melodrama, "The Girl Engineer," will be given a massive production. "The Girl Engineer" was written by Charles A. Taylor, who was formerly a railroad man in this state, before he took up playwriting.

Tetrazzini singing the Shadow Dance from "Dinorah" —is not that enough to pack the Tivoli next Tuesday night? Bazelli and Gregoretti will also be in the cast. "Otello" will be repeated on Wednesday night, and Thursday night "Lucia," with its star cast, will be the bill. Friday night Coppola, Moreo, Ticci, Gravina and Dado will sing in "La Boheme." "The Barber of Seville" is the matinee for today, and "Carmen" tonight (Saturday) with Alice Colman. Tomorrow night "Rigoletto" will be the opera, with Tetrazzini, Coppola and Gregoretti in the principal roles.

Next week will be the last of "In Old Kentucky" at the Grand. It is playing to immense business, the orchestra being driven to play beneath the stage on several occasions to accommodate the demand for seats. On Sunday night, October twenty-ninth, Ade's "Peggy From Paris" comes with Arthur Deagon, comedian, and the Emmaleen chorus. There will be but two performances of "Peggy From Paris," the matinee and evening, owing to the Grand's bookings which would not permit a longer stay. "Ben Hur" comes October thirtieth for two weeks.

FACTS ABOUT CANCER.

A new booklet published at considerable expense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of 416 Main St., Dallas, Texas, tells the cause of Cancer and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc., and is a valuable guide in the management of any case. It advises the best method of treatment, and the reasons why. In short, it is a book that you will value for its information. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of ten cents, stamps or coin.

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CHARLES WALDRON,

The new leading man of the Alcazar stock, who is to assume Sol Smith Russell's quaint character part in Clyde Fitch's "April Weather," a comedy new to San Francisco.

The Twelve Broomstick Witches will make their first appearance in this city at the Orpheum. Signorina Verera, soprano and graduate of the Royal Academy of St. Cecilia, at Rome, will be heard for the first time in San Francisco. Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper, whose "Darktown Circus" is a never-failing source of delight, will receive a warm welcome. O'Brien and Buckley will reappear after a three years' tour of the principal music halls of Europe and Great Britain.

At the Chutes will be Browning and Wally, from the Orpheum; Frank Hayes, late of the Tivoli, Bob Macauley and Fannie Donovan in an original comedy sketch; the Kingsburys and Steve Jennings, monologist.

Seats for the two Eames concerts are now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and the prices are $3.00, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00.

—*The Playgoer.*

Harold Bauer to Play Again Here and in Oakland

Owing to the immense demand to hear the wonderful pianist, Harold Bauer, Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have an extra recital in this city at Lyric hall next Wednesday afternoon, October twenty-fifth, at half past three, and one in Oakland at "Ye Liberty" theatre Friday afternoon, October twenty-seventh. The Oakland concert will be under the management of Mrs. Zoe Green Radcliffe, the popular journalist, who will co-operate with Mr. Greenbaum in bringing attractions to our neighbors on the other side of the bay this season. The program for the recital at Lyric hall will be entirely new and will include the Etudes Symphonique of Schumann, the Ballade in F minor by Chopin and by general request "The Ride of the Valkyries." Complete programs will be ready at the box office which opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Monday morning. Prices for seats will be $1.50, $1.00 and 75 cents. The Oakland concert will have a specially arranged program and will be the first of a series to be given there this winter. The seats will be on sale at the box office of the theatre on Wednesday, October twenty-fifth, and the prices will be the same as in this city only that owing to the large capacity of the house there will be some students seats at fifty cents in the balcony. Manager Greenbaum is negotiating with Hugo Heermann to return from the south and give a joint farewell concert with Harold Bauer. If this is accomplished San Francisco will be afforded one of the greatest musical treats the world has ever known. Just imagine Bauer and Heermann playing the "Kreutzer" sonata and one of the big Brahms or Schumann sonatas together!

BROWNING AND WALLY,
Aerialists, at the Chutes.

Which of the Two?

BY HARRY COWELL.

All through the meal, Lilian Caulfield had been ill at ease. Her coffee was frozen over; the untasted roll lay in crumbs on the cloth. Twice her lips had formed as if for speech, as furtively she watched her husband opposite. These things he noted. Fifteen thousand times, and more—he counted it up hastily—they had sat thus, *tete-a-tete,* and never before had she acted so strangely. He asked:

"What is it?"

She answered:

"Never mind the paper today, Frank; I wish you wouldn't: it's our golden wedding."

"Nonsense!" He spoke testily; and stood up, now bent upon this very thing.

Every day, immediately on rising from the breakfast table, Frank Caulfield took his newspaper and ran his eye down the "Deaths" column, seeking a familiar name. On finding one, he would call to his wife: "Lil, George Costello has gone"; or, "Mary Roper has passed away"; and she would exclaim: "Well, well; you don't say so!" When he failed to find any, he sighed. For fifty years, this hasty glance at the list of the dead had been his sole reading. The inevitable remonstrances, he met with: "My dear, to one who has been born, is married, and has no children, what is interesting but death?" What, indeed? Mrs. Caulfield could not say—at least, did not. She could afford to humor him. His devotion to her had made him famous. Taught of her mother, many a blushing maiden had prayed for a husband like Mr. Caulfield—only younger, as each had added, all untaught.

Mr. Caulfield had earned his reputation, despite the fact that on this day which so few live to celebrate, tears of his causing were running one after another down his wife's thin nose and droping into the coffee, forming little pools on the scum with which it was covered.

Now, although he had already mechanically turned to the right page, he threw the paper unread on the table, and was about to embrace her—this still beautiful woman who had been his companion for half a century—when he caught sight of a name floating as it were before his eyes. He gasped. His wife looked up, and murmured:

"She is dead; I know she is. Martha Weatheral is dead."

What made her think of this once common friend, in whose house they had met; this old maid, of whom, since their marriage, neither had spoken?

"How do you know?" he asked.

She answered:

"I'm a woman."

"Yes," the man admitted; "she *is* dead; it has taken fifty years to kill her. Think of it—fifty years!"

"I think," mused the wife, "she was the ugliest woman I ever saw."

Frank Caulfield's face froze. He spoke icily:

"She was as beautiful within as she was ugly without."

"She must have been very beautiful within."

"For shame! You were her friend."

"And you her—more than friend."

"What do you mean, woman? I was not—never."

"You were—and are."

"Lilian, are you mad? I have loved you—only you—for over fifty years."

The old lady sat bolt upright in her chair, and cried in a cracked voice:

Partridge says:

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"Stop, stop, stop, fool; for God's sake, stop! This is not the valley of Jehoshaphat, nor thy chair the Judgment seat."

And Frank Caulfield, octogenarian, noted lover, philosophical recluse, author of curious psychological novels, tottered out of the room, weeping the terrible tears of the old who have forgotten how to weep.

At luncheon, the aged couple met as if nothing unusual had happened; and life went on apparently as before. The husband was as devoted as ever.

Only now he never read the paper.

October, 1905.

The Girl Who Married the Poet

BY W. J. WEYMOUTH.

Before the girl became engaged to the poet, people who saw what was about to happen indulged in impersonal remarks which, (owing to the confusing thoughts that surged through her brain and gave her a buoyancy which she did not understand, merely appreciated) she hardly comprehended; in fact, only half heard. It was after their engagement ceased to be a sweet secret between poet and herself that she was told openly how foolish a thing she had done—how much more foolish a thing she was about to do; for no sensible girl would marry a poet.

Many were the reasons advanced—and good reasons they would have seemed to any but a love-blinded girl, tenderly infatuated with a moppy-haired man who sometimes talked to her in rhythmic measure; who brought to her fragments, sometimes completed things, that he had written, and asked her to judge them: as if she could sanely judge anything that he wrote. They were all sweet melody to her—and life was heaven. Of what use is it to admonish a girl who heeds only Cupid and his agent—her lover? What does it mean to her that a great poet beat his wife, and that another, the sweetest singer that ever was unfaithful to himself, realized not the boundaries that morals, conventions and the dominie's words had set, but wandered often into forbidden pastures? She would heed none of their tales. That poets had starved to death in garrets was impressed upon her—for every time her cousin called he had a fresh story of some singer whose famished body had been found beside his harp. But this cousin was three times removed, and he had often looked at her in a way that she did not understand—until after she met the poet.

So it was that in spite of what "they" said she married the poet. And lived happy ever after?—well, they did for a while. So happy were they that all things save love and joy were forgotten, and it was not until one day five bills arrived in the same mail that the poet remembered that life held material things. It was a shock, but it came as a sort of a relief—was a feeling such as one sometimes has on coming out of a pleasant dream: a gladness at the re-awakened knowledge of the existence of a tangible world.

Therefore on that very evening, so practical was this poet, he lit his pipe, wandered a little restlessly around their parlor, and remarked with a wrinkled brow, "Guess I'll have to grind out a little stuff tonight."

"What?" she said, her eyes opening wide.

"Rattle off some stuff—write some verses; that is, if

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Pegasus isn't stiff from standing in the stable so long. Wonder where my pencil is."

She watched him with puzzled eyes, which he did not see, while he found what he wanted, settled himself before the fire with a pad upon his knee, and took several big, reflective puffs.

She drew up a footstool, and sitting upon it leaned against him. "You don't mind, do you, dearie? And when you have written something you can read it to me."

There was silence. His pencil moved haltingly, and finally he said "Damn it!"

She half rose. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing, dear, nothing—only the blooming thing won't come right." Then he repeated, half to her, half to himself:

"Beautiful lady with gold-red hair,
Beautiful lady with violet eyes"——

"No, that isn't right—meter's all wrong. 'Beautiful lady'—let's see now. 'Most beautiful lady'—no, hang it! Ah! 'Beautiful lady with golden-red hair.' That's it! 'Golden-red' instead of 'gold-red'—that makes the feet come all right. Now"—

"Algy."

"Well, dear?"

"Doesn't—doesn't poetry come to people?"

"It does if they dig hard enough after it. 'Your lover is under the window' "—

"But I thought people couldn't write poetry until—well, I thought they just had to feel inspired."

"Nonsense."

"But—Algie—I—my hair isn't golden-red; it's brown. And so are my eyes."

"Of course they are—the dearest eyes and hair in the world."

"Did you ever know any—any blonde girls?"

"Of course."

"Then this girl you are writing the poem about—who"—

"Nobody, darling. Just imagination."

"But Algie, couldn't you have her with hair and eyes like mine?—or didn't you think of it?"

"I—that is—yes, of course I did. But it wouldn't come right. 'Beautiful lady with brown hair'—see, meter isn't right. '*Beau*-tiful *la*-dy, doo *doo*-dle, dee *doo*."

"Why, Algie"——

"O, that's just the way I count the feet. Let's see now:

"'Beautiful lady with golden-red hair,
Beautiful lady with violet eyes,
Your lover is under the window,
And the air is aflame with his sighs.'

"Pretty rotten, isn't it? But I'll leave it that way till I get the rest. 'Hark to his song, beautiful lady' "——

There was pain in her eyes as she watched him working away with never a look toward her. Then suddenly he crumpled the paper. "O, hang the beautiful lady! I'm tired of writing that kind of gushy slop. I'll make josh stuff out of it and have some fellow with coin take her away in his automobile while the sentimental guy catches rheumatism."

The girl who married the poet went to bed and cried half the night. Distance lends great hardship to the fall.

October, 1905.

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Automobile Topics

Speed Contests

I am told that the German Atuomobile Club has decided to follow the example of its British colleagues and withdraw from the 1906 Gordon Bennett race. Members of the club have expressed their willingness to participate in a Grand Prix promoted by the Automobile Club of France, if every nation is accorded the privilege of entering the same number of cars. It is not believed, however, that the French authorities will agree to this, their desire being to limit the number of cars entered by each country, in proportion to the status of the national industry. During James Gordon Bennett's recent visit to Milan to confer with the local automobile club, he is said to have decided to have his cup competed for in a touring event next season instead of a racing contest, as hitherto. This would give the cup a new lease of life and still conform to the desire to do away with the Gordon Bennett event as a contest of speed.

Where an Exhibit Paid

E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, who was in New York at the Winton exhibition given by Charles B. Shanks in his private car, says that twenty-seven orders were taken the first day of the exhibition, and that Mr. Shanks and his crew left New York with fifty-two orders as a result of three days' demonstration of the Winton car. The output of the Winton factory this season will be nearly double that of last year, and the Pioneer agency, which sold over seventy machines, has been apportioned fifty-six cars for the season of 1906. This, however, will not meet the demand, and Winton cars will be sold at a premium before the opening of the automobile show in New York in February. Mr. Shanks and his party will visit this territory about November seventh, where they will remain ten days, making stops to exhibit the car at Sacramento, Stockton, Oakland, San Jose and San Francisco.

A Clever Ad

Very few realized that the best-selling novel of the Williamsons, the English writers, was really a clever advertisement for the Napier automobile. Nobody understood how cleverly the authors had managed to advertise the French machine until the manufacturers of the "German horror," in which the heroine suffered a bad break-down, brought suit against the publishers of the novel.

A Long Tour

One of the longest trips overland ever attempted by any motorist of the southern states is a month's tour of the East which was begun recently by John T. Landis, one of the most prominent stockbrokers of the south, in his White steamer. Mr. Landis went to Cleveland via Louisville and Cincinnati and from Cincinnati to Buffalo, across the Berkshire hills over to Boston, and reached New York city after a tour of that state in time to witness the Vanderbilt cup contest last Saturday. At Cleveland Mr. Landis secured the delivery of his 1906 White steamer and the remainder of the distance is being done in the new car. He expects to reach Nashville, his home, on the return trip the latter part of this month.

Sprinklers in Rome

Five automobile watercarts are about to be put into service on the streets of Rome by that very progressive municipality, as the first tests were most satisfactory. The carts can travel about seven miles an hour with a full tank, and the water spreads out to a distance of more than thirty feet on either side. The distance can be regulated as desired by the operator.

Round and About

Fred Eaton of the Pacific States Telephone and Telegraph Company has placed his order with the Pacific Motor Car Company for a four-cylinder Stevens-Duryea which will be delivered to him very shortly.

The first 1906 White steam touring cars were delivered this week to Mrs. A. E. Krebs and Mrs. George Gear. Mrs. Krebs is the president of the Caspar Lumber Company and drove a White during all of the past season. She is delighted with her new side entrance machine. Mrs. Gear only recently became a convert to the automobile but has enjoyed many pleasant trips in her White steamer.

W. R. Rust of Tacoma, Wash., has placed his order with the Pacific Motor Car Company for a 1906 Packard which he expects to receive some time in February.

Dr. Arthur S. Knudsen, a prominent automobilist of Honolulu, who was touring with his White auto in this section of the state several weeks ago, is at present in Cleveland, where delivery has just been made to him of a 1906 side entrance White. The doctor anticipates many a pleasant run over the smooth roads of the islands in his new steamer.

A Syracuse, N. Y., undertaking firm has recently purchased and put in successful operation an automobile ambulance which, it is claimed, will reach the scene of an accident long before the horse ambulance.

The second carload of new model Whites arrived in Los Angeles this week. Captain Ryus, manager of the White garage in the southern California city, reports sales for the 1906 cars "way up" throughout the southern part of the state.

The little English anti-motoring town of Andover has collected $5,000 in one year from the unfortunate motorists who have been mulcted by the officials for excessive speeding or other minor infractions of the law.

Autos at Byron Hot Springs

The splendid condition of the roads and the beautiful weather at Byron Hot Springs still continues to attract many automobilists. Among those who made the run last week were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Ramsey and F. Hurst of Berkeley in a Columbia; Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dutton, F. C. Dutton in a Packard; Mr. and Mrs. John Adams and two children of Oakland in a Winton.

—The Chauffeur.

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THE present days of autumn and of early winter make up the best time of the year at Hotel Del Monte down by the sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf links were never in better condition. The oiled roads are superb for automobiling, and fishing and sailing on the bay form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it by. Special round trip tickets between San Francisco and Del Monte, good Saturday to Monday, including two days board at the hotel, $10.00. For more details, apply Information Bureau, 613 Market street.

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THE CONEY ISLAND OF THE PACIFIC

The Water Sprite

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

All day she lies in a lily's cup,
But late at night when the moon comes up,
Away, away o'er the dimpling lake
To a place she knows in the flow'ring brake
Where perfumes lift from a tangled wild
To thrill the soul of the air-born child,
To overcome with a rare delight
The ravished sense of the water-sprite.

The spot is ringed with a shaded red
Of flow'r-cups, blossoming overhead;
Here waves beat soft on a sanded beach
With lisping murmur, like childhood's speech;
On grasses burnt to a sable brown
She rests as light as a thistle-down,
And moonbeams lost in the pulseless night
Are gathered close by the water-sprite.

The warm air steals from the spice-groved South
To press its kiss on her willing mouth,
And where but promises late arose
She now the joy of fulfillment knows;
With arms flung wide to the perfume warm,
With wings sunk limp to her melting form,
She yields herself to the sweets of night,
Those languorous joys of the water-sprite.

October, 1905.

Coney Island Has a Rival

Half Moon Bay the Scene of Large Real Estate Deals

The advent of the Ocean Shore Electric Railroad into Half Moon Bay, that quaint old Spanish town of 1,400 people, located about twenty-five miles south of San Francisco, has caused a flurry in real estate equal to that of Long Beach, Southern California, when Henry Huntington put that seaboard sand hill into quick communication with Los Angeles. What Coney Island is to New York, Half Moon Bay is destined to be to San Francisco. The natural location and picturesqueness of that bay is well known, and all that has ever held back the place was its inaccessibility to the Pacific Coast New York, which is San Francisco.

By the completion of the Ocean Shore electric line, which is to be done in May, 1906, this beautiful village is destined to become a city of 6,000 population within a short time.

No beach in California is as pretty as Half Moon, and the absence of winds and fogs make the climate ideal. All that is needed is quick transportation, which is now provided for. The schedule of the new railroad brings down the running time to San Francisco to forty minutes on electric trains similar to the Key Route.

Many San Francisco people have selected sites in Half Moon Bay, prefering the beach property because of the fine view of bay and hills from the bluffs along the beach. It would seem from the lots selected that next summer will find a San Francisco colony there.

Mr. W. J. Morgan, the owner of the Ocean Beach tract, is well known to San Francisco people, and explains in today's issue the features of Half Moon Bay.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

Corey & Phillips, 600 Mission. Mercantile Lunch is served between 11 and 2, 15c. Cedar Brook Whiskey, formerly W. H. McBrayer—10 years old.

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The first Howe Club concert of the season took place in the Alhambra on Wednesday evening. A popular program was given, compositions by Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bennett, Gounod, Eichberg, Randegger, Milde, Caldicott, Donizetti, Lavallee, Driver and Molloy. Solos were taken by Mrs. C. J. Wiel, Arthur H. Barendt, Hugh Williamson, R. B. Muir, H. E. Medley, Dr. Monroe Callender; and pianoforte solos by Maurice Leon Driver, composer-pianist.

Una Fairweather is giving her farewell concert, prior to departure for New York, on Wednesday evening of this week in Lyric hall, too late to be reviewed here. Hother Wismer and Fred Maurer assist in the program.

The program of music under Miss Eleanor Connell's direction, on the evening of the fifth, went with unqualified success. There were vocal numbers by Miss Elizabeth Tyler and Baron von Horst and violin numbers by Valesca Schorcht, Miss Danforth accompanying. Miss Ella Lawrie held the attention of the audience from first to last in her rendition of the Chopin Ballade in A flat major. Miss Lawrie should be more frequently heard.

Late arrivals at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove, from San Francisco, included: J. W. Klinger, M. Stuart Webster, P. H. Wagener, P. P. Austin, G. W. Henderson, N. K. Spect, T. H. Green, J. M. Rodger, J. McEwing and wife, O. P. Bailey, J. L. Clarke, J. P. Thorn, W. A. Jones, A. J. Kuster, D. J. Brown, J. M. Dickson, P. V. Quick, W. H. King, C. P. Dunning and wife, M. W. Clarke, S. F. Fergus, J. D. McCarthy, L. P. Davis, M. H. Avery, M. Kochman, J. W. Rein, J. H. McDonough, E. S. Andrews, H. S. Reinstein, J. B. Brown, J. G. Kidd, R. M. Tripp, Ernest Allen, H. G. Parish.

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IT IS admirably sheltered from the wind by its magnificent oaks and pines, which grow upon and protect it from all sides. The broad winding avenues upon which it faces are sewered, and piped with a supply of pure water.

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HIGHLAND PARK has never before been offered for sale; although many buyers of San Mateo property realizing its great advantages have oftentimes tried to secure holdings in it. We congratulate ourselves upon having the agency and take pleasure in offering the property.

HOAG & LANSDALE,

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An Essay in Easy Writing

(Continued from Page 7)

lars from the policy-holders some of whom are depriving themselves of the necessaries of the life they are insuring, to pay the premiums. But the most brazen theft was that confessed by George W. Perkins when he told the attorney for the prosecution that the company of which he is vice-president paid $150,000 to a political campaign fund because in the judgment of the officers of the company the success of the opposing party would have ruined the business of the corporation. What right had these people to think? Or, if they insisted upon thinking, why did they not think that some of the money they were "contributing" to that political fund would be used to defeat the purpose of other policy-holders? Are these life insurance thieves the keepers of the political consciences of the policy-holders of the company? Suppose all the policy-holders who voted against the party to whom Perkins, McCall, McCurdy and the other robbers gave this money should transfer their policies to an honest insurance company? or, since such transfer would probably be impossible or ill-advised, owing to the common dishonesty of the life insurance business, suppose these policy-holders should withdraw from the companies altogether and invest the remainder of their savings in an honest lottery or bet it on the installment plan behind the deuce of a square faro lay-out?

I don't like the companionship of this vagrant thought. It makes me sick at heart, for I am naturally honest myself and indifferently honest by association and environment. I am not envious of the opportunity of these commercial grafters—sneak thieves of high finance. I would not endure the contempt of my fellow men as Hyde and Alexander and Chauncey M. Depew and McCall and McCurdy are compelled to endure it, for a million times the amount of money they have stolen. This is not vainglorious boasting; it is not the nasal psalmody of the untempted, nor is it the snivel of the sinner who is afraid of his sin. It is merely the declaration of one whose sinning may not be measured in dirty dollars. I think that a man who steals money is the lowest type of criminal because this kind of thief levels himself by the act of stealing money to the thing that may be purchased with money—anything that may be bought. Now call to mind the meanest thing that can be bought with money and you will comprehend the comparison I am trying to make in such decency as is required by the publishers of this journal.

Where am I? Where have I drifted in this discourse? Into the very slum of human activity. It's a horrible place; it reeks with filth; it is malodorous as a sink of sewerless Singapore, as oppressive of moral and physical rottenness as a stew of Port Said where the dull flavor of the betel nut mingles with the sickening smell of stale opium; where the price of men is measured in doubtful annas and women are sold in bunches like decayed carrots from the unspeakable compost of the outlying fields that breathe the contagion of the plague and leprosy. Go to the ports of the Sumatra coast or to the alleys that debouch from the bunds of the cities of the Straits Settlements if you would learn the true worth of money and the depth of degradation that the money habit can reach—sit with the wretches who people these hot stews of the tropical Orient at the gates of the dawn which have been called the gates of a hundred sorrows—ask them what they would give for money—hear their answer and feel your blood curdle at the horror of it—then come back to this "cleaner, greener land" as Gulliver came back from the region of the Yahoos, and like that famous traveler, thrill with disgust at sight of the sordid, mercenary, venal humanity of your species.

It is because I know the souls of men and women who have been depraved by money that I would not endure the contempt of my fellow men for the stain of the money lust on my soul.

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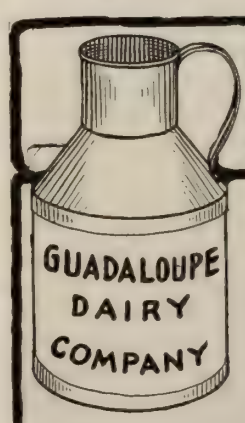

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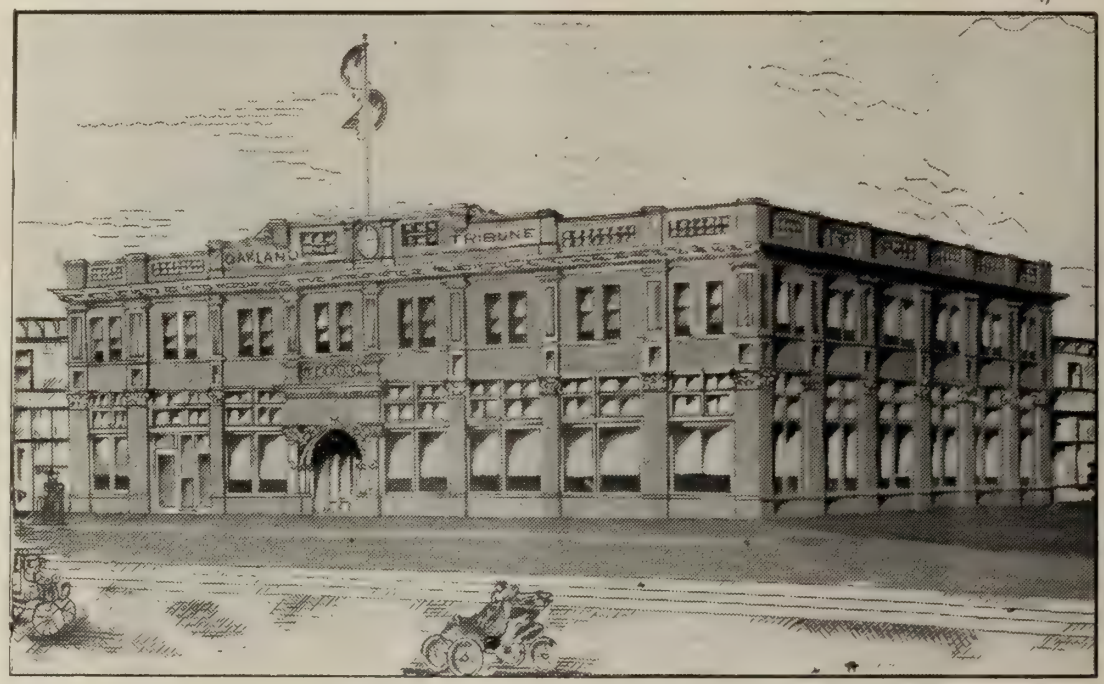
FIFTY CENTS A DAY WILL SECURE YOU A HOME

on this beautiful ranch. If you are working on salary or earning wages, would it not be a sensible plan to set aside, fifty cents a day, and in a few years own your own home in the beautiful Santa Clara Valley? It is a well-known fact that Santa Clara County produces from the soil a greater income than any other county in the United States. It is one of the great garden spots of the world. Only a few thousand acres of its best land remains on the market, and the opportunity to gain a foothold there should not be allowed to pass.

There are hundreds of people in the Santa Clara Valley who are making a good living and enjoying life to the utmost on a ten-acre tract.

An attractive Vista on the CATHERINE DUNNE RANCH.

In the foreground a field of peas in blossom. Charming orchard-embowered homes are beyond, while in the distance are the ever beautiful hills.



New Home for Oakland Tribune

This handsome building is being erected by W. E. Dargie, proprietor of the TRIBUNE, at the northwest corner of Eighth and Franklin streets, Oakland. The TRIBUNE is Alameda county's pioneer daily. The building will cost $30,000.

San Francisco Blue Book

The Fashionable Private Address Directory now being compiled and reservations made for the season of 1905-6

Advance orders only will be recognized as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is specially intended

A new feature this year will be the numerical arrangement in groups of names and addresses by streets.

It will also contain an alphabetical arrangement of the names and residential addresses with private telephone numbers of the leading families, designating the individual members of each family, embracing one hundred cities and towns in California.

The utmost care and discrimination will be used in the compilation to make the work complete and accurate.

A special feature being the California Federation of Women's Clubs, representing 10,000 suburban householders within 100 miles of San Francisco. Also a list of Men's Clubs giving Fifteen Thousand members with their business addresses.

Also San Francisco Street and Avenue Guide, Theatre Diagrams, Clubs and Societies, Prominent Residents of the Pacific Coast, Personnel of the Press, Shopping Guide, Permanent Guests at the Leading Hotels, San Francisco Street Railway Guide, etc., etc.

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Music

Her Second Visit

Society will be on hand at the first recital of Emma Eames on Thursday evening, October twenty-sixth. This is but the second visit of Madame Eames to the Pacific coast, and her first appearance here in song recital. She has a splendid company in support which includes the baritone Emilio de Gorgozo and Josef Holman, a cellist who has appeared with all the great symphony orchestras as soloist. Adolph Webber, the pianist and accompanist, is the composer of "Fiorella," an opera that was produced this season in London, and of a symphony that is to be played in the East this winter by one of the big orchestras.

MADAME CAROLLA
Soprano, pupil of Marchesi and Panzanni, who will sing at Edith Chevalier Peters' concert in November

Another Remarkable Child Pianiste

A tiny slip of a girl is Dorothy Marcuse, who made her debut as a pianiste at the handsome home of J. B. Levison last Sunday afternoon. With not more than seven or eight years to her credit she possesses the artistic intellect and technique of a grown woman. When she stepped on the improvised platform in the Levison drawing-room, where the piano was placed, she looked almost too fragile to cope with anything more difficult than a five-finger exercise. This impression was soon dispelled, however, before she had finished the Mozart fantasia in the first group which she attacked with all the aplomb of a virtuoso. The nervousness that the average person experiences in listening to an amateur was not felt in the least during her performance, as she interpreted all her numbers, ranging from Liebling to Liszt, with the firm grasp of a professional, although with none of the disagreeably pert airs of the average prodigy. She was happiest in the Poldini group which she gave in the graceful, fanciful manner that these delicate compositions require. The Prinz and Prinzessin was encored and had to be repeated twice. All the numbers on the program were memorized, no small feat in itself. Much of the credit of Dorothy Marcuse's performance should go to Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, her teacher, whose success especially with the musical training of children has been little short of remarkable.

Miss Parlow in London

Kathleen Parlow is still winning laurels abroad. She was honored by an invitation to play before the Queen at Buckingham Palace, and on November first is to give an orchestral concert in London, assisted by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Dr. Cowen's direction. One of the papers speaks of "her remarkable talent, which was discovered very early by her teacher, Mr. Conrad. . . . Although a Canadian by birth, Miss Parlow received her musical education entirely in California, at first from Mr. Conrad who well and truly laid the groundwork for her success, while later, some three years before going to Europe, she was the pupil of the highly gifted Henry Holmes of San Francisco, who was for many years one of the professors at the Royal College of Music in London, an institution founded through the efforts of King Edward VII when Prince of Wales." The musical critic of the London **Times** speaks of her tone as remarkable and her intonation and technique immaculate.

Miss Edith Chevalier Peters, a pupil of Karl Schernstein, will give a violin recital at Steinway hall on November the twenty-third. Miss Peters, though still young, is an ambitious and industrious student, and has already appeared several times in public. Her playing of Sevcik's "Bohemian Dances," one of Kocian's great successes, was received with great applause in San Jose last year. Miss Peters will be assisted by Madame Carolla, a pupil of Marchesi, who comes fortified with many and laudatory press notices.

Music in Sacramento

The Saturday Club of Sacramento has issued its bulletin for the season 1905-06, and the musical programs for the fall-winter are full of good things. On October fourteenth the club was entertained with a song recital by Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine. On November fifth Dr. Edward Baxter Perry will give a lecture piano recital, and on January fifth Dr. H. J. Stewart, assisted by Mrs. Thomas Nunan, will give an organ and lecture song recital. In February the Gamble Concert Company will concertize before

EDITH CHEVALIER PETERS
Who will give a violin recital in November

the club, and in April the Kopta Quartet will give a chamber music concert. Hugo and Emil Heermann gave a violin recital on October fifth, and next month Denis O'Sullivan will give a recital. Arthur Friedheim, Albert Elkus and Henri Marteau are also future attractions. Beside this talent the club will give musical afternoons and evenings where amateurs will appear. The Saturday Club, I have heard, contains more fine quality musical talent than is contained in any other woman's club in the state, except perhaps the Adelphian of Alameda. The members take up music seriously. The regular accompanists of the club are Miss Meta Breckenfeld, Miss Ruby Cooper, Mrs. L. C. Farrar, Mrs. Peter Shields and Mrs. Emil Steinmann. The officers are: Miss Maude Blue, president; Mrs. Esther Needham Mering and Miss Henrietta Andriot, vice-presidents; Mrs. Louise Gavigan and Mrs. Egbert A. Brown, secretary and treasurer. On the executive committee are Mrs. W. E. Briggs, Mrs. Albert Elkus, Mrs. Frances Moeller, Mrs. B. F. Howard, Mrs. W. H. Porterfield, Miss Lizzie Griffin and Mrs. Frances Connelly.

Louis Blumenberg has compiled some interesting statistics showing the number of musical societies and organizations in the various states and Canada. In thirty Californian cities he found sixty-six societies—not a bad showing for our culture in music. In one hundred and ten New York cities he found two hundred and seventy-five musical organizations.

—The Music Critic.

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Tips to the Unwise

BY W. J. W.

"Anxious" wants to know what she should have done when a young man offered her a cigarette on an hour's acquaintance. The proper course depended a good deal, "A," on what brand he uses. Some fellows who look as though they should know better smoke really awful cigarettes, and a girl can't be too particular about accepting them. Often a nice white wrapper and a cork tip cover an interior that smells like horse-hair mixed with chloride of lime, and has a taste resembling that noticed in even the best brands the morning after the gay old night that vanished in a dizzy haze.

"Maple Sappy" is in grave doubt. He has been reading about a gold mine that has chunks of the precious metal bulging out all over it, just waiting to be pried off and put into a sack. The generous parties who own it are selling the stock at three cents a share, one-tenth down, and the balance in small yearly payments. He writes clear from Vermont to know if I think the people who are advertising it are crazy, and if it would be right to take advantage of their generosity. Yes, Sappy, they are crazy—crazy for some of the easy money that has been laid away by such lunk-heads as you. The sugar season's coming on, old fellow. Hang onto your money and buy sap buckets.

Still another inquirer on financial subjects. "Accumulator" asks if I think life insurance a good investment. Well, McCall, Perkins, Hyde, Alexander, Morgan, and that crowd have found it so.

Some people insist on trying to make me an arbiter on social questions. It's no use. I went "out" but once, and then I disgraced myself by wearing red socks with an evening suit. I was in a measure excusable, because after I had hired my suit I hadn't money enough to get my laundry bundle out of the barber-shop. I was too proud to explain this to the bunch of Lizzies who stood around making unpleasant remarks about me, but they hurt me much, and I haven't functioned since. Of course I can tell you how to slide out gracefully without spending after the other fellow has bought twice; and I am an authority on how deep you should dip into the free lunch in a strange saloon; but it is useless to submit questions to me on subjects dealing with the higher etiquette. My researches thus far have dealt with the necessities rather than with the luxuries of life.

"Innocent" wants to know what stage money is. It's what $4,000 a week vaudeville salaries are paid with, dear.

Although this is a free information bureau, I hate to have people ask me foolish questions. I am foolish enough myself, and it seems hardly fair, considering how long I have suffered under the affliction, for outsiders to bother me with their own lack of brains. Here's a fellow who signs himself "Inquisitor," and wants to know why the Board of Works doesn't clean up the public streets. It seems like insulting my readers to answer so easy a question. But I will be as foolish as you are for this once, "Inquisitor." It's because they are too busy cleaning up the city treasury.

I have a very anxious letter from "Freshman," invites my opinion as to whether the fact that a good football yell can't be evolved this year for the University of California students is going to do any particular harm to that institution. I'm afraid it is, Freshie. The impression will go abroad that education is ranking above athletics there—and that's enough to ruin any college.

"Do you believe," asks "Literary Aspirant," "that the author of 'The Sayings of Josephine' is a real society lady?" No, "L. A.," I do not. I have a sneaking suspicion that she is of the other sex. Don't be surprised if Josephine turns out to be an intermittently Californian author who writes fantastic things and does things that are still more fantastic.

October, 1905.

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Letters

Socialism in Fiction

Octave Thanet's first long story is decidedly a novel with a purpose, that of showing the impracticability of Socialism. The scene in which the events take place is already familiar to her readers, the same that she has made use of in her volume of short stories, "Heart of Toil," the implement works of Illinois and Iowa. "The Man of the Hour" was the son of an American manufacturer of Puritan ancestry, self-made, and a Russian Princess badly afflicted with Tolstoi-ism. Her relatives were ready to consider any alliance which would relieve them of her before she became involved in some plot which would have landed her in Siberian exile, and she, herself, had strange notions of the freedom and equality of American life, notions which she would have resented speedily enough if she had found them entertained. The child, called Johnny by his father and Ivan by his mother, inherited a share of the qualities of both parents. The Princess Olga could not be called a judicious mother, however affectionate. She had gathered about her a choice collection of scalawags whose hovels she frequented, and where she exposed the little boy to all sorts of contagious diseases. Her view was that all criminals were the victims of persecution, and all workmen oppressed, and that their acts of lawlessness were but natural retaliations. As a result, crime flourished and lies and property were equally unsafe. The Princess Olga did not hesitate to involve her boy in a plot to effect the escape of an murderer, and after an attempt

MISS GWENDOLEN OVERTON
Author of "The Heritage of Unrest," Published by the Macmillan Company.

to kidnap him, Josiah Winslow's patience reached its limit and he allowed his wife to depart and take up her residence in Switzerland, where she speedily dissipated her large fortune. Her own ideas of benevolence took the form of throwing her sables to the beggars, letting the children take her diamonds for toys, and permitting her servants to ignore their duties, while her husband's charities were hidden, and took the direction of helping men to help themselves. He said but little to the boy, thereby giving the mother the advantage over him, and when she left her home she also carried on a secret correspondence with the child, sending her letters under cover to one of her nihilist friends. Josiah Winslow "played fair," taking the boy to Europe for two months every year, and neither doing nor saying anything to shake his confidence in his mother, but the spirit of intrigue was born in her, and her suspicious jealousy led her to stretch out a dead hand from her grave. When Johnny reached manhood he found himself an orphan, but the heir to only a comparatively small portion of his father's property, the rest being left to his stepmother. Free to act for himself, he immediately put some of his Tolstoian theories into practice. Discarding his father's name, he adopted that of his mother, and dropped out of sight, for, in addition to ceasing to hold communion with his friends, the corruption of Ivan Galitzuin into Van Gleason effectively barred inquiry. As Van Gleason, then, he went to work in

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a Chicago foundry, beginning at the bottom. He became an enthusiastic, die-in-the-ditch labor unionist, involved himself in the Pullman car strike, donated every dollar he owned to the strike fund, and learned to know the working man at his worst, to see hopeless strikes inaugurated at the bidding of some irresponsible walking delegate, and the unions betrayed by the same scamps. He saw thefts openly committed, and more than once, murders perpetrated by the toughs and rowdies. And finally, he learned how hopeless it was for any man to expect to accomplish good by stepping down out of his appointed place and how much easier it is to raise a storm than it is to still one. Then, having given his Socialistic theories full swing and proved to himself their practical worthlessness, he let common sense dominate, and was in a fair way to become, in course of time, himself a self-made capitalist, as his father was before him, when the events transpired which made of him "The Man of the Hour." The character of Billy Bates, the walking delegate, goes a long way towards reconciling us to those disturbers of peaceful conditions. It is a pity that the Tylers outnumber the Bates' so overwhelmingly. There are some delightful chapters in the first part of the book, where Johnny-Ivan and Peggy dramatize the royal funeral. If there is any fault to be found with the story it is that the events take place in too brief a time. Johnny Winslow, Harvard graduate, would have to have been a phenomenally industrious and hardy young man to have mastered all the details of the various branches of his trade, to have been so deeply involved in the labor troubles as to have become a marked man among the employers, and yet to have been able to become a superintendent, and the one man who could effectively cope with the difficulties which beset the manufacturers, and at the same time, to have so completely turned his opinions upside down. It would seem more probable for him to have either maintained his Socialistic views at any cost or to have broken down under the strain. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indiana.

McAllister and His Double

McAllister was a club man, independent and unattached. He had inherited his fortune, and knew nothing of the under side of life, but he had drifted on towards middle age, and had outlived his first usefulness in the social world, therefore he found himself forgotten when the invitations to Christmas festivities were extended, and in consequence, not in the best of tempers. The evening papers, in their resume of the year's happenings, dwelt rather heavily on the subject of the need for prison reforms, and it was out of petulance and not knowledge that McAllister expressed the view that for his own part he would be glad to spend Christmas in no worse place than the Tombs. Like a chapter from an old fairy tale came the fulfillment of the idle word, for, on his way home to his apartments a series of unforeseen but trivial incidents landed the clubman into custody with circumstantial evidence enough to make him out a much wanted crook. His vanity and dread of ridicule prompted him to make no explanation at the time, but to submit to the whole criminal process, identification, measurements, "mugging" and all the rest, trusting that at every turn something would occur to make it possible for him to clear himself without letting the reporters gain an inkling of his personality It seems that some years before McAllister had had in his employ a valet whose mixed ideas on the subject of property rights had landed him in the penitentiary. It had been often remarked casually that Wilkins and his master bore a resemblance to each other but apparently the likeness did not strike any one as being enough to produce confusion. The "Fatty Welch," an accomplished all-round crook, wanted in half a dozen states under as many aliases, and at that moment in custody though unrecognized, for whom the clubman was mistaken, turned out to be this very man. They were put into a cell together, and it was "Fatty's" knowledge of legal procedure which enabled McAllister to extricate himself without publicity. Thereafter he was frequently made the victim of mistaken identity, and partly through the same vanity which prevented him from declaring himself the first time, partly through gratitude to "Fatty" for his timely advice, and partly in memory of his Christmas in the Tombs, McAllister found himself playing a prominent part in a comedy in which he entered by one door as the thief and made his exit by the other, and the mystified police were forever laying hands on the wrong man. Seven of the eleven stories which Arthur Train has collected into the volume which he has named "McAllister and His Double" are concerned with this redoubtable pair. The other four, "The Jail Bird," "The Course of Justice," "The Maximilian Diamond" and "Extradition," are also stories of courts and clients. Most of the contents of the book are already familiar to magazine readers, but the tales are all of the variety that one wants to read again. They are more apt to appeal to men than to women readers, but that is in itself a recommendation. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons. —The Bookworm.

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C. B. PERKINS,
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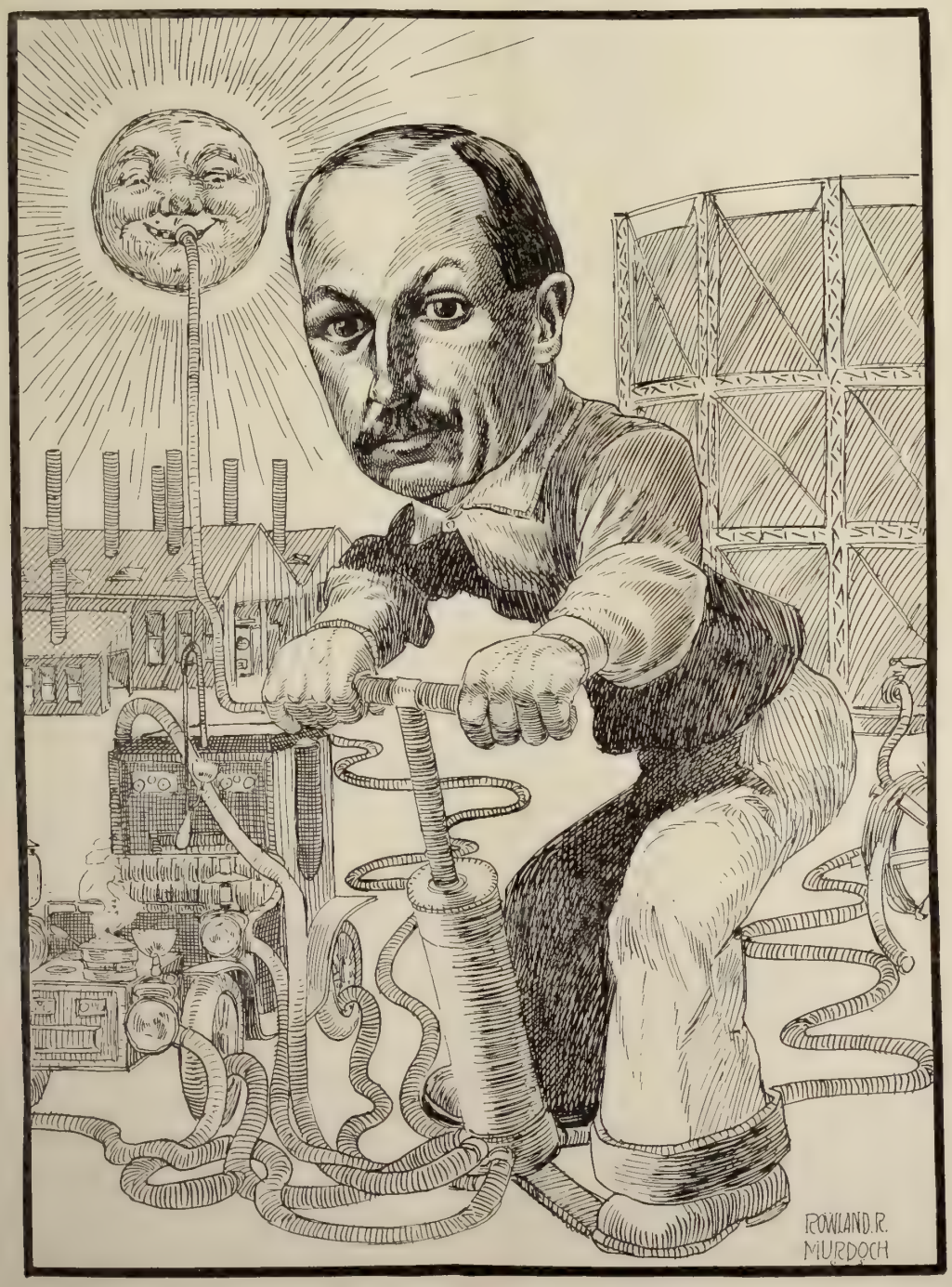
TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, October 28, 1905 No. 687.



No. 15 *Allan Pollok*

How would you like to be the gas man? The artist would have us believe that the work of managing the corporation that supplies this community with artificial illumination is strenuous. He pictures Mr. Pollok at the pump but it is plain to be seen that he is not watering stock. Mr. Pollok's principal duty is to see that dividends are regular, and to that end he keeps the meters in good working order under sufficient pressure. Mr. Pollok is noted for a hungry attention to details, especially in the matter of operating expenses. Consequently he stands well with the directors.

TOWN TALK

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Campaign Personalities

It must be admitted that Mr. Partridge is somewhat revolutionary in his campaign methods. He has sounded a key-note that grates on the nerves of the enemy. He insists that he is leading a crusade against crooks in behalf of the people. He takes it for granted that it is generally known in this community that Schmitz is the standard-bearer of a gang of looters and corruptionists, and he argues that if the people want clean government they will elect the fusion ticket. He declines to recognize any issue other than that which involves the expediency of putting honest men in office. Mr. Schmitz does not relish that issue and we can well understand its repugnance to him, for it implies a great deal of a purely personal and therefore odious character. He much prefers to go before the the people as the guardian angel of the interests of the downtrodden workingmen, insisting that only by his re-election are those interests to be safeguarded.

Something Worse Than Graft

By insisting on that issue Mayor Schmitz is doing this city a great deal of harm. He is making unionism a factor in politics during a period of industrial peace when there is not the slightest prospect of trouble. He is urging the wage-earners of San Francisco to ignore the wholesome suggestion of their acknowledged leader, Mr. Gompers, that the only safe course of unionism is one of absolute non-committal to any political party. Nothing provokes and stimulates opposition so much as an attitude of aggressive antagonism. A persistent preaching of enmity rouses enmity on both sides and keeps it alive. Mayor Schmitz's mischievous agitation is more to be dreaded than the misuse of the powers of the executive. The effects of his preposterous demagogy are tremendously harmful. Sufficient attention has not been paid to his subversion of the city's interests by the specious acts employed in pandering to popular prejudices. His opponents have been harping too much on one string. Their ululations against graft have become mournfully monotonous, and it does not appear to be certain that the moral tone of this community is such that we can safely rely on the people to revolt against conditions that are odious to the virtuous. We are told that merchants as well as tenderloiners and workingmen are for Schmitz. We know the merchants are not for him for the same reason that prompts workingmen to give him their support. It is fair to assume that the merchants who are for Schmitz approve his governmental methods and that they have not a very healthy civic conscience. Some there may be among them who do not believe that graft has been so rampant as the newspapers say, but there are none so blind as to be unaware of the fact that Mayor Schmitz is stimulating class hatred, that he is deluding the workingmen of San Francisco for selfish reasons with evil effect by representing that the security of unionism is menaced and that to protect themselves from oppression they must perpetuate him in office. If the merchants and others who are going to vote for Schmitz, being indifferent to the tribute that they are told is exacted from vice, if they do not know that the impression is widespread throughout this country that San Francisco is badly governed, that it is in the grasp of vicious labor leaders and that it is not a desirable place for investment, surely they know that Schmitz's attitude toward labor is a pose, and that his persistent agitation of a fictitious issue is not in furtherance of peace and prosperity. Even those taxpayers who are not intolerant of graft which does not directly affect their pockets cannot afford to view complaisantly Schmitz's activity as a demagogue. If they have not sufficient civic pride to revolt against being governed by those who are responsible whether innocently or otherwise for the city's ill repute it is to be hoped that they will at least resent such conduct on the part of a public servant as implies that he has underrated their intelligence.

The Brand of Honesty

Though the Ruef forces are concentrating most of their energies on the mayoralty contest strenuous effort is also being made in behalf of the Labor Party candidates for District Attorney and County Clerk, and for the defeat of Police Judge Fritz. The significance of this special movement is quite clear. The fusion candidates against whom there is organized opposition are men who are not content with being merely honest; they are aggressively honest, and therefore they are both feared and hated by the lawless. It is pretty generally understood that in the event of the election of Mr. Brandenstein, vigorous effort will be made to enforce certain provisions of the Penal Code. It is believed that Mr. Brandenstein will be exceptionally zealous in the performance of his duties and consequently the prospect of his election is viewed with alarm in certain quarters. This city is badly in need of a Jerome and Mr. Brandenstein's record as a public servant warrants public confidence in his ability to fill the role. The County Clerk's office, prior to the election of John J. Greif, the fusion candidate, was the scene of a succession of grave scandals. Unscrupulous lawyers having access to its files were permitted to defraud estates and pervert justice. There had been many defalcations, records were falsified and important papers were stolen. During Mr. Greif's administration there has not been a single scandal in the office. The County Clerk's office is now the model department of the city government, and there are many rogues eager for a change of administration. Judge Fritz has been marked for retirement to private life because he has not discriminated in favor of crooks with a pull. He is regarded by many as an ideal police magistrate because of his sympathy for the unfortunate and his charity toward those sinners who are not of the degenerate class which includes all varieties of the professionally lawless. But he is prejudiced against bunco-steerers, sure-thing men and sneak thieves, and has steadily declined to aid and abet their activities. As they have many friends among the influential barons of the tenderloin, it has been decreed that he is the enemy of the unregenerate and that he be given his quietus at the polls. It is a sad commentary on labor unionism that the political party with which it is said to be in sympathy is committed to the policy of keeping out of office such men as Brandenstein, Greif and Fritz because of their devotion to the best interests of the community.

The Satirical Bourke Cockran

Congressman Bourke Cockran gave a very interesting exposition of his views on the Philippines last Saturday night. From his utterances it was difficult to see any justification for the statement that he had receded from his position taken in Washington. He says that he thinks it unwise to retain possession of the islands, but that the American people have twice said they do not agree with him and he bows to their will. He thinks it extraordinary that this country should have shed blood for benevolent purposes in the furtherance of a glorious scheme to coerce a people into accepting the uplifting influences of Christian civilization. It is the first time in the history of the world that the spirit of benevolence pure and simple inspired a nation in such an enterprise. He was doubtful from the beginning of the wisdom of the undertaking, and at this time he cannot see how we are going to achieve our grand and benevolent purpose, but he has implicit confidence in the judgment and ability of the American people. They have never failed to solve great problems of state. Their success in solving such problems has been almost miraculous. He believes that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft are sincere in their assumption of the feasibility of our benevolent project, and he has not grown cynical, even in view of the action of Congress in passing with amazing alacrity a shipping bill designed to plunder the Filipinos and smothering the only measure proposed for their benefit. Mr. Cockran's speech was highly flavored satire from beginning to end, though it appeared to be taken seriously by the audience. It is quite evident that he thinks the Republican party has placed the American people in a hypocritical role. He does not doubt the zeal of Roosevelt and Taft for the welfare of the Filipinos, but he knows that Republican politicians are moved by a sinister motive. The Filipinos who are now being governed against their will under a constitution that makes the consent of the governed essential to government, are told that they will be permitted to govern themselves as soon as they are capable of doing so. But we have prescribed no condition that will be accepted as evidence of their ability to govern themselves. Mr. Cockran thinks we should tell them that when by their industry they have increased the products and wealth of the islands, they will be entitled to their independence. But to make them industrious we must first educate them and that is impossible under our present system of education, which is based upon the theory that people wish to be educated. There are ten million Filipinos scattered over many islands, living in jungles and mountain fastnesses, many of whom do not know that there has been any change of government. They are not going to seek education. They are satisfied with their own benighted state. If the revenues of the islands were devoted to nothing but the employment of a teaching force sufficient to reach all these people there would not be sufficient money for the purpose. Mr. Cockran says there is only one thing to be done and that is to authorize the missionaries of all the jarring sects to undertake the work of education with the understanding that they will be permitted to teach any old religion after school hours and that they shall receive only sufficient money to defray the cost of subsistence. Of course Mr. Cockran is either joking or bidding for the missionary vote. At any rate he is not considering the best interests of the natives. No sympathetic individual with the history of the Samoan islands in mind would seriously urge that special facilities be given to the missionaries to create dissension among the Filipinos. But we know that Mr. Cockran was facetious, because of the humor of his suggestion as to the best way to discourage Chinese immigration. He said that we should reform the politics of China, put an end to Mandarin graft, and make of the country such a charming place of residence that no heathen would care to break through the Exclusion Act. Even Mayor Schmitz, who sat upon the platform, caught the spirit of the joke and applauded the anti-graft sentiment warmly.

Are you going to the Theatre—See Tom Dillon, opp. Palace Hotel.

A Compliment to Smith

Sometimes by detraction does a man receive his highest praise. By way of illustration take the case of James F. Smith, Secretary of Public Instruction in the Philippines, whose recall has been asked for by the Iowa Catholic Congress on the ground that his conduct is prejudicial to Catholic educational interests in the islands. Smith was formerly Colonel of the California First Regiment, and he has many friends throughout the state, who must have been greatly amused when they read of the demand for his recall and the reason thereof. Smith is a Catholic and he was educated in a Catholic institution. He is not merely a Catholic in name; he is a devout and aggressive Catholic. We have such confidence in his loyalty to his Church as well as to his country that we believe it impossible for him to do aught that would be prejudicial to the interests of either. In all probability it will turn out that the men who lodged complaint against him in the Iowa Congress are bigots, who have become incensed because he has hewn close to the line of his duty. When both sides are heard we shall probably learn that Smith's conduct was prejudicial to the interests of certain pestiferous Catholics who wanted to do something that the Secretary could not conscientiously countenance. As Secretary of Education it is his duty to promote the interests of the public schools, and that he can conscientiously do, and Smith, by the way, has a conscience that was developed and trained by the Jesuit priests of Santa Clara.

Authors and Their Ways

The *Bookman* comments, in the October number, on the change of heart which has been experienced by authors, who no longer brag about dashing off stories in a few minutes and sending in their manuscripts hot from pen or typewriter, without revision or correction. It is the proper

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caper now to impress upon an inquiring public the extreme care with which their work is performed, the limitless patience and hard work which have been expended, and to back up these claims by exhibitions of the transcripts of pages interlined and marred by erasures and corrections. It is full time that authors should come to their senses and drop the schoolboy trick of pretending to accomplish miracles. When a writer is capable of lightning-like rapidity in the preparation of manuscript, it matters not whether it be a four hundred page novel or a column for a daily paper, his ability is the result of long familiarity with his tools. He has learned expertness not only with his pen but with his words and phrases. Much of the ease with which he fills page after page with well chosen and forceful expressions has been acquired by painstaking drudgery, writing and rewriting, consultation of dictionaries and books of synonyms. He has served his apprenticeship and he has no more hesitation about formulating a phrase than a master mechanic has about which of the tools in his chest is the one to make use of in the work under his hand. The selection in both cases is made sub-consciously and apparently automatically, but there was nothing automatic in the process of gaining the ability to choose unerringly. On the other hand, there is too much stress often laid on the finicky painstakingness of certain authors, who thought nothing of spending hours in search of some particular adjective which would convey precisely the minute shade of distinguishment which they had in mind. The fewer ideas a writer has at his command, the more difficulty he will have in expressing them, and the less worth while it will be for any one to waste time in reading what he has spun out of nothing. There is a great deal of rot written about authors. We hear, every now and then, some story of a successful author who has never had an article refused. Usually the authors have something more important to occupy themselves with than writing letters to deny these yarns, but once in a while some one comes forward to state that so far from its being the truth, every manuscript submitted for years found its way home again. There is not an author in America today, who, if he sent a copy of his next work to each of the publishing houses of the country, under an assumed name, would not have several of them returned. As for the success of the "little thing dashed off in a moment," it is enjoyed principally by this-year graduates and the culturined of club circles. The editors and regular contributors to the daily and weekly papers, who are obliged, perforce, to write at white heat, without time for revision, are constantly regretting their work. The novelists who enter into a race against time, determined to bring out a book every quarter, speedily find themselves tabu. It does not take even the feeders on best sellers very long to discover the quality of their fodder. The late Frank Norris placed the limit at the fourth production. The first book, by means of plentiful advertising, can be forced on the public, but if it falls short of the expectations raised, the book-buying public will not take up the second; the retail dealers, led by the success of the first, will take stock of its successor, and the publishers, basing their returns on the orders of the retailers, will accept a third volume. But the retailers, finding that the second remains on their shelves, are chary about handling the third at all, and the publishers, unable to dispose of that to advantage, are not eager to take a fourth. That the popular idols are so speedily changed does not argue fickleness on the part of the reading public, but rather sophistication. They have discovered the feet of clay. And, in consequence, those cocksure producers of "while you wait" sensationalism who were being boomed along with breakfast foods, are now afforded plenty of leisure in which to learn how to write.

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New Words

The Baltimore *Herald,* in commenting at some length on the new words which have been introduced into the English language as a result of war, says: "The Philippine insurrection has paid its dues with 'bolo,' 'Ladrone,' and 'Hike'—the first Malay, the second Spanish, and the third of unknown parentage." "Hike" is by no means a doorstep child. It has come back across the broad Pacific to its rightful home, for it is in current use all over the west and up and down the Mississippi valley, where "to hike" is as much a matter of course as to march, tramp, or otherwise set out afoot on a journey, long or short. The word can be found in the vocabulary of rural Californians whose ancestors brought it with them across the plains. It may be new to Eastern ears, but it found its way to the Philippines along with the first American Volunteers. Had the prairie boys been draughted to Cuba instead of Luzon, "hike" might have slipped through the custom houses of New York and Boston as readily as it has seemingly done through that of San Francisco. Most of the new words which have come into the language through newspaper reports of military operations are short lived. We have already forgotten "reconcentrado" and "machete," and our hills are no longer "kopjes," nor our farmers "burghers" who "trek" across the fields and "outspan" their teams. New words, like new slang, must either describe some new thing or concern themselves with some new but permament condition if they hope to become really and inseparably a part of the language. The foreign importations usually have nothing more than novelty to recommend them. "Hike" is on a different footing. It is a poor cousin just coming into its own, and, like other western products, needs but to be known to be appreciated.

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The Modern Art of Self-Advertisement

BY HARRY COWELL.

'Tis a garish day, this of ours, and no mistake. The candle is dead, and midnight oil but a memory. Literature is a-glare. No longer does the man of letters live in the ancient sweet obscurity of his forebears, serving the Muse in cathedral dimness, his light hid under a bushel, his maiden effort a retiring thing, shy of discovery. In a word, he and the book-agent that peddles his wares alike laugh to scorn the idea of Modest Merit sitting at home, waiting for the world to come to her. They hold with Lamb—no less—that "the world meets nobody half-way."

Meanwhile, the unknown artist, sticking to the house of his dreams, drawing the thing as he sees it, refusing to sell his soul in behalf of his body, but doing his best to keep both together, hears that the editor, like a satanic Diogenes, is abroad with his lantern, going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it, on the lookout for honest bushels; reads, say, of the recent discovery in the back woods of a great city of a modest Hebrew huckster with a voice of gold, or at least of a metal readily transmutable into gold by a litle alchemic management; and starts at every strange ra-ta-ta-ta on the door of his den, thinking that at last the world has come to him.

But the world never comes.

And the artist draws and draws, and at length grows a wee bit weary of well-doing. He finds, it may be, rest and comfort and sustenance in George Moore's optimistic assurance that were a poet, dying of hunger and thirst in the desert of Sahara, to write a perfect sonnet, his bleached bones would some day lead to the discovery of the manuscript, and the poem eventually find a place in the world's anthology, between, say, Shakespeare's sonnet on lust and Milton's on blindness.

Of the wages of going on the gods have given the artist to spare, but he is human enough to ask for the wages of getting somewhere; the wages of one that has "arrived." As the years go by, and the world comes not to his door, he begins to grow incredulous of the smiling assertion of the already discovered that never yet did voice of gold wear itself leaf-thin and come to naught, crying "rags, bottles, sacks!" to posts and cobble-stones; that sooner or later genius finds recognition commensurate with its deserts; and ends by denying it—not without emphasis.

But let our artist wake up some morning to find himself famous, as the saying is, and at once the idea that the world is, after all, very discerning, strikes him with irresistible force; and from the moment he finds himself widely read, he begins to think better of popular taste.

Ah, the discernment of the mob! Did I not dislike so much to beat the air, I should have at it. My word for it, the cut and color of Oscar Wilde's breeches won him at least as many readers as his writings' inimitable style. That is my very gentlest judgment on the alleged popular appreciation of literature. A pea-green necktie of prodigious size worn day in day out by any worldly wise young novelist will not, I promise him, be without its happy effect on royalties.

Said once a clever little miss to Paderewski: "It must be very nice for you to have such a fortune in your hands."

"Very," said he, holding her face between them.

"Is my face, then, the fortune I've been told it is?" asked the maid.

The great pianist, fairly bewildered—no wonder—put his hands up to his head.

"You've let go your fortune!" cried the damsel.

"Oh, no," said he; "I'm holding on to it."

"You mean your head is your fortune?"

"Not I; my hair."

"Have a care, monsieur;" she exclaimed; "or the first thing you know your hands will be running through it."

The foregoing story, apposite to my thesis as if it had been made for it, appears now for the first time in print.

"I like Byron's poetry much better than I do Shakespeare's," a lady confessed to me only the other day.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," she announced, with never a smile, "he is so much handsomer."

The reason advanced being unanswerable, I kept silent.

"I think The Neck is just lovely," the lady went on.

"I don't believe I remember it," said I, going over his lordship's many works in my mind.

"It's a poem," said she.

"I suppose so," was my rejoinder; "I shouldn't expect you to be enthusiastic over his prose."

"It was too bad about the feet, though," sighed the lady; "it just hurts me every time I think of them."

"Weren't they all right?" I questioned.

"O, don't you know!" she exclaimed.

"For the life of me," I admitted, "I can't recall the particular feet you refer to; but every poet makes a *faux pas* now and then."

The lady smiled. "That's so," she assented; "but I don't believe he was one bit worse than Goethe and the rest of them. Poets, I'm afraid, are a pretty bad lot."

It then dawned upon me that, when it came to poetry, the lady and I were on very different footings. I had put my foot into it, you see; she, hers. An escapade, it seems, is worth more to a poet than all the prosody in the world.

Some years since, in London, were no end of fashionable women willing to follow Morris's blue serge through a dozen Earthly Paradises. To this day, Stevenson's velvet jacket is as famous as his "Virginibus Puerisque." And here in San Francisco, to my certain knowledge, Jack London' sweater is even a greater success than his " Call of the Wild." Of all Dr. Johnson's celebrated touches, the best known now are the remarkable ones on lamp posts and the like.

Why such acting in private as leads to divorce should be correlated with such acting in public as leads to fabulous box-office receipts is as much beyond me as why a hair-

(Continued on Page 40)

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Some American Women in Paris

BY JEAN WHITCOMBE.

Each year the waves of pleasure, inclination and circumstance sweep into the city of Tutitia shoals of American women whom no man can number. Among these are to be found a class whose tergiversations the cynical obserer regards with the irony of an amused complacence, and upon whom an American—sensitively jealous of the reputation of the women of his country and the estimation put upon them by intelligent and discriminating foreigners—looks with unavailing indignation. Among these I do not class the women—the fearful sadness of whose lives awaken only feelings of the tenderest pity—who outwardly caring not that they have forfeited all claim to social recognition, are chronic in the three great hotels of Paris. They at least have the questionable merit of sincerity. They are to be found in the courts of these hotels sitting at the receipt of customs, and are known to all men, and do not in any sense come within the scope of this article.

The women I mean are those who, scorning in words and act those erring sisters, insist always in strident tones on their own absolute respectability, and talk of "Who's who" in no uncertain manner. Of all sorts and conditions are they, but one in their devotion to the end for which they struggle with a courage and pertinacity which, were the end other than it is, would be admirable to witness. Among these are widows, who have lost their husbands, others who have only mislaid them; they are what a clever Frenchman calls "decree women." "Has she got her divorce, or is she getting it?" is a familiar question in Paris.

Sorrowfully conspicuous in this class are mothers and wives who have abandoned homes and husbands and come to Paris with that most threadbare of all excuses—the education of their daughters—never their sons. Now, twenty years of intelligent observation in Europe gives me the right to say that except in advanced art everything an American girl needs to know may be learned at home. Rarely a girl gains anything by a European education, except to despise the country of her birth—and this may surely be deemed a problematical good. Languages are now excellently well taught in the United States.

Is it worth while to break up one's home, leave exposed a husband to the tender mercies of his typewriter—I am told that these mercies are very dangerously tender—that after two or three years a girl may leave a school profoundly ignorant in three languages? All the talk one hears as to the importance of knowing foreign languages and that they can only be learned away from America, is tommyrot. A waiter, who is generally the lowest form of created intelligence—or he would not be a waiter—is often found speaking seven, and recalls Bismarck's bearish reply to an admiring American father who, proudly telling him that his son spoke six languages, asked his advice as to a future career. "Make him a waiter," was the answer.

I asked one of these pleasure-seeking renegade wives—who talked glibly of the sacrifices she had made in coming abroad (with an ample letter of credit, and ampler liberty) that her daughter might "learn the languages"—if she did not think it of higher value that they should know something in one, rather than nothing in three languages, but I spoke unto ears dull of hearing. I doubt if she ever heard of Cassandra. If she had, I was that to her.

Well, the daughters are placed in school and the mother freed from the restraint of their presence, and fresh from the manipulations of the Beauty Parlors, ranges herself in the sisterhood that night and day throng the halls of the three hotels in Paris, which are the Tom Tiddler's ground of these nervous, unsettled, restless, amusement-seeking American women, without mental resources, continually on the qui vive for something and somebody to entertain them, but that something or that somebody must be a MAN—with or without money. They are always the smartest in smart finery. It goes without saying that they are frou-frou women; without repose, they never sit unless a man is talking to them. To efface themselves is worse than extinction; they must be in evidence, and to this end, flaunt themselves up and down the corridors with a dashing bravado peculiar to themselves and which they dub "American manners." After their clothes, their unique preoccupation is to secure invitations to luncheons and dinners in the fashionable restaurants of Paris and the Bois. To find men ready and willing requires an adroitness in the art of which they are past mistresses. They mark their prey with singular acuteness and rarely their quarry escapes them. Their victims are usually the traveling American—and form a succession which if not canonical is at least regular.

The habitue, being a well seasoned article, is a bird more difficult to capture, and scents afar off the salt designed for his venerable tail, while the impecunious native, however, greatly longed for by reason of his title and the high society he frequents, is too often unavailable, as the necessities of his position oblige him to an equal alertness in securing women who are able to pay for his society and chaperonage. In the late summer, although they rarely hunt in couples, this band of female marauders is to be found in Aix les Bains; in the winter, at Nice and Monte Carlo, but the rest of the year, Paris claims them for her own. A rich New York man, upon whom they swarmed as their legitimate prey, told me in language made forcible by cursory expletives of uncommon warmth, and with a fine air of indignation, that these women were the bane of his European existence—the flies in the amber of his Parisian pleasures—thinking of nothing but "who is to take me out to dinner, the shows, and supper."

A woman with somewhat modified attractions and obliged to content herself with the attentions of men of more modest resources, told me fretfully that she had dined twice in one week in the hotel, adding, "This ought not to be." On my remarking that it was rather *comme il faut* to be seen dining in one's own hotel, I was met with a scorching "One does not come to Paris for that." Another well-known for her predatory proclivities, told me with a pretty affectation of prudery that she thought Frenchmen, etc., the most insolent and impudent of men; "they are always trying to make love to you." My reply was, "Have you ever thought that there is only one nation in the whole civilized world that permits its women to wander in foreign lands alone and unattended, unattached and independent, enjoying all the privileges and advantages of

(Continued on Page 31)

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The Oratory of Cockran

D. M. Delmas, Sam Shortridge and other spellbinders of less candlepower were on hand last Saturday night at the Bourke Cockran lecture, intent upon measuring the oratorical ability of the magnetic Congressman with the knack for rounding periods and swaying the judgment of men. Unfortunately, they did not see or hear Mr. Cockran at his best. On the contrary, he was at his worst, and great orator though he is, his worst is not far removed from mediocrity. When the charm of spontaneity is missing, argument bores and lofty phrases fail to enchant. Unless an orator is full of his subject, it is impossible for him to create the illusion of spontaneity. I heard Mr. Cockran respond to a toast at the banquet of the St. Ignatius College Alumni last week. He spoke on the subject of Catholic education and he was truly eloquent. On that occasion he soared to great heights. He was logical, emotional, magnetic. I never heard a greater address. He was full of his subject and at his best. The quality of the address that appealed to me was its artistic beauty, which showed itself in style—the musical flow of the words, the aptness and grace of the images and the refinement in the choice of words. It was brilliant, impassioned prose, and was almost literature because it occasionally rose above mere logical demonstration and argumentative appeal—occasionally it was emotional. Mr. Cockran is a splendid rhetorician, but he is not a great painter of word pictures. He prefers to be logical, and he has very little of that sanitary sea salt called humor, that purifies and saves. Last Saturday night he started out to be satirical and he remained so for quite a distance, but he was not coherent. He wandered from his subject and if it were not for his skill in working in some of his stock periods, his address would have fallen flat. He afterwards confessed that he had never been so unprepared in his life, and I believe him. An orator with so great a reputation risks much when he ventures to the platform poorly prepared.

Pardee's Probable Project

At this writing the vacancy on the Oakland bench caused by the death of Judge Greene still exists, and Governor Pardee appears to be as indifferent as ever to the importance of keeping the wheels of litigation moving in Alameda county. This apparent indifference is of course due to the fact that the Governor considers his political interests of greater importance than the judiciary of Alameda. But if he were a shrewder politician he would be sensible of the advisability of conserving his interests without blocking the course of justice, for there are many inconsiderate individuals who look upon such conduct as reprehensible. And yet it is not improbable that the Governor, hailing from Alameda county as he does, and knowing something of the volume of its business, commercial and legal, has come to the conclusion that the size of its Superior Court should be reduced. Perhaps he is going to propose legislation to that end. Assuredly he seems intent on demonstrating that a successor to Judge Greene is unnecessary, for the vacancy has existed many months.

Alice and the Interviewers

There is nothing more amusing in contemporary journalism than the enthusiasm with which reporters rush into print to expose the unreliability of the telegraph service and foreign correspondence of the papers that give them employment. Consider the avidity with which the interviewers sought out Alice Roosevelt on her arrival to get from her own sweet lips a general denial of all the stories that have been published about her doings since she crossed the Pacific. And of course that exuberant young woman, annoyed by the publicity which has been given to her girlish frolics, and knowing that there have been numerous exaggerations and misstatements, and feeling, perhaps, that her father was displeased at the notoriety attending her trip, she informed the newsgatherers that the stories were untrue, as most of them were. Even the story about her jumping into a swimming tank in a traveling costume and persuading Congressman Longworth to follow was untrue. I gave the correct version of that incident two weeks ago, on the authority of a member of the Taft party, who witnessed it. I related that Miss Roosevelt wore a bathing suit under an old neglige house gown on that occasion, and that it was United States Senator Warren of Wyoming who took the dare. That was the true story and yet one reporter took occasion to write that she denied having jumped into the water in a traveling costume or that Congressman Longworth followed her. Miss Roosevelt made that denial without trifling with the truth. The City Editor who printed it is incompetent because he does not avail himself of all accessible sources of news. If he had read his Town Talk he would have known the facts.

The Sulu Story

The reporter also, on the strength of Miss Roosevelt's general denial, wrote that she did not receive a proposal of marriage from the Sultan of Sulu. Nobody familiar with the customs of the Sultan's court will give credence to this denial. No woman whom the Sultan wishes to honor ever gets away from his court without a proposal. It is rank discourtesy for him not to offer his hand in marriage to women received at his court, and it is not likely that he would treat Miss Roosevelt discourteously. There were many festivities at Sulu in honor of Miss Roosevelt and she was presented with a beautiful native costume made for a Princess in which on shipboard she gave an imitation of the Moro dances. She received many valuable presents on the trip and as the customs officials

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have decided to have them appraised at Washington it is to be hoped there will be no ridiculous concession to the demagogic suggestions of the socialistic fire-brands of the press. The gifts that Miss Roosevelt received were presented to her in token of the esteem in which the President of the United States is held, and as she could not have refused them without giving offense, it is unjust to demand that she pay duty on them. The identity of the meanest man on earth need no longer be the subject of dispute. Let us agree that he is none other than the fellow who thought it worth while suggesting that the President of the United States should pay duty on the presents received from foreign potentates eager to express their friendship for the American people.

"Do you sometimes doubt the truth of what your husband tells about his business engagements?"

"I should say not; he is a poor liar."

Society Snubbed

Alice Roosevelt's exit from San Francisco immediately after her arrival was a great shock to those society persons who had confidently expected to share the limelight with her during her promised sojourn. Their disappointment was pathetic. It was understood that several functions were to be given in her honor, but the capricious Alice had seen all she wanted to of San Francisco's provincial elite. No more circus receptions for her. So she gave the fashionable herd a pretty tough snubbing. Perhaps nobody felt it more keenly than Mrs. Eleanor Martin who cut short her beauty sleep to get to the Palace hotel on time to give the President's daughter a cordial greeting. She took up her position in the ladies' grill and waited and waited until the belated news of Alice's hasty exit reached the hotel. Then the Queen of the 400 quietly withdrew.

Her Pastor—Does your little girl know her catechism?

Mrs. Culchaw—No, she hasn't advanced that far. I'm taking her through Browning.

George Did Not Flirt

Now comes Herbert George with a denial of authorship in the matter of the salacious story of the flirtation on the Oakland boat with the damsel who vouchsafed him a peep at her trim ankles and lured him to a private room in a French restaurant. It is a somewhat tardy denial and Mr. George has gone far afield to get it into print, for his repudiation of the story comes to me in a marked copy of the Los Angeles *Times,* the very prosperous journal published by that famous hero of the Rubicon, Harrison Gray Otis. In the marked copy appears a long letter from the *Times'* special San Francisco correspondent under the heading: "Try to Ruin Reputation; Herbert George Object of Malicious Attacks; But President of Alliance Pays No Attention." This is the opening paragraph: "Vicious attempts are being made by the unionist leaders through their organ, the San Francisco *Examiner,* to ruin the reputation of Herbert George, president of the Citizen's Alliance. After attempting by every conceivable means to denigrate the Alliance and its leader, but without success, the gang behind the yellow sheet has been faking up mysterious dates with women and trips to resorts with an unsavory reputation." The *Times'* correspondent is somewhat illogical, for at the close of this letter charging the *Examiner* with "faking up mysterious dates with women and trips to resorts with an unsavory reputation," he thus explains the flirtation story:

In Colorado, where he lives, Mr. George owns a weekly newspaper known as "George's Weekly." On account of a dwindling circulation, the editor got Mr. George to become ostensible author of a column of gossip and comment signed with his own name. As a matter of fact, he wrote not a very large share of his own column. Unhappily the editor clipped from a little country paper a rather silly story about a flirtation with a girl on an Oakland ferryboat—it was written in the first person. It was stuff like this:

"I said to her, 'Honey, will you go to dinner, etc."

He put that in Mr. George's column.

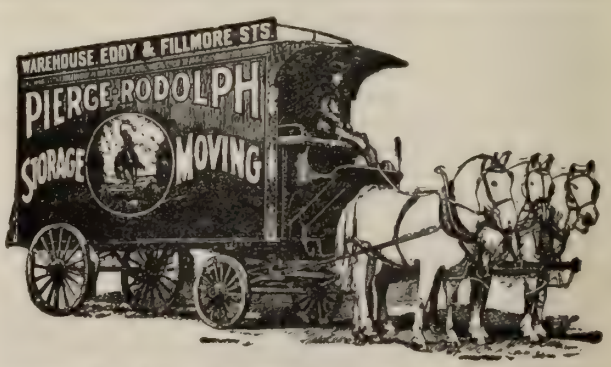
Any newspaper man would recognize the facts at a glance. The "Examiner," however, clipped and republished it as being George's own flirtation.

So San Francisco rings with songs about "the bald-headed masher."

Mr. George is really a man of the greatest charm; his family relations are ideal and this is breaking his wife's heart.

Worse and More Of It

Far be it from me to attempt to exculpate the *Examiner* from the crime of "faking up mysterious dates, etc.," but I submit that, instead of feeling sore at that paper, Mr. George should take a club to the Colorado editor and after beating him into a pulp, take a few whacks at the mazard of the *Times'* correspondent for making such a silly and unconvincing explanation. That ingenuous gent opened up his letter with an assault on the *Examiner* for doing something which, according to his story, that paper was justified in doing. It is all very well to say that any newspaper man would recognize the facts at a glance, but why should any newspaper man suppose that Mr. George was permitting the deception of the readers of his Colorado paper. If Mr. George sought to have the circulation of that paper bolstered up through the use of his name for the purpose of imparting a fictitious value to some of the stolen matter that appeared therein, then he should not complain, if as a result of this immoral procedure, he was saddled with responsibility for a discreditable story purporting to be a recital of his experiences in San Francisco.



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The Magnetism of a Vocal Debutante

Miss Alice Colman, who made her debut as *Carmen* at the Tivoli on Thursday night of last week, is a young woman of very pleasing personality and seemingly possessed of an abundance of temperament and intelligence. She is also a very courageous young woman, for according to one of her most enthusiastic flatterers of the daily press, "she asked that no favor be shown her; that she be judged for what she could do." It was scarcely necessary for this statement to be printed, for when a young woman goes on the professional stage to essay the principal role in an opera, supported by a company of professional artists, to give a performance not for her friends exclusively, but for strangers as well who pay to be entertained, she not only challenges, but defies criticism, and she is bound to expect an honest expression of opinion. But as Miss Colman made her debut in the city of her birth after a long absence in Europe, where she had her voice cultivated, she might have reasonably expected generous tratment from the critics. Whether all the critics felt that way about it I do not know. At any rate they were not only generous but fulsome, either from the fullness of an amiable spirit or merely in consequence of an imperfect knowledge of the vocal art. Two of them praised Miss Colman's singing, but did not hesitate to hint at the truth about her acting. I am inclined to think they were sincere, and that in their judgment Miss Colman's singing was worthy of praise; for if they went to the theatre resolved to flatter, and had not the temerity to laud both singing and acting, though competent to pass judgment on both, they would have preferred to felicitate the performer on that which was the more deserving of acclaim. Assuming, then, that they expressed their honest opinion, as honest critics should do, let us congratulate Miss Colman on the success of her magnetism. To that subtle quality she is much indebted. One critic held in thrall by its magic, heard tones that were "sweet and round." Another was entranced by a voice that was "clear and velvety and of sympathetic timbre" and was convinced that Miss Colman knew "how to use it." That imponderable and mysterious quality called magnetism is an asset of which Miss Colman may well be proud, and for that she is not indebted to her European vocal teacher. In my opinion Miss Colman has dramatic temperament but I cannot agree with my confreres of the pen as to her voice.

Just a Little Advice

Ethel Forrester Campbell is going abroad to complete her musical education, says a daily contemporary. Mrs. Campbell, says my contemporary, "is the possessor of a beautiful, rich mezzo-soprano voice of wonderful power, which, added to the grace of a most pleasing personality, insures the success of her professional career." I do not know Mrs. Campbell and never having heard her sing, far be it from me to discourage her from taking a trip to Europe, but I beg leave to caution her against the meaningless flattery of ignorant newspaper writers. Perhaps it is not necessary. Perhaps Mrs. Campbell has too much sense to be persuaded that her voice and her pleasing personality insure her success on the professional stage. However, I am constrained to direct her attention to my excerpts of a few weeks ago from an article in the London *Saturday Review*, written by John F. Runciman, for the purpose of deterring English and American women from wasting their time and money in the vocal studios of the continent. He said that not more than one in a thousand becomes a successful chorus girl. It is of course quite possible that Mrs. Campbell is destined for a very successful professional career. At any rate let us hope so, and let us also hope that when she returns, if not as a star of a high-priced operatic organization, she will not make her San Francisco debut with an Italian opera company. Those Italian fishermen who attend Italian operatic performances in this city are shamefully ungallant, and when they hear a sour note they behave rudely, especially if the singer is not from sunny Italy. In making these suggestions I am moved by a salutary motive, and there is no desire to be personal. I have taken the case of Mrs. Campbell for my text for the reason that it is typical of much that appears in the daily prints, and which though inspired by a kindly feeling for individuals works great harm to the many.

That Premature Death Notice

Up at the Pacific-Union Club, where they have great contempt for anybody who believes what he reads in the newspapers, an announcement of the death of James V. Coleman was posted the morning of the publication of the false report by the *Examiner*. The club flag was also floated at half-mast. The *Examiner's* obituary notice of Mr. Coleman, supplementary to the despatch that confounded the live man with a dead one, was a fine sample of artistic condensation to be accounted for only by the supposition that everybody connected with the office, who is familiar with Californian history, was off duty. James V. Coleman is one of the most widely known and most highly esteemed men in California, and he has played an important part in public affairs. As it is the function of the newspaper obituary man to write of the creditable performances of the deceased and of those whom he supposes to be deceased, it was surprising that the *Examiner* man saw fit to cut his Coleman notice so short. Mr. Coleman is the owner of a mine in Angels, Calaveras county, next in importance to the Utica. A short time ago it was blown up, and a great deal of damage was done by a few employes who wished to revenge themselves on a superintendent. Their conduct aroused intense indignation throughout the little mining community. The people were particularly incensed because it was Jim Coleman's property that was damaged. If the explosion had occurred in any other mine public indignation would not have run so high, but Coleman is a man whom the rude miners of Angels love. And Calaveras is not the only county in the state where Jim Coleman is esteemed for qualities that are becoming extremely rare in this sordid age.

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GEARY STREET., AT UNION SQUARE

The Strenuous Randolph

Epes Randolph arrived in the city Monday, saw Harriman on the tug and in the evening left for Arizona. Epes Randolph is the promoter of more lines on paper than any man in the United States, and a list of his titles and the corporations in which he is interested would fill a column of this paper. Harriman is at the back of him and Randolph projects a new road before breakfast each morning, has the papers drawn up before lunch, and gets ready to build in any time within the next hundred years. Randolph is one of the cleverest of politicians. He entertained about twelve Congressmen lately who went to Arizona for the express purpose of looking into her claims for statehood. Randolph says that they were delighted with all and everything in Arizona and especially with the climate. They said that they would never vote for a joint statehood because they were firmly convinced that Arizona was well able to stand alone. As Mr. Randolph is a great boss it is believed that he already has in his mind's eye a candidate for United States Senator, and Frank Cox is thought to be the man. Cox is as much at home here as he is in Arizona and he never leaves the city without shedding a tear.

He's Going to Raise Sheep

The Palace hotel corridors will no longer see the picturesque Judge Jackson. The Judge has sold out all his mining interests and has purchased a band of sheep in the deserts of Arizona where he intends to live—at least that was his intention when he left here. Mrs. Jackson is in Kansas City and will join the Judge in Arizona some time during the winter. Some of his friends are betting that the Judge will get tired of sheep raising in a month.

A Tough Predicament

There is a story going round the corridors of the hotels that a prominent mining man received a letter last week demanding the sum of eight thousand dollars and threatening him with death if it were not forthcoming. He confided to a friend that he had such a letter and that he was in a state of mind not to be envied. He was advised to place the matter in the hands of the police but absolutely refused to do so, arguing that if the letter was genuine he was being watched and it would make the assassins desperate for him to consult with the authorities. The friend refused to divulge the mining man's name. He is quite rich and always carries with him a large amount of coin. At one time, it is said, he was so harassed at the thought of being murdered that he was almost on the point of sending the sum that was demanded from him. He was then told that it would result in his being held up again and again and the thought of this deterred him from yielding.

Miss Gossip—That was a very decollete gown you were photographed in.

Miss Gayleigh—Yes, but Jack chaperoned the taking.

Watching the Western Pacific

More than one real estate man is watching the movements of the Western Pacific in this city with anxious eyes. It is well known that the Goulds are heavy buyers of property and that real estate is being held at high figures in that part of the city where the terminal of the new road is likely to be placed. The men who have been guiding the destinies of the Western Pacific are shrewdly secretive and they are not letting any friends in on the ground floor. Dalzell Brown, who was for a time the brains of the concern, has a bold, bluff and hearty manner but he can elude all questions gracefully, and send the questioner away with a feeling that he had been given most valuable information. Virgil G. Bogue, the chief engineer, can buttonhole a man and be as nice to him as a man can be and tell him nothing, and as for W. J. Bartnett, who was for some months the president of the railroad, he is so much like a sphinx that he is achieving a reputation for rare wisdom. The man in the Western Pacific who is about the most important at present is Contractor Smith who, with his firm, has the contract for building the line between Oakland and Oroville. He is a little bit of a man and says that his whole life has been spent in begging reporters to keep his name out of the papers. He is a veteran railroad builder and actually hates notoriety.

His Greatest Achievement as an Author

Most women lay whatever talent they have for art as a more or less willing sacrifice upon hymeneal altars. Not so Mrs. Sidney Armour (Laura Adams that was). With the olive branches have come honors galore. At the International Photographic Exhibition held awhile back in London, Mrs. Armour took five first prizes—a greater number of "firsts" than any other one of the twenty thousand exhibitors—with photographs of Mr. Herman Whitaker's little daughters, Elsie and Vera; two being of the latter named, three of the former. Elsie, the elder of the girls, is a perfect model; and in more ways than one. She is all that sixty seasons could possibly do with the unusual bit of red clay placed in Time's all-fashioning hands some fifteen years ago. Hers the fatal gift of beauty and the no less fatal gift of thought; and Time's inevitable gift of tears is

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now hers also. A copy of one of the prize-winning photographs, shown to me by her father, is the loveliest thing of its kind I have ever seen, exquisitely expressive of the fact that the beauty of the subject is soul-deep; as is all true beauty. By the way, I have just explained to my own satisfaction Mr. Whitaker's exceptional modesty. I had long held that to say of any one, "He is a vain man," is to be guilty of a pleonasm; to say "That man is an artist and terribly conceited," is to offer the greatest insult imaginable to the intelligence of your hearer, when along came Herman James, bent, as it seemed, upon exploding this the prettiest of my pet ideas. Here was a writer, of the male sex, no mean artist, accepted of the magazines, published in book form by Harper Brothers, and yet underestimating himself as an author. As I knew him to be human, the thing was incredible, incomprehensible, until it dawned upon me that the father of his daughter could not possibly have one iota of pride in the children of his brain, be they beautiful soever.

The Ball Season to Open

The first smart private ball of the season will be that of Mrs. Charles Parmalee Eells to introduce her daughter Dorothy. The latter was to have been a debutante last year, but changed her plans and went to Europe. The Eells ball will be given at the Palace hotel, where several other dances are to be pulled off this winter. I hear that Mrs. Eells is making up her list of guests mainly from her daughter's Gaiety Club friends. The Fred Kohls, the Barry Colemans and the Hyde-Smiths are talking of giving large balls during the season, and these will pleasantly supplement the more public dancing functions. Mrs. Eleanor Martin is looking over her list of dancing men with view to picking out a certain number as guests at the ball she is to give for Genevieve Harvey. However it is not likely that she will do much weeding. Mrs. Jack Tallant will give a dance for Elsie Tallant before New Year's, at their new home in Green street.

Eliza Kline will go East to visit her sister, Mrs. Jaggar, in Boston. The latter will be remembered as having broken the record for successful debutantes, becoming engaged and married within a month after her debut.

Merely Speculation

Every season, just about this time, rumors are rife of the engagement of Maye Colburn. Last year Major Rochester was the fortunate swain who was thought to have won her hand, and the season before it was Captain Frederick Johnston whom the gossips thought had been accepted. This year Miss Colburn's anxious friends are somewhat undecided regarding the man of her choice. One of her bachelor admirers is a man of considerable wealth, but of course it does not follow necessarily that Cupid is taking a hand. Mysterious are his movements. Miss Colburn is one of Mrs. Eleanor Martin's favorites. She entertains a great deal, and has many friends in society. Though the Burlingame and Gaiety sets hardly ever catch a glimpse of her she attends all the important functions outside of those cliques. Her first entertainment of the season will take place on the second of next month when she will entertain at a large luncheon.

They Have Had Offers Galore

The beautiful Ide sisters who returned recently from the Philippines will be much feted during their visit. They stand well at Burlingame and are always sure of generous hospitality when they visit that fashionable burg. The Ide sisters are very attractive young women, and it is said that in Manila no man calls on them three times without offering his hand and heart. Proposals come thick and fast but the Ide sisters are coy.

Her Latest Passion

Since her marriage Mrs. Charley Clark has developed a passion for clothes. As Celia Tobin her chief pleasure was playing Chopin and attending concerts. Since her marriage Paquin has taken the place of Chopin in her affections, and she now presents a stunning appearance.

Porter Garnett is "At Liberty"

Porter Garnett assures me there is no truth in the rumor of his engagement and asks that I make a brief, emphatic denial of it.

Mrs. Abby M. Parrott's Whim

Mrs. Abby M. Parrott has a poetic side to her nature which is not known to society. It will be remembered that she erected the Emporium building on the site of the old Jesuit church. The church was an ugly red brick structure, but it was an historic one, and Mrs. Parrott regarded it with some degree of veneration. Though she pulled it down the old frame work of the windows of that church is still in existence, and is stored in the vacant lot to the east of Mrs. Parrott's house. It is reported that Mrs. Parrott bought this lot for the purpose of storing the old window frames and some of the woodwork which had composed part of the old church. In these practical days a little sentiment like that goes far to disgruntle the cynic who claims that all sentiment is dead.

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Lummis Holds the Fort

The club women of Los Angeles are still after the scalp of Charles F. Lummis, and their desire to oust him from his position as City Librarian does not appear to grow feebler with the passing of time. It has been several months now since the Los Angeles Library Board asked Miss Jones, then librarian, to resign, and appointed Lummis as her successor; but the indignation of the club women, who immediately upon the appointment of Lummis flocked to the defense of Miss Jones, has in no wise abated. This library fight is a much tangled affair. Miss Jones was librarian for several years, and her friends claim that she performed her duties efficiently, and there was no cause for her removal. But the Library Board did remove her, after she had refused to give her resignation, and appointed Lummis to the place at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a month, which was one hundred dollars more than Miss Jones received. Thereupon the club women held an indignation meeting, protested against what they said was an outrage, and petitioned the Mayor to have Miss Jones reinstated. The Mayor tried to take some action, but found he could do nothing; and then the club women pounced upon the City Council and demanded an investigation of the whole affair. The Council promised to have a public investigation, but so far has evaded that duty, giving as its excuse the impossibility of getting all the members together for the hearing. Whenever the matter comes up before the Council some members are sick or out of town, and the Council votes to postpone it. Meanwhile Lummis is acting as librarian, and drawing his two-fifty per, Miss Jones is sitting back avowing that she is still librarian, and that she will eventually collect her salary, and the club women are amassing evidence and waiting for the Council to begin the investigation.

The Eccentricities of Genius

That Charles F. Lummis is not a favorite with the ladies is well evidenced by this uprising of the fair sex of Los Angeles. Although for years he wore corduroy clothes, a wide sombrero, fine silk shirts with bosoms hand embroidered by the Indians, and forgot for months at a time to have his grizzled locks shorn, all this artistic posing seems not to have had its usual effect on the adoring daughters of Eve. When they have called on him at his picturesque boulder-made "Castle" and he has received them in a bohemian costume consisting of slippers, a brick mason's white duck trousers and a mesh undershirt with the sleeves cut off at the shoulders, the ladies have said "Ah-h!" and have apparently been impressed with the famous Lion's greatness. But it appears that their adoration was only a thing of the surface. Under their apparent admiration for the editor of *Out West* was an unexpressed dislike for the man, and this dislike is one of the strongest reasons for their fight against him as librarian. Lummis knows nothing of the art of flattery. Both in his private and public life, he is thoroughly independent. When he has anything to say, he says that thing bluntly and unequivocally. Fearlessly aggressive, an egotist of the first class, he invariably follows his own judgment and cares absolutely nothing for any other man's opinion. Naturally, these characteristics have made him many enemies; but even his bitterest enemy has no doubt of his earnestness and sincerity, and must admire him for the Spartan bravery with which he stands to his guns. The inherent stubbornness of the man is being shown in this library fight, for there is little doubt that Lummis would have refused the appointment had he known the sort of fuss his acceptance was destined to stir up. But he did not know, and now that he is in it, his stubborn nature refuses to give an inch even though condemnation pours upon him like a cloudburst. And that the women are the most bitter against him must be something of a trial, for Lummis himself is fond of the skirted sex.

The Man and His Ego

The egotism of Lummis and his utter disregard of public opinion evoke the censure and ridicule of his enemies. His corduroy clothes and his corduroy manners have made him the prey for years of all the cheap wits of the country. The fact that he is a college man, the author of a dozen books, an authority on the Southwest, the vigorous editor of a magazine and a friend of President Roosevelt, has brought him well forward into the limelight and has made him an attractive target. Withal he is a man of strong personality, and to his intimate friends is both gentle and considerate. That he were well out of this library muddle is the wish of every one of those intimate friends, but they know that to persuade him to yield to popular clamor is impossible. For the creed of Charles F. Lummis is this: "I am greater than all that can happen me." And he sincerely believes it.

Manney's Daring Feat

Rear-Admiral H. N. Manney, chief of the bureau of equipment of the Navy Department, is on his way to this city from Washington, and will during several days' stay here make thorough inspections of Pacific Coast conditions incident to the work of his bureau. Admiral Manney is the man who took away the breath of the Navy Department a

couple of years ago by steaming the big battleship he commanded through the dangerous Hell Gate channel and the Narrows. He performed the feat to the admiration of many, but the Department issued a general order immediately afterward that no large men-of-war should take that route when it could be avoided.

He Saw Archibald Shot

The antithesis of Lincoln Steffens, the man who goes around the country digging up stories of graft and political corruption for *McClure's,* was in San Francisco a few days ago. His name is Ralph D. Paine, and he is the man who saw war correspondent Archibald shot, or half shot, I am not quite sure which. As it appears that no one else had the privilege of seeing Archibald shot, this would seem to be quite enough to distinguish Mr. Paine without mentioning his qualifications as an antithesis; but as the war in Manchuria is now over, and war correspondents are "dead matter" in public interest, Mr. Paine's position as a sort of antidote to the vigorous Steffens would seem to be of more interest than anything which happened to him in the Far East. Ralph Paine is now an associate editor of *Outing Magazine,* and his purpose in the West is to take note of the greatness of our cities, our civic progress and achievement and the activity we are exhibiting in regard to building new railroads and reclaiming the arid lands. All these things Mr. Paine intends writing up for *Outing,* and he is at the present time traveling through the West gathering data. *Outing* is no longer merely a sporting journal, but has broadened its policy to include articles on the material progress of the country, explorations in little known countries, and similar subjects.

The Hihns and Their Love Affairs

There is not a more unassuming rich family in California than that of F. A. Hihn, the Santa Cruz millionaire. The Hihns are not classed among the rich of the state but there are not many richer families; and notwithstanding their great wealth they are socially most unpretentious. The supposition of the unthinking is that they like money too well to splurge; but the fact is they have no social aspirations, and no expensive habits or inclinations. Their ideals are almost primitive in their simplicity. In the little summer resort by the sea they find sufficient means of gratifying their whims and indulging their unesthetic passions, and to that picturesque town they confine their activities. Unlike the daughters of most rich men of this state those of F. A. Hihn yield to the dictates of the little god with the quiver rather than to any sordid ambition, and that is what I am told Mrs. Tessie Ready is soon to do for the second time. Mrs. Ready is a daughter of F. A. Hihn. She is a widow whose husband was a hotel clerk. Now, the gossips of Santa Cruz are saying, she is going to marry Henry Hall, who is employed in the postoffice. Katie Hihn, the eldest of the millionaire's daughters, married William Cope, an humble hardware merchant of Santa Cruz. Being unsuccessful in business he sold out and became the manager of the Hihn company at a small salary. He drudged along in the real estate business for some years and finally deserted his wife. Later on she fell in love with a hotel clerk, and they were to have been married but the match was broken off. The third daughter, Agnes, was admitted to the bar some years ago. Mrs. Ready is very popular in Santa Cruz, being a most charitable woman. There is scarcely a poor family in Santa Cruz county to whom she has not extended a helping hand. Her own fortune now in her possession is expressed in seven figures. Her reputed fiance is an industrious young clerk and he is some years her junior.

The Source of His Wealth

The Hihns own considerable business property in this city, and a great deal in Santa Cruz county, including nearly all of Capitola. Like Jay Gould Hihn started in life as a peddler. He visited Santa Cruz in 1850 and opened a millinery store for his wife, who did a lucrative business with the Spanish and Mexicans. The big tract of land which covers half the county and which Hihn now owns was formerly the Castro ranch. The owner of it bequeathed it to the Catholic Church, and Hihn was engaged by the disinherited relatives to break the will. He obtained a contract through which he was to become the owner of half the land if successful, and then he advanced the money to hire lawyers and pay the cost of litigation. He won the case, secured his half under the contract, and the greater part of the remainder, it is said, by foreclosing mortgages on it.

The Prince and Princess

Writes my Honolulu correspondent: "Royalty sometimes has very democratic ways. Witness the meeting of Prince Ferdinand of Savoy and the Princess Theresa Wilcox of Hawaii. The Princess's husband, the late Robert W. Wilcox, was educated at a National Military School in Turin, to which he was admitted as a special courtesy to King Kalakaua. The Princess has felt a sympathy for Italians ever since. And though her title is a joke to the vulgar and unsentimental money-grubbers of the islands, she takes it quite seriously and was indignant that she was ignored by the committee that arranged for the reception of

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William J. Bryan. 'Wait till the Italian Prince comes here, and I'll show you who's who,' she said. 'I'll entertain him.' Everybody laughed. But the *Calabria* came and all kinds of invitations from members of the island smart set poured in on him. The Prince was on duty the whole day of the *Calabria's* arrival, and the smart set had to wait. He came ashore after four o'clock in the afternoon, in civilian dress, and took a hack at the wharf. He asked the hackman if Mrs. Wilcox was in town, and where she lived. Just about that time the hackman saw the Princess herself on the street, and pointed her out to the Prince, at the same time stopping the hack, calling Mrs. Wilcox to the edge of the sidewalk and introducing Prince Ferdinand of Savoy to her. Whatever the Prince thought of the proceeding he was game. He allowed Mrs. Wilcox to take possession of him, pilot him around and show him the sights of the town, and half an hour later she escorted him and two or three other officers of the Italian ship to her home in the suburbs where she entertained informally at dinner. The Princess Theresa was as good as her word. She did entertain Prince Ferdinand of Savoy, and she was the first one in Honolulu to have that distinction.

About the Irwins

"The W. G. Irwins," says my correspondent, "expect to go abroad early next spring to remain a year or more. W. M. Giffard, Mr. Irwin's lieutenant in the big business of W. G. Irwin and Company, has been away all summer, in Europe, with his family, and Mr. Irwin has been attending to more of the details of the business in consequence than have engrossed his attention for several years. Mrs. Irwin and Helene have spent a great deal of the time at their country place on the other side of the island, and though they have entertained considerably, it has been wholly in country-house style—very informal. It is generally thought that not for some years will the Irwins spend any time here again. Mr. Irwin has big interests here, but he has big investments elsewhere, and his business is so established and systematized that it does not require his presence here."

End of a Famous Stock Farm

James B. Haggin has just made known to his friends that he is going to dispose of all his stock on the famous Rancho del Paso, and so passes an establishment that has done more to advertise California in the racing world than all its other stock farms put together. Nothing like it has ever stood in the racing world except Senator Stanford's establishment at Palo Alto. The one ranked highest on the record for breeding premier trotters; the Rancho del Paso has never been even approached as a breeding farm of class winners. Together they were unbeatable and any nation might be proud of them as institutions for improving the best strains of racing stock. According to the present plans of Mr. Haggin the horses at Rancho del Paso will be taken to New York in December and there auctioned off in the manner done with the usual shipments. The brood mares, stallions and colts are among the pick of America. Such a galaxy of stars has never before passed together under the hammer. St. Gatien, Watercress, Golden Garter, Sir Modred, Star Ruby, Goldfinch, Bassetlaw, Darebin, and scores of others almost as valuable will pass into other hands. There are over six hundred head to be sold. Hamburg Belle, Watercolor, Waterboy and Africander will be kept, as may a few others, on the Lexington stock farm of Mr. Haggin.

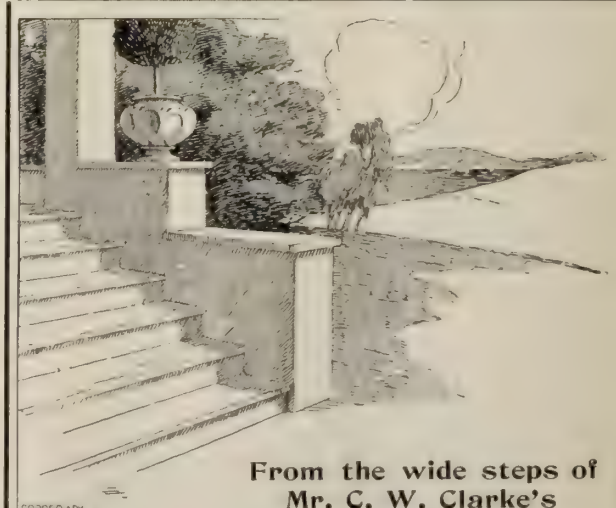
Surprise to Horsemen

It will surprise a great many to learn that the Rancho del Paso as a breeding establishment has never paid a fair percentage on the investment. Mr. Haggin admits that a business man might have made it pay. He confesses he went into it as a hobby and men with hobbies are exceedingly likely to sacrifice dollars to sentiment. For instance he wants to breed candidates to his favorite horses and he allows sentiment to get the better of his judgment. If the breeder has plenty of money and can pay for his whims the chances are he will plunge deeper and deeper into this kind of sentiment. To breed a Salvator is of course a recompense. How many breeders would pay high for the fame of raising a Waterboy, Ben Holladay, Africander, Irish Lad or Kinley Mack, the only horse that ever won both the Brooklyn and Suburban handicaps. Of course Mr. Haggin is proud of such successes but he has fed deep on them.

Future of Rancho del Paso

Having swept away his famous stud from Rancho del Paso Mr. Haggin will transform the forty thousand acres into grain and fruit lands. Plans are already under way to make the contemplated changes. Settlers are filling up that section of California very rapidly and the broad acres are increasing in value. Mr. Haggin says his days of raising blooded horses on a big scale are over.

Among those who are occupying apartments at the Charlemagne in Geary street for the fall-winter are Mr.



From the wide steps of Mr. C. W. Clarke's palatial home in

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and Mrs. Jaspar McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Philetus Everts, Mr. and Mrs. D. Moss and daughter, Mrs. E. J. Holliday, Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Woolsey, Mrs. Roth of Honolulu and daughter.

Our One Poet Repudiated

I have it on no less authority than that of the newspapers that Edgar Allan Poe has been denied a niche in his country's hall of Fame; a place among American immortals. To run down the living man was criminal negligence; deliberately to spurn with unappreciative foot the sacred dead is crime unspeakable. Sacrilege is no word for it. Longest lived of all things mortal is literature; of literature, poetry. Greatest of all great names is poet. Of American poets, greatest is Poe. Committees to the contrary notwithstanding, his name is foremost in the halls of fame not built with hands. Strangely enough—no, naturally, I mean, the name rejected of New York is the only one accepted of Paris, where, although they mispronounce it, they know it well as that of a genius. What more shameful sight than to see men re-enact with open eyes the blind follies of their fathers! Need we advertise to all the world that art is no concern of ours, that only business has admittance to our halls of fame? Our admitted great men—who are they, anyway? and what have they done? George Washington saved us from intolerable English breakfast tea and made of us a nation of coffee drinkers; and he did well. Abraham Lincoln saved us from being the slaves of slavery; and he did better. But Edgar Allan Poe saved us from being a people without a poet; and he did best of all.

Clow on Markham

Edwin Markham, the hoepoet, whom Bailey Millard has long been booming as the kingpin of contemporary versesmiths, and whose "Virgilia" was recently discussed in these columns, has come in for a spanking at the hands of Mr. Stephen G. Clow, the critic of the New York *Times*, Mr. Clow is ranked as a great critic in the East and he surely shows some ability in his analysis of Markham's poetry. This is what he says of Markham's "Virgilia": "No, this poem will not do. Neither will anything else do, in my opinion, that Mr. Markham has written. He is, to put it in a nutshell, simply a very remarkable artist in what I would call the 'mechanics,' that is, the purely verbal part of verse, somewhat in the sense that Mr. James may be called a fine prose writer. Mr. Markham's verse is full of many happy and graceful conceits, erudite knowledge, classical allusions, glittering hyperbole. It has all these. But we instinctively feel that there is something vital lacking, that the magic spirit of poesy, the rare word, ever eludes the grasp of the artificer. Of course, there are always many honest, simple souls whose undiscerning eye labels everything poetry that has a capital letter at the beginning of each line and a lot of high-sounding words; it is most natural that these honest, simple souls should be easily pleased and deceived; nor can they conceive how the devoted lover of poetry may also be the dissecting surgeon with his scalpel; and these are the persons who would naturally be delighted by the particular kind of verse which Mr. Markham writes."

The Critic Criticised

I quite agree with Mr. Clow in his estimate of the simplicity of those that are pleased with and deceived by Markham poetry, but I must dissent from his affirmation of the skill of the hoepoet in the "mechanics" of his art. It is not remarkable. It is commonplace. Nor do I concur with Mr. Clow in his implied commendation of Markham for his "erudite knowledge and classical allusions!" In this age of books of ready reference it is quite easy for a poet to make a flashy showing of erudite knowledge, much easier than it is for a prose writer to do so, and as for classical allusions an aptness for them is not always proof of culture. Mr. Clow admits we have verse a-plenty, but says that imaginative poetry is as dead as the dodo. Mr. Clow is not well informed on the subject of contemporary poetry. Perhaps he bases his opinion on the output of Ella Wheeler and Theodosia Garrison.

He Excited Suspicion

Mr. A. Farnum, who is said to be one of the wealthy men of New York, left during the week for his home in the East. While out here he was the object of a great deal of curiosity, his dress being very old. When he undertook to cash a check for one thousand dollars he was regarded with great suspicion, but as some of the wealthy people of the city called on him it was decided that he was financially able to have big checks cashed. Various guesses were made as to the character of business he was engaged in. It was said that he was the head designer for Tiffany; one guesser surmised that he was the owner of Tiffany's, another that he was the biggest stock broker in the East, and a third that he was the possessor of gold mines. The last was pretty generally credited when he went on a trip to Reno, and at Reno, where they know a thing or two, it was decided that he was a shell-game man from the city because he wore "spats," and white ones at that. Mr. Farnum, however, bore no ill will toward California, for he said on leaving that he was agreeably surprised to learn that people out in the West had so many comforts.

Grinning Jack O'Lanterns, also strange goblin boxes, just the things to give a spooky air to the Hallowe'en party, are to be had at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

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She Made a Good Match

The best match made by any of the belles around the bay this year was that of Florence White, who married Moses Faitoute last Wednesday. The bridegroom's family stand high socially in New York, I am told, and he has lots of shekels. The bride is a striking looking woman somewhat on the same order of beauty as Ethel Hornick. The latter, her friends hear, has become one of the society leaders of Sioux City, Iowa, her husband's native town.

Sears-Meade

A quietly celebrated marriage that escaped the attention of the social sleuths of the dailies was that of Mrs. H. B. Sears of Oakland with Calvert Meade, a Bohemian Club member prominent in insurance circles. The bride, the younger daughter of the late Otis V. Sawyer, a pioneer of San Francisco, was formerly the wife of H. B. Sears Jr., who died in Australia where they resided for some years. After his death the young widow returned to California, residing with her sister, Mrs. A. C. Schlesinger, in Oakland. The sisters are nieces of Henry L. Smith, secretary of the San Francisco Board of Trade. Mr. and Mrs. Meade are now on their honeymoon trip in Southern California.

General Girard and His Title

General Girard is one of the most amiable of men. Having reached the rank of general after an arduous and a busy life it hurts him to be called "doctor," and if any man by any chance lets slip the word when addressing him he will be made to understand, and that speedily, the enormity of his misdoing. "You will not let me practice here, so why call me 'doctor'?" says the General whenever he is addressed by his medical title. It is rather a failing with the medicos of the army to wish to be called by a military rather than by their medical title. So long as they rank with lieutenants they are content to be doctors, but when they attain the rank of captain then they want to be regarded as killers rather than as savers.

The Illness of Mrs. Sperry

Mrs. Sperry, mother of Princess Poniatowski and Mrs. Will Crocker, has been very ill for three weeks, but she has exhibited wonderful vitality. She was taken ill at the home of her son in Union street, but as it was not large enough to accommodate all the relatives who wished to be near her she was removed to Mrs. Crocker's commodious home on Nob Hill. Since the return of the Princess Poniatowski to town she has spent a great deal of her time at her mother's bedside, and when she was not there her place was taken by Mrs. Crocker. The Princess, by the way, is looking very much better since her return from Paris where her husband retrieved his fortune, and now bids fair to become one of the big financiers of the gay capital.

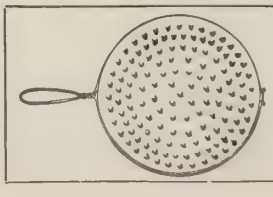
Club Work Too Strenuous

The Will Wheelers have given up their house in California street which they rented last winter to the Coryells, and are in Berkeley for the season. Mrs. Wheeler used up so much of her vitality in exercising her executive ability for the various women's clubs to which she belongs that she was on the verge of nervous prostration. After a rest at the Wheeler ranch in Southern California she recovered her health, but she prefers to pass the winter in a quieter place than San Francisco.

The Fred Greens are also domiciled in Berkeley. For several years they lived at the Hotel Rafael but when the hotel closed this season they moved to Berkeley. Mr. and Mrs. Green are both fond of out door life, and sleep out of doors the entire year. Mrs. Green is taking a course at the university, and she likes to be near the college as well as to enjoy the academic atmosphere of Berkeley.

Amateur Actors Needed

The annual entertainment for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters is to be this year a production of "The Merchant of Venice," but Jennie Blair, who is managing the affair, finds it very difficult to get up a cast. Of course Dick Hotaling will be Shylock, a part he has studied for years, and in which he is expected to snatch the laurels from Dr. Jack Shiels, who has been regarded as our star society amateur ever since he rose to such dazzling heights in "The Liars." Dr. Shiels, by the way, has forsworn the footlights, for he found that studying parts interfered with his professional practice. Besides his wife did not approve of his becoming an amateur actor. Hotaling can do anything on the stage from a female impersonation to high tragedy. The chief difficulty encountered in arranging this "Merchant of Venice" production is to find a suitable Portia, also in filling the minor roles. All the men want to be stars or nothing.



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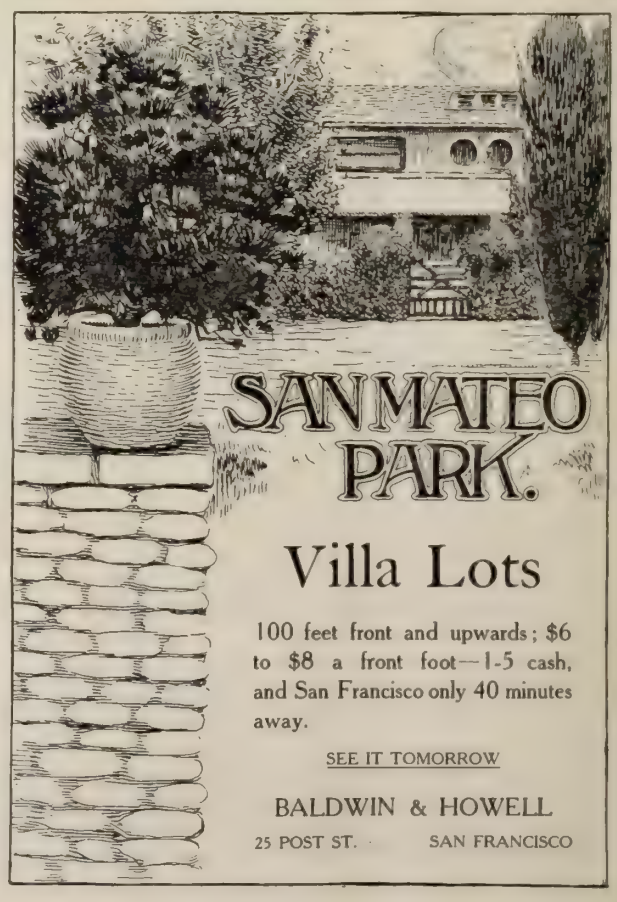

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DR. LOUIS D. MEAD

To Marry Next Week

Dr. Louis D. Mead, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mead of Byron Springs, left on Monday for New York, where on the thirty-first of the month his marriage with Miss Charlotte Lanneau will be celebrated. Miss Lanneau is a Daughter of the Confederacy and is prominent in society in her native city, Charlestown, South Carolina, but for some time has been living at her brother's home in one of the suburbs of New York. She met her future bridegroom when Dr. Mead was studying his profession at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, of which institution he is a graduate. Since his return from the East Dr. Mead has been medical director at Byron Hot Springs and aside from improving the medical service there he has developed such business acumen that for some months past he has been given entire charge of the property. After a wedding tour of the Eastern cities Dr. Mead with his bride will return to California and take up his residence again at Byron Springs.

Up to the Commissioners

The more the affairs of the United Bank and Trust Company are raked over by the Bank Commissioners the more it appears that the concern was run on the principles of modern "high finance" as laid down by Rockefeller, Morgan, Perkins, Depew, Hyde, McCall and like exponents of the monetary game. Its affairs are in such shape that even with the various kinds of influence brought indirectly to bear on the individual Commissioners they have deemed it wisest to steer the concern Receiverward in order to have its affairs properly straightened out. This is by far the safest course for the public good. The United Bank and Trust Co. was organized like several other banks that obtained their charters between the time the old banking law lapsed and the present one was spread upon the statutes. Most of them were mere kiting concerns and as handled are a source of danger till they lapse or pass into the control of people strong enough morally and financially to direct them for the public good. Some of them are being kept alive on a hundred thousand dollar capitalization with less than one hundred dollars paid in. The charters are being held simply for speculative purposes. While times are prosperous there is less likelihood of danger arising from them but in the stress of hard times the chances are that most of them would go over like ninepins. The Bank Commissioners know this and it is up to them to safeguard the public interests in this very important respect.

Conried's Prospectus

Frank Healy, assistant manager of the Tivoli, returned from New York a few days ago after having secured some new talent for the comic opera season. He tells of an amusing experience at the Metropolitan Opera House into which he drifted one day. He there picked up a prospectus of the grand opera season which is to open on November twentieth. He found in the list of soprani the name of Luisa Tetrazzini, and without revealing his identity he addressed one of Mr. Conried's representatives, saying: "I see that Tetrazzini, the woman who created a furore in San Francisco, is going to sing with the Metropolitan company."

"Oh, no," said the Conried representative, "our Tetrazzini has never sung in America; she is now in Italy."

Healy also found in the Conried prospectus the announcement that Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" was to be produced at the Metropolitan "for the first time in America." He suggested that the words should be added, "since its production in San Francisco, where 'Boheme' was produced for the first time in America, where 'Dinorah' was recently revived and where Tetrazzini was discovered."

She May Disappoint Conried

It would not surprise me if the capricious Tetrazzini refused to sing at the Metropolitan. To Heinrich Conried such a suggestion would in all probability be preposterous. Whoever heard of an opera singer, comparatively unknown, scorning an opportunity to join the great Metropolitan organization? Such rank folly in a prima dona is inconceivable. No sane vocalist would think of refusing a chance to win fame of the kind that means wealth. But Luisa Tetrazzini is not a woman of commonplace sanity. She is of the temperament that distinguishes the true artist. If she were not a singer she would be writing poetry above the heads of the mob and scorning to come down to earth for vulgar profit. If she had money-lust in her blood instead of the passion of which Ovid loved to sing, she would not have been barnstorming in Mexico a year ago. Manager Leahy would like to see her go to New York because he knows she would make good, and he is confident that she would make a sensation that would mean much for Tivoli history. Moreover he knows that she will always be willing to return to San Francisco, for the little song-bird is bubbling over with sentiment, and she is grateful to the people of this city for having enthused over her performances. But Luisa has other advisers who are not so eager for her to go to New York. They are not concerned about her interests, but are zealous for their own.

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New Engagement Announced

On Thursday afternoon of this week Miss Stella Fortmann gave a tea complimentary to Miss Jessie McNab, who is to marry Judge Kerrigan next month. On that occasion Miss Fortmann announced her own engagement with Dr. T. Edward Bailey. Miss Fortmann is the daughter of H. T. Fortmann of the Alaska Packers Company, and her fiance is a young surgeon of great skill who has come to the front with a rush and is already recognized as among the most promising members of his profession in San Francisco. He is on the staff of St. Mary's hospital.

Another new engagement is that of Margaret Dorothy Smith of this city with Edwin Moerenhout Clinton of Los Angeles. Miss Smith's fiance is the only son of Mrs. Blanche Jarchow, and is prominent in the musical world as well as in Los Angeles society. His mother resides here and it is at her home the wedding will take place some time during the holidays.

"What do you think of that actress who says she never permits an actor to give her a genuine kiss on the stage?"

"I think that her concern for her lip rouge is greater than her temperament."

From Society to the Stage, and Back Again

Beatrice Bromfield, whose engagement with Arthur Judd Ryan of New York has just been announced, gives up what promised to be a very successful career as an actress, to retire to domestic life. Miss Bromfield is the daughter of the Davenport Bromfields of San Mateo, and she was quite prominent in the society of that burg when she decided that she would study for the stage. She made her debut at one of Paul Gerson's matinees in a sketch especially written for her, and later she joined a traveling stock company and went on the state circuit. She is a very handsome young woman, of statesque proportions. Her particular chum, Hortense Steinhardt, made her debut at the same time, and also gave up a stage career for domestic life, marrying Hugh Russell of Oakland. The Russells now have a baby, and the young mother seems to have given up all her dramatic aspirations.

Miss Geraldine Bonner will be the guest of honor at a Sequoia Club reception programmed for the near future. Miss Bonner is to pass the winter in San Francisco and she gives afternoon "at homes" every Sunday in her apartments at the St. Andre.

"She is making lots of money at bridge."

"Yes, she's very lucky."

"So I've heard, even when she plays a square game."

The Reason "The Conquerer" Failed

The London critics, one and all, are puzzled as to the reasons that led shrewd Forbes Robertson to such a mistake as staging "The Conqueror," which proved such a fiasco at the new theatre, La Scala. Some of them thought they had discovered the reason when they learned that the mysterious R. E. Fyffe, whose name was appended as playwright, was in reality the Duchess of Sutherland, but this theory was exploded when Mr. Robertson explained that he did not know until after the play had had its premiere

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that "Mr. Fyffe" was the Duchess. He liked the play, seeing in the hero a strong part for himself, but when the play was presented the part showed up very weak, without any of the power it possessed in the reading. The central idea of the play—Love, the Conqueror—was agreed by the critics to be not bad, but treated with such a faltering touch that the hero became a weak sentimentalist. In short, what was expected to be a jewel of price turned out a brummagem imitation. The Duchess is a novice at playwriting, but not in literature, for she has written several books, "The Winds of the World," "One Hour and the Next," "How I Spent My Twentieth Birthday," and "Seven Love Stories." She is a sister of Lady Angela Forbes, and the Countess of Westmoreland, and a half sister of the Countess of Warwick, whose interest in social problems, artistic and literary matters, is being copied on this side of the Atlantic by Mrs. Clarence Mackay. The Duchess was only seventeen when she married the Marquis of Stafford, now the Duke of Sutherland. They have a beautiful home, Stafford House, in London, which is the rendezvous of poets, artists and charitable workers. Dunrobin Castle in Scotland is the Sutherlands' favorite country place. The Duchess is an adept at amateur photography, and has taken many beautiful photographs, particularly of child life. It seems strange that with all her claims for consideration, the London critics did not feel called upon to deal leniently with her play.

The Perfervid Miss Strunsky

Anna Strunsky's talk on "Underground Russia" at the Sequoia Club was a very brilliant harangue. The fair Anna's eyes flashed fire when she spoke of the oppression of the submerged tenth of her native country. Some of the timid members of the club, who had heard of her as a great and earnest advocate of socialism, were somewhat fearful lest she would wave a red flag and provoke a riot, but Anna Strunsky is not Emma Goldman, and her lecture was far from being anarchistic, though, if it had been delivered in Russia, it would have been sufficient pretext for the authorities to order her removal to Siberia.

Harriman's Secretive Habits

A gentleman who is supposed to be very close to E. H. Harriman was asked, just before that gentleman's arrival from the Orient, how long Mr. Harriman intended to stay in the city. "Well," was the reply, "as Mr. Harriman will never take his secretary into his confidence when he contemplates a journey until two minutes before his departure and makes it a fixed rule never to let even the servants know when he is going to break up house till three minutes before he leaves, I am sure I cannot tell you how long he intends to stay."

Stranger Things Have Happened

Oscar Wilde wrote in his "Intentions" that an author should be careful about what he writes, for if he has a certain character in mind the person written of will do everything the author maps out for him. Before Mrs. Fremont Older wrote "The Giants," Rockefeller had never given an interview to a newspaper, and it seemed quite improbable that he would do so, although Mrs. Older made *her* Rockefeller submit to the ordeal. And after the book was published the billionaire actually did talk for publication to a New York *Herald* man. It may happen that the other things that came to Mrs. Older's Rockefeller in the last chapter may occur to the real man.

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A Suggestion to Novelists

The embryo Frank Norris or Jack London who is searching to find a theme for a strong, virile novel will miss his opportunity if he fail to take advantage of the one offered by the great work of reformation which is now going on throughout the West. The conquering of the barren lands, the turning of the hot deserts, through the magic of water, into green gardens and alfalfa fields, and the consequent building of towns and railroads, offers even a better opportunity, it seems to me, for work of intense interest and broad reach of feeling, than did the story of Wheat that Norris tried to tell. The conquering of the arid lands of the West and Southwest marks a great and important stage in the development of the American continent. In the material progress of the country, it is a history-making epoch. In its human interest it is without a parallel, for it is bringing out the most striking characteristics of the American race—unceasing energy, indomitable and purposeful will, the ideality which struggles for expression in spite of the over-lords of the Commercial Spirit.

A Gifted Woman

But it is a big subject—this matter of pioneering in the great deserts of America. Norris could have done the thing. London might do it if it were possible for him to separate himself from blood-thirst; and there is a modest young woman in the Southwest today who, I believe, has the necessary depth of soul and constructive power to grasp the theme and put it into living words. This woman, Sharlot M. Hall, associate editor of *Out West,* was born and raised on the Arizona desert and knows the desert as few do. There is virility in every line she has written, and were she to attempt a novel of the desert, the result, I am confident, would be work that would grip this generation very close and hold its own with the work of the future. But let the little, twenty-two calibre writers keep their hands off—this is no theme for them; and may coyotes and buzzards pick the bones clean of any one of them who so much as puts foot within the desert border with the fell design of "taking notes."

Her Clever Niece

One of Mrs. F. Marion Smith's charming nieces, Grace Charlotte Sperry, has written a book which has just been published by Paul Elder. It is a juvenile, "Teddy Sunbeam," and it is subtitled "Little Fables for Little Housekeepers." It is really a very bright little volume, the short stories told in simple but always good English. Mrs. Fairfax Wheelan (Albertine Randall) did the illustrations which are very creditable.

An Authority on Pronunciation

William Greer Harrison is something beside an athlete and an amateur dabbler in belles-lettres. He is above all a stickler for correct pronunciation, and therefore I am inclined to think that it was not with unpremeditation that he differed from H. B. M. Consul-General Courtenay Bennett at the banquet given last Saturday night, by the Sons of St. George, to commemorate the victory of Nelson over the combined fleets of France and Spain. Mr. Bennett was the first speaker of the evening, and he had frequently to refer to Trafalgar, and he seemed to take great pains to pronounce it after the English fashion. Mr. Harrison followed him and almost in his first words gave the elaborate Spanish pronunciation. Many of the guests wondered whether Mr. Harrison wished to correct the

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Consul-General. In thinking that he did I have in mind an episode of the Olympic Club dining room of some months ago. A member of the club was entertaining two friends who were strangers not only to the club but also to Mr. Harrison, who sat at an adjoining table. The trio were discussing President Roosevelt, and were pronouncing his name after the popular fashion. They evidently agitated the nerves of Mr. Harrison, for he turned toward them and said: "That name is not 'Rusefelt,' it's 'Rosefelt.'"

Professor Stephens and His Hammer

Professor Henry Morse Stephens of Berkeley caused consternation in two quarters at his recent lecture before the Ebell Club of Oakland on the subject of education. Besides the fashionable club women there were present many fair pedagogues who had sought invitations that they might glean gems of thought from the talk of their hero. It was this latter portion of his audience that was the first to be shocked and grieved, for the professor took out his verbal hammer and directed a few resounding whacks at the high school course as at present organized. He declared that the boy destined for manual labor upon the completion of his four years' course in the secondary school should not be encouraged and urged to waste his time in the study of Latin, Greek and other impractical subjects. The school marms lifted their eyebrows and glanced about nervously at these heretical utterances, for they were totally unprepared for Stephens' vigorous attack upon "culture for the masses." Having thus disturbed the mental serenity of the teachers, the lecturer next turned his attention to the pet hobby of the Ebellites, the "children's library." He denounced it in phrases strong and pointed. He ridiculed the cute little chairs and tables and shelves that furnish it. He directed his best shafts of sarcasm against the efforts of those who insist upon feeding the immature mind with baby books and baby thoughts. The child should be trained to appreciate the best literature, declared the eloquent professor, and should not have a special room in a library fitted up to encourage him to remain a child in feeling and

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thought in spite of the fact that his body is constantly growing into manhood. Possibly he did not know he was denouncing the favorite scheme of the fashionable club women. Some one should have tip-toed up to him and put him wise to the fact that to the Oakland club women is due the existence of the "children's room" in the Free Library donated by Carnegie. It was they who raised the money for its miniature furniture and brought the pressure to bear on the library trustees to set aside the space and funds necessary for its maintenance. The applause that greeted the close of the professor's remarks from both teachers and fashionables was feeble and perfunctory and there has since been quite a clattering of the tea-cups in educational and society circles in Oakland.

Pros and Cons of Tuberculosis Patients

My Los Angeles correspondent writes: "Some strange inconsistencies are attracting the attention of the medical fraternity here and likewise of the indigent consumptives who yearly seek the Southern coast in hope of regaining health. While the charitable society women are arranging fetes and fairs to aid the poor sufferers from the great white plague, the medical men are speaking in public against their advent, illustrating their points with charts and statistics. While Dr. George Kress spoke to fast emptying chairs at the last meeting of the Los Angeles Ebell Club, women in the quiet corners were dreaming of the smart lawn fete to be given at the end of the week on the grounds of Senator Jones's home at Santa Monica for the benefit of the Oceano Sanitarium, the plans for which had just been read to them in a letter to the president. The Barlow Sanitarium was the beneficiary of the most important charity entertainment of last winter and plans for another smart affair for the same institution are already simmering."

They Prefer Stevens

Ashton Stevens is convalescing at the hospital whither he was sent some weeks ago by order of Dr. Shiels, who was very much alarmed over his condition, a severe cold having settled on his lungs. Wilton Lackaye drifted into Oakland from the interior for a brief engagement a few days after Stevens was sent to the hospital, and meeting a newspaper man he said that when the actors heard that Stevens was ill not one of them offered up prayers for his recovery, but when they read Ned Hamilton's caustic criticism of "In a Balcony," every one of them sent up an urgent appeal to his patron saint to intercede in behalf of the stricken critic. When Stevens gets on his feet he will be urged to select a new understudy for future emergencies.

The Financial Field

Business on the Stock and Bond Exchange was somewhat quieter the past week, trading in Bonds aggregating $270,000; in Shares 6,920, as follows: 1500 Lighting, 1325 Water, 1195 Miscellaneous, 50 Bank and 2850 Sugars. San Francisco Gas & Electric still seems to be quietly ab-

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sorbed at prevailing prices, no doubt by insiders in order to accumulate two-thirds of the stock to cinch the deal. Spring Valley Water remains steady at about $40 1-4. Contra Costa Water shows little signs of life, but is held at about $48. Alaska Packers' Association stock weakened a little, the stock again selling as low as $60. Sugar stocks still remain the feature of the market, although at declining prices. Honokaa Sugar Company decreased its dividend to ten cents per share, beginning November first. This had a sympathetic effect on the other stocks, causing a little weakness all along the line.

My correspondent from Bullfrog writes me: "Judge Volney T. Hoggatt, who with "Lige" Harris was one of the pioneers here, reports a sensational strike on the Bullfrog Fraction claim, which lies midway between the Original Bullfrog mine and the property of the Bullfrog Extension Mining Company and adjoins both. At the 30-foot level, a body of ore four feet wide has been encountered that averages $2,671.44 per ton in gold and $254 in silver. The strike has been made within a few hundred feet of the main tunnel of the Bullfrog Extension Mining Company, and the values are found in quartz identical to that in which the sensational strike of tellurium was recently made on the Bullfrog Extension property. The famous Alaska-Treadwell mine, in Alaska, is grinding out dividends of over a million dollars a year from ore that does not average over three dollars per ton, and the consensus of opinion among noted engineers here is that the output of the Bullfrog Extension and the mines in its immediate vicinity will create new records during the coming twelvemonth.

"Carstairs, the wealthy Philadelphia distiller, has just purchased a controlling interest in the Denver Mining Company's property on Bonanza mountain. Former U. S. Senator Thomas Kearns, who owns the Silver King mine of Park City, Utah, that is paying dividends at the rate of thirteen hundred thousand dollars per year, is negotiating for the property of the Bullfrog West Extension Mining Company, which adjoins that of the Bullfrog Extension. Charles M. Schwab, the Pittsburg steel magnate, has ordered hoisting machinery to be used for the quick development of the Crystal claim, which with John McKane he owns in Bullfrog, and I hear that the Montgomery-Shoshone mine here will pass into his hands on the first of January for a consideration of three million dollars. Mr. Schwab's representatives here also announce that reduction mills and smelting plants will be erected by him before spring time, and here will be treated the ores of all mines that are willing to pay reasonable charges. The smelters at Salt Lake City are using their influence to have rushed to completion the railroad which is now being built from Las Vegas to Bullfrog and which will give Bullfrog an outlet to Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. Their aim is to get the Bullfrog mines in the habit of shipping their ores to Salt Lake City for treatment there before Schwab can erect his smelting plant on the ground. Some hot competition is promised for the treatment of the Bullfrog ores."

—The Financier.

FACTS ABOUT CANCER.

A new booklet published at considerable expense by L. T. Leach, M. D., of 416 Main St., Dallas, Texas, tells the cause of Cancer and instructs in the care of the patient. Tells what to do in case of bleeding, pain, odor, etc., and is a valuable guide in the management of any case. It advises the best method of treatment, and the reasons why. In short, it is a book that you will value for its information. It will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of ten cents, stamps or coin.

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The Stage

Andrew Mack

What does it matter if "Tom Moore," the play which has served as a medium for the introduction of Andrew Mack as an Irish comedian, is related to the Celtic bard in name only? There is nothing in it to indicate that it was written to be taken seriously. Theodore Burt Sayre, the author, merely availed himself of the personality of Moore to give color to his story. We may not agree with him in his conception of the character of Moore, and yet Mr. Sayre did not take greater liberties with an historic idol than did George Bernard Shaw when that wit wrote his "Man of Destiny." Sayre took Moore as a peg on which to hang some comedic trifles, and though his piece is mostly cardboard, papier-mache and very much overdrawn in its pictures of English life in Tom Moore's time, it is nevertheless pretty good, breezy comedy. The workmanship may not be artistic but the play is not pretentious. It was written for a singing comedian and it is far superior to the stuff that we have been accustomed to expect when seeking the style of entertainment that made Chauncey Olcott famous. There is real wit in "Tom Moore," and none of the nonsensical heroics that usually abound in plays dealing with Irish character. And as for Andrew Mack, he is more of an artist than any actor I have ever seen strolling about in Irish plays, and I have in mind the Joe Murphys and the Chauncey Olcotts, whose principal asset is a rich brogue. Mack has a good brogue and he has a pleasing voice, not for comic opera but for the character of entertainment through which he makes his appeal. He plays his part modestly and with no overemphasis. Nor does he depend solely on his own talents after the style of the average Irish comedian. He has a good company and the performance is a well-balanced one with many moments of really good entertainment. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Another Tetrazzini Triumph

"Dinorah" strikes me as having been composed with a grudge against prima donnas. It surely puts a soprano to a pretty severe test, and after hearing it one can readily understand why, until Tuesday night, it had not been sung in San Francisco for thirty years. It is only once in a lifetime that a coloratura singer comes along with the temerity to tackle the leading role, and to little Tetrazzini, the lady with the sunshine in her throat, this generation is indebted for the great treat of the current great season. Tetrazzini has all the qualities for epoch-making in the operatic world, and the strenuous exactions of Dinorah are to her a source of great delight. Despite physical disability Tuesday night she went on and took the vocal hurdles with the exuberance of a child romping in a cool meadow. The lavishness with which she poured out her joyous notes was positively alarming. Though there is never the sign of an effort in her exposition of the most subtle intricacies of the vocal art one cannot but feel that she is too generous, for great art should never be wasteful, and Tetrazzini is without doubt a very great artist. I stood in open-eared de-

Scene from "IRIS" at the Alcazar

light at the sheerly artistic quality of her work and I felt that some day all competent critics would acknowledge that she is, by the force of her extravagant artistry, the most wonderful of all coloratura singers. In the famous shadow song she reveled in vocal gewgaws, and when the audience rose to her at its close, back she came to take another flight and all with the ease of a bird caroling to its mate. Seldom have I heard such beauty of tone and finish. And it was not only vocally that Tetrazzini triumphed in the dust-covered opera. She entered feelingly into the spirit of the quaint and curious drama with its fantastic trimmings, and imparted to her role a vraisemblance that was irresistible notwithstanding the flavor of Christmas pantomime and the grotesqueness of plot. The performance, a few minor singers excepted, was a most creditable one. The opera abounds in haunting harmonies that give color to the theme, and there are several numbers of a most captivating quality. Especially delightful is the quartet in the last act, but it was ruined Tuesday night by a lady with a tremolo who likes it so well that she called particular attention to it. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Too Many Showers

"April Weather" is one of the most soporific shows I ever attended. It is in a similar vein to most of the plays written for Sol Smith Russell but the minor key is too persistent. "A sweet little play," one might call it, but oh, so provocative of dreams! How I wished for a bit of snap, a trifle of ginger, as the three acts progressed. The sunshine in "April Weather" is too subdued; the showers all too frequent. The play tells the story of a poor, struggling artist in love with a woman whom every one, even herself, believes is a widow. The artist hears that the husband is alive, but does not tell the wife and carries his deception to the point of informing the Enoch Arden husband that his wife is dead. In the last act, the artist's better nature triumphs. He reunites husband and wife, leaving himself alone, rich only in their gratitude. It's a true case of virtue its own reward. Waldron as the artist—who is a decorator, by the way—would be better were he to work a little more animation into his impersonation. The sunshine that breaks through the sombreness of the constant April clouds is imparted by Maher as Michael Carter, Miss Rosa as his wife, a janitress, and Miss Kirwin as a Bowery girl.

Charles A. Taylor, author of "The Girl Engineer," at the Central this week, is said to have been a Southern Pacific employe before he started out as a playwright. He has used a good many well-known railroad men as types in evolving his characters, and united considerable lively comedy with some quite thrilling situations in his melodrama. The scenery is a strong card of the production.

Their Annual Benefit

There will be a packed house at the Majestic next Thursday evening, November second, when the genial

THE THREE SISTERS MACARTE
European Young Ladies, who Will Walk the Wire at the Orpheum Tomorrow Afternoon

"Knights of the Grip" will hold their annual benefit. The San Francisco Commercial Travelers' Association is one of the most popular of fraternities, and it is safe to say everybody will want to turn out to do them honor. The entertainment offered will be that charming comedy, "The Lottery of Love," with the Neills in the leading roles.

Tivoli's New Comic Opera Company

Assistant Manager Frank Healy of the Tivoli returned from the East the other day with a bunch of contracts in his inside pocket. While in New York he signed up Helena Fredericks for prima donna of the new comic opera company. She is a beautiful woman and has a very sweet voice. She was with the original "Prince of Pilsen" company and also with the Bostonians. Healy also engaged a very clever soubrette, a contralto, a comedian and a musical director. He says that next season's comic opera company will be a "corker," especially in the vocal department. The company will probably open in "The Highwayman," the opera in which Arthur Cunningham made his big hit two years ago. Cunningham is one of the holdovers.

Leahy and the Goat

One of the big hits of "Dinorah," at the Tivoli Tuesday night, was the goat, which had no previous experience before the footlights. He was imported from Telegraph Hill by Manager Leahy. His goatship occasioned a great deal of trepidation behind the scenes, for though he had no lines he had considerable "business." For instance, he was expected to follow Dinorah over a narrow pass, and in rehearsal Tetrazzini found it impossible to break him into the Mary's-little-lamb stunt. Manager Leahy solved the problem. He stood in the wings at a point opposite to where the artist from Telegraph Hill makes his entrance, and held up a head of cabbage. The goat's attention was directed to the cabbage, and he was so eager for his cue that he wanted to start on his journey before instead of after the heroine of the opera.

McConnell's Mots

The late Will McConnell was one of the brightest wits of stageland and along the Rialto they still repeat some of his most brilliant *mots*. It was McConnell who named a well-known chop-house in New York the Cafe des Exiles, "because every actor here doesn't dare go over to the Lambs as he's posted for dues or house charges. They're all exiled to this place until they pay up." Some years ago McConnell become manager for Amelia Bingham, and his friends learned of his change of business by his card, which read: "Will A. M'Connell, supported by Amelia Bingham." He used to joke about everything, even his failures. He tried vaudeville for two weeks, but found it didn't agree with him. A friend asked him why, and he said: "Well, I began in Chicago in a roof garden on top of a sixteen story skyscraper. The next week I went to St. Louis and played in Uhrig's cave. Could you beat

MAPLE ROOM PALACE HOTEL

The Minetti String Quartet
(10th Season in S. F.)
and **Mr. Herman Genss,** *Pianist*
Six Weekly Chamber Concerts
3rd Concert Next Friday Eve., Nov. 3. at 8:15
Tickets $1 to be had at Sherman and Clay's Music Store Nov. 3.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
GRAND OPERA
(In Italian)
Beginning Next Tuesday, October 31
LAST WEEK OF TETRAZZINI
Tuesday Night, DINORAH, with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, and Gregoretti
Wednesday Night, LA BOHEME, with Coppola, Moreo, Ticci, Gravina, Dado
Thursday Night, LA TRAVIATA, with Tetrazzini, Bazelli, Gregoretti
Friday Night, NORMA
Seats on Sale for All Performances

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATRE
Beginning SUNDAY NIGHT, OCT. 29
SECOND and LAST WEEK
The Irish Comedian
ANDREW MACK
Every Night Except Monday.
First Time Here of Edward E. Rose's Romantic Irish Play,
THE WAY TO KENMARE.
Monday, OCT. 30—Knights of Columbus Night—TOM MOORE.
Monday, NOV. 6—"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN"

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Belasco and Mayer
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WEEK COM. MONDAY, OCT. 30.
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Pinero's Powerful Problem Play
"IRIS"
Virginia Harned's Sensation.
Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c
MON. NOV. 6—First Time in Stock
Maude Adams' Famous Success, THE LITTLE MINISTER
SOON—Broadhurst's Greatest Farce, WHY SMITH LEFT HOME.

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Two Performances Only—Tomorrow (SUNDAY) MATINEE AND NIGHT
George Ade's Great Comedy Opera Success,
"PEGGY FROM PARIS"
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"THE GIRL ENGINEER"
Commencing Next Monday Night, Oct. 30, Matinees Saturday and Sunday
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Week Commencing
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RECORD-BREAKING ATTRACTIONS
THREE SISTERS MACARTE; Prelle's European Novelty; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmonde; RAYMOND AND CAVERLY; Signorina Verera; Clayton, Jenkins and Jasper; O'Brien and Buckley; Orpheum Motion Pictures and Last Week of the
TWELVE BROOMSTICK WITCHES
Regular Matinees Every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.
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LYRIC HALL
This Sunday Afternoon, at 2:30
Grand Double Farewell Concert by
HUGO HEERMANN, Violinist
and
HAROLD BAUER, Pianist
Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata, Caesar Franck's Sonata in F and Brilliant Solo Numbers by both Artists
Seats, $2.00, $1.50 and $1.00. Box office at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s

anything like that? As I said, I think vaudeville is all right but I could not stand the sudden changes in the climate."

"Eddie" Snader, author of the sketch which the Edward Esmondes will present at the Orpheum next week, is himself an actor quite well known in the legitimate. He supported Fred Warde during one of his engagements here at the California. In private life Mr. Snader is the husband of Fannie McIntyre, who was leading lady at the Central some years ago. The Snaders had a charming little apartment at the Van Nuys in Bush street, where they used to entertain their friends.

Lenora Kirwin, the Alcazar's ingenue, has been joined by her younger sister from Providence, who will spend the winter here in musical study.

Hobart Bosworth is slowly regaining health in Southern California. His wife, professionally known as Adele Farrington, has been engaged to succeed Bertha Blanchard in the Belasco, Los Angeles.

Belasco and Mayer have relinquished for a season their stock rights to "Quincy Adams Sawyer," as an act of courtesy to a manager who desired to send a road company to the Pacific coast and could not arrange a satisfactory route without San Francisco, Los Angeles and Portland.

Though there is nothing especially brilliant about the new bill at the Orpheum, it has served to amuse the usual large audiences. The Broomstick Witches are pretty and graceful, and Signorina Verera gives a vocal stunt. Clayton and Jenkins with the same old Jasper, clever four-footed actor, received a warm welcome, as did O'Brien and Buckley. The wireless telegraphy is the most interesting of the holdovers.

Next Week's Bills

"Iris" provoked such discussion when Virginia Harned introduced it at the Columbia some seasons back that I am wondering how the Alcazar clientele will take it. "Iris" is a character drawn in Pinero's most vivid vein. There is no moral to it, but it gives a chance for much moral discussion. Waldron is going to play Maldonado, the brutal Portuguese, instead of the more ladylike part of the young lover. Miss Moore will have Miss Harned's part. "The Little Minister" comes next, and a big series of attractions are announced as futures, including "The Prince and the Pauper," "Mrs. Deering's Divorce," "The Younger Mrs. Parling" and "Why Smith Left Home."

At the Columbia next week Andrew Mack will appear in "The Way to Kenmare," by Edward E. Rose. "The Prince of Pilsen" comes November sixth. On Monday night "Tom Moore" will be given for the Knights of Columbus.

Next week will be the last of the great Tetrazzini and great care has been taken in selecting the repertoire for her farewell nights. The following operas are announced: Tuesday night, "Dinorah," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli and Gregoretti; Wednesday night, "La Boheme," with Coppola, Moreo, Ticci, Gravina and Dado; Thursday night, "La Traviata," with Tetrazzini, Bazelli and Gregoretti; and Friday night, "Norma." The other performances of the week at the Tivoli will be announced in the daily papers.

Zinkand's Cafe, the management of which has been assumed by John Tait, and which has been remodeled, will be opened Nov. 2d. It is to be the most swagger cafe in town.

AT SWAIN'S.

The Dutch Room at "Swain's," 209 Post St., is the most comfortable and artistic dining-room in town. It is on the second floor—is reached by elevator from the main dining-room and is especially adapted for private dinners or banquets. The seating capacity is 44, and the service is unexcelled.

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"Big-Hearted Jim," a melodrama by Will L. Roberts, with scenes laid in the state of Montana in the early days of the mining excitement, is to be the bill at the Central. The Central is preparing for its mammoth revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with one hundred people in the cast, jubilee singers and many novelties.

George Ade's musical comedy, "Peggy from Paris," will be at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee and night only. It is said to have scored a tremendous success in New York, Boston and Chicago and wherever presented. The cast, headed by Arthur Deagon, is the same that met with favor in the East. The management wishes distinctly to impress upon the public that the two performances announced for tomorrow are the only ones that can possibly be given, as "Ben-Hur" begins a two weeks' engagement Monday night.

The three sisters Macarte, wire-walkers from the London Hippodrome, will reappear at the Orpheum after a long absence. Charles Prelle, a German master of animal stagecraft, has designed disguises for a lot of little dogs, so that when they come on the stage they are the exact counterpart of foot-high horses, who go through a clever circus program. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmonde will make their first appearance in this city in "Another Cucumber," by E. L. Snader.

At the Chutes will be Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls; Delphino and Delmora, European novelty musical artists; the Busch family of comedy acrobats; Bert White, monologist, and Frye and Bland, a colored duo.

Jess Dandy, the comedian of "The Prince of Pilsen" company, recently called attention to the prominence given to the letter "P" in titles of plays and operas—"The Prince of Pilsen," "Peggy from Paris," "Piff, Paff, Pouf," "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," "The Pirates of Penzance," "The Power of the Press," "The "Pearl of Pekin," "The Proud Prince," "Polly Primrose," "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Police Patrol," "The Pavements of Paris," "Mr. Plaster of Paris," "A Princess of Patches," "Peter Pan," "The Parish Priest," "Pretty Peggy" and "The Princess Passes."

Interesting Minetti Program

The third chamber music concert of the Minetti String Quartet will be given next Friday evening, November 3d. Hermann Genss, pianist, will assist the quartet in the following program: Beethoven string quartet in B flat, No. 6; Dvorak's Humoresque, Schubert's "The Bee"; Schumann's piano quartet in E flat. The concerts this season are given in Maple Hall, Palace Hotel.

Eula Howard, one of Hugo Mansfield's most gifted pupils, won praise all along the line in Oregon, where she gave recitals this summer. Little Miss Howard took part in several events at the Lewis & Clark Exposition and also gave a recital at her old home, Grant's Pass, Oregon. She will now resume her studies under Mr. Mansfeldt in this city.

During November Manager Greenbaum will present the famous Watkin Mills Quartet of London, assisted by Mr. Eduard Parlovitz, the Russian pianist. They will present among other numbers the song cycles "The Daisy Chain," a musical setting to some of Robert Louis Stevenson's children's verses, "Flora's Garden" and Brahms' "Love Songs." Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, will give two lecture recitals, one devoted to mediaeval legends set to pianoforte. Then comes Richard Outcault, the creator of Buster Brown and the Yaller Kid, which will certainly be a great attraction to the children.

This Saturday afternoon Madame Emma Eames will give her only matinee concert at the Alhambra and will sing two excerpts from Puccini's "La Tosca," also two numbers by Massenet and Bach with cello obligato. With de Gorgoza the baritone she will sing the duet "Crucifix" by Faure. Mr. de Gorgoza's numbers will be the Arioso from "Roi de Lahore" by Massenet, "Sing me a song of a Lad that is Gone" by Homer, and other charming English songs. Hollman, the cello virtuoso, will play the Chopin nocturne, a Bach aria, Popper's "Papillon" and a composition of his own. Amherst Webber, the pianist, will play a group of four Schumann numbers.

Heermann and Bauer to Play Together

Manager Will Greenbaum has arranged to give our music lovers a rare treat. Tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon he will present Hugo Heermann, the great German violinist who recently achieved such success here, and Harold Bauer, the pianist, in a joint farewell concert. The program will be magnificent, the artists playing together the beautiful Sonata in A by Caesar Franck and Beethoven's masterpiece, the Kreutzer Sonata. In addition Mr. Heermann will play one of the Bach sonatas for violin alone and Mr. Bauer will play an etude in D flat by Liszt, Brahms' Capriccio in B minor and Chopin's Ballade in G minor. The seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s music store; two dollars for reserved seats and general admission will be one dollar.

Signora Antonietta Pisanelli.

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The cinetographic views are changed every evening. Refreshments sold only of first-class quality.

ENTRANCE FREE

Some American Women in Paris

(Continued from Page 8)

single women, with none of their disadvantages? It is only to American women that their husbands and society accord this very questionable privilege. An Englishwoman rarely stays away from her husband, unless she is separated from him—a Frenchwoman never. In Germany it would not be thought of—therefore foreigners consider the American woman as sui generis and inviting attack."

I have frequently heard American men of the best class declare, that if an attractive, well-dressed woman is alone in a hotel or with another like unto her, she is there for but one purpose, and that, to amuse herself. One of their peculiarities is to be always proffering reasons for being where they are: "The whys" of their nomadic existence. No matter how provincial have been their birth and belongings, they never confess to any place of departure except New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, or San Francisco. A few have been known on arriving to confess to Washington or Cleveland, but they soon learn better.

Many of these women are much sought after by the elderly beau. He is absolutely perfect of his kind, always more or less morally flecked, but well-dressed, agreeable in manner and conversation, and of inimitable savoir faire—always ready to accept a good dinner. And even young men do not disdain this office of companion and chaperon; but these young ones are in deference to the conventionalities called secretaries, their most obvious use being to carry a small dog, beloved of its mistress. This is never done by the elderly beau, as the general shakiness of his nether limbs does not permit him to take liberties with them in the matter of stoopings and turnings which the activities of these spoiled and playful animals continually demand. Until my eyes became accustomed to these old dears I never could make out the meaning of the verses in the Psalms "God taketh no delight in the legs of a Man." Now it is clear. In a moment of candor one of these feminine purveyors plaintively confessed, "I am so tired of paying for men, I wish once in a while some man who could pay would take me out. I don't mind the money; it's the thing I'm tired of——"

And so they prance their daily prance in Paris hotels and are there, because they are free to do what at home Mrs. Grundy makes impossible. As they are detached, with recognized relations in society of the slightest, they have only to endure the discursive scandal and gossip of the hotel, and to this they are impervious. Some affect the Skaters' Club, the president and founder of which is an American woman, who pays all the expenses, making it the favorite rendezvous of all the aristocratic sporting youth of Paris. The husband of the lady is one of the nondescript ministers sent from the United States to a foreign state, who, finding the routine monotonous and inimical to his pleasure, seeks this more agreeable way of making Paris his headquarters, his secretaries discharging the duties of his office. Of the esthetic charms of Paris, such as the Ville Lumiere, these women know nothing and care less; to the fact that it is the centre of all that is interesting in political, artistic and literary life, of all that is refined, bizarre, delicate, original and subtle, they are indifferent. If you speak to them of the treasures of art, of the charms of old Paris, they tell you with a sniff, "Nobody cares for things of that sort now, they are out of fashion. No one who is anybody would be seen in an art gallery or an art exhibition." The theatres are an unknown world to many of them—their ignorance of the language making enjoyment of the theatre impossible. All the French they know is "Combien." Their Paris is bounded on the north by dressmakers' shops, on the south by restaurants, on the east by manicure parlors, and on the west by scandal.

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John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

Virtue Unrewarded

[*From the Latin in a Roundabout Way.*]

Trajan the Emperor was a gay old soul who rode in automobiles and patronized the sports in the Circus Maximus. He was very fond of chariot races and not only kept a stable of his own but very frequently drove in the gentlemen's races and backed himself with large stacks of sesterti. The personal participation of the Imperial Prince in public games was highly popular for the people loved a game sport, and whenever he piloted his team under the wire ahead of the other contestants the assembled multitude would applaud vociferously. But there were some who frowned on the Imperial charioteer.

These were the representatives of a small class known as Reformers. They prided themselves on their Civic Conscience and their philosophic wisdom. Their school bore no resemblance to that of Plato, Aristotle or Zeno, still less to that of Epicurus, for its distinctive feature was a stern intolerance of pleasure or pastime in any form, so that whatever was agreeable was by that very fact vicious and displeasing to the immortal gods.

These Reformers came from an ancient province of the Empire known as Newenglandus. They were not popular because they were not content to teach by example. Besides denying enjoyment to themselves, they condemned it in others, and they were known by their long-drawn countenances and their frigid demeanor. When one was seen in the streets of Rome all the people cried out at once:

"See! There goes a Reformer!"

And the Reformers were very proud of the distinction.

Now the founder of this school was one Flavius Rigorous, an austere man who in his youth had drunk deep of the cup of pleasure, and having reached the dregs revolted. So he became a Reformer, first attaching himself to the Cynic School, but as it was not sufficiently intolerant of diversion he founded a system of his own in which pleasure had no place. He taught that to propitiate the gods it was necessary not only to eschew wine, women and song but to denounce all sinners and send as many as possible to jail. In this school it was a crime to look cheerful. Chariot races were abominations, the Tenderloin an annex of Hades.

Not a few long-haired Romans sought unto Rigorous and were enrolled his disciples. For the most part they were like himself, jaded with certain pleasures, and like him they affected to be bitter and venomous against all forms of diversion. With some it was a case of being like unto the cloyed lover who loathes the mistress of whom he is weary, and mistakes for righteous abstinence what was but the morbid lassitude of sated indulgence. With others it was an overworked stomach that rebelled against the delights of the table. A few were by nature passionless.

But they all boasted of their moral zeal and their Civic Conscience. They were particularly averse to chariot-racing for it promoted gambling and increased the number of book-makers without advancing literature. According to Rigorous, staking money on a future chance was an awful crime; so when the Reformers happened on a group of newsboys in the Forum or on the Aventine, playing pitch-and-toss, they would frequently exclaim:

"Surely the gods will visit terrible punishment on these young malefactors!"

Now, at length, Flavius Rigorous, being prompted, as he said by a vision from Jupiter, dared a most daring deed. It was nothing less than the securing of an audience with the Emperor on the eve of a great day at the Circus Maximus, to protest against his participation in the sports. And

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he actually had the nerve to accost Trajan at the bath where his Imperial Highness was lolling with a few intimate friends. Being a good fellow and not too proud he frequently resorted to this public bath, which was one of the swellest in Rome and right on the edge of the Tenderloin. When Rigorous butted in, one of Trajan's friends, astonished and incensed by the Reformer's audacity, asked of the Emperor:

"Have I your divine permission to tap this insolent philosopher on the solar plexus?"

But Trajan, who had taken several jolts of Falernian, was feeling good and said he wanted to hear what Rigorous had to say for himself.

"I have come to protest against your driving headlong to Tartarus," said Rigorous.

"What do you mean?" asked Trajan.

"You are going to drive in the Circus Maximus tomorrow, and Tartarus is the goal of all who drive there."

"Whence learned you this? Are you in the secrets of the gods?" demanded the Emperor.

"Jupiter has opened my eyes," said Rigorous.

"Saucy Jupiter! to have opened the eyes of a Reformer and neglected me!" exclaimed Trajan.

"He awakened my conscience," said Rigorous, "and I am going to awaken yours."

"Please don't," said Trajan, "it prefers to be asleep."

Presently a happy thought came to the Emperor, and he invited Rigorous to dine with him, saying that during the repast they could talk it over without fear of interruption.

The Reformer gladly consented and together they repaired to a restaurant with private rooms, kept by a Gaul in the heart of the Tenderloin. Trajan ordered a fine dinner and a pair of singing girls.

With the fish course the Emperor invited Rigorous to prove to him that to indulge the passions was displeasing to the immortal gods.

Then Rigorous began, and he held forth until the roast was reached, when Trajan admitted that he had been persuaded of the iniquity of chariot racing and fleshly indulgence.

"After tomorrow," said the Emperor, "I will quit the Circus Maximus, but tomorrow I must drive my team against Dumnorix with whom I have a match for a million sesterces, and I don't mind telling you something in strict confidence if you will swear by Jupiter not to divulge the secret."

Rigorous swore by Jupiter and by the waters of the Styx.

"Well," said Trajan, in a whisper that could not be heard by the singing girls, "the race is fixed. I am to win, and I'm on the short end."

Then Trajan tipped a wink to the prettiest of the singing girls and presently she and the ascetic Reformer were holding hands.

Now Rigorous had been laboring under the delusion that woman could no longer lure him; that he was immune to their lascivious pleasings, but the pretty singing girl was a gifted damsel and the Reformer's conscience lapsed into a comatose state.

Later on, flushed with his success in converting the Emperor, he assembled his disciples, and with that garrulity which is described as Falernian eloquence, he betrayed the Emperor's secret, but not the singing girl's.

Early the next morning all the reformers entered a book-maker's shop and got their money down on Trajan. Rigorous, being more discreet, made a snug bet over the phone and then repaired to the Circus Maximus to frown on the sports that displeased the immortal gods. There were reformers all over the place and they were all frowning.

But when the barrier went up for the great match-race they were clearly excited.

As Trajan drove past Rigorous in the final heat, a hopelessly beaten man, he caught sight of the Reformer to whom he had given the Imperial double-cross, and thereupon he gave him what the Romans poetically described as "the merry ha! ha!" —*The Philosopher.*

The premier honor was awarded the **Repsold** Vintages and **Repsold's** Cognac at the Portland Exposition. Indisputable proof of their superiority! Inspection invited, 420 Pine St., S. F.

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Automobile Topics

In Old Virginia

Motorphobia has at last reached the rural districts of the Old Dominion, where it seems to exist in the most virulent form. Farmers throughout the state, and particularly in Loudoun county, have long been antagonistic to the automobile, and their enmity has lately taken the form of a petition to the General Assembly, signed by a number of prominent farmers of Loudoun county. It is surprising that these men, most of whom are educated, should not see upon the face of the project the absolute absurdity of it. The same measure has been repeatedly proposed in nearly every state in the Union, and has been as often defeated. Virginia is about five years behind the van in taking steps to restrain the motorist. A number of residents of Loudoun county are autoists, and the petitioners do not state just why the public roads should be denied to pleasure seekers in automobiles while those using the more inferior horse-drawn vehicle have entire use of them. They are probably under the impression that all autoists passing through their county are tourists from Washington and other cities outside the state, and do not realize that the automobile is enjoying an ever-increasing popularity in the Shenandoah valley and other portions of the state where the roads are really good.

Auto-Boating

M. J. Budlong, president of one of the most prominent automobile concerns in America, and well-known throughout the East, has taken a keen interest in motor boating. His speedy auto boat recently established a new record between the towns of Hartford and Middleton in Connecticut, covering the distance of twenty and one-half miles in fifty minutes, or at an average of twenty-four and three-fifths miles an hour. Mr. Budlong's boat is fitted with a 30-35 horsepower engine, which has a history. It belonged originally to the Columbia touring car with which Bert Holcomb made the famous New York-Chicago record of 58 hours and 35 minutes last year, and which still stands.

The official program, score card and guide for the Vanderbilt Cup race, published by the *Automobile* of New York, is a piece of work of the kind that is likely to be kept after the race is over rather than thrown away and forgotten. Its contents include a list of officials connected with the race, a list of cup racing records and racing statistics, stories of the American elimination trials, a score card, a history of the Vanderbilt cup, engravings and short descriptions of all the cars, with their drivers, and other matter of interest to automobilists.

Round and About

Jack Crothers, business manager of the *Bulletin,* who has lately acquired quite a penchant for autoing, has purchased an Autocar which he intends to use for both business and pleasure. I noticed him in the Park last Saturday learning the operation of his new car, which he mastered without difficulty, for the next day he went on a trip down by San Jose way.

John Buchetto of Tracy is the recent possessor of a model C Winton touring car which he purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company, and drove overland from San Francisco to Tracy.

Walter Hansel of Stockton last week bought from the Pioneer Company a model B curve dash Oldsmobile and

In the Vanderbilt Race

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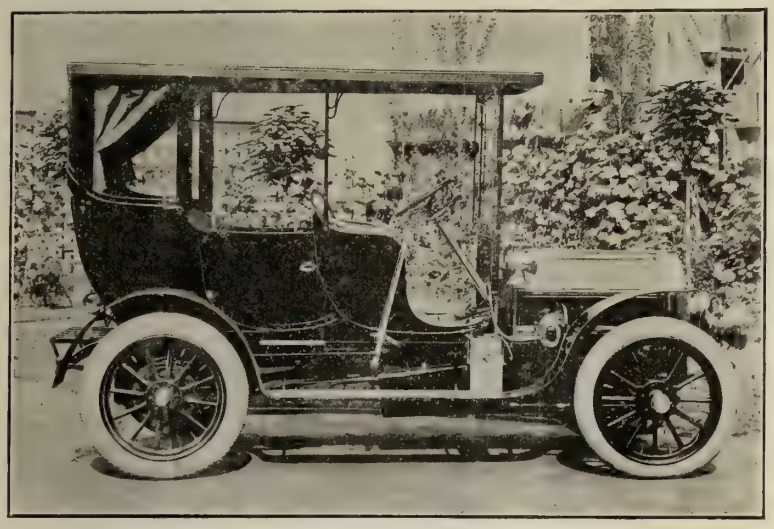


40 H. P. 1906 MODEL PIERCE GREAT ARROW

MR. W. L. HARVEY,
MGR. MOBILE CARRIAGE CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Sir:

Under separate cover I have sent to you photographs of the two 1906 models—the 30 H. P. and the 40 H. P. The following will give you a little more fully the detail of changes:

30 H. P. Arrow Car.

Glance at the photograph—you will note the straight line design and panels. In the car itself they show up very nicely, and the whole design indicates a staunch touring car—truly adapted for San Francisco and the rugged work we have to do on the Pacific Coast.

The beading on the aluminum seats is integral with the castings. This is an expensive body. The space from rear seat to the back of front seats is as ample as in the 40 H. P.

The car is 107" wheel base—wide side door entrance. There is not a single space restricted on this car. The upholstery is of the finest carriage leather, in color to conform to the body. The springs are spiral. The upholstery covers the top edges of seats, making a comfortable rest in any position.

The wheels are 34" x 4" tires on front and 4½" tires on rear. These sizes of tires ride better and the 4" tires on the front steer easier.

The steering-post is tilted.

The Whitlock Radiator will be used. The water is circulated by rotary pump. The new pump in the 30 H. P. car is located same as formerly—underneath the radiator.

The Commutator is now underneath the hood—situated between and above 3d and 4th cylinders. It is on an upright shaft, operated through gears from inlet valve cam-shaft. It is very accessible and effective.

Air pressure is used on gasoline. The gasoline tank holds 18 to 20 gallons, is cylindrical in shape and securely bound with iron straps to withstand air pressure. The air pressure device is the outcome of your suggestions earlier in the season.

The engines are the same size as heretofore.

The battery question is having the most careful attention and tests.

We will use the new Auto-coil—hard rubber units. They give greater mileage and need less adjustment.

The direct drive on high speed is of course noiseless—this is the principal advantage, as compared with our former type of transmission.

The Clutch and Foot Brake Pedals are "push" instead of "piano" type.

The dustpan under car is longer—coming back far enough to protect the transmission case.

The top of Hood will be enameled so as not to reflect sun in driver's eyes.

At your suggestion the Spring Toggle Joint Oil Holes will be fitted with grease cups. The rear springs will be made 3 inches longer. This is another of your suggestions.

The Governor on the 30 H. P. is operated from cam-shaft.

There will be an opening on the gasoline tank for automatic indicator—showing how much gasoline in tank. This can be installed at additional charge, if wanted.

The headlights are Solar Parabolens (acetylene).

The Cape Top is of black pantasote—lined with Mackintosh cloth throughout. The bows are curved outward. When down the top now lies in line with tonneau body.

In colors—the green body with lighter shade green stripe—and royal blue body, with lighter shade of blue stripe—are preferable. You have ordered blue body with red running gear.

The seats, doors and dash of the 30 H. P. are cast aluminum, ¼" to ½" thick. I do not believe there is another factory that exercises the extreme care in every detail, no matter how small, as does the Geo. N. Pierce Co., in producing the Arrow Car.

The sill of the body is of ash. The body to which aluminum seats are fastened is whitewood, the best known to carriage builders.

The tool-board under front seat is solid mahogany. The little cabinets in dash are solid mahogany.

Now as to the 40 H. P. Arrow Car, in brief:

The Victoria design body is very artistic—it has the $5,000.00 appearance. The engines are 5" bore by 5½" stroke; the wheels are 36" by 4½" front and 5" rear tires. The same reasoning as to size of tires applies to this car the same as to the 30 H. P.

This car is 109" wheel base; the tonneau is equipped with two extra individual folding seats, facing forward—carrying seven people.

The clutch, in fact all parts, including steering-wheel, lamps, etc., are **proportionately larger** than the 30 H. P.

The commutator, air pressure, direct drive, etc., etc., are the same as on the 30 H. P., but of course relatively larger throughout.

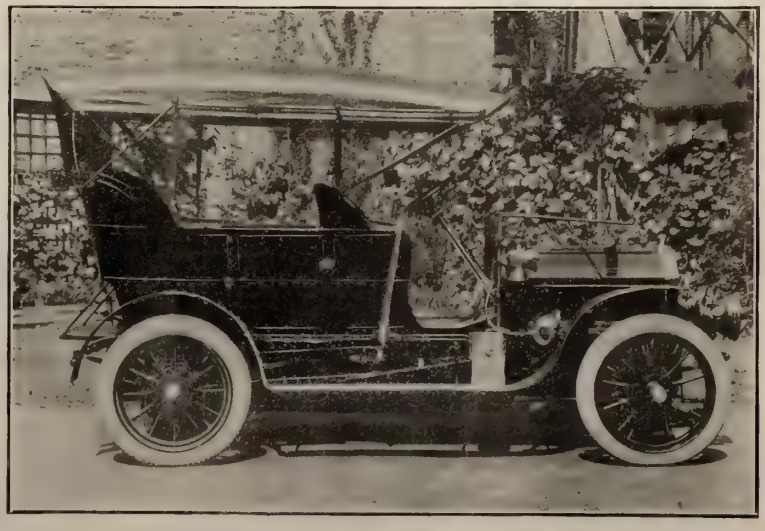
As to deliveries: After a thorough discussion with my people as to the situation on the Coast and our necessities out there they admitted we should have the earliest deliveries possible. Consequently you are booked for the first five 30 H. P. cars, from the first lot of twenty-five coming through the factory—other agents will get but one sample only, and some of them none at all, from this first batch of cars. Then you are the first on the next 25, getting five of them. They expect that cars will begin to reach you the first week in December. Notwithstanding New York, Boston, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, etc., etc., were begging for them, **you will get your cars first.**

The 40 H. P. will be a little later—early in January.

With kindest personal regards,

Yours very truly,

W. F. CULBERSON.



30 H. P. 1906 PIERCE GREAT ARROW

drove it overland from Oakland to Stockton. Mr. Hansel made a record-breaking trip, the time consumed being only three hours and fifteen minutes. This is remarkable, considering the size of the car, which is a seven horsepower runabout.

Robert Atkinson, Harry Fuller and O. G. Cates, three prominent motorists of Los Angeles, last week made a remarkable trip in a White steamer. They used the auto to go duck hunting on the Santa Margarita and Guajomi ranches in San Diego county.

The Pioneer Company is in receipt of the following letter from Mr. Chas. B. Shanks, who is now traveling with the Winton Automobile Show on Wheels: "We opened in Philadelphia on Sunday morning, and by the time afternoon had come we were under the necessity of calling upon the police department to detail a man for our exhibit. The crowd was terrific. It seemed to me that we had as many people around our automobile show on wheels as ever patronized Madison Square Garden at an automobile show. This game is like a snow-ball starting from the top of the hill, with regard to increased size and momentum."

An eighteen hundred mile trip in White steam cars has just been completed by Myron H. Powell and wife, of Muskegon, Mich., and their guests, Mrs. E. W. Smith and Mrs. G. W. Powell of Chicago and Max Loescher and wife of the same place, who were accompanied by C. D. Lunceford of Chicago. The party went over through Michigan into Canada, where several weeks were spent touring through the country on the frontier.

—The Chauffeur.

Balzac on Love and Marriage

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

It is easier for a woman to be a good wife than to be a good mother.

A man should find the infinite woman in his wife.

The wrongs of love, like the notes of a solvent debtor, bear interest.

Women recovering from their follies are recovering from their love.

Bonds that must some day be broken should never be woven.

Love ever attempts to age itself. This is the coquetry of children.

"As you please"—the wife's first word of indifference.

A woman's heart is always full of compassion for a man made absurd by love.

The grand passions are as rare as masterpieces.

To be jealous of a woman who loves one constitutes a singular vice of reasoning. We are loved, or we are not. Placed between these extremes jealousy is no more explicable than fear. Perhaps jealousy is fear in love. But this is not to doubt one's wife; it is to doubt one's self.

A coquette is one who promises herself to several men, but gives herself to none.

A single lie destroys the absolute confidence which for certain souls is the foundation of love.

Only a woman's last love can satisfy a man's first love.

With a woman who possesses the genius of her sex love never becomes commonplace.

Love that does not include an indissoluble friendship is perhaps only momentary libertinism.

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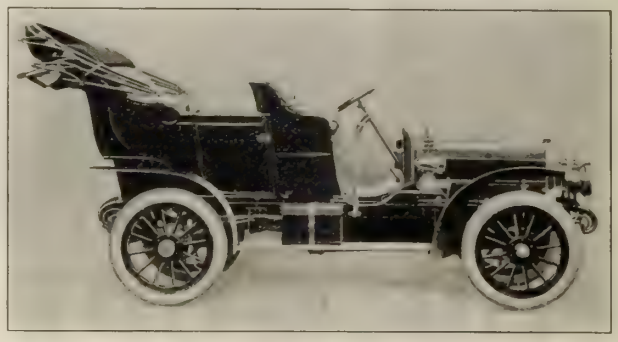

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Music

Musical Reflections

The concert season is well upon us and the work of the music critics about to begin. After each concert they discuss the readings of the artists just as if they were hearing them for the first time. I mean not only the critics who print their opinions but the many who express theirs to their less accomplished friends. A new or different interpretation of a great work receives serious consideration though often the composer would be at a loss to recognize his own brain child after such transformation as it receives. And yet, if well-meaning people form Shakespeare societies to find out what the poet meant, the task occupies their minds, doesn't disturb him and still leaves open to further discussion just what he did mean. So why not with music, too? The living composers can contradict false interpreters and the others accumulate more posthumous fame with each concert season. When you hear a glorious thing of Beethoven, for instance, interpreted as you feel certain he never meant it to be, it hurts you or makes you storm or laugh according to what is your custom to do when people differ from you. Yet if all musicians thought alike wouldn't they be dull and uninteresting? Besides, we have to think of the young folks growing up, who have to be educated in the divine art. They have to be played to and sung to if we would have them know music. Giving them music lessons and having them practice is not sufficient to create for them a musical atmosphere. They must hear good artists and read and listen to intelligent discussions, and then they will learn to form their own opinions and become the better able to interpret the work of a great master, and perhaps, even to create and not by suggestion. To develop your musical individuality you must listen again and again and again to artists and must learn to listen understandingly, so that your musical instincts shall grow undistorted. How many of us Americans might become world-renowned geniuses had our baby senses blossomed into consciousness through the medium of music, had music been as indispensable in our school curriculum as reading and arithmetic, had the hearing of good music been as necessary a part of our daily habits as breathing pure air or eating our dinner? No wonder the foreign artists outnumber ours so immeasurably. Music is in the air in the music centres of continental Europe. If there is a musical germ in your soul, there is the atmosphere to nourish it. A teacher alone cannot tend it till it raises heavenward a lovely flower.

Francisca.

The Music Teachers' Concert

On Wednesday evening of this week the Music Teachers' Association of California is giving its forty-eighth invitational concert. The program is: Piano solo, Serenata op. 15, Moszkowski. Valse op. 64 No. 1, Chopin, Fanny Roth; vocal, The Dawn, d'Hardelot, The Rose in the Garden, Neidlinger, Lucy Cotrel; accompanist, Alma Bokee; piano, Tannhauser March, Wagner, Alice Dehottman; vocal, May morning, Danza, Mrs. N. Hayden; violin, Introduction et Polonaise, W. J. Herjenham, accompanist, Alta B. Hawley; song, When You Are Here, Love, Kate Vannah, Edith Bogel; piano, Lustpiel Overture, Keler-Bela, Mary T. Rooney and Emily E. N. Houston; violin, Barcarolle, G. Papini, N. Kinell; bass solo, Vulcan's Song, Gounod, Philip Davis; piano, Polacca Brilliant, op. 72, Weber; Blanche Gommet; vocal, Carmena, Wilson, If All the Dreams We Dream, Lynes, Clara Pfaeffle, accompanist, Alma Bokee; vocal duet, Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel and Mr. Davis. The reception committee having in the charge the concert was composed of Mrs. J. A. Whiteside, Madame Emily Lassale, Lloyd Gilpin and J. F. Veaco.

Tomorrow (Sunday) will be a festal day at Trinity Episcopal church. The morning service will be a Harvest Festival after the old English custom, with appropriate sermon by Dr. Clampett, and especial music by the choir. In the evening at eight o'clock the choir will give the first monthly musical service of the season. Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption" will be sung. The soloists will be Miss Flynn, Miss Trowbridge and Mrs. Gomez, sopranos, Una Fairweather, contralto, Charles Trowbridge, tenor, and Oliver Reece, bass. The chorus numbers forty, and Louis H. Eaton is organist and director of the choir.

Miss Elsie Arden has been appointed solo contralto in Trinity church choir, Mrs. Klippel Schaffter solo soprano in Plymouth Congregational, and Miss Grace Marshall solo soprano in Grace Methodist Episcopal church.

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The First Minetti Concert

The choice of the Maple room of the Palace for the Minetti String Quartet concerts was a happy one. There is something intimate in chamber music, and much of the delicacy of effect is lost in too large a hall. In the Maple room the players were not too high up nor too far off. The program opened with Haydn's string quartet in G minor (op. 74, No. 3), performed in the true classical spirit. The Arensky Elegie and the scherzo from the piano trio in D minor (op. 32) which followed made a direct contrast, being modern in spirit and strong in emotional content. It is the same work which was presented at Lyric hall on the occasion of the Calabrian sufferers' benefit. As upon the former occasion the trio was received with great favor. The brilliant Schumann piano quintet in E flat (op. 44) closed the program. This composition abounds in difficult rhythms and with the exception of the second movement, a solemn march, is throughout rapid and strenuous, forming a severe tax on the executants. The beautiful piano part was well treated by Mr. Genss, who might have made it too loud, but did not. The composition of the quartet this season consists of Giulio Minetti, first violin, Hans Koenig, second violin, Andre Verdier, viola, and Arthur Weiss, cello, rather a cosmopolitan aggregate. Hermann Genss is pianist. The concerts are to be six in number and will be given weekly.

The program at the Greek theatre, Berkeley, on Sunday, October fifteenth, was under the direction of Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, and was: Bass solo, "Rolling in foaming billows," from Oratorio of "Creation" (Haydn); "Ballad of the Trees and the Master" (Chadwick); "Oh, that we two were Maying" (Gounod), Mrs. Marian E. B. Robinson; "Sonata in A" (Handel), Nathan Landsberger; "In May time" (Speaks); "Fruhlingzeit" (Becker); Miss Julia Rapier Tharp at the piano.

Basil Tetson's Recital

Since Basil Tetson, formerly of the Russian church choir here, left San Francisco he has filled many positions. He has been with the Bostonians, Carleton, Hess and other opera companies, also soloist with Gilmore's and Sousa's bands, and for the past seven years bass of the Third Presbyterian church, Chicago. Now he has returned to his old home and has taken a studio with Theodor Salmon at 546 Sutter street. Mr. Tetson gave his introductory song recital on Tuesday evening in the new Century Club hall. The basso was assisted by Mr. Salmon, pianist, and Miss Maybelle Kelly, accompanist. The program was: Operatic, Armourer's Song (Robin Hood), De Koven, In these Celestial Dwellings, Magic Flute, Mozart, Prologue, Pagliacci, Leoncavallo; piano, Romanza E flat, Rubinstein, Fantasia Impromptu Op. 66, Chopin, Dance of the Elves, Ernest R. Kroeger; sacred, The Ninety and Nine, Edward Campion, Thus Saith the Lord (Messiah), Haydn, Judge Me O God!, Dudley Buck; old songs, Gipsy John, Fred Clay, My Dream of You, Paul Rodney, Bedouin Love Song, Pinsuti; piano, four hands, Scene from "Bal Costume," Rubinstein, Bolero "Spanish Dance," Moszkowski; baritone songs, Gipsy Serenade, R. L. Herman, The Brigand, W. R. Spence, Don Juan's Serenade, Tschaikowsky.

Una Fairweather's Au Revoir

A very large audience assembled in Lyric hall on the occasion of Miss Una Fairweather's farewell concert prior to her departure for New York, where she is to continue her musical studies with view to entering upon a grand opera career. Miss Fairweather comes naturally by her musical talent, her birthright from her father, Henri Fairweather, who is one of the most cultured interpreters of Wagnerian music we have. And her mother, too, is learned in musical lore, and has lectured on Wagner and the other great composers before all our clubs of culture, besides having written articles on musical and dramatic subjects. Una has been studying music since she was a mere child, and she is still a very young girl. Her voice is contralto, rich and velvety, and she sings with a fine comprehension of her art, with the admirable technic imparted by her father. Something of warmth and sympathy is now lacking in her interpretations, but these qualities should come with those sensibilities that arise only in the course of experience. Her selections at her recital were: Sapphic Ode, Brahms, Verborgenheit, Wolf, Rother Mohn, Kaun; The Captive, Lalo, Where Corals Lie, Elgar, On the Way to Kew, Foote, Back to Ireland, Huhn; Low, My Lute, Weil, Haroun al Raschid, Elkus, Prelude, Locher, Lullaby, Sabin (with violin obligato); My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice, Saint-Saens; Heimweh, Wolf. The last two numbers were sung by request. Of all the songs I liked Miss Fairweather's rendition of Foote's "On the Way to Kew" the best. Fred Maurer's accompaniments were as usual delightful, and Hother Wismer gave some charming violin solos.

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The Howe Club Concert

The fifth program of the Howe Club was very successfully presented on Wednesday evening of last week. The club is doing a good work, and it is a pity that the tenor division is not stronger. It is the same way in the Loring Club, the lack of tenors is what the director is always regretting. In the male choirs at the Episcopal churches, I also note this paucity of good tenors. Second tenors can never fill the place of the high tenors, in the ensembles where the bass voices so heavily count. But Mr. Hamilton Howe is hoping to get more tenors to join his club, if he can discover them, and when this need is filled there is no reason why the choral should not become one of the best we have. As it is, the female voices overbalance the male to a far too great extent. At last week's concert the orchestral division played the overture "Titus," Mozart, "Bridal Rose" Lavalee (solos by Mr. Monroe Callender), and with the choral division, numbers by Donizetti, Bennett, Eichberg, Gounod, and Mendelssohn. A double quintet from the orchestral division gave Loeschhorn's "Evening Song," for strings and triangle, and a Boccherini minuet for strings. There were several soloists in the choral numbers and they all acquitted themselves well. An English glee by the choral division, Caldicott's "The Spider and the Fly" was appreciated. Mr. Maurice Leon Driver was the star soloist of the evening, being very enthusiastically received. He gave his brilliant piano compositions, "The Swallows," and "The Winter Wind," which I reviewed at length on the occasion of his own recital some time ago. He was encored, and responded with the Berceuse in A flat and "Feu Follet," both his own works. The next work the Howe Club will take up for rehearsal is the "Swan and the Skylark" by A. Goring Thomas, with compositions by Wagner, Mozart and Fanning.

—The Music Critic.

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The Modest Art of Self-Advertisement

(Continued from Page 7)

less dog should have malformed teeth. None the less, the correlation, inexplicable as it is, seems to exist—at least in the minds of the playgoing public. The popular belief that in order to be the victim of a diamond robbery, an actress must be possessed of no little histrionic talent, may have some foundation in fact; but though it be reasonable to expect that stars only have diamonds to lose, has not the lesser light her good name?

As for me, I have about made up my mind to think up and cultivate and work for all it is worth some original eccentricity in dress or diet, manners or morals. Good prose, I find, avails the man of letters nothing; but a good pose, that is omnipotent. The trouble is, it is easier for him to hit upon a new style, a new plot, a new art, in fact, than upon a new pose. For instance, it were vain for me to lay bare my exceptional modesty to the gaze of the world; to tell from the housetops how very retiring I am; to give to every Tom, Dick and Harry of a reporter a page on "How I Hate to Be Interviewed." That has been done to death by one whose name I will not mention; a name nobody will mention a few years from now.

But why vainly cudgel my poor head at all? The truth, were it only known, is stranger than any fiction I could invent. Of all the odd beings that have ever served Memory's fairest daughter, none has been more eccentric than am I—I who have no eccentricity, who eat what is set before me, wear the things nearest to hand, behave like a Christian gentleman, and am neither very good nor yet very bad. What indeed could be more strikingly original today than to have no pose?

In the past, literary men not a few have been born self-advertisers, having considerable skill in the modest art, but displaying themselves, for all that, as naturally as do peacocks. George Bernard Shaw is if not the first, surely the greatest, of self-conscious self-advertising artists.

To please himself, Wilde wore his astonishing costumes; Morris, his blue serge; Stevenson, his velvet jacket. To please himself Jack London wears his negligee shirt or sweater. The habit once formed, none of these was fool enough to change his style of dress, when he saw that the thing was money in his pocket and no menace to his fame.

> And portly Ben will smile to see
> The velvet jacket at the door.

Time and again had the history of art shown how this oddity or that had aided the struggling artist to "make good"; the successful artist, to "make better." For centuries, however, no one saw what a gold mine was in idiosyncrasies when properly worked. Men of letters and of notes, men of the brush and of the chisel, intent upon the work in hand, made at best but empiric use of the widely scattered facts. Self-advertisement as a fine art dates from today. It is of one age with electric lights and automobiles. Hard, too, it is to get along without it. The world is less inclined than ever to meet modesty half-way.

It was once my use every morning to pray The Word for the word; and when, as happened many a time, the sun set on my unanswered prayer, I wept, I fasted, I searched the dictionary diligently, I kept vigil through the long watches of the night, and if I came upon it, the prayed-for word, no heart of widow with the lost silver in her hand, or of shepherd with strayed lamb on his shoulders, was ever half so happy as was mine. Now, I pray: Great Originator of all things, give me this day a good ad., and never mind about the daily bread!"

O tempora! O mores!

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Letters

Short Stories by Phillpotts

"Knock at a Venture" is the rather enigmatical title of a volume of short stories by Eden Phillpotts. There are ten tales in the book, and all of them revolve around incidents in the life of Devon folk, those in the neighborhood of "Darbymoor" for the most part. A primitive people unspoiled by the world are they, and yet their hard and monotonous lives enfold tragedies of the blackest, soul problems the most insoluble. Such for example is the opening story, "Mound by the Way." It is the tragedy of an irresolute woman, Sarah Belworthy, who fluctuates between love and duty, between Timothy Chave, the man she prefers, and John Aggett, the one to whom she has plighted herself. Phillpotts seems to be a fatalist. In the working out of his rustic drama

JACK LONDON
Author of "Tales of the Fish Patrol," copyright by the Macmillan Company

of souls, accident and those combinations of circumstances which elude the most far-sighted wits play no small part. When Gammer Gurney foretold to Timothy Chave that he should see and speak with his destined bride before owl-light of that very day, she had secret information of a pretty cousin waiting at the farm. What she could not know was that John Aggett's tokened maiden would meet him on the way thither. So it all led to the Mound by the Way, where John Aggett, suicide, was buried with old time indignities. "Corlan" is in another vein, a humorous one. The fate of two lovers hung on the fate of a cat, a tom cat, who met the end he deserved for stealing and eating Gaffer Oldrieve's young partridges. Were not Milby and Tel justified in palming off Corlan's double on old Noah Sage? And if the double turned out to be a "ewe cat" at least that fact was not discovered until after the wedding. "A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade," is grewsome enough in all truth. Minnie Merle sees her own grave dug in Wistman's Nord by her treacherous lover and kinsman, Nicholas. Fortunately, Elias Bassett, forewarned and suspicious, was there also, and the impending tragedy is averted. "Cross Ways" is one of the strongest tales in the book. It is a story of jealousy and lover's vengeance. Richard Daccombe accidentally discovers a store of blasting powder left in a ruined mill, which serves as a trysting place for Anthony Maybride and Jane Stanberry. Jane has played false to Richard, and his plan of vengeance is to fire a

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train of powder and blow up the mill while Anthony is waiting. The plan succeeds—all but for the fact that the intended victim being called away in another direction escapes unhurt. Richard loses his reason, and "today a black-bearded man with brown eyes and a mouth always open shambles about the blasted heart of the old powder mill." In "Benjamin's Mess" Ben Pearn devises a clever trick to win the sweetheart of Nicholas Yelland. "'Twas rather a funny case of a chap overreaching himself in a love affair. You see Ben Pearn was so blessed soft-headed that he couldn't look on to the end of the game like any cleverer man might. He said to his silly self, 'I'll make her hate the chop so she'd like to scratch his eyes out,' but he never seed that the end must de differ'nt, he never remembered that Nicholas Yelland had a tongue in his head same as other people." As usual, Phillpotts shows remarkable descriptive powers, joined to familiarity with nature. He knows every wild flower and blade of grass in his Devon, and in a word can set before us her varied aspects in sun and shadow, daylight and darkness. He has the gift of seeing into the heart of things, and he penetrates the secrets of both men and nature. His books are storehouses of quaint wisdom, the sayings of oracular patriarchs and village gammers. Issued by the Macmillan Company.

London's Juvenile

The boy who does not receive as an addition to his private library a copy of "Tales of the Irish Patrol" will have a just grievance against fate. The book is Jack London's latest contribution to literature and comprises seven stories of adventure in which he relates his own experiences as a boy of sixteen, when he became a deputy fish commissioner as a means of acquiring the wherewithal to pay for his education. There are thrilling hand to hand encounters with the boy pirates, the Chinese shrimp catchers, the Italian and Greek fishermen and the oyster thieves, and more than once there was but the narrowest of margins between the successful capture of the brigands and the termination of the earthly career of the author and his partner, Charley de Grant. Charley was a fine fellow, enthusiastic and incorruptibly honest, young enough not to err too much on the side of prudence, yet not too young to occasionally restrain his youthful assistant. They were a resourceful pair, both of whom hated to be worsted in an encounter, and Charley's reliance on the power of imagination to help him in an emergency was always backed up by his quick eye and his ready hand. Essentially this is a boy's book, but like every first-class juvenile, it makes excellent reading for adults as well and there is some danger that if the fathers and uncles begin to dip into its pages the youngsters will never come into possession of the first copy purchased. "Tales of the Fish Patrol" has a fine moral tone, a something which is too often lacking in juvenile literature where trickiness and disrespect are virtually extolled because successful. Here is a chance for plenty of adventure in the way of honest occupation, fun which is always found in doing the thing one likes to do, whatever it may be, and heroism of a higher quality than is to be found in hazing new students or on the football field. Some years ago Mr. London wrote another juvenile, "The Cruise of the Dazzler," which found favor with young readers, all of whom will be ready to hail a copy of "Tales of the Fish Patrol" with equal delight. There are seven full-page illustrations by George Varian and an excellent map of San Francisco bay showing all the points mentioned in the stories. Published by the Macmillan Company.

Despite the fact that Mrs. Frank Leslie has had no connection with "Frank Leslie's Magazine" for a good many years back, she did not hesitate to express her dissenting opinion when the owners of that monthly decided a few months ago to change the title to "The American Monthly Magazine." Nor is she the only one to object, for W. R. Hearst made application to the United States Circuit Court of New York for an injunction restraining the publishers from making use of any article in which the words "American" and "Magazine" are introduced. His contention was that the Sunday supplements of the Hearst newspapers are the only publications entitled to the designation "American Magazine." Judge Holt refused to grant the restraining order.

—The Bookworm.

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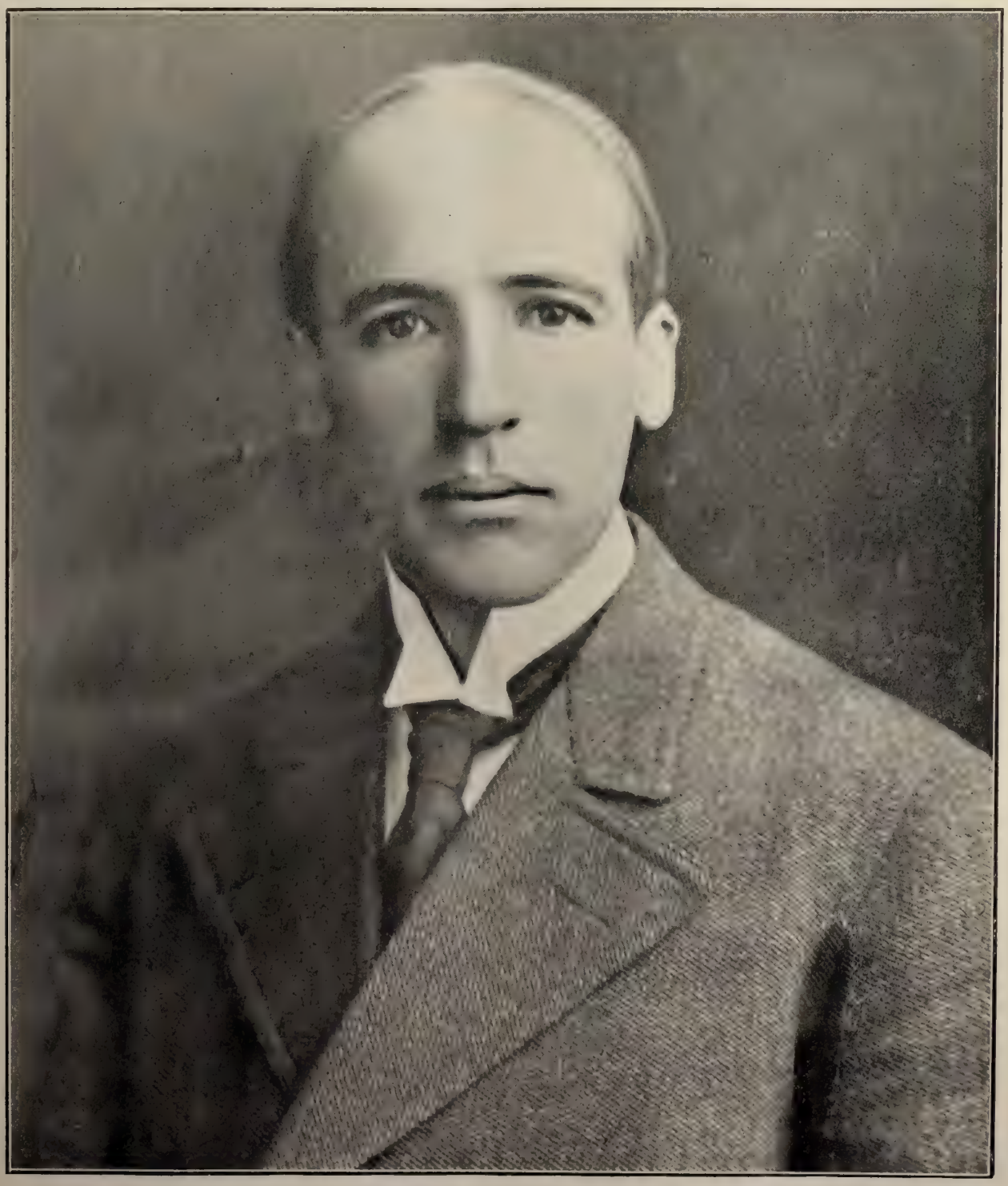

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TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, November 4, 1905 No. 688.

HENRY U. BRANDENSTEIN

Our Next District Attorney

Next in importance to the office of Mayor in this city is that of District Attorney. It is the office which affords facilities for the punishment of grafters, and for the promotion of morality in public and private life. It is to be hoped that the fusion candidate for District Attorney, Mr. Henry U. Brandenstein, will be elected. He has served the city as a member of the Board of Supervisors, and his record entitles him to the respect and confidence of the community.

TOWN TALK

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Schmitz and the Merchants

Mayor Schmitz, having been received with open arms in the centres of trade, the proponents of municipal reform have marveled that respectable merchants should, by their amiable attitude, express their approval of methods that revolt all decent citizens. We marvel that the cordial greeting of Schmitz by the merchants of the wholesale district should have occasioned any surprise. Why should anybody imagine that graft is repellant to traffickers in the mart? Since when did the virtues find an abiding place in the Temple of Commerce? We did not know there was any misapprehension regarding the tendency of commercialism in all ages and in all countries. We believed it was pretty generally understood that the corruption in political life was but the reflex of that dishonesty that pervades commercial life. We know that merchants adulterate goods and do not halt at infanticide when there is profit in it. We know that merchants cheat the Government. We know that the goal of success is reached in business along many circuitous routes that lead through numerous transgressions of the moral code. We know that cupidity, the offspring of ignorance, has been the cause of all the evils that have desolated the earth, and we know that it is fostered in trade more than in any other human activity. We know that the prosperous merchant likes to pride himself on being a leading cit; that he considers it a great honor to be referred to as a representative of the commercial interests, a unit of the mercantile community and therefore a factor in the growth and development of the State, but his pretensions are largely illusory. Commercialism never has and never will be productive of a healthy moral tone in any community. The clash of interests arising from competition is not conducive to a sound conscience. Christian maxims have done much toward improving the mercantile conscience since the days in ancient Babylon, when the merchants, because of their contaminating influence, were relegated to the outskirts of the city, but from recent revelations in different parts of this country it is evident that Christianity has far from conquested the passion of avarice. Of course there are many honest men in trade. We have some in San Francisco, and two of the most conspicuous of them are not Christians. They are Jews with an esthetic temperament, in consequence of which they have found pleasant diversion in the contemplation of things more edifying than are to be seen between the covers of a ledger. Culture has done for them what religion has failed to do for a great many. Too few of our merchants are cultured The sordid aims of life alone awaken them to activity. If they could appreciate the things that appeal to the soul, they would be better men. Art is a fine antidote for commercialism.

Commercial Logic

We believe that Mayor Schmitz will get a great many votes out of the commercial element, for we feel that his methods have not revolted all men in trade. In addition to being indifferent to those methods, comparatively few of them have the mentality to appreciate the effect of his Administration on the city. So great has been the impetus given to the development of San Francisco since the acquisition of the Philippines and the synchronous influx of Eastern capital that we have prospered unprecedentedly despite the evil effects of Schmitz rule. Many of our bright merchants, who know how to sell butter and cheese at a profit, and feel that there is little else worth knowing, reason that as we have prospered under Schmitz therefore it was on account of Schmitz. Hundreds of men in Chicago and New York could tell those bright merchants things about San Francisco that would astonish them. If those bright merchants had spent a little time in travel in the past year they would have learned something about the reputation of San Francisco abroad that would have convinced them that the city has prospered not on account of Schmitz, but despite Schmitz. Notwithstanding the attitude of many of our purblind merchants, however, we are confident that Mr. Partridge will be elected, for we have faith in the civic pride of the plain people and with them we include a large percentage of labor union men. In trying to play both ends against the middle Mayor Schmitz has not been able to deceive all the working men of this city. He has mountebanked it with a little too much overemphasis.

Hearst's Candidacy

A great deal of interest is being taken all over the country in the candidacy of William R. Hearst in New York. Mr. Hearst's newspapers reach a great many readers, and those newspapers are intent upon spreading the impression that Mr. Hearst's whirlwind campaign has caused a panic among the grafters and terror among the practical politicians. And notwithstanding the fact that it is pretty generally understood that what you read in the Hearst newspapers about Mr. Hearst is paradoxical inasmuch as it is both inspired and apocryphal, yet by persistent repetition it gains credence. So the readers of the Hearst newspapers, finding therein no reference to political doings in New York that do not pertain to Mr. Hearst's campaign for Mayor, are led to believe that his candidacy overshadows all else. It has unquestionably caused quite a stir, complicating the situation as it does, and disturbing as it is of the peace and serenity of the bosses. But unfortunately for Mr. Hearst, the Mayoralty contest is not the only one of great interest to the people of New York at this time. His candidacy does not involve the only vital question before the people, and therefore he cannot concentrate attention on the advantages to be derived from his election. There is some dissatisfaction with Mayor McClellan, who gave assistance to Tammany in one or two profitable deals, but his administration on the whole has been immaculate by contrast with that of some of his predecessors, and he has not lost the confidence of all the people. There is, however, a shadowy possibility of Hearst's splitting the Democratic vote and electing the subservient tool of a corrupt Republican machine, but that is not the sort of achievement he would care to have in his record. The New York *Post* thinks he will do no more than rally the anarchists and dissatisfied of all schools and thus enlighten the community in respect of the number of long-haired cranks by which the metropolis is infested. For that, the

Post thinks, the people should be grateful. There are some newspapers, however, that view Mr. Hearst's candidacy seriously, for they are sensible of the fact that there has been an awakening of the public conscience and the propagation of a sentiment against graft in political and commercial life. But Mr. Hearst stands for something more than political and commercial purity. Indeed, he stands for too many things for his own good. In the first place he stands for William R. Hearst as the Prophet of every conceivable kind of reform, and so extravagant is he in the laudation of William R. Hearst, so enthusiastic is he in the booming of that individual, that there is some doubt in the public mind as to whether it is possible for him to differentiate the interests of that personality from those of the people. In the second place, he stands for a class, the working class, or at least a portion of it represented by labor unions, against all others. He has done a great deal of good in bringing the plain people to a sense of their rights and their wrongs, but he has at times pandered perniciously to the prejudices of the public, and in the exuberance of his demagogy he has aroused the distrust of many who are as zealous as he for the public weal, and as sincerely hostile to capitalistic greed and political corruption. In the circumstances, though we believe he would make a good Mayor, we should be greatly surprised were he elected.

Jerome's Candidacy

As we have said, the candidacy of Mr. Hearst does not involve the only vital question before the people of New York. Of considerably greater importance than the Mayoralty contest is that in which William Travers Jerome is a participant. Mr. Jerome is finghting a battle for political freedom, and he has already made considerable headway, having forced a nomination from Boss Odell, whom he has relentlessly opposed and bitterly denounced. He did not seek the nomination; it was given him despite his defiance of the boss, not because Odell forgave him, but because he needed the name of Jerome to give strength to his ticket. Jerome's candidacy is not a small municipal matter. The country at large is interested in his election, and the interest of the country at large is an indication of general public morals and of the sentiment of revolt against corruption in politics and in commercial life. Jerome is a reformer who is known to be sincere. There is nothing pharisaical in his brand of reform. He is not a demagogue. He does not appeal to the ostentatiously virtuous, nor does he seek to make political capital out of the shortcomings of the unfortunate. His aim is to reach the high and mighty of the aristocracy of Graft. He deemed it of less importance to punish the gamblers of New York than to drive out of office the men who preyed on the vice of the great city. If the mighty rogues of the insurance companies are accessible to the heavy hand of the law William Travers Jerome will see that they do not escape. In an humble capacity Jerome has attracted the attention of the people of every State of the Union, not by the spectacular methods of Folk of Missouri, who is not above the tricks of the selfish politician, but by his courage, his firmness, his candor, his sense of justice, his fairness and his consistency. He has never equivocated, he has never hesitated to acknowledge his mistakes. Two years ago he accused McClellan of having disgraced his father's name. In this campaign he has apologized to the Tammany candidate from several platforms. The salient qualities of Jerome are qualities that win respect and confidence. He is in many respects a man of the Roosevelt type. Many of his supporters throughout the land, probably the majority of people who are hoping for his success, do not know to which party he belongs. Nor does it matter that he was repudiated by both parties before Odell discerned the tactical importance of putting him on the Republican ticket. Jerome is the standard bearer of the people on the old-fashioned platform which sets forth the principle that this is a government of, by and for the people. Mr. Hearst with all his newspapers at his back, running for the office of Mayor, is a pigmy alongside of the moneyless, paperless Jerome, candidate for the little office of District Attorney. It is not hard to account for this anomaly; Mr. Hearst is the apostle of municipal ownership; Mr. Jerome is the champion of the plaintiff in the case of the People versus Graft. It will be time to figure on the expediency of municipal ownership after we have sent a few big crooks to jail.

The Pampered American Pupil

The Commercial High School, established for the purpose of giving preparatory training for business life, is, hereafter, to be closed at three o'clock in the afternoon, instead of half past three. The extra half hour of the school day has been put in on typewriter practice, but the "student body," backed up by indulgent parents, has succeeded in convincing the Board of Education that the strain is too much for their delicate physique, so now they may go home at the same hour as the primary children, and devote the extra time to football practice, basket ball, and strolling along the down town streets. How hard is the lot of the little things who reluctantly crawl out of their beds in the morning in time to eat a breakfast prepared without their co-operation, who dress themselves as if for a promenade, and then take the street cars in time to reach school by nine o'clock! They have an hour free at noon, and a half hour or more for incidental recesses, not to count the time they manage to waste between classes, or in asking frivolous questions to stave off recitations, or the distractions of class days, picnics, inter-school games and amateur journalism. Really, they should not be expected to waste their precious moments in perfecting themselves on the typewriter. In the course of a few weeks a class will be graduated from this institution, presumably ready to go into the business world. Do the pupils or their foolish

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parents imagine that the commercial world will be revolutionized to fit the fancies of office boys and three dollar a week clerks? Child labor is getting to be as great a fetich as college education, and in the morbid fear lest some child may be asked to do too much we are swinging to the other extreme and apparently becoming afraid to expect any child to do anything. There is not the remotest danger in the world that one pupil in a hundred thousand will over-exert himself in any but the physical culture branch of his education, and the idea that husky boys and girls past their middle teens are unable to put in more than four hours and a half of school work ought to be considered an insult to American brains. Comparative statistics, both in regard to the willingness to apply themselves and in the results of their work, show that the Chinese boys are getting about twice the advantage out of their public school course that is reaped by their white brethren. Business men are driven to the verge of distraction now by the incompetence and indifference of American boys and girls who have a morbid fear of doing too much for their salaries. It will be no matter of surprise if we find the little yellow chaps speedily slipping into the desirable places, and who will be to blame?

Murder Advocated by Women

In a recent gathering of New York club women the subject of husband-murder was publicly debated, and the good ladies, almost to a woman, put themselves on record as in favor of this mode of disposing of the superfluous males. They hotly canvassed the condition of the poor, downtrodden victims of brutality, and agreed that summary execution by whatever means at hand is both logical and justifiable. Since the female is deprived of the glorious privilege of walking up to the polls periodically, and depositing therein a folded slip of paper, she is therefore absolved from compliance with man-made laws. The club ladies evidently have forgotten that before the Laws of the Twelve Tables, the Constitution of the United States or the Code Napoleon, there was in existence a commandment plainly worded: "Thou shalt not kill," with no modifications in favor of sex, class, or social condition. It is undeniable that men and women alike can be goaded to the extremity of endurance, and that when the limit is reached they are hardly responsible for the result of their outburst of passion, but before they are in a position to take legal advantage of their unaccountability they should be able to show that on their part they have done their best to avoid encounter, and have exhausted peaceable means in safeguarding their rights. In most of the cases where women figure as the murderers of husbands it is found that they have not been aware of the hardships of their lot until they have made the intimate acquaintance of some more desirable mate, and that resort to violence has come about either through the counsel and assistance of a paramour or as a result of the awakening of a deceived spouse. The club women are doing their sex no good in advocating the slaughter of their husbands, for if their sentiment should become widespread, in time almost every species of cruelty would be considered sufficient pretext for a family funeral. In time the male person would either come to the conclusion that it was hazardous to marry, or resolve to enforce more stringently the law against homicide. In either case the ballotless female would suffer greater hardship than she now endures, for if men were forced for self-protection to discourage husband-slaughter they would not give women the benefit of that reasonable doubt which is so often unreasonable, and it would then become dangerous for a woman to resort to violence even in self-defense. Men are headstrong when prejudiced and as they are the judges and juries it is not wise to excite their prejudice. On the other hand it is not wise to scare them away from the matrimonial halter which, even now, they are shy of. The best course for women to pursue is the one by which she sways man in spite of his superior mind and his superior strength. After all, why should she care who makes the laws of a country so long as she governs those by whom they are made?

Indemnity for Chinese

The matter of Chinese Exclusion has assumed a new aspect within the past few weeks, and there is good reason to expect that China will shortly bring suit against the United States for indemnity to her citizens who have been deported or refused admission. The claim is brought forward that since the expiration of the treaty of 1894 there is only the Burlingame Treaty of 1868 in force, in which nothing is said of exclusion. Active measures have been taken to induce the Chinese to file their claims for financial losses and personal sufferings, but the bill is not to be presented until the total reaches a million dollars. A large number of claims, averaging a thousand dollars each, have already been presented, and the probabilities are that, like the pension claims, the opportunity has but to be advertised to receive universal recognition. The Hague Tribunal will be called upon to adjudicate, and the chances are that the indemnity claimed by the missionaries for their sufferings during the Boxer outbreak will be offset by the remuneration of the immigrants refused landing and the "in transits" who have been apprehended after they have established themselves in business.

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BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER.

Florence, that fair, colored city, rightly named of flowers, opulent with art, literature and history, basking superbly in the broad Val d'Arno, backed by the pale peaks of the Apennines lighting up her East and North, and flanked by hills thick with pointed cypresses, flings before the stranger's gaze all her wonderful treasures in one amazing flood, one glorious feast. A volume could not begin, nor ten volumes end a description of all this. Poetry and Art blow in the air, and from gilded cross or heraldic weather vane on swelling dome or square, top-heavy tower, down to the pebbles along the banks of Arno, all is steeped in the rose-light of Romance. Pre-natal influences of beautiful things are manifest in the very faces of the people;—the Florentines are a handsome race. And there is less dishonest trickery here than in the South.

Here the Gothic tendency in Architecture becomes first visible, gracefully wedded to Italy's chaste Renaissance. Stained glass glorifies the cathedral panes and the beautiful campanile of Giotto, built in 1334, soars unstained through all the centuries beside its huge *Duomo;* both appear fresh and new-created, so pure their banded marble seems, white, red and black. Opposite stands the Baptistry with its rare gates of bronze, said by Michael Angelo to be worthy to be called the Gates of Paradise. In the *Loggia dei Lanzi,* where miracles of Art entrance the public eye, where Savonarola suffered his fire-death, where strong fountains play and dark-haired girls sit buried in banks of blossoms, amidst the beating of bells from many ancient towers,—here where Lorenzo the Magnificent and all the Medici knew pride and power, it was here that I greeted my old ideals in stone or bronze, Cellini's *Perseus,* Fidis' *Rape of Polyxena,* Donatelli's *Judith and Holofernes* and many other wonders, rendered almost sacred by Time and adoration. Huge giants guarding portals of palaces, huge towers flinging shadows like enormous dial-fingers measuring not hours, but generations, huge memories and deeds and thoughts of other days!

Before the church of *Santa Croce* stands a noble statue of Dante, elevated over lawns. Sad and thoughtful is his look, not bitter, but sad, sad, and deeply introspective as if he were pondering in epic thought all the secrets of the underworld. His cloak he folds about him as though to fend off the heat of Hell, as though to draw its trailing hem from the clutch of the damned. On his tomb in the church this inscription: *Onorate l'altissimo poeta.* Divine and downward-gazing poet, I, too, honored and paid him reverence as I sat on a stone bench before him, idly eating salted melon-seeds in the abstraction of my nothingness. Later, fancy permitted me to stroll with him and angelic Beatrice along the banks of the Arno, blind and deaf to the clamorous, colored trolley-car, along the banks of Arno, as he must have walked there in the old black age of Europe, when he himself shone like a midnight sun, but in an eclipse of sorrow, attended by that satellite, virginal maiden he so transfigured with the glory of his song. In neighboring Vallombrosa where he loved to stray, the autumn leaves lie thick as ever.

Along the Arno's banks, now stone-ramparted and fair and broad, to the *Ponte Vecchio,* over-laden with excrescences of goldsmiths' and mosaic-workers' shops, propped with wooden struts against the piers and over the arches of the old bridge, like the projecting poops of ancient galleons, over this thick-thronged bridge with its statue of Benvenuto Cellini (that amiable artist, assassin, and crony of kings and popes) in the centre, I made my way more than once to climb the heights of graceful outline on the opposite shore. To spy at closer range on delightful villas, set in greenery, to admire the long-lance-shaped cypresses, darkly sombre, or to lean on stone balustrades of lofty terraces in the silence, overlooking river and city, and to feel myself as high as the topmost pinnacles of the many domes and turrets above "the tumult of the roofs"—red-tiled. Or to stroll in the royal gardens of the Boboli, through sun-spotted, trellised labyrinths, by fountains warbling into pools, by classic amphitheatres, built by old nobles, now doubly sunny beneath the noon and the light laughter of blithe Italian girls, all in white, swaying colored parasols. Or to wander from golden room to golden room of the palace of the Pitti, filled with the works of those great masters whose brushes laid a never-dying radiance over Florence, crowning her Queen of the Renaissance. Or, perhaps, to wonder why painted fig-leaves of tin should be hung on chaste and manly marble, until with sadness, I learn that this is done only during the English and American tourist season, all other nations prefering to gaze shamelessly on beauty unadorned with tin fig-leaves. Blessed be the detachable fig-leaf, so that the god-like stone need not outrage the watery eye, nor sculptured, cold reality supplant the sufficient fancy of those pure dames, who blush before the masterpieces of genius, but never before their mirrors, who chatter "art" as they chew gum and "do" a gallery! Not in deference to these gristly prudes, but in deference to their dollars or sovereigns, does the disgraceful fig-leaf put forth upon its wire in its season, for your Italian hath a keen scent for sovereigns and for dollars. It was the same dismal indecency that hissed and howled when Sculpture sought to set up her "Bacchante" in Boston, her "Neptune" in Washington and her Heine water-nymph in New York. One does not care to imagine what would overtake great statuary exposed to the public, puritanical or satanical, of an American city.

In the gallery of the Uffizi palace, amidst painted saints and trumpeting seraphim, one afternoon, I met my first princess. Sit still, my beating heart, sit still! Majes-

(Continued on Page 39)

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Mrs. Warren's Profession

BY THEODORE BONNET.

Once more has public attention been directed to that very much misunderstood Hibernian genius, George Bernard Shaw, whose books were recently interdicted by a modest librarian of New York. Inspired by his example Anthony Comstock, guardian of the morals of the most immoral city on the continent, gave impetus to the vogue of the brilliant Celt by pronouncing his play, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," a work of filth unfit for production on the New York stage, the result being that when this play, intended for the serious consideration of thinking, cultured people, was produced the prurient minded lovers of the salacious crowded all others out of the theatre. And the critics who smiled at Pinero's "Wife Without a Smile," who sympathize with that maudlin heroine Camille, who delight in the salacity of "Sapho," threw up their hands in holy horror. Public curiosity having been incited, great is the demand for the widely advertised drama in the book-stalls. For George Bernard Shaw does not write his plays for the stage alone. It is his pleasure to write also for the study, and he writes so copiously in parenthesis and by way of elucidation that any one of his plays reads very much like a novel. Moreover he writes prefaces that are literature, and to understand Shaw, to appreciate his purpose, one must read his prefaces. I have read them and they have given me an impression of the man quite different from that which newspaper and magazine writers, superficially informed, have given the public. Shaw has been misunderstood because he has been terribly misrepresented. It has been said that he is a self-confessed mountebank. Critics have jumped to that conclusion because of Shaw's cynicism and his satire. They have interpreted him literally when he wrote figuratively. He has said he was a mountebank inasmuch as he assumed the role to catch the public ear, but this is his explanation:

> In England, as elsewhere, the spontaneous recognition of really original work begins with a mere handful of people, and propagates itself so slowly that it has become a commonplace to say that genius, demanding bread, is given a stone after its possessor's death. The remedy for this is sedulous advertisement. Accordingly, I have advertised myself so well that I find myself, whilst still in middle life, almost as legendary a person as the Flying Dutchman. Critics like most people, see what they look for, not what is actually before them. In my plays they look for my legendary qualities, and find originality and brilliancy in my most hackneyed claptraps.

It has also been said that Shaw has proclaimed himself a greater dramatist than Shakespeare. He has never even hinted that such was his opinion, but he has analyzed Shakespeare's methods and pointed out his concessions to the mob as well as his wonderful achievements. He is a profound student of Shakespeare and a most enthusiastic admirer of the bard.

Having been misrepresented in unimportant matters, it is not strange that there should be misrepresentation as to the purpose of the man and as to the character of his work. And yet there never was a playwright who tried so hard to make himself understood. The fact is that Shaw is a great moralist; but he is also an individualist. He writes for a lofty purpose and never appeals to the lovers of the lewd. There is nothing of the Paphian in his philosophy. He is a stickler for truth for Truth's sake and art for Art's sake. He is a fierce ascetic, a misogynist, a vegetarian, a socialist, and above all, a debater. Like Ibsen he is regarded as a perverter of morals, but he is unquestionably sincere in his contention that his course is for the best interests of society. He thus explains:

> I do not see moral chaos and anarchy as the alternative to romantic convention; and I am not going to pretend that I do to please the less clear-sighted people who are convinced that the world is only held together by the force of unanimous, strenuous, eloquent, trumpet-tongued lying. To me the tragedy and comedy of life lie in the consequences, sometimes terrible, sometimes ludicrous, of our persistent attempts to found our institutions on the ideal suggested to our imagination by our half-satisfied passions, instead of on a genuinely scientific natural history. And with that hint as to what I am driving at, I withdraw and ring up the curtain.

Again he says:

> The vitality which places nourishment and children first, heaven and hell a somewhat remote second, and the health of society as an organic whole nowhere, may muddle successfully through the comparatively tribal stages of gregariousness; but in nineteenth century nations and twentieth century empires the determination of every man to be rich at all costs, and of every woman to be married at all costs, must, without a highly scientific social organization, produce a ruinous development of poverty, celibacy, prostitution, infant mortality, adult degeneracy, and everything that wise men most dread.

And here are a few of his epigrams that throw some light on his attitude toward sociological affairs:

> At the instance of Martin Luther we long ago gave up imposing celibacy on our priests; but we still impose it on our art.
>
> Mrs. Tanqueray was received with delight by the public; Saint Teresa would have been hissed off the same stage for her contempt for the ideal represented by a carriage, a fashionable dressmaker, and a dozen servants.
>
> When my moral sense revolted, as it often did to the very fibres, it was invariably at the nauseous compliance of the theatre with conventional virtue.
>
> It is quite possible for a play to enjoy the most sensational success on the basis of a complete misunderstanding of its philosophy; indeed, it is not too much to say that it is only by a capacity for succeeding in spite of its philosophy that a dramatic work of serious poetic import can become popular.
>
> I have, I think, always been a Puritan in my attitude toward Art. I am as fond of fine music and handsome buildings as Milton was, or Cromwell, or Bunyan; but if I found that they were becoming the instruments of a systematic idolatry of sensuousness, I would hold it good statesmanship to blow every cathedral in the world to pieces with dynamite, organ and all, without the least heed to the screams of the art critics and cultured voluptuaries.
>
> I am ashamed neither of my work nor of the way it is done. I like explaining its merits to the huge majority who don't know good work from bad. It does them good; and it does me good, curing me of nervousness, laziness and snobbishness.

In "Mrs. Warren's Profession," which Huneker has pronounced Shaw's greatest and most impossible *opus*, the playwright presents a most repulsive picture of a mother, a woman who quit the honest, loathsome drudgery to which she had been born, to enter the business of keeping gilded

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bagnios on the Continent. He enters a plea for her and her kind, but he inflicts upon her the awful penalty of being scorned and deserted by her daughter whom she had most carefully reared and educated. The play is shocking, but it is not salacious. It has none of the filth of "Zaza" or "The Gay Lord Quex." It mocks not at the family relations, nor does it offer bad example through pictures of decadence in high society. It is the honest argument of a clean-minded man, but is better suited to the study than the stage. This is what Shaw says of it in his preface:

In "Mrs. Warren's Profession" I have gone straight at the fact that, as Mrs. Warren puts it, 'the only way for a woman to provide for herself decently is for her to be good to some man that can afford to be good to her.' There are some questions on which I am, like most Socialists, an extreme Individualist. I believe that any society which desires to found itself on a high standard of integrity of character in its units should organize itself in such a fashion as to make it possible too for all men and women to maintain themselves in reasonable comfort by their industry without selling their affections and their convictions. At present we not only condemn women as a sex to attach themselves to "breadwinners," licitly or illictly, on pain of heavy privation and disadvantage; but we have great prostitute classes of men; for instance, dramatists and journalists, to whom I myself belong, not to mention the legion of lawyers, clergymen and platform publicans who are daily using their highest faculties to belie their real sentiments; a sin compared to which that of a woman who sells the use of her person for a few hours is too venial to be worth mentioning; for rich men without conviction are more dangerous in modern society than poor women without chastity. Hardly a pleasant subject this! I must, however, warn my readers that my attacks are directed against themselves, not against my stage figures.

The great thrill of the play comes in the second act when Mrs. Warren, taunted by her daughter, Vivie, who half-suspects the truth, reveals the revolting story of her life. Mrs. Warren first explains that unlike her daughter, she was not able to pick her own way in life. "People are always blaming their circumstances for what they are. I don't believe in circumstances," retorts the daughter. Then Mrs. Warren tells Vivie that her grandmother kept a fried-fish shop and kept herself and four daughters. Two of the sisters, the respectable ones, worked in a whitelead factory twelve hours a day for nine shillings a week. One died of lead poisoning, though she only expected to get her hands a little paralyzed. The other married a government laborer who took to drink. The third sister, Liz, ran away, and one night when Mrs. Warren was a waitress in a bar at Waterloo station in walked her sister Liz, "in a long fur cloak, elegant and comfortable, with a lot of sovereigns in her purse."

"My Aunt Lizzie!" exclaimed Vivie.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Warren, "and a very good aunt to have, too. She's living down at Winchester now, close to the cathedral, one of the most respectable ladies there—chaperones girls at country balls, if you please. No river for Liz, thank you."

It was Lizzie who pointed the way to Mrs. Warren, as the latter explains, telling her that she was a fool to be wearing out her health and her appearance for other people's profit. The two sisters went into partnership and made a fortune. Mrs. Warren defends her course eloquently, and when her daughter asks her if she is not ashamed, she answers, "What's the use in such hypocrisy? If people arrange the world that way for women, it's no good pretending it's arranged the other way." An impossible play, indeed.

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BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

It is not in the blare of the noonday glare
That the red of the wine invites;
We must borrow the grace of the time and place
To give color to soft delights.

It is not in the heat of the crowded street
That we seek for the shaded pool,
We would travel in vain o'er the burning plain
For the gush of the fountain cool.

Eyes that seem to us bright by the candle's light
May but commonplace be and dim,
And the lips we think red have their beauty sped
When removed from the glass's brim.

Though we know that the smile which we hold awhile
Is but dross of a base alloy,
Yet we marry false sighs to unblushing lies
And then christen the offspring "Joy."

But, oh, never believe that we once deceive
Or once satisfy, e'en in part
By the shadows that pass with the empty glass,
The deep call of the yearning heart.

October, 1905.

The Saunterer

Jordan's Astounding Confession

In view of the fact that political corruption has become very obnoxious in this part of the country and in view of our very earnest campaign for the purification of the politics of San Francisco, it is astonishing that no attention has been paid to the voluntary confession of Frank Jordan, Clerk of the Supreme Court of the state of California. In announcing his impending withdrawal from the political game he said that when he was County Clerk of Alameda county he insured the election of Victor Metcalf to Congress by issuing six thousand fraudulent certificates. Furthermore, he says he issued them at the instigation of the District Attorney of the county. This is the most remarkable tale of political corruption that has been told in many a year, and yet it has not excited the least interest. Mr. Jordan has nothing to fear because prosecution is barred by the Statute of Limitations, but he is still occupying an important position of trust, the man accused of advising him to commit the crime is still prominent in state politics and the man who profited by the crime is a member of the Cabinet of the President of the United States, a position which in all probability he never would have reached had not the crime been committed. When politicians are illegally advantaged as he is said to have been they are not usually in ignorance of the service that has been rendered them. In the circumstances, if the matter were brought to the attention of President Roosevelt, he could not refuse to take cognizance of it, and it would then assume proportions of great magnitude and of national interest. I do not know whether Mr. Jordan's statement can be verified, but his confession is an astounding one, and the indifference of the press to all that it imports is still more astounding.

Reformation in Bohemia

The commercial element of the Bohemian Club is contemplating with a great deal of satisfaction the failure of the new Administration to live up to the predictions of its friends. Some months ago Joe Redding with a few kindred spirits who were much grieved over signs of Philistinic activity in the club, and who felt that the institution had drifted from its old mooring, undertook to reclaim it from the shallows of trade. To that end he started an agitation of bohemian sentiment, rallied the artists and their sympathizers, the true lovers of esthetic diversions, the unsordid dilettante and all who flatter themselves that they are of the true bohemian temperament. He urged them to redeem the club from the rule of Merchant Princes, and make of the motto "Weaving spiders come not here" something more than a mere conceit. The proposition met with enthusiastic response. A standard bearer was selected in the person of that rollicking blade, Bill Barton, who is regarded in the higher, upholstered Bohemia as the embodiment of the sentiment that throbs in the best traditions of the club. It was suggested that as Mr. Barton had long been a resident of New York, there would be some objection to going all the way across the continent for a leader of the revolt against Battery and Sansome streets. This objection was not well taken. Mr. Barton agreed to forswear the fleshpots of Gotham for one whole year and to devote himself to the leading of the children of Bohemia out of earshot of the stock-ticker and the cash register. It was then

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agreed that he should run on a platform which pledged him to give House-Manager Rathbone his quietus and to improve the quality of the wet goods and of the menu. Mr. Barton was triumphantly elected, and then Mr. James D. Phelan, leader of the commercial element, went to Europe to await developments.

Barton Makes His Escape

Some months have passed and notwithstanding the ascendancy of the bohemian element there is no rejoicing in the Bohemian Club. On the contrary, a big storm is raging, and Bill Barton, who promised to stay in San Francisco a whole year, is once more in touch with the fleshpots of Gotham. William has no desire to be the storm centre. The epicures of the club are grumbling about the grub, receipts at the bar have fallen off despite the superior quality of the whisky, and worse than all, an assessment of one hundred dollars has been levied against each member to raise a fund for the purchase of a lot. As soon as Barton went East he wired to the club steward to throw up his job, and sent a man out from Philadelphia to take charge of the dining-room. Fancy a man from Philadelphia catering to the gourmets of San Francisco! Joe Redding returned from the East the other day to pacify the disgruntled in the absence of the wandering President, but the persuasive lawyer has met with little success. The commercial element is enjoying the situation hugely, and it is predicted that the Bohemians will soon be pleading with the Captains of Industry to take charge again and do anything they please with the whisky.

A Question of Honor

The headline writer of the *Examiner* pleases me not. To be sure, the matter of his offending is no novelty and his vagaries usually pass unnoticed; but in this particular case his offense is something more than any good citizen of this democracy should countenance:

BURBANK HONORED BY
DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

Prince Henry de Croy of Belgium Calls on "Wizard" in Santa Rosa.

Indeed! And how, may I ask, did the estimable headline writer of the *Examiner* ascertain the fact that Prince Henry de Croy was such a man as to reflect honor upon Mr. Luther Burbank? I know nothing of this "royal visitor," and the despatch tells nothing about him, except to say that he is "one of the most democratic of men." But men of democratic temperament are not rare in this country. To be sure, it would not have been courteous to a visitor to have said "Burbank Honors Prince de Croy by Receiving Him," but why, if it were impossible to say that, should the honor of the matter have been brought forward at all? Why could not the headline writer have said that "Prince de Croy Visits Burbank," and let it go at that, leaving the public, that knows something about Burbank and also princes, to decide wherein the honor lay? The Prince may be a just and honorable man and in Belgium, where he lives, may wear his royalty like a gentleman; but before we talk about his honoring Luther Burbank, I'd like to know if he has removed any spikes from the feudal peasant-pricking cacti of Belgium, or whether he has blessed his fellowmen with anything as universally beneficent as the Burbank potato? But there is some balm in the despatch, for it ends by saying that "in Belgium the name of Burbank is almost a household word"——and I'll be hanged if I ever heard of any household words in this country that sounded like "Prince Henry de Croy."

Our "Shoemaker" Critics

Some weeks ago a music critic of this city sought an interview with one of the vocal artists of the Tivoli's Italian opera company. An employe of the Tivoli conducted negotiations for the interview but was unsuccessful. When told that the critic wished to discuss music with him he said, "I don't wish to discuss music with a shoemaker." To be sure, this particular critic is not a shoemaker, but the Italian artist made use of the designation to express his contempt for the person whose critiques betray a presumptuous ignorance of the musical art. And he probably would have applied the same designation to any of the other female music critics whose work each week excites the derision of everybody versed in the art. Last week the critics attended the concerts of Emma Eames, whose performance was a revelation in inartistic vocalization. That distinguished prima donna did not get off the key but she did other things almost as bad, and the critics acclaimed her for her art. The concert platform is a pitiless exposer of vocal deficiencies, and Madame Eames is not sufficient of an artist to defy close scrutiny of her methods when interpreting songs without dramatic or orchestral accompaniment. To anybody not afflicted with tone deafness her tones, excepting in the fortissimo passages, were anything but sweet. Of course it is vulgar to demand for voices that they be sensuously appealing. Mere beauty of voice can be recognized by the veriest musical barbarian; we should be able to appreciate the subtler nuances of the art. Well, that is what I looked for in the singing of Emma Eames and was disappointed. The truly artistic singer produces a perfect tone and sings it through the range of her voice without any appreciable change of quality or any break between registers. This is the beginning of all things in singing. It seems simple but it is what most singers never learn. Melba, Sembrich and Tetrazzini have mastered it but Emma Eames has not. She is well skilled in the ornament of song, the trills and jumps, and yet in one instance in her opening concert she failed to do all that the music of the song calls for. It is not unfair to assume that she couldn't.

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A Purely Intellectual Treat

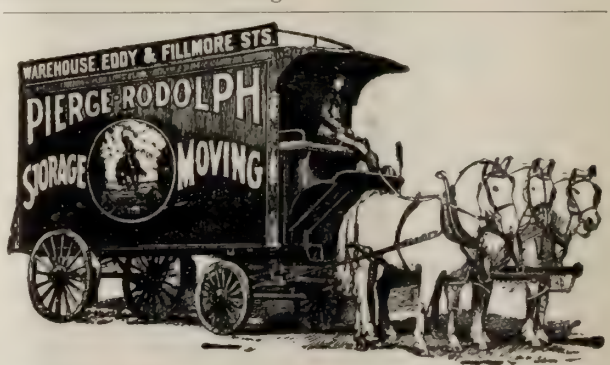
One bold, benighted critic with the courage of her conceit tells us that Emma Eames' art "is of the white, intellectual kind, brilliant and keen." That this critic is not tone-deaf is evident because she acknowledged that certain songs were not given with brilliancy of tone; but awed by the singer's reputation and being unable to detect vocal deficiencies she concluded that Madame Eames was "uninterested in the beginning of her concert." A little later she scoffed at those who complain that Emma Eames has not the heart quality; and she asserted that the heart quality "is a makeshift for poor art," adding that the best works of art, the Monna Lisa, the youths of the Parthenon, surely make no appeal to the heart; they seek higher, they strike the imagination, and so it was with Eames; here was purely an artistic triumph, and appealed solely to the imagination. Perhaps this ladicritic meant to be satirical. Whatever was her purpose she wandered beyond her depth. The conclusion from her premise regarding art is that song is most triumphant when it does not appeal to the heart. Then that curious aphorism, "wine, women and song," must have survived because of its ineptness. When Judith crooned a melody for the ravished ears of Holofernes it was solely for the purpose of stimulating him to mental activity. Wagner composed for the head, not for the passions. And here we have all been laboring under the delusion that art is worthless if it does not exhilarate. We have foolishly imagined that no combination of words is literature unless it reaches the emotions; that poetry is art when it lifts the soul above the domain of reason; that the human figures of Greek sculpture, while seeming to conceive thought, yet still are sensuous, addressing themselves not merely to the reflective faculty, but to the eye; that the ideal aim of Greek sculpture was to deal with the deepest elements of man's nature. We have foolishly imagined that the great singer must have a versatility of mood and know something of the joy of living before she can achieve artistic triumph, the supposition being that music should seek the nerves and arouse the emotions. I am glad to know that the desire for beauty which is a fixed element in every artistic organization is purely an intellectual craving; and that an appeal to the imagination has nothing to do with the heart.

Reedy on Hubbard

It is always pleasant to receive authentic endorsement of one's opinion, especially when one has dissented from the mob. My opinion of Elbert Hubbard has long been that he was something of a faker, and the other day I was pleased to read William Marion Reedy's opinion of him, for Reedy knows him. Reedy is the editor of the St. Louis *Mirror,* a brilliant writer, an amiable philosopher, and a profound student of human affairs. As the man of superficial learning has always great respect for the scholar, Hubbard never loses an opportunity to burn incense in honor of Reedy, and he has brought out a book containing a collection of the editor's essays taken from the files of the *Mirror,* and published under the title, "The Law of Love." I have not seen a copy of it, but I can vouch for the quality of its contents, because I know that what Reedy writes is worth reading. Reedy, however, had nothing to do with the selection of essays and he has no pecuniary interest in the book. But he knows Hubbard and this is what he said of him recently, for publication: "When he announced the imminence of the book to me, he told me what a grand success it was to be and he concluded with this gem: 'Of course, Bill, there'll be nothing in this for you.' Then I remembered Byron's line: 'Now Barabbas was a publisher.' Fra Elbertus is of the tribe tribal, but a good fellow at that. He is the old yankee in whom the genius and the faker are so intimately blent as to be indistinguishable."

Class Distinctions at the Greenway Dances

The social season was formally opened this week with the Greenway ball. The genial Greenway found it quite difficult, I am told, to round up the star performers of the smart set for his dance, and he had to do a good deal of personal interviewing. Of course the Czar's personal plea had the desired effect, for the fashionables are grateful to the man who, in the years agone, enabled them to emerge from obscurity into the white light that beats on the social elect. It was this feeling of gratitude that prompted many of the reluctant leaders to join the Friday Night Club for this year's dances. They wanted to help Ned out and so they consented to contribute a little eclat to the functions through which the amiable Greenway retains that fine commercial asset—social prestige. These leaders of fashion, most of whom are from Burlingame, and who are no longer in need of boosting, are never seen at any of the other dancing clubs. They emerge from the solitude of their own narrow circle only when one of their set gives a private ball. For instance, they were all on hand at Mrs. Whittell's private ball at the St. Francis last year. The Greenway club, as constituted this year, includes representatives of all the sets in town, for Ned has become democratic. There are in it two or three warring cliques and each one is indignant that the others have been given recognition. The Blingumites look scornfully down on all the others and remain haughtily apart at the dances. The women hang together beautifully, but their husbands and brothers are occasionally lured away for a dance by a pretty girl who wouldn't be received at Burlingame, and then their feminine relatives are much chagrined. These class distinctions at Greenway's swagger dances are provocative of much bitter feeling.



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The Colemans

Only the very, very exclusives were invited to Lucie Coleman's tea last week for Mrs. Tom Driscoll. The Colemans do not care to know a great many people and keep almost strictly to the Southern set. They are Kentuckians and related to the Gwins and Maynards. Lucie Coleman made her debut about two years ago. She is a pretty girl with a delightfully gracious manner. Her sister, Sophie, cares very little for society. "Duke" Coleman was quite a beau in the younger set and was shamelessly angled for by matchmaking mothers who were long on money and short on social position. However, he turned his back on the society girls and wedded a pretty trained nurse, and since then has been seen very little by his old set.

His Was a Love Match

That other young Southerner, Campbell Shorb, brother of Mrs. Ynez Shorb White, was another blue-blooded youth who preferred to follow his heart instincts to establishing himself on a firm financial footing with an heiress as a bride. Young Shorb married a short time ago and though the society bavardes chronicled his wedding at great length, nobody seemed to know who the bride was, for she was not in society, but she is a very charming and cultured school teacher. The young couple are devotedly happy, I am told. Yet Mrs. White's big handsome brother was popularly supposed to be a woman-hater, for he could never be dragged to a social function if he could help it. There's a younger Shorb boy who has a position on the St. Francis office staff just as his brother has at the Palace.

Not To Be a Nun This Year

Frances McKinstry, who has rarely appeared in society since her debut two or three years ago, is giving a tea next week for Marguerite Barron, one of the debutantes. It was rumored some time ago that Miss McKinstry's aversion to society arose from a religious inclination and that she had serious intentions of taking the veil. But now that she is to hostess a tea this season, the inference is that she has decided to enter the giddy whirl again.

The Man of the Iron Jaw

Everybody who knows Barbour Lathrop and who wishes to flatter him has only to ask, "Why, Lathrop, are you not tired of wandering?" Then Mr. Lathrop will proceed to tell you how many times he has been up and down the face of the globe and he will also tell you in what cities you can find the best barber shop and where the best drinks are served according to the American fashion. Mr. Lathrop will not travel far this year. He simply intends to spend a few months in the Hawaiian Islands where he will take a long rest from the fatigues that he has gone through in past years. He says he has a lovely country place in the East but he is sorry to say that he has not seen it for about twelve years.

London's Friend Cloudesly

In connection with the series of Socialistic lectures which Jack London will deliver throughout the East this winter, I am interested to learn that the famous young author will not travel alone, but will be accompanied by a young man who is also an author and a Socialist, though not yet so famous as Jack . Fame, however, is a thing of time as well as of performance, and although the name of Cloudesly Johns has not as yet appeared on the title page of a "best seller," it will doubtless find its way there in season due. Indeed, if the plans of Mr. Johns are carried out, it is possible that his name will appear on several best sellers "all to onct," for I am told that he has written, completed and filed away the manuscripts of nine novels, and that he is busying himself writing more. None of these manuscripts has yet been offered to a publisher, Mr. Johns' idea being to finish at least a dozen of them and then have them published simultaneously—delivering, as it were, a literary broadside instead of the usual desultory shot. In this hasty day, when novels are written in the night and rushed to the publisher in the morning, the forbearance of this young writer is well worthy of note. And as the quality of Mr. Johns' work is exceptionally good, if his short stories in the *Century* and other magazines are to be taken as criteria, there is reason for lively speculation regarding these stored-away novels. Anyway, Cloudesly Johns is a clever young man, and in his brilliancy, enthusiasm and earnestness bears a marked similarity to his friend London, with whom he spent much time last year, being with Jack on his yacht for several months while the latter was working on his "Sea Wolf."

A Remarkable Family

Cloudesly Johns is a resident of Los Angeles, and comes of a most interesting family. His grandmother is Rebecca Spring, who took Margaret Fuller to Italy. She married into the once rich family of Springs of New York and you find mention of her in the writings of Longfellow, Fredrika Bremer and Emerson. She now lives in Los Angeles with her daughter and grandsons. This daughter, Jeanie Peet, is a versatile genius, being a verse-writer, sculptor, play-writer and artist. She was married three times, her first husband being Steele Mackaye, the playwriter and actor of New York; her second husband an

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Englishman named Johns, and her third a Mr. Peet. All are now dead. Mrs. Peet had two children by Mackaye, one of whom died; the other, Arthur Mackaye, is living in Los Angeles. Of her union with Johns two children were born, Cloudesly being the only one now living; and two children were also born to her after her marriage with Peet. The two Peet children are handsome boys, both possessed of decided dramatic talent. Bertie Peet is a Byronic looking youth, and is now playing at the Burbank theatre in Los Angeles. Mrs. Peet has a stage built in the studio annex of her home, and there the entire family take part when she is making a new play. Strange to say, the best of feeling exists between all the children in spite of the different names they bear, and as one of their friends expressed it: "They are the happiest, lovingest family you ever saw together."

He Freaks His Dress

It was Socialism, I fancy, which drew Cloudesly Johns and Jack London together, for Johns is one of the Socialistic leaders in Southern California. Like London, he is a clear thinker and a ready speaker, and does not fear to express his opinion anywhere or to anyone. He is a bit aggressive if he thinks one desires an argument, for he is always "ready and primed" on the things he knows about. And the list of these things is no small one, either, for, like London again, his enthusiasm has led him to make personal investigations into the matters regarding which he desired first-hand knowledge. Some time ago he made a trip to New York to study the conditions in the Ghetto, and lived there for quite awhile. He is very earnest in his work, rarely smiling, and he cares as little for the conventionalities of attire as does London. Indeed, it is not much of a hazard to prophesy that the effete Easterners who attend Jack London's lectures will get more than their money's worth as far as personal appearances go—instead of one soft-shirted or be-sweatered Socialist, they will behold two of them.

The Prosecution of Young

The prosecution of the Young court-martial has served to strengthen the rumors started some months ago that the Navy Department purposed clouding the issue of its own responsibility for the *Bennington* disaster by making a scapegoat of the commanding officer of the unhappy craft, the prominence of that officer, and his past fine record, being such that there would be less danger of the department's sincerity being questioned. Since the testimony of the trial was taken, and since the extraordinary active efforts of the department to secure a conviction became apparent, it has been discreetly, but none the less emphatically, reported in Pacific Coast naval circles that there have been two principal factors at work toward the conviction. One is the desire of the Navy Department to escape the blame for the notorious *personnel* law of 1899, which placed the intricate machinery of men-of-war in the hands of inexperienced men, besides producing numerous other anomalies. The other factor is to be found in a certain ring in Washington antagonistic to Commander Young. The case is of peculiar local interest because the fight against Young is being conducted by the men who persecuted Colonel W. L. Pitcher of the army when that fine officer was in serious danger of court-martial because of an entanglement with a young woman. In both cases, the ring did its best to place the accused officer in a bad light, and in both cases the same men have appeared from time to time. It is not the regular "Navy Ring" which is so well known, although some of the anti-Young ring are members of the "Navy Ring," just as at least two of them belonged to the ring which persecuted Pitcher.

A Big Fleet For the Pacific

It will doubtless give joy to the fashionables of this city as well as of several Pacific Coast winter resorts to learn that the Atlantic seaboard is no longer to retain the monopoly of great naval squadrons as attractions for its social centres. From authoritative sources in Washington comes the news to me that the Pacific squadron is to be raised to the dignity and size of a fleet, composed of two or more squadrons, and that the naval defense of the western seaboard, instead of being intrusted, as in the past, to a couple of armorclads and three or four smaller vessels at most, is to consist of a formidable aggregation of battleships, armored and unarmored cruisers and lesser ships. There will probably be two or three admirals commanding as many squadrons of the fleet, each with his brilliant staff, and the various vessels will make imposing manoeuvres off the coast, from Mexico to British Columbia, stopping from time to time at such places as San Diego, San Pedro, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and elsewhere, San Francisco being naturally the base. The assembling of this great fleet will be gradual, but with the many vessels now rapidly approaching completion, it is believed that ere another twelvemonth has elapsed the Pacific fleet, with all its spectacular and social displays, will be with and of us.

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MacArthur's Successor

There is a great deal of curiosity in army circles as to the identity of the officer who will take the place made vacant by the departure of General MacArthur from this command to become the Chief of the General Staff with headquarters in Washington. General Sumner, who is one of the most gallant officers in the army, and who has been frequently thanked by Congress, will shortly retire and the command may fall on General Funston or on General Greely.

Boudoir Cabinet Meetings

"Since Mrs. Roosevelt's return to Washington," writes a correspondent, "the boudoir cabinet meetings have become the important events of the feminine world. Last year, with the able co-operation of the cabinet hostesses, the mistress of the White House accomplished a change in the personnel of the guests at the cabinet banquets. Formerly only Cabinet officials and the chatelaines of their homes broke bread with the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. The result was not exhilarating, and when the old order was changed everybody concerned, particularly the guests of honor, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, were delighted. Encouraged by this approval, it is now said that Mrs. Roosevelt and her lieutenants will attack that ancient bugbear, the 'receiving line,' at the official receptions. Since the days when Mrs. John Adams welcomed the first New Year's callers at the White House it has been customary for the wives of Cabinet officers to stand in line after the President's wife, each in order of her husband's precedence. Now it is proposed to have the President and Mrs. Roosevelt receive alone, as do the rulers of every other country. The cabinet hostesses can add much more eclat to the occasion dispersing themselves among the guests than by standing in a solid phalanx, and, so rumor says, they will adopt this course in future. There are some optimistic persons who hope to induce the President and Mrs. Roosevelt to accept more frequently invitations from officials other than the Cabinet members or the circle of personal friends. It is hinted that in view of the potent position which this country holds in the council of nations, the President should unbend toward the diplomatic corps. Hitherto it has been the tradition of all Chief Executives to refrain from accepting any hospitality from the corps. The occasions when a President of the United States has appeared under the roof of an embassy or legation were so rare that they can be counted on one hand. Charlemagne Tower, of Oakland, Ambassador at Berlin, recently had the honor of entertaining the Emperor and Empress of Germany at his mansion on the Unter den Linden. The Emperor, at least once a year, dines with the American Ambassador, and the same is true of the British sovereign and almost all the monarchs of Europe. The Czar always returns the calls of Ambassadors, though he never accepts any hospitality. It is argued that if the American diplomats are thus honored by the sovereigns to whom they are accredited, it would be gracious in the President of the United States and Mrs. Roosevelt to respond in kind. A vista of dinners and receptions in which the White House and the picturesque foreign corps are brought into such close touch will be of absorbing interest this winter. It would add greatly to the prestige of the national capital as a social centre and be the first step in the reorganization, which is inevitable if the polite world is to keep pace with the political and commercial."

When School Teachers Disagree

The famous Frontin case is now agitating the Teachers' Mutual Aid Society. About five years ago it was disclosed that over two thousand dollars had been paid to one beneficiary contrary to the laws of the institution, three hundred dollars being the limit. Then there was trouble. The case is a sad one. Miss Frontin was a teacher who went insane, and her friends in the department, acting through a sympathetic Board of Directors, provided for her maintenance. When the members of the society learned of the money that had been contributed out of the coffers of the organization they were very indignant and quickly stopped the leak. The society now finds itself up against the alternative of cutting down the sum paid to beneficiaries each week or raising the dues. On Friday of last week the teachers held a very stormy session. There was no hair-pulling but there was a great deal of perfervid oratory, some shouting, quite a little sibilant protest and a chorus of groans. That strenuous and accomplished veteran of the Girls' High School, Mary Prag, was in the thick of the debate, hurling large chunks of parliamentary lore and occasionally appealing to the emotions of the pedagogical sisterhood. She won out by sheer force of talk. Miss Eleanor Owens of the Girls' High School held her own as a proponent of sane business methods. She suggested that the society should be just before it was generous. It is said that a lot of the old school teachers who have prudently drawn down their three hundred dollars are holding on in the hope of getting more, while many of the younger element decline to go in for Mutual Aid, saying that it's a cinch for those on the inside. Altogether it's a pretty mess as it stands. The battle will be renewed Friday, November tenth.

A Pedagogic Clash

A big row is on in the English department of the University of California, and it reached a climax a few days ago when Professor William D. Armes and Professor Charles D. Von Neumayer openly clashed over the fixing of the date for the production of "Paolo and Frencesca" under the auspices of the University Dramatic Association. The play has been in course of preparation for some

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months and Professor Armes, who is at the head of the dramatic organization, decided that its presentation to an anxious public was about due and accordingly announced that it would be given on the eighteenth of November. This announcement had scarcely been made when Professor Von Neumayer, who has been coaching the student actors, came out with a declaration that it would be the sheerest folly to produce the play so early. He suggested that the performance be postponed. Professor Von Neumayer's veiled criticism of his official superior, Professor Armes, has created no end of talk in the university town. Professor Armes has been in the English department some years and is said to have developed quite an exalted opinion of himself. Professor Von Neumayer is a comparatively new man in the Berkeley faculty. He holds the position of instructor in public speaking. It has been known to a few for some months that Professor Armes and Von Neumayer were verging on open hostilities. Their differences are now so well defined that Professor Gayley, the head of the department, must take cognizance of the situation. The university gossips are recalling the fact that the late Professor Syle, who died of a broken heart following his enforced resignation from the faculty, was dropped from the English department because of disagreements with his superiors.

Harris May Get the Job

The hostile attitude of the two professors is watched with great interest in society and academic circles across the bay, and developments are eagerly awaited. Interest is especially keen because of the presence in Berkeley of Elmer Harris, a graduate of the University, who has exhibited some histrionic and literary talent. He recently returned to his alma mater to receive her plaudits for having had a play accepted in a competitive affair in Germany. He has protracted his visit long past the time when he should have been journeying to Europe to supervise the production of his drama. While in college Harris was the associate of Richard Tully, Mrs. Hearst's protege, and was very popular as a monologist. Berkeley society has made quite a lion of him the past few months, for he is young, tall and handsome, of interesting personality and a fluent conversationalist. He has expressed himself as quite charmed with Berkeley, too, but not a few are wondering if he is not lengthening his visit in the hope of stepping into Professor Von Neumayer's faculty shoes. The regents' contract with Professor Von Neumayer expires at the close of this year and Elmer Harris has been very chummy with Professor Armes for some weeks.

His Wife a Jewess

With the granting of a constitution and political liberty to the Russian people, a new figure looms large in the public eye, a new idol is reared for the worship of a great nation, and for the ensuing few months the personality of Count Witte will receive extensive exploitation in the magazines of all countries. Count Witte is something more than the first Premier under the new constitution of the free people of Russia. He is the statesman who led them out of their bondage and his ascendancy in the governmental affairs of the Empire is of tremendous significance in view of one fact that appears to have escaped the attention of the daily press—the wife of Count Witte is a Jewess. Last week Countess Witte received royal recognition for the first time in her life. She was given a reception by the Empress, a circumstance that adumbrated the intention of the Czar to confide his fortunes to the hands of the Count. The Countess is a woman of the people and of humble birth, and never before was she received at court. When M. Witte was elevated to the ministry in the nineties the Emperor was reported to have said to him, "Remember you are not married." The fixing of his wife's social status has been one of Count Witte's ambitions, and must rank as one of the greatest triumphs of his life.

Teddy and the Colonel

President Roosevelt's most remarkable achievement during his trip through the South was his conversion of Henry Watterson, the fire-eating, uncompromising Democratic editor of Louisville. Next to Judge Garber of San Francisco and Berkeley no man was more bitter than Henry Watterson in his denunciation of President Roosevelt after the memorable Booker Washington episode. Colonel Watterson was terribly shocked to hear that a negro had been dined at the White House, and he proceeded to hurl rip-snorting invective at the head of the Executive, but Colonel Henry is now in an apologetic mood. He published a long editorial the other day expressing his forgiveness not only for the Booker Washington incident but for the Crum affair. He said that Roosevelt's speech at the Stonewall Jackson statue was equal to anything ever said by Abraham Lincoln and he added: "The South has wandered forty years through a wilderness of sectionalism for this vision of the promised land of perfect nationality. It has longed for some Messiah of patriotism and brotherhood to rise in the North and to reach out to it the hand of

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equality, having a heart in it. To Theodore Roosevelt this happy lot has fallen. Though we differ tomorrow never again shall there be from us acerbity of thought or speech. Today at least shall be given to the love of God, to the fellowship of manhood, and to the unity and glory of our country. Let mean and paltry bigots, let glum faced partyism for a moment stand aside. Room, room alone, while the President passes through 'the States lately in rebellion' for the grandeur of the nation and the majesty of the people."

Heney for Governor

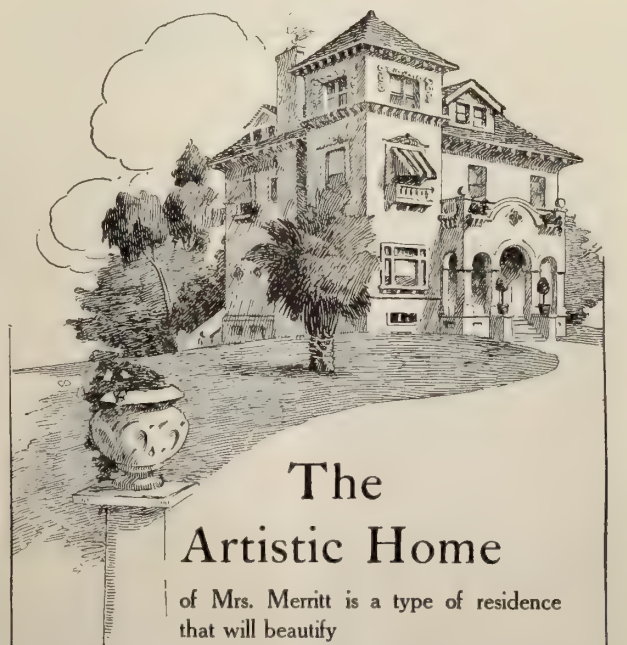
Though it is somewhat premature to be speculating on the gubernatorial contest of 1906 the politicians are already giving the matter earnest attention. It is of course impossible at this time to foreshadow developments. The Republican leaders are eagerly waiting for the decision of the people in the local election, and as for the Democratic leaders they hardly know "where they are at." It is generally felt, however, that Francis J. Heney will have to be reckoned with in the gubernatorial contest. By his brilliant handling of the prosecution of Senator Mitchell and the other conspirators in the land fraud cases Heney has come to be recognized as a man after Roosevelt's own heart, a public servant who cannot be swerved from the path of duty, and though he is not a political lawyer, in the present temper of the American people the inducements for a man of his calibre to enter the political arena are tremendous. Professional politicians who spend a great deal of time anticipating developments think it quite likely that before next summer a situation will arise that will make the call for Heney in the Democratic party imperative. And they are looking forward to a singular anomaly consequent upon the attitude of the President in the railroad-rate controversy. It is this: the endorsement of the Roosevelt policy by the Democratic State Convention and the silence thereon of the Republican State Convention. In such an event it is said that Heney may be called upon to run for Governor as a Roosevelt Democrat, and if called upon he would not be likely to decline the nomination, especially as he would probably be urged by the President to accept.

What He Thinks of Teddy

Heney came to town a few weeks ago, and he has been receiving the felicitations of his friends on his success in Oregon, but with characteristic modesty he attributes that success to the influence of President Roosevelt. He is one of the most enthusiastic of Roosevelt admirers. "The people of Portland," he said to me the other day, "were inclined to think that there was sectional and political prejudice behind the prosecution of Senator Mitchell, until it became known that President Roosevelt was convinced that great frauds had been committed. There is nothing more pleasant to contemplate than the widespread faith and confidence in the patriotism and sincerity of our President. He has given impetus to the cause of good government all over this country, and he has not only awakened the people to a sense of their civic duty but he has brought the crooks of high finance to a sense of the shame in which they have involved their families by their conscienceless greed." It is not generally known that it was ex-Attorney General Knox who discovered Heney for the President. The San Francisco attorney won the admiration of Knox some years ago when he went on to Washington to defend his friend Judge Humphreys of Honolulu when the Hawaiian bar was trying to have that jurist removed from the bench. Heney routed the Hawaiian attorneys and he handled the case so brilliantly that he was later employed to defend a Federal Judge located at Nome against whom serious charges were preferred. In that case as in all others in which he is employed he made his client's interests his own and fought with that aggressiveness which distinguished him in his early career among the gun-fighters and bad men of Arizona. His pluck and tenacity so impressed Attorney General Knox that the latter urged him to take up his residence in Washington and become his assistant, but Heney's private practice was too good to be dropped for a political job.

Pardee's New Judge

My repeated efforts to persuade Governor Pardee to fill the vacancy on the Oakland bench bore fruit a few days ago when Deputy District Attorney Harris was appointed to the job. In the despatches to the dailies from Oakland it was said that Harris was appointed to succeed Judge Greene "who died recently." Judge Greene died more than four months ago, and after spending more than four months trying to find a member of the bar of Alameda county fitted for the high judicial position Governor Pardee went into the District Attorney's office and picked out a deputy upon whom he decided to bestow the honor. Harris is comparatively an inexperienced lawyer, who, not long ago, was a school teacher, but he has a pull in politics across the bay and should be able to throw a few delegates



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for Pardee in the State Convention. He has the reputation of being a man of good moral character, and I am told that he will make a good judge, but I can hardly assume that it took Governor Pardee more than four months to satisfy himself of the young lawyer's moral and professional qualifications, and when judicial timber is being selected there should be no thought of political expediency.

MISS AGNES TOBIN

This portrait is reproduced from the photograph by Dr. A. Wilhelmj, of which but two copies, I believe, are obtainable, one being in the possession of the subject. Dr. Wilhelmj is very well-known in society, having come from Germany not long ago, bringing letters that introduced him into the inner circle. He belongs to one of the oldest and best families in Germany. Photography has been the delight of his leisure moments, particularly pictorial photography. His style is absolutely his own as shown in his portraits of Madame Gadski, Fritz Kreisler, and Eugen d'Albert. This portrait of Miss Tobin shows her at her harp, on which she, as well as her sister Beatrice, Mrs. Raoul-Duval, is an accomplished performer. I hear that at Burlingame they speak of Petrarch as the man who collaborated with Agnes Tobin.

Wangenheim Surprised Them

Most of the members of the Congregation Emanu-El were taken by surprise last Sunday when Henry Wangenheim was elected to the presidency of the Directory. Mr. Wangenheim had kept his ambition a secret from all but his intimate friends, and as he resigned the secretaryship of the board a few months ago, because of his intention to go abroad, when he was put in nomination for the presidency many members of the Congregation were astonished. They were under the impression that he contemplated

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spending a long period of time in Europe and that the Congregation was to be deprived of his valuable services. Now Mr. Wangenheim is regarded as a very clever strategist. There is no salary attached to the presidency of the Congregation, and it is regarded as purely an honorary position, but during the coming year it will probably require a great deal of attention for it is proposed to erect a new and handsome synagogue at the corner of Sutter street and Van Ness avenue. The temple is to cost a great deal of money, and the president will be expected to devote much time to the safeguarding of the interests of the Congregation.

When Tetrazzini Flirted with Michel

Mr. Leopold Michel, in the most correct of evening clothes, gloved and boutonniered, was sitting in a box at the Tivoli last Sunday night, drinking in the music and occasionally whispering about finance into the ear of Mr. Sloss and Mr. Hecht. Now Mr. Michel is a connoisseur of music and he knows a baritone from a soprano just as he knows a gas jet from an electric light. Tetrazzini had just finished an aria, and the applause was as usual, deafening. Bunches of violets were showered on the prima donna and Mr. Michel was not backward in coming forward with the hand clapping. The diva looked up at the box and there she beheld the enraptured Michel engaged in bursting a brand new pair of white kids. She came as close to the box as she could and hurled right at Mr. Michel a large and fragrant bunch of violets. Michel blushed, Tenor Bazelli frowned, Mr. Sloss covered his face with his hands and said "Naughty, naughty," Mr. Hecht said something about "at that time of life," and now when Mr. Michel goes down Sansome street and meets any of his old associates they hum "Sweet Violets."

Mamma—Have you accepted Mr. Watson?

Laura—No, I've taken his proposal under advisement until I find out whether his auto is as fast as Mr. Bloomer's.

Schwab May Build a Smelter

There is a report going the rounds of real estate circles that C. M. Schwab intends to build a smelter in this city. It is said that his agents have already looked at two blocks of land in the vicinity of the Union Iron Works, and that it is just possible that he will locate the works there. The smelter will be used to smelt the ore from Schwab's mines in the Tonopah district. Of course the smelter combine people laugh at the idea and say that Mr. Schwab would come to terms with them before he built, and that there is nothing in the rumor. This remains to be seen. One thing is rather singular; months ago the Smelter combine was going to put up a copper smelter right away and nothing has as yet been done. It can hardly require all these months to select a site.

Her Complimentary Dedication

Fanny Rosenthal, Countess Murasky, the buxom tobacconist of Montgomery street, has composed a lyric and dedicated it to the Burlingame Country Club. It is entitled "Are Men to be Trusted? Nix!" This is the refrain:

He may swear by all above,
And will prove by magic tricks
That his true undying love
Is forever yours, but—nix!

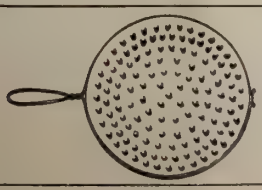
Just why this song was dedicated to the Burlingame Country Club is a mystery. It has caused almost as much comment as did Arthur Delroy's dedication of "The Girls of Frisco" to Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Another Viewpoint

An indignant resident of Los Angeles has taken me to task for what he terms "my erroneous estimate of the personality and character of Librarian Lummis." "Undoubtedly," he writes, "the most overrated human being in California is this same Lummis, whose only claim to recognition lies in the fact that he is a literary freak, an abusive creature with tongue and pen, a pretended humanitarian, repulsive in dress and manner. He was one of the charter members of the Sunset Club, but was let out for non-payment of dues." The clubwomen of Los Angeles, I am assured by this same correspondent, will not let up on him, because of certain eccentricities.

Some Misogynic Reflections

Another Los Angeles correspondent writes me that though there are many pretty women in the metropolis of the citrus belt they are to be found only among the wage-earners. "I was out at a garden fete at Santa Monica recently," he writes, "and never before did I see such an aggregation of plain, homely and uninteresting women—and they were impersonating beautiful women of history and fiction. I saw not one pretty maid in character. At the theatres the pretty women are from the east side and not from the Adams street or Westlake divisions; they are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from the stores and banks and offices, and are not of society. The young blood with an automobile or carriage never takes out a society girl, but hunts up some good-looking cashier or accountant in office or bank. The young millionaire who ran over and killed a poor woman did not have a society girl with him. His companion was a gay young stenographer from a real estate office in the Douglass Block. Los Angeles is a city of clubwomen. There are 3,410 active clubwomen in Los Angeles, counting negro women and all, a circumstance explanatory of the number of wayward children in the streets, the number of disgusted husbands and the tremendous increase in divorces. No wonder that stenographers have a fine time in Los Angeles."

Livingston Jenks at War

"It is to laugh," for there's another "high fence war" broken out among our aristocrats that will tickle the risibles and excite the wonder of the gossips and neighbors on many of these leaden fall days. Those good old biff and bang days, "nail the boards up higher, McClosky" days are come again; those warlike days when Crocker, Barnes and their kind used to parade their gardens with hammers gripped between their jaws, fists full of nails and boards of extraordinary length beneath their bulging arms, ready at the snap of a pistol to shut out the staring light of heaven from the houses of their next door neighbors. This time the seat of war is the crest of Russian Hill. Livingston Jenks and a bunch of his neighbors are in warfare that borders dangerously on the line of the law courts. Years before Mr. Jenks thought of putting up the handsome residence at Vallejo and Green streets the householders in Green street to the north used to pass over the site to reach their homes. There was a well-used road across the hill which his fence now encloses that served the tradespeople to reach the residents living on the other side of the hill. This road was an exceedingly serviceable short cut but it has been closed.

His Ultimatum

In planning his new house Livingston Jenks used the Taylor and Vallejo street end of this road as the entrance to the yard stretching around the front of his house. On account of the slope of the hill he found it necessary to use the north end of the road for his autos and carriages. This course took him out on Green street to Jones. A few months ago when he moved into the new house he erected a stout gate across the roadway and on it he posted the sign "Private Property. Do not Trespass." Householders, trades people, pedestrians and everybody else in the neighborhood were at once estopped from using the old cut-off and were forced to climb two blocks of the stiffest hill in the city to reach their destination on the other side. It was gently intimated to Mr. Jenks that he would confer an extremely great favor if he would graciously permit his servants to leave the gate open a few hours each day so that certain parties might pass through. He replied that the passageway was on his private property and he proposed to keep it private, and he did.

Flanked by the Artful Enemy

The householders on the other side of the hill fretted and fumed under the decision but they saw no way to circumvent it. The "think" was up to them. They discussed ways and means for weeks, until one day an ancient and honorable householder received an inspiration. The disputed roadway after it enters the Livingston Jenks grounds circles the crest of Russian Hill and pitches into Green street near Jones street. It so happens that Green street is not cut to grade at this point and the roadway passes over private property in order to reach the easiest outlet on Green street. This tart and ancient householder was testily viewing the scene of strife one moonlight night and struggling to conceive a plan to outflank Livingston Jenks when the happy idea struck him that the old cow-trail roadway passed over part of his property. Next morning before daybreak he had carpenters on the hill erecting a giant gate across the road. It was as strong and forbidding as the Jenks gate and it completely cut Mr. Jenks off from the rear entrance to his own home. Now this was a galling and a hard hit at the Jenks pride and plans, for the Jenks family moves and has most of its being in automobiles and carriages and to cut off this rear roadway to the house was to cut off the only practical way of access for autos and carriages to the Jenks domicile. The united army of the enemy were on hand at the new gate with broad grins of delight when Jenks came up in his puffing auto and was blocked from entering his own back yard. On one side of the narrow road was the house of his enemy, on the other side was a sheer bluff of thirty feet topped by a gentle rise that ended in the crest of Russian Hill. Mr. Jenks retired in graceful discomfiture amid the ringing whoops of the victorious enemy.

Jenks' Napoleonic Move

But Mr. Jenks is not the man to yield without a kick, as the men who have handled his political fights will attest. The "think" was up to him and he attacked it with his usual energy. The cheerful enemy went to bed when the sunset gun boomed from Alcatraz. Meanwhile Livingston Jenks wearily climbed the crest of the hill by moonlight to overlook the battlefield and figure out his next move. Nobody knows how much shoe leather he wore out in pacing off laterals, transverses, scarps and abbatis on the slopes of Russian Hill during those painful midnight hours; no one knows how much gray matter he wasted away in washing out the knotty problem, but they do know what it cost him to counteract the move of the enemy. The cost was fifty thousand dollars. But that sum is a mere bagatelle

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to a millionaire like Livingston Jenks in this fight, when you figure out that Japan paid six hundred million dollars to wallop the Russians. Livingston Jenks would cheerfully have planked down twice fifty thousand dollars to circumvent those hoi polloi that were giving him the ha! ha! as they sat perched like blackbirds on the gate commanding the rear entrance to his domicile.

Quandary of the Enemy

However for that sum he purchased the two fifty vara lots commanding the whole north top of Russian Hill. Around these lots he built a high board fence. That fence completely blocks the enemy from making any cut-offs across the top of the hill to their properties. Having figuratively nailed the enemy to the board fence in that direction Mr. Jenks now proposes to hack his way to freedom by cutting a new roadway from Jones street over the slope of the hill just below his fence and thus meeting the old roadway that reaches the rear of his yard. This new Via Jenksia will be boarded and gated all along the flanks and at both ends. According to the plans of the doughty Jenks if the enemy ever get through his hill defences in that direction they'li have to use siege guns and airships. He is sleeping nights now while his myrmidions are polishing up his carriages and decorating his automobiles preparatory to the procession that is to celebrate the building of the new fence and the opening of the new roadway into his domain. Meanwhile the enemy is lying awake nights. The "think" is up to them. The dove of Peace hasn't been on Russian Hill since Livingston brandished that fifty thousand dollar wad in the midnight moonlight and shouted "Hic Jenksit!!"

The Significance of a Dinner

When Mrs. Peter Martin first came to San Francisco it was extremely difficult to obtain a photograph of her, but now nobody has any difficulty in obtaining her counterfeit presentment for publication. Her photographs are now as plentiful as those of Anna Held and Edna May. The newspapers now keep them in stock ready for emergency. The little dinner given by Mrs. Peter Martin last week served to silence gossip on the subject of the rivalry said to exist between her and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Walter Martin, who was invited to meet the Goelets, as was also her half-niece Genevieve Harvey. The local representatives of the Martin clan are getting closer every day to Mrs. Astor's set.

They Entertained the Baron

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin are doing the honors for the city nowadays when it comes to entertaining the distinguished stranger within our gates. There have been staying in the city a most ancient and honorable family in the persons of the de Tuylls of Holland. The Baron de Tuyll is a young man of agreeable manners and represents his nation at Washington as Charge d'Affaires. He is accompanied by his wife, a rather pretty blonde, his mamma, and a sister. It is said that the old Baroness is an aunt of pretty Queen Wilhelmina, and if this is the case it is certain that the dainty little queen did not get her good looks from this side of the family. They are the most unpretentious people that ever invaded this city and when they travel it is a sight for the gods. They do not believe in even a pretension to wearing good clothes, and when they arrived at a prominent hostelry the other morning they would not have been received with that effusiveness which prevails around hotels if they had not been known. Of course they were given the stamp of approval when the Peter Martins entertained them at dinner last Sunday night, and then took them to the Tivoli to hear Tetrazzini.

Impresario Greenbaum entertained Harold Bauer and Joseph Hollman at dinner last Saturday after the matinee, at the St. Francis.

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The Schroth sisters, Alice and Florence, are giving a card party on Wednesday afternoon, the thirteenth, at their beautiful new home, 1979 Jackson street. One hundred invitations have been issued for the event.

A Good One on Bauer

The very latest on Harold Bauer—he tells it himself with as much gusto as if he were playing a favorite number—was Willie Greenbaum's evening suit, to say nothing of Oscar Weil's cuffs and Fred Maurer's prince albert. Here is how it all came about. The great artist was booked to give a concert in Seattle (I think it was). So he started from Canada in what he thought to be good season. But he counted without his host, Uncle Sam. To say that Bauer is a great artist is to say that he is a foreigner. Being a foreigner, he may not land on these free shores until he is poorer by two dollars and richer by a piece of paper duly signed by John Doe, M. D. Bauer can raise the necessary two needfuls, but not the doctor. Naturally, he proceeds to raise the devil. All to no purpose. He cannot effect a landing. "I am Harold Bauer," says he to US, putting his money and his modesty into his pocket. "I am to give a concert here tonight." We are famous for not knowing art when we see it; so we say to him, "How in — do we know?" "Look here," quoth he; "my face has been plastered all over your walls for a week or more." But do you think that we knew that there is only one Harold Bauer in the world? Not a bit of it. How could we tell? So the only Harold can keep money, his temper, and the company of fifty Chinamen until what time the doctor sees fit to show up. When will that be, pray? O, tomorrow, or the next day. God knows when. Before the pianist finally succeeds in losing his two whites and his fifty yellows, he has lost the last bit of his temper and his engagement into the bargain.

Chapter Two—In Paris of the Pacific

But now, safely landed, he comes on to San Francisco, the Paris of the Pacific, the Mecca of Mummers and Musicians; and, by a miracle wholly inexplicable brings with him the clothes he has on. The rest of his "things," he can no more get hold of than if they had been a U. S. M. D. He telegraphs. Not enough; he must send a written order. 'Tis done. Still not enough. The order should have been signed by himself and accompanied by his keys. Again 'tis done. In the meantime, he puts up at the St. Francis and with things without "things" as best he may. There, his friend, Maurer, calls on him. No sooner is the door shut than "Come, off with your coat, Maurer!" says he savagely, not having yet recovered his temper or his togs. Now, Fred Maurer—a silly critic to the contrary notwithstanding—is not there with the punch. (The local heavyweight has all the science in the world—I have Bauer's own word for that—but not the knock-out blow the knocking critic credits him with; thereby discrediting herself.) "What's up?" says he, eyeing Bauer's fists, and wondering how long it takes to count ten seconds. "Come, off with it!" commands the great soloist, taking off his. The great accompanist obeys. They shake hands. The local boy gets into position; but the foreigner—whose punch beats his all hollow—considerately turns his back on him, puts on the prince albert aforesaid, and studies the effect in the glass. "Why," breathed F. M., much relieved—being, as I have said, no bruiser—"I thought you wanted to scrap!"

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Chapter Three—A Whirlwind Finish

"But now," said Harold Bauer. "A few minutes ago I was fighting mad, but at present I have merely a harmless mania for wearing other people's clothes. This will do nicely for the matinee!" "O," exclaimed Fritz, bearing in mind how closely great wit is allied to madness, "you can be just as mad as you like, so long as you are not mad with me. Who steals my coat steals trash; but he who biffs me in the breadbasket touches me in my tenderest spot, robs me of wind that naught enriches him, and leaves me poor indeed!" "Put on your coat," said the heavyweight to the heavyweight, "and let's go down to lunch." But, as saith the French proverb, "things" come to those that wait. Accordingly, on Thursday evening, the hour appointed for the concert found Bauer clothed as usual and in his right mind. When it was all over, a lovely lady approached the great pianist and gushed: "O, Mr. Bauer, you did play that little thing so joyously! You must have been feeling very happy!" "I was," said he. "Every time I looked down, I saw something that delighted me." The lovely lady blushed anticipatingly. "What was it? Do tell me!" she asked eagerly. She had been sitting in a front seat. Cried the artist, ecstatically: "My own pants!"

Mrs. Frank C. Havens is giving a tea this afternoon for Mrs. John Vance Cheney, who is visiting his daughter Hope, Mrs. Harold Havens, in Piedmont. Mrs. Cheney has not visited this part of the world in some years and she has many friends, including her old piano pupils, who are delighted to entertain her. Mrs. Tom Magee senior was one of the Cheney pupils, as was Margaret Cameron Smith Lewis, the playwright.

One Comes Off, the Other Goes On

It was at a tea given at her parents' home in San Mateo that Beatrice Bromfield announced her engagement last week. The announcement surprised her friends, who had no idea that she would give up the stage just when she was on the threshold of success. Miss Maddern and Mrs. Hugh Russell took part in the program given during the progress of the reception. I hear, by the way, that the younger Bromfield sister has prevailed upon her parents to let her study for the stage, but she will go in for opera as she has a voice.

Nordica's Reputed Fiance

Captain De la Mar, who is reported in the despatches as about to lead Nordica to the altar, is a multi-millionaire, who laid the foundation of his fortune in the mines of California. He pays periodical visits to the state, and was last here, I believe, some three years ago, when he was accompanied by his little daughter. He married the beautiful Miss Sands of New York in 1894, and five years later they were divorced. The captain is of a jealous temperament and is said to have been estranged from his wife through the machinations of a crafty servant.

Matrimony a Failure

As with most women of artistic temperament, Nordica's marriages were not happy. Her second husband, Count Doeme, from whom she was divorced some eighteen months or so ago, is well remembered here, especially about the Palace hotel, where he was a picturesque figure during Nordica's first visit with the Grau company. Doeme's

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chief occupation then was drawing checks upon his wife. He was younger than his Brunhilde, but theirs was said to have been a pure love match. They separated when the singer was told of his amours in Paris by a girl employed as a maid by Melba.

To Talk's the Thing

The most animated of the audience at the Eames evening concert was Helen Dean, who had so much to say to the admiring swains in her box that even de Gorgoza did not interrupt. It is thought that Miss Dean brought the fashion of talking to a musical accompaniment from New York, where it has been the vogue for several seasons, providing material for the journalistic jesters which they could ill afford to miss. Mrs. Walter Martin, on the contrary, never spoke a word during any of the numbers—a hopelessly provincial attitude. Mrs. Henry T. Scott was with her daughter, and looked very handsome in black and white. Mrs. Mark Gerstle wore a chic pink costume. The Wilson girls, Bessie and Bernice, were marvelously coiffed after the English style and both wore long brown opera cloaks. Mrs. Eleanor Martin and her granddaughter, Miss Harvey, were of the audience at the Eames matinee, and indeed there were few society women not present, for Emma Eames is the darling of our swim. Mrs. de Young was there with her youngest daughter, and Ethyl Hager with one of her girl chums.

Madame Eames stayed at Dr. Harry Tevis' country place on the days between her concerts. She would not submit to any large entertainments in her honor.

A Happy Family of Orphans

The San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children has a beautiful new home at Lake street and Fourteenth avenue. Last week it had a charming house-warming. Every one who crossed the threshold that day entered with a spirit of good will and approval toward the women who erected the handsome home, and to some came thought of the text. "Unto the least of these little ones." Here were gathered sixty-five little children from two to fourteen years of age. Not one was left there under happy circumstances, but individually and collectively they were healthy-looking and joyful. There is nothing of the *institution* about this "Nursery." It is a *home* indeed, and it has the home atmosphere. The appearance and behavior of the children, their air of contentment and the happy family impression that the visitor receives—all bespeak a kindly, motherly influence, and great credit is due to the managers and especially to the matron. It is beautiful to be a good mother to one's own children; it is saintly to be a good mother to a big family of poor and orphaned children. This is the fifteenth year of the Nursery's existence, and thanks to the interest of many charitable people, the work of caring for these poor and abandoned children grows with the growth of our local civilization. On the board of managers and on the list of subscribers and contributors are the names of many of San Francisco's most prominent people. The building committee are Mrs. Herbert E. Law, Mrs. J. Bertz and Dr. G. E. Manning. The good work is deserving of the support of the whole city, for money is required to feed and clothe the little ones and to pay for their lovely home, which will be the only one many a child will know in this big, hospitable city. The next opportunity we shall have to help this worthy cause will be on the occasion of a gift-sale at the St. Francis, November seventeenth and eighteenth.

Good Marks for Dan Cupid

The blind god seems to hit the bullseye every time he uses any of the fascinating Borel sisters as a target. One by one they debut and become engaged. Sophie Borel's engagement tripping swift on the heels of her sister Alice's made their friends sit up again just as they were prepared to rest after discussing the first announcement. There are still two unmarried Borel girls, Lupita and Chronita. It is expected that Alice and Sophie will have a double wedding when Aylett Cotton returns next fall. Mr. Cotton and Sophie's fiance, Mr. Lewis, are great chums, I hear. It was thought last year that Lieutenant Rockwell and Sophie Borel were to make a match of it, but the rumor proved to be groundless. The lieutenant married a Spokane girl a few months ago.

Patronize the Goat

As Aylett Cotton finds that his business interests necessitate his residence in Manila for a number of years, his bride will have to make up her mind to expatriate herself for awhile or else break her engagement. The Borels are a very united family and will lament to lose one of their happy number, even for a few years.

Mrs. Charles H. Sherman and her daughter, Mrs. William Merrill Tryon, gave a large matinee reception the other day as a house-warming. The Shermans have just moved into their handsome new house in Fell street, and Dr. and Mrs. Tryon are to reside with them. The Tryons gave a five hundred party on Hallowe'en.

Once more have I succeeded in accelerating the work of Dan Cupid. Last week I reported the symptoms of a love affair between Mrs. Ready of Santa Cruz, a widow with a million, daughter of multi-millionaire Hihn, and Mr. Henry Hall, an humble young clerk, several years her junior. When Town Talk reached Santa Cruz the news spread rapidly and the following day Mrs. Ready announced her engagement. The marriage took place last Monday and Mr. Hall and his bride started on their treacle moon trip to Arizona. As Mrs. Hall is not in robust health the probability is that their sojourn in Arizona will be a protracted one.

Miss Ide and the Captain

Some of the gossips are wondering whether there is any significance in the return of Captain Wigmore just as pretty Miss Ide came to town. They have heard that in

Are you going to be married—See Tom Dillon, opp. Palace Hotel.

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Is coming—with crowded stores and busy salespeople. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

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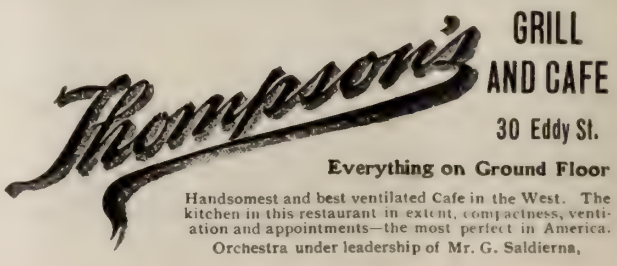

Manila society wondered whether Miss Ide would ever be persuaded to make the captain happy, and they are inclined to think that Dan Cupid has taken a hand in the interest of the son of Mars. To few girls does so much of the joy of living come in a short space of time as has been crowded into the lives of the Ide girls since they emerged from the obscurity of Berkeley. It seems but a few years ago that they were referred to, across the bay, as the little Ide girls, and not the slightest premonition could they have had in those days of the prominence that they have achieved in the world of fashion. They have met the Dowager Empress of China, all the big wigs of the army and navy, and can speak of the great ones of the earth as if they were their intimate friends. Captain Wigmore, I am assured, is "an awfully nice fellow." He belongs to the Wigmore family of Los Angeles. His father was at one time a wealthy hardware merchant, but suffered business reverses and is no longer rich.

The French Situation to be Discussed

Among those who are interested in the lectures on French history which the Reverend Henry Woods, S. J., will deliver during this and next month are Mrs. Thomas Bishop, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. George Hyde, Mrs. Joseph Hooper, Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Loughborough, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Phelan, Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mrs. R. E. Queen, Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan and Mrs. P. de Vecchi. The lectures are for the benefit of the St. Ignatius Training Association of which Mrs. Walter C. Dean is president. The cause itself is one that must always appeal to the charitably inclined, its object being to train, in body and mind, the children of the poor. Of course all the prominent Catholic society women will be present but a great number of non-Catholics have also signified their intention of attending. Possibly these are curious to know just what the Church thinks about the situation in France. This sort of thing is quite a rarity in San Francisco but in Paris "les conferences" by prominent clergymen are quite a fad with smart dames.

Though all of the Californian artists who sent exhibits to the Portland Fair were not satisfied with the results, some of them were. L. P. Latimer was notified this week that he had been awarded a silver medal. As they held the granting of awards down to a pretty fine line a silver medal is considered quite high recognition. Latimer's star pupil, Edith Whitefield, received a bronze medal.

The Financial Field

Business on the Stock & Bond Exchange decreased materially the past week, trading in Bonds aggregating $294,000; in shares, 5,425, as follows: 853 Lighting, 1,275 Water, 617 Miscellaneous, 80 Bank, and 2,600 Sugars. San Francisco Gas & Electric remains very steady under a decreased volume of business. Spring Valley water is being quietly absorbed at prevailing prices, undoubtedly by strong interests. Contra Costa Water has weakened considerably under steady pressure. Alaska Packers' Association stock holds very steady at about $60. There seems to be supporting orders at this price. The volume of business in Sugar stocks continues, although prices have materially decreased. Kilauea Sugar Plantation stock was assessed $1 per share on Oct. 27th, delinquent Nov. 28th. This had a depressing effect upon this class of securities. The reports from the various plantations are all that can be desired.

Business at the Stock Exchange in Pine street has not been very active this week. The promised movement in Con. Virginia, Ophir and other Comstocks mines has failed to materialize. All these stocks are selling for lower prices than last week, still with all the preparations that are going on now in the Comstock mines one should judge that prices will be better before long. Tonopah stocks were also in the dumps owing to the inability of the smelter to work the ores. It is very seldom that a camp suffers for having too much ore, but such is the case now in Tonopah. In Goldfield they have made several big strikes in Kendall and Goldfield M. Cos., and there is also a report out that Red Top is opening up big. The news from Bullfrog continues good. The state of Nevada is certainly on the eve of a big boom, which will be of great benefit to San Francisco.

My Goldfield correspondent writes me: "The fever of speculation is rampant. Small-fry speculators and 'big fish' that sent their money into the district over a year ago and have since profited tremendously by the development of the mines, along with the thousands who are just being educated to the possibilities of speculation in mining shares, are piling their money in, through every channel. From small investors, the money is coming direct; from the big ones, it is coming through banks and brokers located in the large cities. Even British Columbia, Cuba, and Hawaii are supplying capital for the mining companies to operate here. Old-time observers on the ground, who have been through the Leadville, Cripple Creek, Black Hills, and Klondike excitements, ascribe this to two facts: First, that the public, through the life insurance exposures and the Lawson revelations, has lost confidence in the industrial class of investments, and it is but natural that mining investments should now become popular; again, the recent exposures in the West of 'wild-catters,' or men who promote fake mining companies, have purified the atmosphere. The mining companies will not tolerate 'wild-catters' in their midst. The banks absolutely refuse to act for them as depositories. Besides the postal inspectors keep a sharp look-out. Men of experience quickly observe the absence of the 'wild-catter' here."

—The Financier.

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The Stage

"Monna Vanna"

For the third successive season the American drama is being poorly patronized in New York, and the managers are in great distress. Theatregoers cannot be persuaded to sit through the machine-made play designed to fit the personality of a star, so when they want amusement they go to a musical comedy or Shaw's dramatic sermon, "Man and Superman." The managers are slow to awaken to the fact that a protracted diet of milk-and-water drama has become nauseous. But an occasional actor or actress brings out a play of some literary merit and it catches on. Bertha Kalich is the latest to enter New York with a literary play, having decided to produce Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna." "Monna Vanna" makes delightful reading, but this is not absolute assurance of its success in the acting. Still, the phrasing is so direct and euphonious and the action so rapid that, given a good company the performance should not fail. In "Monna Vanna" Maeterlinck finds himself in the same predicament as Shaw in regard to "Mrs. Warren's Profession.' Both plays fell under the ban of the English censor. A few performances of "Monna Vanna" were given in private in London, and the small critical audiences were so enthusiastic that a special effort was made to have the censor withdraw his objections. Some may shrink from Maeterlinck's bold strokes, but the motive of the playwright is worthy. "Monna Vanna" has aroused more serious discussion in Europe than any play in the last dozen years. It has done much to lift Maeterlinck into the distinction he now enjoys. It is a powerful story, and it is a human one. There is no artifice about it; the more it is read and studied the deeper is the impression it makes on the mind. The play must be read more than once—the oftener the better. At first we are carried along in bewilderment. Now we are charmed by the beauty of Maeterlinck's lines, now we are held by the rushing development of the plot, now wonder grows whether we shall indorse the author's plain talking, the brutality, almost, with which he compromises the heroine. Just ponder this: Marco has gone to parley with the Florentines, and he returns to Pisa with Prinzivalle's awful ultimatum. Marco is the father of Guido, the commander of the defending army. Guido and his lieutenants and Guido's wife, Vanna, wait on Marco's words. The old man hesitates, he is importuned to speak, and finally, his heart almost bursting, he says: "The victuals that I have seen, wagons running over with corn, others full of wine and fruit, flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, enough to feed a city for months; all these tons of powder and bars of lead, with which you may vanquish

Jess Dandy, Louise Willis and J. Hayden-Clarendon in "The Prince of Pilsen" at the Columbia

LINDEN BECKWITH (MRS. L. SNIDER-JOHNSON).

Is well known to the musical and society element of San Francisco. Mrs. Johnson began her professional career on the western vaudeville circuit in Memphis, Tenn., on August twentieth. Her success was instantaneous and the press in each city in which she has appeared is enthusiastic over her fine voice, her beauty and the daintiness and originality of her act. She is billed as "The Singing Portrait," and appears in old English, Irish, and Scotch costumes, singing an appropriate number in each. Mrs. Johnson will appear at the Orpheum in this city in the early spring.

Florence and make Pisa lift her head—all this will enter the city tonight, if you send in exchange Monna Vanna—to give her up to Prinzivalle until tomorrow's dawn."

Think of Guido's wrath and of the hate that springs toward his sire when Marco says for Vanna to go. What use for Marco to protest that "when the city is taken, Vanna will be in the victor's power!" What is all Pisa compared to Guido's wife?

"Her answer?" Guido cries.

"Can you doubt—yet you know her—you, my father, have seen her day by day since the first hour, when covered with the flowers and the smiles of her one love, she crossed the threshold of this very hall to which you come to sell her, where you doubt of the answer, the only answer a woman can give to a father who so far forgets himself."

And Vanna says: "I go tonight to Prinzivalle's camp."

"To die with him?" says Guido. "To kill him first? I had not thought— Say that, and I shall understand."

"I shall not kill him—the city would be sacked," replies the woman.

She goes, clad only in a cloak, gliding along in the shadows of the falling night. Guido watches her from the wall, a hundred devils battling in his breast, hate filling his heart against Prinzivalle, against Marco, against the council that had supported his wife's hands against his own. Have we tragedy here? Have we human passions? Have we truth? There can be no doubt: Maeterlinck has brought Pisa and its woes, Guido and his rage, Vanna and her self-sacrifice, down into our very lives. The play breathes life; the question rises irresistibly to perplex one: "What should I have done?"

But Prinzivalle is not craven. The woman is safe with him. What he wants is to tell her of the days when as a boy in the streets of Venice he had worshiped her from afar. Through all his years spent in the turmoil of battle the thought of her had been his inspiration. The climax comes quickly after the meeting. The Florentines suspect Prinzivalle and seek to kill him. He goes into the city with Vanna, and Guido shouts in joy to think his wife has

EMMA FRANCIS
Who will appear with her Arabian Whirlwinds at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

led him to his doom. But she protests.

"I have issued from his tent as I might from my brother's tent."

Guido turns to the men around him and asks all who believe her to step out. Only Marco moves, and Guido charges him with being an accomplice.

"I spoke the truth—he touched me not," says the wife, and Guido, commanding that Prinzivalle is taken to a dungeon, retorts: "Soon I shall return to tell you the real truth that his last words shall reveal to me."

The woman is changed. She sees her husband as she never saw him before. The picture of a boy picking her ring from a fountain in Venice rises before her. She thinks of Prinzivalle's confession and of his tenderness when he had her at his mercy. He must not die!

"No! no! He is mine!" she cries as she rushes through the guards to him. "I have lied! Stand aside—do not take my part. He is mine alone. My hands shall—Ah! cowardly, basely he humbled me."

Vanna is scheming to save him, and Prinzivalle knows, and Marco knows, but the guards and Guido do not comprehend. She pulls the cords tight around Prinzivalle, and as she does she whispers: "Not a word—I love you! Let me bind you—be sure that I shall deliver you. I shall be your keeper. We shall flee." She shows the mob how Prinzivalle kissed her, she raves about her vengeance, and now and then she drops a word of affection for Prinzivalle only to hear. He is led away. Marco presses close to her and says: "Yes, Vanna, I understand. I see the meaning of your lie." And Guido, poor fool, takes his wife in his arms and says: "It was indeed an evil dream, but a fairer one begins."

Pinero's "Iris" at the Alcazar

If the puritan be right and a good problem play one that leaves a bad taste in the mouth, then is Pinero's "Iris" the best ever. But the "bad taste," though apparently indispensable, is not everything. The problem must be faultlessly presented; there must be no getting away from it either in life or in art, no solving of it under the sun. What seems at first sight the dramatist's one error in "Iris" is perhaps, after all, a master touch—the fact, namely, that of the actors every one loves the Bellamy; of the audience, no one. "The house" adores Camille, Iris it despises. A woman in love without the courage of a woman in love is of all human beings the most despicable. In the end, his mistress makes even Maldonado seem admirable. Miss Moore in the title role did well, but might do better, do more, by doing less; by giving the spectator more to do, compelling him to play his role. The ideal actor fulfills Plato's ideal and minds his own business. As Frederick Maldonado, Waldron looked the part to perfection, and played it almost ditto. Laurence Trenwith is wholesome; so is Ernest Glendenning. As was to be expected, Mr. Maher did everything possible to relieve the agony. As for the work of the rest of the cast, it was satisfactory, and that

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is saying a great deal. In spite of "pounds, shillings, and pence," the atmosphere on the whole was not that of the "land of lean women and smug men," but of the land of curved women and crooked men. *Harry Cowell.*

"Ben Hur"

One experiences something of the same feeling on witnessing a performance of "Ben Hur," as Klaw & Erlanger give it at the Grand this week, as one does while watching a three-ring circus—a fear lest while the attention is fixed on a certain portion of the production much of the other detail is being lost. One should go to see the spectacle at least three or four times to fully appreciate all the scenic beauties, for in "Ben Hur" scenic art reaches its very apogee. As a drama it is greatly dependent upon the lavish accoutrements and mechanical contrivances with which it is provided. Two of the most exciting scenes of the play—the wrecked galley and the chariot race—are dominated almost entirely by the inventive mechanic and the stage carpenter—they supply the climax; the actors might as well be puppets. As a series of beautiful pictures the production is a veritable triumph, but as out-and-out drama it disappoints. Stripped of its gorgeous trappings it would be, I imagine, a rambling, disconnected series of situations that would not hold one's interest through two acts, though no doubt the dramatization is probably executed as cleverly as it could have been done. To really enjoy the story of "Ben Hur" one must first read Lew Wallace's novel, afterwards the play would serve splendidly to stir the imagination. Without the aid of the book the persons on the stage must needs be little more than marionettes, utterly passionles and pulseless. Alphonz Ethier, who has the title role, infuses a few red corpuscles into the part. He appears to be quite a young man with a face of almost feminine beauty. His voice is deep and resonant and his enunciation good. He carries himself with grace and acts intelligently and pleasingly except for a tendency to become fiercely melodramatic at times. Most of the company seem to have been trained in the same bombastic school. Their voices have become strained and hoarse, perhaps through a desire to be heard in the farthest benches of the gallery. Dorothy Rossmore, who takes the part of the Egyptian enchantress, seemed the most solicitous for the gallery gods. She is comely enough and in her artistic gowns would have made an acceptable Iras but for her weird posturing with which she was supposed to entice all the men in her immediate vicinity.

At the Orpheum

The Twelve Broomstick Witches fit in very appropriately to Hallowe'en week. Their little turn is unique and very pretty, and serves to fill a half hour at the Orpheum as completely as any other act of its kind, in months. Charles Prelle, who comes on towards the end of the program, is a wizard of animal stage-craft. There have been many dog-shows at the Orpheum but his is inimitable. For his clever dogs he has designed a number of disguises to make them resemble miniature horses. Their antics when thus arrayed are excruciatingly funny. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmonde present an amusing comedy called "Another Cucumber," that is far and above the average out-put of the vaudeville farce-maker. The scene is laid in the Klondike and most of the fun is caused by the embarrassment of the miner who sent for a wife via the matrimonial bureau and who finds that her presence in his little cabin rattles him not a little. The three sisters Macarte from the London Hippodrome, Raymond and Caverly, Signorina Verera, O'Brien and Buckley and the Orpheum moving pictures complete the program.

Though "Big-Hearted Jim" at the Central is a melodrama it is not of the "howling" order, but more on the lines of "Tennessee's Pardner," and "Sunday." Montana, instead of California, is the scene of the play and the characters are all drawn from familiar Western types. Little Ollie Cooper has the child role, which she makes very interesting.

Buster Brown Is Coming

Next Monday night begins the last week of the magnificent Drury Lane production of "Ben-Hur" at the Grand Opera House. "Buster Brown," he of comic supplement fame, loaded down with a brand new set of resolutions and accompanied by his pet dog, Tige, his companion in crime, will be the next attraction for one week only, commencing Sunday matinee, November twelfth. The antics of this well known character and his dog, Tige, are said to be excruciatingly funny. The toy comedian is said to be in his twenty-second year, but is in stature a midget, being several sizes smaller even than Tige. He romps through his part with unfailing spirit and he is impishly clever. His imitations of the walk of affected womanhood are masterpieces of acutely observed caricature. Almost equally clever is the canine, Tige.

Next Week's Bills

Tomorrow (Sunday) night Tetrazzini will sing "Dinorah" for the last time and on Tuesday night she will make her farewell appearance at the Tivoli. An attractive program has been selected for the occasion, including scenes from "Lucia," "Dinorah," and "Rigoletto." The other operas to be given next week are "La Boheme," "Otello," "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria," "Norma," and for the first time this season, "Aida." Before the close of the season a grand symphony testimonial concert will be given to Signor Polacco which the great musician will conduct.

"The Prince of Pilsen," which was here two seasons back, returns to the Columbia on Monday night. In the company are Jess Dandy, Arthur Donaldson, Ivar Anderson, Louise Willis and Marie Welsh, the Californiain girl who made such a hit as Nellie in the Eastern production. "The Sho Gun" comes next, with Tommy Leary in the cast.

The Alcazar will present the breezy Broadhurst farce, "Why Smith Left Home." Full returns of the election will be read on Tuesday night. "The Little Minister" comes next and "Mrs. Dane's Defense" will introduce the new leading woman, Edith Evelyn, now en route from New York.

A great revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with extra bloodhounds, new scenery, a grand apotheosis and other features, with Mayall as Tom and Edna Ellsmere as Eliza will be at the Central.

Melville and Stetson, the cleverest comediennes in vaudeville, will head the Orpheum bill. Emma Francis, late of the Rogers Brothers, will clog-dance with her whirling Arabs, and Edwin Latell, the banjoist, will return. Anton and Henry Elgena, novelty acrobats, will appear for the first time in America in their copyrighted act, "Pleasures on a See-Saw."

At the Chutes will be the educated equine Princess Trixie, one of the big hits at the Portland Fair; the La Telle Brothers, comedy acrobats; Petronelle d'Arville, violinist, and other attractions.

MARIE STRAUB
The Sweet Singer of Illustrated Songs, at the Chutes

Edward Baxter Perry of Boston, an interesting lecturer on music, who has been blind since the age of eight, will give two lecture recitals at Lyric hall. The first will be on a miscellaneous program, and will be given Friday night, November twenty-fourth, and the second, on mediaeval legends set to music, on Sunday afternoon, November twenty-sixth.

The Watkin Mills English Quartet will be the next Lyric hall attraction under Will Greenbaum's management. The quartet consists of Edith Kirkwood, soprano, Gertrude Lonsdale, contralto, Harold Wilde, tenor and Watkin Mills, basso. Each of the members is a soloist of the first rank, and Mr. Mills is considered the greatest living basso. With the party as piano soloist and accompanist is Eduard Parlovitz, a talented young Russian artist. The program will be composed of solos, duets and quartets, and at each concert a complete song cycle will be rendered. At the first concert, Tuesday night, November fourteenth, at Lyric hall, the song cycle will be "Flora's Holidays," a charming collection of old English melodies by H. Lane Wilson. At the second concert, Thursday night, Lisa Lehmann's "Daisy Chain," a setting of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Children's Verses" will be given, and at the Saturday matinee a feature will be Brahms' "Liebeslieder." Complete programs may be secured at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s when the sale of seats opens next Thursday morning, November ninth. Prices are $1.50, $1.00, and 75 cents.

LENORA KIRWIN, at the Alcazar.

WATKIN MILLS
Coming with his English Vocal Quartet to Lyric Hall.

No Star For Armstrong

Florence Roberts has been having trouble and her friends will be grieved to learn that her debut as a star on Broadway is to be deferred. She recently appeared in Salt Lake, in Paul Armstrong's latest play, "Ann La Mont," which is to be produced in New York. Armstrong wrote the play with intent to give importance to more than one player and Miss Roberts insisted on having her part featured. The playwright objected, saying that he wished to break away from the star system and give the public a play of rounded excellence. He recently wrote to a friendly critic in New York as follows: "Miss Roberts will not play in New York. My contract protects me against that possibility. The play will come in without a 'star.' Of course, Miss Roberts thinks the play is all wrong but this is a case where the 'star' fails utterly, the characterization carrying the play without her. I feel that 'Ann La Mont' will be a success in New York. It is running the same route as 'The Heir to the Hoorah,' which was approved by the public though it had no 'star.' But this new piece is totally different to 'The Hoorah.' It is a Bohemian comedy. It appears as if I am destined not to write 'star' parts, and I am not sorry. The popularity of 'The Hoorah' in New York and on the road shows that play-goers want productions that are well balanced; they want a variety of temperament; it seems clear to me they are tired of the continuous parading of players whose reputations often depend on the lavish use of advertising ink. I am not writing a brief for my own play. I am simply expressing the opinions that have been pounded into me by hard experience. All was not satisfactory on the opening night, but by shortening the performance and giving more prominence to some of the minor characters, we have caught the public. For the past week the piece has played to crowded audiences, and when the last is heard of this 'star' fetish I believe the production will grow in popularity."

Ben Greet is once more in New York, giving Shakespearean performances in Elizabethan style.

—*The Playgoer.*

In Worcester, Mass., where Harold Bauer gave his first concert of this year's tour, he was tracked to his room by a newspaper man and volunteered his opinions anent the American girl. His surprise was marked when he encountered in type the information that "Bauer tells of his wife ideal—Must be American, but mustn't be too intelligent—Pleasing looks are essential, but all beauts are barred." With blanched expression the pianist read on that he "had been loved and admired by many women," but that he "is seeking the one girl over ocean and mountain and desert and valley." Moreover the naive statement was attributed to him that his arms, legs, hair and body are insured for $100-000.

The Minetti concert on Friday evening, November tenth, will have the following program: String quartet in B flat No. 15, Mozart; Adagio, scherzo, Raff; Piano quintet in E flat op. 44, Schumann (by request).

Mrs. Margaret G. Best, soprano, Miss Leola S. Stone, contralto, with Miss Luella Bilger, accompanist, rendered numbers at a luncheon given by the Out Door Club in its artistic club house, Mill Valley, last Thursday. Mrs. Best's numbers were: Dedication (Franz), and Woodland Madrigal (Batten). Miss Stone sang Hills of Skye (Harris), and Heart of Mine (Leiter).

Miss Clara Rauhut, Miss Bertina Boffa, Mrs. Martin Schultz and Miss May Ludlow, with Mrs. C. H. Smith accompanying, rendered the musical program at the Papyrus Club's meeting last Thursday, and Mrs. Weingardner-Blanchard gave character impersonations.

Madame Gadski's little daughter Lottchen, who is just eleven, already shows the possession of remarkable vocal gifts.

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CAUTION.—The popularity of Lea & Perrins' Sauce has induced many manufacturers to attempt to market worthless imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

"The Mills of the Gods"

A Sketch from Life.

"Norman!"

A man standing alone in one end of the deserted conservatory, gazing idly down into a bowl of fish, turns hastily at sound of the half-suppressed ejaculation.

A woman passes hastily on toward the door. With a start he sees something familiar about the head, the form, the carriage. Can they be one and the same? This superb, queenly woman, and that little California girl, the memory of whom his seared conscience had almost lost trace of. A characteristic toss of the head removes the last vestige of doubt. This stately creature *is* that very same little girl he had met and won and then so basely deserted during that ill-fated geological expedition seven years before.

A longing, overmastering desire to have her again in his possession seizes him. His wonder at her presence in this fashionable assemblage is lost in his eagerness to overtake her.

"Belle, Belle. I say, Belle—"

The woman's slender jeweled hand rests upon the green baize of the door. With an air of the utmost surprise, unmixed with the slightest trace of recognition, she turns and glances back.

The door swings to and he is again alone.

* * * * * * * * *

A rich contralto voice suddenly rises above the buzz of Mrs. D.'s crowded drawing-room. For a moment the hum goes on, then as the deep melodious tones continue to swell out a hush passes through the rooms and the audience listen entranced, their emotional beings responding to an indefinable something in the singer's voice. An encore, and another. Never has Belle C— sung as she sings tonight before that critical New York gathering. Her success in the music world is assured. Tonight she has accomplished the aim of her life. Can she be other than happy? There are those in her audience who envy her. Again she takes her stand at the piano to render one last selection. The voice rises in soft cadences, almost sobbing out Mascagni's "Ave Maria":

"Ah, life it is so dreary,
My heart it is so weary."

Could any one seeing that sad pale face, and hearing that passionate sorrowful voice believe any triumph of art a recompense for a wasted love? The last notes of the song die away in a hushed silence.

The singer smiled triumphantly, and she was looking straight into the eyes of a man who was listening at the conservatory door.

He drooped his head and silently stole away.

—*The Dramatist.*

Mrs. Dessaline Shepard and Mrs. Mabel van der Zweip Stringer will give a program of vocal and instrumental music in the new California Club hotel in Clay street next Thursday evening, November ninth. Wallace Sabin will be at the piano.

"That was a queer excuse Jiggs gave for getting married."

"What was it?"

"He wanted a decent pretext to join a club."

Del Monte is by no means deserted, and there will be guests from town at the hotel for the week-ends all winter. Among the recent arrivals were Professor and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler and their son, the Henry Foster Duttons, H. C. Breedons, the Perrys, and Miss Gertrude Perry.

Partridge says:

There is no better political principle than simple justice.

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After the Battle

A Few Explanations from Campaign Prophets on Wednesday, November Eighth.

Well, you see, I was counting on the vote of two years ago and I didn't take into consideration the increased registration.

* * *

I came very nearly hedging the night before election. I saw it coming, but I decided to stand pat.

* * *

No, it wasn't a surprise to me. Yes, I was talking that way, but I had a hunch from the beginning. I felt it in my bones.

* * *

From the beginning I kept in mind the fact that never in the history of this country did a fusion of Democrats and Republicans lose; also, that a reform movement always wins in the first campaign. Having those things in mind I made some small bets.

I based my calculations on the increased registration in each district, and I distributed the vote proportionately and made allowance for certain contingencies. My figures were all right but there were elements involved that nobody could have gauged.

* * *

The voting machines upset my calculations. I didn't figure on that number of straight ballots.

* * *

Well, you see, some of those districts south of Market fooled me.

* * *

If I had known a week before election what I learned at a late hour Tuesday night I would have made a pot of money.

—*The Reporter.*

Automobile Topics

The Winton Automobile Show

What does it mean? It means that the people of the Pacific Coast may see, for the first time, a demonstration of the modern automobile from the parts as finished in the factory to the machine as it runs on the road. The great Winton factory is carrying out an original idea to show to the people of America the Winton display in its entirety, as it will be exhibited at the New York Show in January next. A palatial railway display car sixty feet in length has been constructed and finished for this purpose; a car modern in all its appurtenances and embellished with Winton artistic finish. The accompanying half-tones give an idea of the general construction of the car without and within. This Winton display is positively novel and should be seen by every automobile enthusiast on the coast. Here will be one finished Winton, model K, ready for road demonstrations of the many claimed superior features of the car, within the mechanical room in the exposition car; a regular stock chassis will be on exhibition demonstrating the engine and gear mechanism and, arranged about the side of the car, are photographs, drawings and all the parts which, assembled, make a complete car. In this exhibition it is possible to see through the modern four-cylinder car as if looking through the screen of an X-ray. In the chassis the machinery is seen complete and under motion, and the construction of each individual member of the mechanism will be explained by an attendant upon request; he taking up the part and showing it as a part, also illustrating of assembling and in working position. Very few people except the mechanics and chauffeurs have had an opportunity to examine a car in complete detail satisfying themselves by quick and positive demonstration the construction and function of any and all parts. This Winton K is the height of automobile building, as the experience of the "House of Winton" has taught—"the Winton cars have always possesed superior merit" and, when the Winton people say, this year, that the Winton K is the best car of the year, and the only car they will construct this season; and further, they bring this car and its every part to the customers' very doors, visitors to the Winton Show may expect to see a superior car as well as to satisfy their desire to see a show or learn more of modern automobile construction. It is expected the show will arrive here about November tenth. Advertisements in the evening *Bulletin* and other daily papers, will give the exact dates. The itinerary of the Winton Railroad Show: Lv. Salt Lake 11:45 p. m., No. 9, November 5th; ar. Sacramento 7:40 a. m., No. 3, 7th; lv. Sacramento 3:40 a. m., No. 13, 8th; ar. Oakland Pier, 6.40 a. m., No. 13, 8th; lv. Oakland by boat night of 8th; ar. San Francisco, Third and Townsend, night of 8th; lv. San Francisco 6:30 p. m., No. 50, 11th; ar. San Jose 8:20 p. m., No. 50, 11th; lv. San Jose 7:35 p. m., No. 10, 12th; ar. Los Angeles 11:20 a. m., No. 10, 13th; lv. Los Angeles 11:30 p. m., No. 7, 16th; ar. Fresno 11:35 a. m., No. 7, 17th; lv. Fresno 5:10 a. m., No. 49, 18th; ar. Stockton 8:50 a. m., No. 49, 18th; lv. Stockton 9:42 p. m., No. 6, 18th; ar. Ogden 7:10 a. m., No. 6, 20th.

The Winton Company's palatial railway display car which will be exhibited at the New York Automobile Show next January

Autos at Byron

Despite the fact that winter is almost here and the season at the summer resorts over, the beautiful weather and good roads at Byron Hot Springs still continue to attract automobilists. Among those who made the run last Saturday, remaining until Monday, were: Fred Meyerstein and A. G. Lang, Mr. and Mrs. Sam L. Naphtaly and Miss A. Seller.

Among those who made the run to Byron this week were James McNab, George L. Fish, Fred J. Koster and Sydney Leggo; Judge Kerrigan, Alfred Meyerstein, Miss Alice Erickson and Miss Jessie McNab; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Goodwin, Master Goodwin, Miss May and Miss Dean; Mr. and Mrs. H. Dana, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Spear; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Gibbs, Jr.; Miss Maud Jackson and Homer Craig.

Will Tour in Their Car

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters of Claremont are thinking of going to Los Angeles shortly in their large automobile. Though they have been touring considerably since their handsome limousine Columbia arrived from the East, the run south will be their first extended journey. But even with the roads in the somewhat poor condition they are at the present time, they will not experience any more discomfiture than if they went south on the Owl for riding in one of those large, roomy autos, especially of the Type of the Butters' machine, is pleasanter than traveling in a Pullman.

Trade Activity

C. A. Hawkins, General Manager of the White Sewing Machine Company of this city, has just returned from his semi-annual trip to the factory and while East visited Boston and New York, where he witnessed the Vanderbilt Cup race, Philadelphia, where the White Company has just opened a new branch office, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago, where the White people have opened another branch office. The last is under the management of Webb Jay, holder of the world's circular track record made in a White steamer at Morris Park track, New York, on July fourth; his time being 48 3-5 seconds, and who was injured at Buffalo. Mr. Hawkins reports that Webb Jay is at home in Cleveland in good spirits and feeling well with the exception of one leg which is still in splints. The White output for 1906 includes a magnificent limousine car which seats four in the tonneau, is electric lighted, has a speaking tube for the chauffeur and other modern conveniences. Also a landaulet, which is a novel creation and very popular abroad. They have increased their output fifty per cent for 1906 and are building a new factory that will enable them to double their 1906 output in 1907. The White people are also going into manufacturing steam trucks and delivery wagons as soon as they get into their new factory.

George C. Raymond, of the Olds Motor Works, has been spending a few days in this city and made his headquarters with the Pioneer Automobile Company. Mr. Raymond says that automobile enthusiasm is running high all over the country and that the Oldsmobile factory sold twice as many machines during the past season as were sold last year. He further states that this same condition exists in all the Eastern factories. Mr. Raymond says that the Olds line for the season of 1906 will be a winner.

Diamonds Were All Right

All five of the American cars running in the Vanderbilt Cup race were equipped with Diamond tires, and on four of them there was no tire trouble whatever though four foreign cars representing the three best known European and English makes of tires had to discontinue the race on account of tire trouble. This was a fine showing for Diamond Wrapped Tread Tires, and certainly proved their superiority to European makes.

J. H. Durst and party of friends made a trip to San Jose and return on Saturday last in Mr. Durst's two-cylinder Oldsmobile.

W. F. Hunt and daughter, of San Jose, spent last Sunday touring San Francisco in a model C Winton.

A few years ago when automobiling invited only strenuous ones, the pioneers gloried in their hardihood. In 1902, they would have scorned to use a closed vehicle in winter time, but now nearly all of them have limousine cars for winter trips and broughams for town use. The purchases of closed vehicles are now increasing tremendously. The owners of Columbia closed automobiles, for instance, include August Belmont, Harry Payne Whitney, H. H. Rogers, E. R. Thomas, Charles G. Gates, Andrew Carnegie, Howard Gould, Frank Gould, Edwin Gould, Thomas F. Ryan, E. H. Harriman, and numerous others of almost equal prominence. —The Chauffeur.

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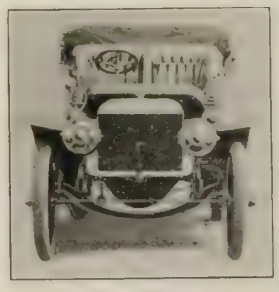

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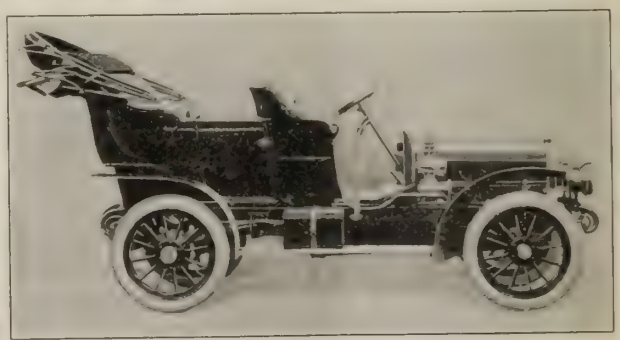

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Watch for the date of the Winton Railroad Show (Sunday Bulletin)—a demonstration never equalled in the West.

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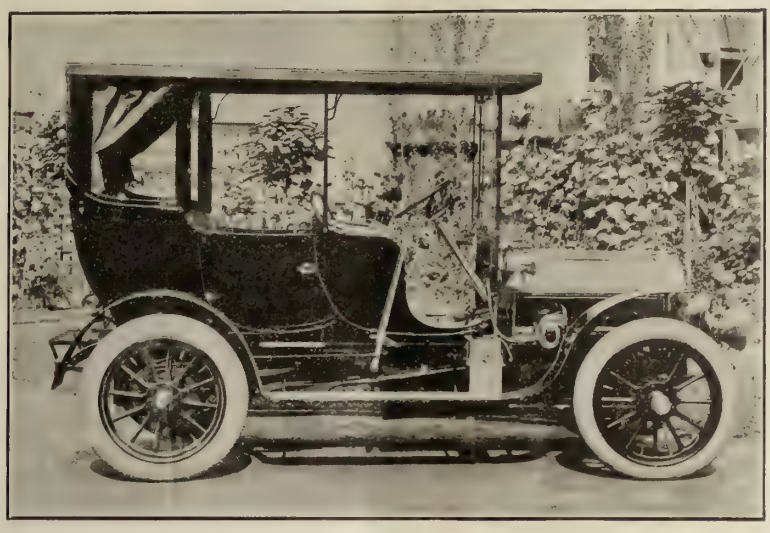

PIERCE GREAT ARROW

The car that won the Glidden Tour; 1000 miles without adjustment or repairs.

From the New York Evening Mail, August 8, 1905.

HOW PIERCE WON GLIDDEN PRIZE

Man Who Evolved Point System Tells Manner In Which Judges Reckoned. Repairs Most Important Consideration.

By John C. Wetmore

On the authority of the man who evolved it, *The Evening Mail* is able today to give the first full details of the point system, as the result of which Percy Pierce and his Arrow were awarded the Glidden Cup. The information was vouchsafed on the understanding that the man's name should not be printed, as the commission had not given it out. The original copy of the formula employed was sealed and placed in a safe in this city and another copy given to the commission.

One who was present at the making of the award says that Pierce got 992 points, that 17 of the 22 ballots contained his name, and that the three nearest to him appeared on the ballots but seven times each.

"The result of the ballot," said the inventor of the system, "was intended to be no factor in the actual calculation of the winner except in the case that close figures made the award a matter of possible debate. Four factors entered into the calculation, and I name them in the order of their importance. There were four columns. The first and most important column had to do with repairs. To that column were allotted 350 points. To the cost of repairs was added the time of delays on the road at a fixed rate per hour. The total cost of repairs was divided by the number of passengers carried. The next column, to which a smaller number of points was allotted, was devoted to the item of fuel used per 1,000 pounds. Then came the factor of cost. The price was divided by the number of passengers the car was built to carry. In this column the duty was deducted from the cost of all foreign cars, thus placing them on an even basis with the home product. The last column was devoted to general efficiency, and had the lowest assignment of points. In each of these columns the cars were placed in the order of their showing and rated accordingly."

From the fact that Pierce lost but eight points in all his car must have been near the top of each of the four columns. Now that the system of award is known, it is more the pity that the complete figures cannot be printed. The commission's stated reason for refusing them was that some reports were so plainly unreliable, to put it mildly, that it would be unfair to more conscientious competitors to print the comparative figures.

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Built by a firm of the highest reputation—established for over forty years—we challenge the world to produce anything better regardless of price. We have never experimented at the expense of the public—being always absolutely sure of our cars before offering them for sale. In this way Pierce cars have been more than satisfactory to our customers. All our cars are built regardless of expense. If you are contemplating the purchase of a large touring car, you cannot afford to do so without thoroughly investigating the merits of the Pierce Great Arrow Motor Cars.

THE MOBILE CARRIAGE CO., Golden Gate Avenue and Gough Street, Agents

Phone East 1510

Music

Emma Eames

Always I recall the Anderson fairy tale of "The Emperor's New Clothes" when I hear a big audience applauding a singer of renown who can't sing. There are several of them going about the world. Usually it is after they have been deposed that we hear them in the West, and then nearly every one is afraid to say they do not admire her or him, just as in the fairy tale the emperor's subjects told one another how beautiful were their emperor's clothes when they could see very well he hadn't any on at all. But you see each subject was afraid his eyesight was out of order and that the other subjects would ridicule him. Madame Emma Eames is a singer of splendid reputation. I never heard her until last week at the Alhambra, so I cannot say that she never could sing. No doubt she could once, but she cannot sing now. Her voice is worn and uneven. She cannot sing softly or with any expression whatever. Fortissimo passages she renders well if they are not too long. The way she sang a few such passages is what makes me believe that once she sang well. If she attempts to attack a tone in anything but her greatest vocal power she slides up to it and she does several other things that no great artist ever should do, and that every tyro in singing strives not to do. The less said about her Mozart number and her Ophelia in the duet, the better. They were painful enough to listen to. Though many of her listeners seemed to approve warmly of her Spring (Henschel), I must say that I thought she gave a weak, unjoyous rendering of that charming song. The Juliet valse was little better and I should think that familiar aria would have opened the ears of her audience if nothing else did. Years of Spring, short, brilliant, unshaded, she gave brilliantly. She challenged comparison with the divine voice and perfect art of Melba when she sang so soon afterwards and upon the same stage Tosti's "Good-bye." I marveled and grieved at her daring.

Francesca.

MISS EDNA SHORES

The Modern Way Illustrated

, On Saturday afternoon, October twenty-first, a musicale was given at Sorosis hall by Mrs. Frances B. Williams. It was a demonstration by her pupils of the Burrowes course of music study; but more than that, it was to the large audience gathered there a revelation of the modern scientific methods of teaching music to children, methods that have so transformed the processes of music study that what in other days was a source of drudgery and despair is today a delight. The little people showed a

The Cecil

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perfect familiarity with tonalities and chords. They transposed their little pieces into half a dozen different keys. However the most wonderful exhibition of skill was in the ear-training. Exercises were sung from the board without aid of piano with sure and ready accuracy. Chords were struck on piano, pupils standing backs to key-board, answering major or minor and telling every note that composed the chord. Songs sung and also recited to music were given daintily and naturally, admirably accompanied by children of nine years of age. The tone quality and interpretation shown in the little solos gave evidence of the solid technical foundation of their work. Edna Shores, a talented girl of thirteen, assisted the younger children and played the Spinning Song from "The Flying Dutchman" with a fluency and breadth of expression quite beyond her years. Other pupils taking part were Violet Oatman, Margery Durbrow and Mildred Ismon. Graduates of the Burrowes Course of Music Study receiving medals: Ellis-ton Ames, Miss Margery Bronson, Miss Elinor Durbrow, Miss Margery Fisher, Miss Galene Gale, Miss Jeannette Gause, Miss Madeliene Turner, Miss Leslie Underhill, Miss Dorothy Livingston.

MISS GLADYS MUNROE

Mr. F. J. Conrad, who laid the foundation for the successes of that young violin wonder, Kathleen Parlow, is about to present in a concert recital another very talented young girl, Gladys Munroe, who has received her entire musical training from him. This young musician of fourteen years will play several of the great violin compositions, such as the Brush concerto in G minor. Many musicians who have heard her express frank admiration of her big tone, artistic phrasing and accurate pitch. November sixteenth is set for her appearance, with Fred Maurer at the piano.

A New Leaf Turned

Though it would be as much as a critic's life is worth, for two pins (less than a penny a thought) I'd give San Francisco a bit of my mind anent its boast of being the musicalest of American cities. No money in sight. S. F., I see, doesn't care two pins what I think. 'Tis to her credit. To hold criticism in higher esteem than music would be preposterous. Keep your pins, then; I keep my counsel. But the facts speak for themselves and for me. Last Sunday afternoon, in Lyric hall, on one program—and that as near perfection as Imperfection itself could ask for—were two names, viz., Harold Bauer and Hugo Heermann; and yet the hall thus defended had its vacant chairs—vacant, speaking volumes. Enough. The sad truth is that immaturity likes in music the equivalent of fiction and fights shy of the equivalent of the essay; and the concert in question was one for grown-ups—no milk-and-water, no sop. Bach, Brahms, Beethoven; Heermann, Bauer—these are not for babes and sucklings; hardly for men and women; but for the gods. But how the adults there did enjoy it! The Kreutzer Sonata, to begin at the end, was enough to convert old Tolstoi himself. "What is art?" Harold Bauer and Hugo Heermann playing opus 47. I saw one heretic—bless his heart—turning over a new leaf in sight of the whole congregation. The Caesar Frank sonata— But the wise, who were there, need no word of mine to tell them what that and the rest of the feast was like; and the foolish, who stayed away, deserve to die in their unblissful ignorance, with imagination, as well as mouth and eyes, watering.

Harry Cowell.

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AT HOTEL DEL MONTE

The Minetti Quartet Concert

The second Minetti program opened with a classical number, Mozart's piano quartet in G minor. It is an ideal piece of chamber music, and Mr. Minetti and his confreres brought out all its Mozartean beauties. Singularly beautiful is the piano part and full of dainty and old-fashioned graces. Mr. Genss played it in clear-cut style. Any blurring of its rapidly succeeding notes would have been fatal. Between the Mozart and the Smetana numbers came Mr. Genss' Fantasie for the piano, "Despair" and "Consolation," two strongly contrasted themes worked out with a great deal of fullness by the composer-pianist. A genuine tribute of applause greeted Mr. Genss. Then came the Smetana string quartet in E minor, as opposite from the Mozart composition as pole from pole. Smetana, "not a friend of absolute music," gave to this quartet the title, "Aus Meinem Leben." It is program music of the most pronounced type though indeed without a program the hearer would never suspect the meaning and relation of the different movements. Smetana wished to picture episodes in his life, and fortunately has furnished the key to what he intended, which explanation Mr. Minetti kindly printed in his program. Whether music can so definitely interpret the soul of a composer to his hearers is a vexed question. I shall not attempt to solve it. The quartet is an interesting and difficult number. It would need to be heard more than once before a sound musical judgment could be pronounced. Thanks to Mr. Minetti and his associates for the privilege of hearing it. I hope he will vouchsafe a repetition.

Irene Connell

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(Concluded from Page 7)

tically she dawned upon me, enthroned on a high painter's stool, bundled in thick, black shawls; her feet, encased in heavy, quilted slippers, rested on a brass foot-warmer. She was minutely copying in water-colors, with the aid of a magnifying glass, Lippi's Madonna adorante il Bambino—a very fine copy—fig-leafless quite. She dropped a brush; I stooped and handed it to her, rather I placed it on a thin and yellow hand, expectantly open. Then from the depths of the black shawl, issued slowly in a tremulous, sweet quaver: "Multi gracie, multi gracie, signor," and the shawl, turning to this tune, disclosed a full but wrinkled baby face graciously smiling beneath a yellow wig. Then in a neutral tongue we began a conversation;—that broken, plaintive voice of hers sounded like a weary harp robbed of its stronger strings, or like the voice of a ghost complaining that its tomb was cold, but the voice of a gentle, lady-like ghost.

For over fifty years she had copied the masters, for over fifty years of her more than ninety;—"For I am over ninety," she said, "a Belgian princess by birth, but now Italy is my only home and Art my only love; it is husband and children and all, monsieur,—everything, everybody has passed away. I'm left all alone now. I find a great happiness here. I sometimes think the great painters, the old ones that I adore, lend me of their life. Art is a flame—it keeps me warm and alive. I do not live in this age, I do not live in the world; from my rooms to the gallery, from the gallery to my rooms, that is all. When I am dead, I shall live in my paintings; they shall form a collection—I have so set it down in my will. It was very kind of you, monsieur, to pick up my brush for me, it was very, very kind of you to pick up my brush. I thank you, monsieur. Do you think my copy a good one?"

"Madame la princesse," I said, "it is exquisite. Lippi would be proud to see how he lives again by your hand. May you continue to paint until you grow really old!"

"Merci, monsieur, you are very, very kind. Au revoir, monsieur, au revoir."

Somehow I think that old gentlewoman, that fairy princess god-mother I discovered, will outwear a few more centuries, will contrive to copy until all modern masters become old ones, until the dwarfs tugging at Barbarossa's beard of fire shall waken him in his cavern beneath the Kyffhauser to tell him that at last the ravens no longer fly about the mountain, until Rome's marble shall be very common dust, and Manhattan's steel colossi are no higher than the mounds of rust they have made over all the island, until the oceans shall be like half-emptied cups—then when Eternity's great clock strikes the hour of midnight throughout the Universe, the two living eyes and the two living hands of that ancient princess will suddenly grow still and cold, and pause, and slowly she will fade away, like the worn-out sun himself—shawl, high stool, foot-warmer and all, into some tarnished frame, fixed forever on some canvas bleached with age, to be the last old master, and Time himself shall come and sign the picture with a very demoniacal dash beneath his name.

I made side-trips to Sienna, an ancient town, much like Toledo and famed for arts and crafts. Its vast cathedrals are of marble in stripes, its lofty Torre del Mangia is an architectural marvel, all its houses have fine forged porte-standards and rings for torches; much of the mediaeval is left. Up the narrow, crooked streets came climbing a funeral procession of the brethren of the Misericordia, black hooded shapes with huge, cavernous eyes, terrifying enough, bearing tall, flaring candles and smoking censers and embroidered banners and draped crosses, and four of them a coffin on their shoulders. So they moved on, bells tolled, men pulled off their hats. Was that a modern arc-lamp beneath which they passed—or a pitch-fed cresset? The precious golden Sienna marble, used only for millionaires' wainscots or luxurious saloons in America, here paves the streets and lines the gutters. The earth about here is red and rich with that color so dear to artists. They make wide hats of delicate white straw in Sienna, and their brims flat above the faces of girls drawing water from the wells, or as they climb the steps with their copper buckets.

In sleepy Pisa. The first glimpse of the famous leaning tower is startling as one beholds it between the streets outraging the honest lines of normal buildings, and defying tyrant gravitation. The tower, the baptistry and the cathedral, each separate, each of white marble, form a trinity of marvelous beauty and overpowering grandeur. In the cathedral priests in solemn march were chanting most dramatically through the great aisles. Gali-

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leo's clock stood there, and pendant from the central nave, my eye rested upon that very same lamp of bronze whose swinging brought to him the isochronism of the pendulum's stroke. This made him utter to a world black with bigotry: "The Earth doth move," and made him whisper it to himself once again when he made that forced recantation on his knees: "And still, I say, it moves." Galileo is dust. That lamp still burns and swings.

One side of the base of that drunken tower stands three feet deep in water and yet its foundations do not settle beyond their present depths. I climbed it to the very top; it was strange to feel how much more fatiguing the spiral steps were on one side than on the other, and to see how the bell-ropes from the top hung down obliquely inside the "well." I've stood on the edge of Glacier Point in Yosemite and over blue Alpine abysses, but never with such a tremulous dizziness as possessed me on top of this awful tower. I lay flat and crawled to the edge of the cornice on the overhanging side, several hundred feet above the grassy piazza. My own shakiness seemed to be infecting the structure and I felt certain it would keel over; my very weight was enough to make it do that and the tower and I and the ladies I heard ascending from below would perish in one glorious, thunderous ruin! The angle of inclination seemed frightful to the eye; the columns cut away most shockingly beneath and diminished in strange, sickening perspective. Old Earth felt remarkably firm when I reached the bottom. Only the roar of the archangel's horn and the ensuing turmoil and earthy convulsion in the neighboring Campo Santo will fling that tower down—some day. That Campo Santo (a cemetery filled with fifty-eight shiploads of earth from the Holy Land!) is a weird place. The dead, saved or doomed, will know what lies in store for them when they arise within those walls! There are mural paintings in the arcades, depicting Heaven and Hell. Heaven seems about as tame and joyous as a boarding-house, but Hell, believe me, is exciting and picturesque. Unique are the torments of the wicked. There are arms and legs cut off like cordwood, there is piecemeal mincing by teeth and claws of grotesque monsters, there are viscera wound up on reels from slit bodies, there are jubilant demons of many species merrily prodding with spears and tridents all manner of hapless mortals. There are slicings and quarterings and artistic feats of manicuring with red-hot pincers and saws, there are bodies served up to be eaten; some are boiled, some au gratin, some saute, some are skewered, others are hung on hooks like very muttons. In the midst of these merry performances squats the huge, horrible king of devils, swallowing, gorging himself with the white bodies of damned women. Yes, madam, I assure you, it is frightful, but most evident that he eats only women and equally evident, I grieve to say, that he does not digest them. Here one may also see the building of Babylon and the construction of the Ark, highly life-like and edifying. The splendid baptistry has a strange echo, for on the attendant's making certain noises with his lips, follows the ringing and rolling of organ tones, heard high in the vault above.

Through a charming country of hills and woods, ruins and pretty villages, reminding one more of certain parts of Germany than of Italy, were it not for gleaming quarries of white marble and finally the sea—I passed on to Genoa. Genova la Superba! The lordly harbor and old lighthouse, the circling hills crowned with ports and a castle or two, the fine parks, terraced on hills, the international shipping and modern activity, make this city superb indeed. Despite its treasures and traditions it is today too prosperous, too commercal to retain its romance. Back of green hills in a valley by a river, lies its magnificent and famous cemetery, a grand quadrangle, the centre filled with grass and trees, fair as a formal garden, and in the surrounding arcades and flanking temples are elegant and costly tombs of original designs. Life-sized portrait family groups forever dolorous in marble and painful in the petrifaction of their modern raiment, often induce the irreverent smile. These Italian Campi Santi are delightful, cheerful places; death seems to be a decent sort of function after all. In Genoa harbor a wooden vessel lay burnt to the water-line, her rich freight of coffee and silk spread upon the black waters, while blue-eyed Genoese girls and ringletted lads gathered the unusual spoil in baskets. A deluge of mail awaited me in Genoa, refreshing my heart with messages from home and friends.

After some days, I continued my journey along the Italian Riviera, radiant with an emerald sea, with flowers and wooded hills, past Pegli bright with villas and yacht clubs, past lovely Ospaldetti and San Remo to Ventimiglia, a quaint town on the French frontier,—thence along the fair riviera of France, to Mentone, to Monaco, to Monte Carlo, to Nice—ere I returned to Italy.

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Letters

The Deep Sea's Toll

Can any one who has read even one of James B. Connolly's stirring tales of the Gloucestermen ever again eat salt fish without a thought of all it costs? His third volume, "The Deep Sea's Toll," bears out the reputation of its predecessors. Apparently Mr. Connolly has found in the fishermen a harvest as inexhaustible as that of the sea itself. It was Tommy Bohlin, the original of one of his crack sail carriers, "Tommie Ohlsen," who took the little schooner yacht, "Fleur de Lys," across the Atlantic in the recent race, and carried his staunch admirer as one of the passengers, and the account of her performance, simple, bald, straight description without romantic embellishment, is corroborative testimony, both of the author's ability, the seamanship of his characters and the capacity of their craft. The "Colleen Bawn," the "Nannie O," the "Buccaneer," the "Lucy Foster," with Tommy Ohlsen, Wesley Marrs, Martin Carr, Tom Clancy, Crump, Taylor and O'Donnell, are too well established to need other introduction than their names, and their daring and gallant deeds differ only in kind, not in quality, from those which have endeared them to their admirers. As a good horseman is said to be half-horse, these skippers are so identified with the craft, and so in love with their toil, that it is hard to tell sometimes whether it be captain, crew or vessel that deserves credit. If we adopt the definition of labor as something done with the hands alone, and work that which occupies head, heart and hands alike, then there is no labor involved in a trip to the Georges Banks, a race home with all sail set, or any of the incidental disasters which befall, and which tax wit and strength as well as seamanship. In "The Sail Carriers" there is related the experience of a young husband who, after his first tiff with his wife, impulsively shipped for a voyage on the "Colleen Bawn," with Skipper O'Donnell. The "Colleen" was no longer as young as she had been, and O'Donnell was notorious for cracking-on, as well as for never resisting a challenge of trial of speed. Poor Jimmie Johnson had once been quartermaster of a Boston harbor craft, and thought himself amply endowed with seamanship when he set out. What he thought on his return and between whiles is another story. After reading of the capers cut by "the wicked Celestine," small wonder that the ambitious Captain Joyce had all he wanted of new models, always more or less under suspicion. What she did I am not going to tell. Why she did it is one of the things no one ever found out. "The Truth of the Oliver Cromwell" is a tragic tale in which a score of good lives and a staunch little vessel were lost because of the blind, unreasoning jealousy and black temper of the captain, who made his suspicion his law of action. "Strategy and Seamanship" brings in the rivalry of the two firms, the Duncans and the Withrows, and the relative merits of "diplomacy" and square dealing,

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as well as the advantages of good seamanship over the cocksureness of conceit. It is a clever coup by which Wesley Marrs not only secured the cargo which he had been cheated out of by the shiftiness of his rival, Glover, but salvaged the "Calumet" and towed her home in the wake of his own gallant "Lucy Foster." There is life, philosophy, romance and atmosphere in every one of Connolly's stories. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Fables and Symbols" is a neat litle pamphlet of some forty pages in paper covers, tastefully gotten out on good paper, with abundance of vignette illustrations and tail pieces, by Walter N. Brunt for the author, Clemence de la Baere. The fables have an old-time flavor, and call to mind the moral tales with which our youthful years were enlivened. All our old friends, the frog, the donkey, the cock, and the calf, hold conversations as of old and the moral reflections of the sages neatly round out each tale. The English is very creditable, since the author informs us in a prefatory note that it has been acquired in adult years, after a residence in California. Such occasional lapses as "plum full," and the use of "granny" and "sonny" in what is essentially a dignified form of composition must be laid rather to that "evil communication" against which foreigners are unable to guard themselves, the slang and carelessness of our own people. It seems to me that the contents of "Fables and Symbols" could be put to excellent use in furnishing matter for beginners in foreign language classes to translate. The expressions are simple, the ideas plain, and the fables brief enough to be rendered in one lesson, thereby avoiding the tiresome monotony that attends most class work where pupils are neither old enough nor sufficiently ambitious to drive themselves.

More Mosaic Essays

The success which attended the publication of the earlier compilations entitled "Mosaic Essays" has prompted the Paul Elder Company to add another to the series, which now includes "Friendship," "Happiness," "Nature," "Success" and "Love." The quotations are drawn from widely separated sources, and are approximately exhaustive. They include excerpts from the Scriptures, Thomas a Kempis, Emerson, Carlyle, General Lew Wallace, Lamartine, Eugene Field, and Henry Ward Beecher, and are arranged under different groupings, Supreme, Divine, Maternal, and Human Love. There is, as a frontispiece, a double page reproduction of a Toulmache's "Mother and Child" on Japanese vellum. "Love" is issued in two style, uniform with its predecessors, bound in Pebble Sultan with envelope to match at 75c, or in suede, boxed, at $1.25. The size, 8¼ inches by 4½, makes it most convenient for mailing, and the contents and general treatment render it an appropriate remembrance for any occasion.

"Teddy Sunbeam"

The little housekeepers who are still in the fairy tale and fable stage of mental development, have a treat in store for them in "Teddy Sunbeam," a score of brief and bright little stories in which household articles are personified, and domestic hints which even the big sisters and the mammas will be glad to profit by are deftly introduced. Amusement and instruction are nicely blended and there is nothing babyish about the language. Charlotte Grace Speery who is responsible for the text, has treated her prospective little readers in a dignified way which they will be sure to appreciate, and has not hesitated to use words of two and three syllables in their proper places. It has always been one of the mysteries why little people, who hear grown-up language every day and have no difficulty in understanding it, should be supposed to do all their own thinking in words of three letters. "Teddy Sunbeam" will not be tiresome reading to the mothers and aunties who will be called on to interpret the printed pages to the little ones, and those who are old enough to read alone will be very apt to keep permanent possession of their copy instead of passing it down to the younger sisters as they do the majority of their books, because they feel belittled by being talked down to. The type is excellent, a point which should never be overlooked in purchasing books for little people, and the black lettering on a brilliant golden background, with white margin, is a novelty. The illustrations, by Albertine Randall Wheelan, are in keeping with the text, the household utensils which enter into the stories, and the flowers, adorned with faces expressive of their feelings when "Teddy Sunbeam" comes to interview them. The endpapers present the dishpan, the basting spoon, the dust pan, and the brush joining hands in a merry dance across the double pages. This is also a production of Paul Elder's Tomoye Press, from which we naturally expect perfection in design and detail. Happy the little maid whose Christmas tree will bear this fruit.

—The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

We move to make it unanimous.

Wonder if Herbert George thinks he did it!

Did Partridge's epigrams go over the heads of the voters?

The lid is off and a strong red light beats on the aperture.

Eugene Schmitz has been given a clean bill of health by a jury of his peers.

Perhaps Abe Ruef is beloved in some quarters for the enemies he has made.

It was partly in the nature of a revolt against Public Opinion as moulded in the newspaper offices of San Francisco.

A government of the people, by the people and for the people is always akin to the medicine ordered by the doctor. So cheer up, the lid is in hock.

It is hoped that Mr. Schmitz will enter into a conspiracy with Abe Ruef to prove every man a liar who has said that they were neither proponents nor exponents of clean government.

In addition to its being up to Heney to make good, it is also up to Mr. Ruef to carry out his promise to institute libel suits against certain newspaper proprietors. The first duty of a political boss is to keep his promises.

The Election of Schmitz

Let us not despair. Let us avoid pessimistic lamentations and hope for better things. We believed that the sturdy Americanism of San Francisco could be relied upon to assert itself at the psychological moment, and perhaps it was so asserted though not as we expected. We thought that the noble example that has been given the people of the Republic by their magnificent Chieftain at Washington had not been without a wholesome effect in the metropolis of the Far West; that this community was not indifferent to the great moral impulse that has seized the people of the nation; that here there was response to the reaction against corruption and boss rule and that we were capable of high ideals of civic duty, so let us try to persuade ourselves that the re-election of Schmitz was due to a feeling of resentment against the Mayor's critics rather than to the low moral standard of the voters. Perhaps after all the city is not going to the devil despite the doleful predictions of the bilious lamenting Jeremiahs. Perhaps Mayor Schmitz will experience a change of heart and resolve to give the city a clean Administration during the next two years. Stranger things have happened. Mr. Schmitz was in touch with some eminent clergymen during the campaign. Perhaps they converted him and perhaps he has seen the evil of his ways and will not be emboldened by the amiable attitude of the voters last Tuesday.

Misleading Figures

Assessor Dodge's figures showing the relative growth of San Francisco, Seattle and Los Angeles in four years were all well enough for campaign purposes. The end to which they were used was commendable but they were somewhat misleading as figures frequently are. Dr. Dodge is a wizard with figures, and when he gets out his little charts for campaign purposes he is more to be dreaded than when he enters an operating room with his kit of carving tools. To compare the building record and bank clearances of San Francisco with those of Los Angeles is misleading for the reason that the situation of San Francisco is such that its business affairs are blended with those of the bay counties. Though it is a distinct political subdivision of the state, commercially it is as closely related to San Mateo, Alameda and Marin counties as Los Angeles is to the several townships included in the Southern county. In the past four years San Mateo, Alameda and Marin counties have enjoyed phenomenal growth, and they owe their development and prosperity largely to San Francisco capital. Each is a suburb of the metropolis. Each draws a considerable part of its sustenance from San Francisco. A great volume of the brow-sweat in which is earned the bread that feeds those counties is shed at the wheels of industry that whirr in this industrial centre. The four counties are separated for political convenience but commercially they are one.

Because He was a Militiaman

The sooner the leaders of organized labor make organized effort to eradicate the anarchistic sentiment that occasionally finds expression in the ranks, the better it will be for the wage-earners of America. It is from their avowed hostility to the militia that we learn of the existence of this sentiment among union labor men. This hostility asserted itself in New York two years ago, during a strike, when union men were ordered to desert the militia. We did not know that the sentiment which bespeaks disloyalty to the Government was approved by union men on this coast, until the late municipal campaign, when a circular was issued by five representatives of organized labor calling attention to the fact that many of the candidates on the Schmitz ticket were not in sympathy with the unions. Among the

candidates mentioned as objectionable on account of their hostile attitude was Thomas F. O'Neil, of whom it was said: "Never belonged to a union; ever since he belonged to Company G in the militia that suppressed the great A. R. U. strike in 1894 he has been a political job chaser." The object of this recital is clear. It is plainly a denunciation of O'Neil on the score of his loyalty to his state. The fact that he performed his duty by participating in the work of protecting from violence those wage-earners who saw fit to accept employment from the railroad company during a strike is set forth as a blot on his career. The men by whom the circular was issued must have felt that organized labor in California is hostile to law and order; that it is prepared to resent enforcement of the law for the protection of life and property whenever organized labor sees fit to set itself above the law and that it will forever hate and despise public officials who, in the performance of their duties, seek to restrain lawless citizens from trespassing on the rights of others. This is anarchism pure and simple, and if ever it should become clear to the people that organized labor is animated by the principle enunciated in that treasonable circular, trades unionism will be dealt a pretty severe blow.

A Decision Against Strikers

The Supreme Court of the state of Washington has placed itself on record against malicious and aggressive interference by strikers with the business of an employer. It has approved the action of the lower court in granting an injunction restraining a union from employing pickets in and about the entrance of a restaurant to inform patrons that it was "a scab place." The court declared: "Men cannot lawfully jointly congregate about the entrance of another's place of business, and there, either by persuasion, coercion or force, prevent his patrons and the public at large from entering his place of business or dealing with him. The right of personal liberty and the right of private property are fundamental rights. The object and purpose of all law is their protection. And if the law fails in this particular men will endeavor to protect those rights by their own might, and in doing so will commit acts which lead to breaches of the peace, riot and bloodshed, and if continued, in the final subversion of all law." The doctrine of this opinion is in harmony with the recent rulings of the courts of many of the Eastern states in cases of positive interference by the unions with the rights of property. It is the expression of a sentiment that was crystallized during the course of strikes conducted in an unreasonable manner and marked by aggressions that provoked public indignation. When labor unions were less dictatorial than they became a few years ago and showed some respect for public sentiment, the courts were reluctant to obstruct their efforts to secure more wages and shorter hours. The unions had the sympathy of the public, but that sympathy has been in a great measure alienated, and the courts, influenced by popular sentiment, are now predisposed to resolve principles of law for the restraint of all disturbers of industrial peace.

The Russian Revolution

The fires of liberty have been burning swiftly in Russia. The well-meaning but irresolute Nicholas II was too slow in reading the handwriting on the wall, and by the time he made up his mind to appoint Count Witte Prime Minister and to grant genuine reforms, all over Russia the urban proletariat which had been disaffected since last January organized a general and paralyzing strike that developed into one of the bloodiest revolutions in the history of the world. Practically the revolution began on the day of the slaughter of Father Gapon's St. Petersburg petitioners. When the Little Father took to flight while his Grand Ducal butchers made a shambles in front of the Czar's palace, the first act in the great historic drama was on. The denouement came with the railroad strike which brought about a state of affairs without a parallel in modern times. So far as the means of transportation were concerned the whole structure of organized society was resolved into its local elements. It was no longer possible to reach the interior of Russia from the Western frontier. The Czar himself at Petrehof was cut off from his capital. It was no longer possible to transport soldiers from one critical point to another. In the circumstances it became extremely difficult to quell the widespread insurrection. The Social Democrats by whom the strike was organized had the Government at their mercy. Since then the Revolution has made strides toward its objective. Moscow, the hotbed of the liberal movement, formally declared a provisional government. The city is a unit and is practically isolated from the centres of military power. General Trepoff was powerless. Then it was that Nicholas called in Witte and agreed to yield autocratic power and grant the people a constitution, general suffrage, and freedom of conscience, speech, union and association. But these concessions had been too long delayed. The people had not forgotten "Bloody Vladimir Day." They knew that Nicholas was on the run and they resolved to keep him there until fearful of being dethroned he would be impelled to insure their absolute freedom from brutal tyranny.

Temperance Crank's Suggestion

A new and original solution of the vexed question of the army canteen has been proposed by A. S. Lake in a letter to *Harper's Weekly*. He suggests that tipplers be dropped from the army and that there be no further enlistment of men with a thirst for liquor. He is sure that this policy would improve army morals and cause a falling off in the crop of army-post scandals. Mr. Lake is unquestionably a representative of the W. C. T. U. He abhors stimulants and appears to be at a disadvantage in consequence. There are many total abstainers who have the brain force to get along without stimulants, but they are not all animated with a desire to compel the whole world to accord with their views. The vapidity of Mr. Lake's

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suggestion bespeaks an intellect impaired in many a soft-drink debauch. There have been temperate soldiers who distinguished themselves by their courage and capacity, but since war was first known on this earth of ours the rank and file of all armies have been hard drinkers and hard fighters. Your plodding little clerk who has to screw his courage up to the point of asking for root beer or ginger ale is none too apt to risk his neck in a desperate adventure, and your good business man of the temperance society who deprecates anything which will disturb the balance of trade forgets that without the devil-may-care courage of the man behind the gun he would be apt to find himself with no quiet place in which to do his buying and selling. These people who live in settled towns, with streets patrolled by policemen in uniform, where they can be comfortable in steam-heated and electric-lighted houses, where they can have hot meals at all hours, and anything that occurs to their fancy to desire, who can sit in their cosy chairs and sip their claret and champagne and ride to their temperance reunions where they can discuss the vices of the brutal and licentious soldiery, would take a very different view of whisky, did they but change places with the men in the ranks, and "hike" for miles over dusty roads, go for weeks without a change of clothing or a bath, tramp their sentry beat in the rain and crawl into their cold, unlighted tents to lie on the ground wrapped in one inadequate blanket, and rise at bugle call to a meal of beans and bacon and hardtack, coffee without trimmings, and a monotonous day within bounds of camp or barrack. If soldiers had no other duties than to lend the color of their uniforms to society cotillions and furnish spectacular parades for the populace, no doubt it would be easy to recruit a half million of young dudes who would be happy singing sentimental songs and playing tiddledy-winks; but if we want an army of fighting men it is idle to think of enlisting none but carbonated water drinkers. The armies of Darius and Alexander, of Caesar and Marlborough and Napoleon, drank long and deep and often, and until war itself becomes a Sunday-school picnic soldiers will continue to be men of strong passions and red blood. As for army-post scandals, they will continue so long as the army is composed of men, and women are permitted to share their society.

Some Cheap Advice

A few weeks ago a young lady in an Eastern city committed suicide because she could not escape from some slander which had been circulated about her, and which searched her out wherever she went and whatever employment she secured. The incident has furnished a topic to engage the pens of all women's page scribblers, each of whom is ready now with advice and a cut-and-dried outline of what the victim ought to have done. The gist of it all is that she should have "lived down the lies," and by her noble conduct proved their falsity, for there are always plenty of good people to stand by the downtrodden, and no one should give way, thinking herself alone and friendless, all of which is about as useful to the poor, dead girl as a eulogistic epitaph carved on her tombstone. It would be comparatively easy to live down slanders if one did not have to earn a living at the same time. People of wealth and position are able to move to a new community, or to go abroad and remain until the occasion of their departure is forgotten. In the 400 the most flagrant scandals are wiped out by a new marriage. With a wage earner dependent on her own exertions another standard prevails. Her good name is her capital, and deprived of that, she is cut off from her means of livelihood unless she is ready to throw her bonnet over the housetops and go the pace openly. Even those employers who are not over-solicitous about the morals of those who do their work do demand the outward seeming, the fair reputation, whether it represents the true character or not. The girl who is unfortunate enough to have been made the victim of scandal does not often or always have the opportunity of vindicating herself. She may not be aware of the exact nature or the extent of the gossip, but she is not left long in doubt as to her being objectionable. With her first week's, or her first month's salary in each new position which she finds, she is likely to receive notice that her services are dispensed with, and she has no alternative but to go out and search for a new job. Nor is it her fellow employes who are to be held to account, for it is as probable as not that they know nothing about the matter. Some business man, perhaps a former employer, feels it his duty to give warning, or it may be that a brother, father or lover, over-zealous for his own, forgets that his are not the only ones who must live; so one door after another is closed, the little hoard of savings goes, and the discouraging future looms blacker. Living down scandal presupposes the ability to sustain life until the brighter day. Society will applaud generously the woman who succeeds, but it does not hold out a hand to help her in the struggle. The woman who has openly and flagrantly transgressed will find Rescue Homes on every side. The liberated convict is a heroine, but the unfortunate who has been but vaguely "talked about" has a hard time of it. Only too often it is her own family who are the first to give her the cold shoulder, if, indeed, it is not the idle words of some near kindred which have been the basis of all the trouble. No doubt, if people could realize the state of mind to which a girl can be driven by the repetition of idle gossip and vague surmises there are many who would give her moral support, but as long as such intuitive knowledge is withheld, the next best course is to make a point of not repeating stories. Another good plan is to scorn to listen to scandal, but unfortunately the vulgar who are largely in the majority are prone not only to circulate scandal but to welcome it. If public sentiment could be trained to view as it should the scandal-monger as one of the most detestable of mortals, ostracism would become the penalty for the loathsome practice of purveying vicious gossip, and the health of society would be greatly improved.

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Of Things Odd and Old

BY HARRY COWELL.

Do you know the call of nooks and crannies; the lure of out-of-the-way places? As a child, did you hate to walk on the roads? Did you slip nurse's hand at the first chance, and over the hedge into the woods, scorning even there to take so much as a squirrel track; your little heart set upon opening up a trail your very own—to be left all-unblazoned save incidentally by bits of your second-best breeches—bent resolutely upon learning at first hand the secrets of the underbrush, the mysteries safeguarded of briars—all, in short, that the semi-darkness hid? In the city, used you to turn instinctively down every alley crossed, and have your arm half-jerked from its socket for your pains? Have you still a mind to sit alone amidst ruins and rebuild the silence and desolation into sights and sounds such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard? Are you given to the use of the words, strange, quaint, curious? The odd, has it much charm for you? The old?

No. Then, go not a syllable further. To you, my speech and I are aliens. Yes. Then, come along with me. You are of us that love to wander untrodden ways; that have no small joy of the whimsicalities of human nature; that, at the same time, cannot hold in the hand a bit of civilization dead before Christ was born without a feeling of awe not unmixed with delight.

The sweet uses of the normal I know as well as any man my enemy. To me—let the vulgar wink offensive eye, the cynic smile, thereat—a pair of happy lovers is the fairest sight under heaven. But to hear a grandam, very old and very ugly, tell the story of her first love; to see the ghost of a passion that died fifty years ago walk in broad daylight, is more moving. In books, what Lamb calls "beautiful obliquities"—his own, for instance—I have ever found irresistible; and I should not like to say how many of the seven virtues I could better spare in my friends than one, the least beautiful, of their obliquities.

Adventure I love—plain sailing gets too soon to port. Flat roads that wind not are for commercial purposes, for those that have ever the journey's end in view and no eye for the sights; not for your proper vagabond. Between above-ground without surprise and the grave, I can see but little to choose. Of course, there is always to fall back on the preposterous marriages the men and women we think well of make (not the most sophisticated can meet the unknown wife or the unknown husband of a dear friend without a positive shock); and, more surprising still, the marriages those we think best of make—namely, our own. And so long as a man has no lack of occasion to exclaim, "Well, I'll be—!" life is worth living. The desire of the strange, however, is not easily satisfied.

It needs little or no argument to convince the observant of the none too latent truth that in the making of this world and all that therein is, the devil had a hand. Geniuses are admittedly God's masterpieces; but note in every one of these the exquisite incongruities, adorable oddities, obliquities beautiful or other; foreign touches all, incredibly quaint, and yet—we know not by what magic—of a piece with the original, now inseparable from it, precious as it; alien things naturalized, made dear by use and wont. Whose handiwork, think you?

Odd old houses, well off the highway, lying hid among ancestral trees, overrun with curious colorful vines, full of unsuspected closets, incomprehensible corners, not without ghosts and secret doors—who can escape their fascination? Amidst a crowd of women's faces modern and obvious, let one appear, antique, mysterious, hinting darkly at a heart not worn on the sleeve, but kept ever so remote—a heart not unlike an old odd house—and how a man's will beat at the thought of exploring it! A heart like a new three-roomed flat, containing no greater mystery than a folding-bed solvable by the veriest child—who can abide it?

The sad bread today offered as intellectual food, food for the feelings, needs, it seems to me some leaven of the antiquarian spirit; lacking which learning, culture, are bound to be heavy.

Misunderstand me not. The world, mind you, is not all whim. Creation, as a whole, is the work of God, the foreign touches forming a small, though by no means insignificant, part. A house that is nothing but dim recesses is not a desirable dwelling-place. A museum is not even a good inn. I, for one, should not care to make me a home in a heart that was all nooks. I seek no vast oddity for friend. Nonetheless, for me, no crony without a cranny. House me with straightforward matter-of-factness I cannot. I am a modern that can as little spare the old, the odd, the incongruous as can Nature. But you that have read thus far are of us and take my meaning without insulting explanation, knowing well as I that the odd must be kept in its place, and probably keeping it there far better than I do; for, try as I will, I find that in life, as in the lesser arts, things easily get out of proportion. Art, however, admits of a greater measure of the odd than does life. In Walter Pater's "Leonardo da Vinci," written of one of us, by one of us, for all of us, the proportion seems perfect, as it does in the master's paintings; and seeming is all that is necessary. The fact is, that in the space of a page or two we read that Leonardo had engaged in "*odd* experiments," "explained the *obscure* light of the unilluminated part of the moon"; that "He who thus penetrated into the *most secret* parts of nature preferred always the more to the less *remote*, what, seeming exceptional, was an instance of laws more *refined*, the construction about things of a *peculiar* atmosphere and *mixed* lights"; that he paints flowers with "*curious* felicity," was "*curious* in observation, *curious* in invention"; that "In him first appears the taste for

(Continued on Page 38)

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By Dr. Parnell.

That part of the country where I happened to light, was the most noisy that I had ever known. The winds whistled, the leaves rustled, the brooks rumbled, the birds chattered, the tongues of men were heard, and the echo mingled something of every sound in its repetition, so that there was a strange confusion and uproar of sounds about me. At length, as the noise still increased, I could discern a man habited like a herald, and (as I afterwards understood) called Novelty, that came forward proclaiming a solemn day to be kept at the house of Common Fame. Immediately behind him advanced three nymphs, who had monstrous appearances. The first of these was Curiosity, habited like a virgin, and having an hundred ears about her head to serve in her inquiries. The second of these was Talkativeness, a little better grown; she seemed to be like a young wife, and had an hundred tongues to spread her stories. The third was Censoriousness, habited like a widow, and surrounded with a hundred squinting eyes of a malignant influence, which so obliquely darted on all around, that it was impossible to say which of them had brought in the information she boasted of. These, as I was informed, had been very instrumental in preserving and rearing Common Fame, when upon her birthday she was shuffled into a crowd, to escape the search which Truth might have made after her and her parents. Curiosity found her there, Talkativeness conveyed her away and Censoriousness so nursed her up, that in a short time she grew to a prodigious size, and obtained an empire over the universe; wherefore the Power, in gratitude for these services, has since advanced them to her highest employments. The next who came forward in the procession was a light damsel, called Credulity, who carried behind them the lamp, the silver vessel with a spout, and other instruments proper for this solemn occasion.

She had formerly seen these three together, and conjecturing from the number of their ears, tongues, and eyes, that they might be the proper genii of Attraction, Familiar Converse, and Ocular Demonstration, she from that time gave herself up to attend them. The last who followed were some who had closely muffled themselves in upper garments, so that I could not discern who they were; but just as the foremost of them was to come up, "I am glad," says she, calling me by name, "to meet you at this time; stay close by me, and take a strict observation of all that passes": her voice was sweet and commanding, I thought I had somewhere heard it; and from her, as I went along, I learned the meaning of everything which offered.

We now marched forward through the Rookery of Rumours, which flew thick, and with a terrible din, all around us. At length we arrived at the house of Common Fame, where a hecatomb of reputations was that day to fall for her pleasure. The house stood upon an eminence, having a thousand passages to it, and a thousand whispering holes for the conveyance of sound. The hall we entered was formed with the art of a music-chamber for the improvement of noises. Rest and silence are banished the place. Stories of different natures wander in light flocks all about, sometimes truths and lies, or sometimes lies themselves clashing against one another. In the middle, stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatic countries, upon which the lamp, the silver vessel, and cups of white earth, were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought, collected for the solemnity in moonshine, and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made, to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America, for performing a libation to the infernal powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately, then, Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for the time they were to represent; and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins, still pronouncing, at every one she stuck, something to the prejudice of the persons represented. No sooner were these rites performed, and incantations uttered, but the sound of a speaking trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated, and assisting. Upon this the sky grew darker, a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief or resentment were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they whose names they had given to the images, were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

As matters were at this high point of disorder, the muffled lady, whom I attended on, being no longer able to endure such barbarous proceedings, threw off her garment of Reserve, and appeared to be Truth. As soon as she had confessed herself present, the speaking-trumpet ceased to sound, the sky cleared up, the storm abated, the noises which were heard in it ended, the laughter of the company was over, and a serene light, till then unknown to the place, diffused around it. At this, the detected sorceresses endeavored to escape in a cloud which I saw began to thicken round them; but it was dispersed, their charms being controlled and prevailed over by the superior divinity. For my part I was exceedingly glad to see it so, and began to consider what punishments she would inflict upon them. I fancied it would be proper to cut off Curiosity's ears, and fix them to the eaves of houses; to nail the tongues of Talkativeness to Indian tables; and to put out the eyes of Censoriousness with a flash of her light. In respect of Credulity, I had indeed some little pity, and had I been judge she might, perhaps, have escaped with a hearty reproof.

But I soon found that the discerning judge had other designs. She knew them for such as will not be destroyed

(Continued on Page 32)

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In the Shady Places

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

In the shady places,
That the hand of man has not yet polluted,
Where the right of way still lies undisputed
With the speaking wild,
I have listened long to the distant reapers
As their cries come faint through the flow'ring creepers;
In the shady places.

In the shady places
I at times have knelt in my soul's disquiet
With my blood aflame in tumultuous riot
O'er a stinging wrong;
And the silence, keen to the grief I smother,
Calms my deep distress like a tender mother;
In the shady places.

In the shady places
Where the fragrance, faint, from the moist earth rises
And the winding path hides its glad surprises
Like a sportive child,
There I turn my steps when the world oppresses
And I find the balm for my heart-distresses;
In the shady places.

November, 1905.

The Saunterer

That Great Election Fraud

Frank Jordan, clerk of the Supreme Court, informs me that he suffered injustice through my paragraph of last week, referring to his "confession" in connection with the issuance of several thousand "fraudulent" certificates of registration for the benefit of Victor Metcalf, now of the President's Cabinet. The injustice was done as a result of my assuming that certain data published by a daily contemporary were accurate. The story of the transaction as recited by Jordan is quite different from the one published by the daily paper. It loses none of its sensational interest, however, in the revised version. On the contrary the dramatic element is improved, for the fraud feature is preserved intact, and to it gross treachery is added and the whole is sprinkled over with base ingratitude. The story is one with which Oakland politicians are quite familiar, for it created a big sensation across the bay at the close of the Metcalf-Hilborn Congressional campaign and led to a great deal of revengeful feeling to which may be attributed much of the factional strife in which Alameda county politicians are almost incessantly embroiled. But while it is an old story across the bay it is of peculiar interest at this time on account of the position now occupied by the man in whose behalf the election fraud was perpetrated. Victor Metcalf is today a Cabinet officer, identified with an Administration which is setting an example of political purity for the whole country.

How the Fraud was Perpetrated

Frank Jordan explains that he issued the certificates that were fraudulently used, on the advice of a distinguished jurist and a District Attorney, and delivered them to the managers of Mr. Metcalf's campaign. They were in the nature of a supplemental register and were for the accommodation of voters. There was nothing fraudulent about them . Each was the copy of a legal registration, and they were for voters who had been transferred too late to have their names appear on the original register. They were to be given only to those voters who were entitled to vote, and Jordan was led to believe they were to be honestly used. He understood that he was doing Mr. Metcalf a great favor but he did not suspect that his confidence was to be abused. The first intimation he received of contemplated fraud was when it was reported to him that one of his deputies had issued two hundred blank certificates. Fortunately he caught the deputy before they were distributed and the latter destroyed all but one which, in his excitement, he dropped, and which was afterwards picked up by a follower of Hilborn who spread the report that blank certificates had been issued to the Metcalf forces. This report was afterwards disproved, but, says Jordan, Metcalf's managers distributed the legal certificates to fraudulent voters, and thousands of *bona fide* voters were denied their right to exercise the elective franchise.

A Dash of Ingratitude

"The people of Oakland believed that I was a party to the fraud," says Jordan in telling the story, "but what I did was legal and if the other side had asked for the same favor I would have granted it. Will Henshaw, the Oak-

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land banker, who was one of Mr. Metcalf's managers, was very grateful for what I had done. He told me that I could have anything in the bank, and a month later he was trying to force me into insolvency because I couldn't pay a note for one hundred dollars. Mr. Metcalf was elected by eight thousand majority, and two weeks later when I was up for re-election I was beaten in my own precinct, and I managed to squeeze through with less than eight hundred majority. That the people of Oakland were afterwards convinced of my innocence was evident from the big vote they gave me three years ago. Everybody knows that if I had been guilty of fraud at that time I would have been sent to jail, for indignation was at a white heat and they were hot on my trail."

"Why is it that roof-gardens don't pay?"
"Because all the drinks are 'on the house.'"

Jews in Bohemia

I hear that the Bohemian Club is threatened with the recrudescence of an old subject of contention. It is the matter of the eligibility of Jews to the sacred precincts of Bohemia. Though the club has twenty or thirty Jewish members, some of whom are quite active in the social life of the organization, it has been many years since one of their co-religionists was admitted to membership, and it has been generally understood that there exists an unwritten law inhibiting the proposal of Jews for membership. Nevertheless a prominent member of the club has undertaken to secure the election of a Jewish friend, a gentleman of great wealth and considerable social distinction. The matter has provoked a great deal of discussion, and the outcome will be watched with keen interest, for if the candidate be denied admission it will be proof positive that racial prejudice is all-powerful in Bohemia as well as in Russia, since he is a man of culture and refinement and with his wife has the entree to the smartest Christian society. His rejection would mean that hereafter no Jewish gentleman would seek admission to the club, for as it is inconceivable that a Christian gentleman would try to get into a club in which a prejudice against Christians predominates, so is it incredible that a Jewish gentleman would attempt to force himself into society that objects to companionship with men of his race.

Greenway's Ball Was a Frost

Never was there such a deplorable dearth of young men at the Greenway dances as there was this year. It was pathetic. Sad and disheartened was the trusty little band of debutantes as they came down the broad staircase of the Palace and caught the first view of the meagre force of eligibles in waiting, their spirits drooped. However, the debutantes were pretty well taken care of. Their mammas and other sympathizers skirmished around and succeeded in rounding up partners for them, but the belles of two or three seasons agone, the buds of yesteryear, the hold-overs, had rather a forlorn time of it. The way their faces lighted up in gratitude when they were asked to dance was amusing. The cleverer of the older girls made frequent trips to the dressing room, preferring to efface themselves than to suffer conspicuous neglect. It was truly harrowing, this game of solitaire that so many young women were forced to play. Mr. Greenway was not to blame. Many of our husky young dancing men have become blase. The sport is too tame for them. So they did not join the club this year, and as a consequence even the members of the Gaiety set who pride themselves on being of the most exclusive set in town, were on the occasion of the dance far more exclusive than they cared to be. It was a case of "oh, for a man!" and no particular brand would have been required.

The Absent Men

Among the young men who are on the Gaiety list and who did not join the Greenway this year are Wilbur Burnett, John Kittle, Hamilton Bowie, Norman Livermore, Sherril Schell, Truxton Morris, Beverly Tucker, John Polhemus, Gaston de Roussy, Covington Pringle, Sydney Pringle and Karl Howard. Among the matrimonial prizes who were missed are James D. Phelan and Frank Goad, and among lesser bachelors who did not attend were Roy Pike, Maxwell McNutt, Ernest McCormick, and Dr. Hemlett. Most of the burden fell on those indefatigables, Bobby Eyre, Percy King, the Zeile boys, Cyril, Tobin, and Lloyd Baldwin, all of whom are the joy and hope of managing mammas. They did their bravest, but nevertheless many of the girls are complaining of their dull and manless time.

Some Women Who Were Not There

Besides the large number of young men who were not at the dance, many girls were missed, girls who in former years contributed the chief attraction of the Friday Night Club affairs. Among the missing were Emily Carolan, the Borel girls, the Misses Allen, Frances Howard, Beth Livermore, Mattie Livermore, Emily and Charlotte Wilson, Azalea Keyes, and Josephine Loughborough. There are many smart matrons who declined to join this year, among them being Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Louise Parrott, Mrs. Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Garceau, Mrs. Jack Tallant, Mrs. A. M. Drown, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon, Mrs. James Potter Laughorne, Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. Worthington Ames, and Mrs. Willard Drown. A few of these did not join because they are mourning, but by their absence they robbed the affair of some of the prestige which it should have enjoyed.

Mrs. Martin's Grand Entrance

Mrs. Peter Martin was, of course, the sensation of the evening. I hear that she finds San Francisco dreadfully stupid this year and is overcome with ennui. So the Greenway ball, she thought, would give her a little excitement. She arrived late as usual and had the satisfaction of making a sensational entrance. There was a good deal of the dramatic element in it, and she was greeted with a chorus of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" She reminded me of a

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stage beauty entering the spotlight as though she knew it was there for her. During the evening she was ever in the foreground of the picture. Her height, and her purple gown which contributed the only striking dash of color to the scene, made her conspicuous. The gown was in vivid contrast to the white and light pinks worn by the other women. Mrs. Martin made only a bluff at dancing. She whirled her skirt over the floor a few times and then promenaded the rest of the number. John Lawson and the Tobin boys succeeded in getting a few dances with her.

The Debutantes

Among the interesting persons who joined the Greenway this year were Hermann Oelrichs and George de Long. Oelrichs usually flees from balls as he would from a pestilence, but for the sake of his friend Greenway, he put his name down. George de Long, having retired from the stage to enter commercial life, will once more be active in the social whirl. The debutantes who were honored by an invitation from Ned were Ruth Casey, Louise Stone, Marie Bremer, Genevieve Harvey, Bernice Wilson, Helen Thomas, Merritt Reid, and Margaret Barron. None of them has the fatal gift of beauty, but they are all nice looking girls. Bernice Wilson is probably the prettiest of them all.

The Retort Courteous

After the Greenway ball last Friday night, a young woman of the smart set accompanied by two distinguished club men wandered into the Palace hotel bar. The hour was late and the bar was deserted save for the trio of swells, but in the Palace bar the equality of the sexes is not recognized. It therefore occurred to an attache of the hotel that it behooved him to inform the Friday Night Club lady that the saloon was exclusively for men. He did so, whereupon he was taken to task by one of her escorts.

"When addressing a lady you should remove your hat," said the gentleman who is a stickler for etiquette.

The hotel man was not feazed by the rebuke. Turning to the expounder of good form he said:

"Considering the time, the place and the circumstance, the convention that you have mentioned is not imperative."

What the Prince May Do

The will of the late Mrs. Caroline Sperry, mother of Princess Poniatowski and Mrs. Will Crocker, has occasioned some comment both in social and financial circles. It is regarded as significant of Mrs. Sperry's lack of confidence in the financial genius of her titled son-in-law that she put the Princess Poniatowski's legacy in trust. It is believed that the Prince will get red in the face when he reads that his wife is inhibited from transferring or assigning her interest, but perhaps the severest blow to his pride was the selection of his brother-in-law, Will Crocker, as one of the trustees for the Princess. If it were not for the money involved the Prince would probably regard it as a joke, but the probability is that he will feel like urging his wife to institute proceedings to break the trust on the ground of undue influence. When the will was executed, in January last, the Prince's prestige as a financier was dim, and his mother-in-law was, perhaps, fearful that if ever he got hold of his wife's share of the estate it would go a-glimmering. But, as I recently reported, the Prince's prestige is once more refulgent. He has made a great success of a banking venture in Paris and he is likely to return any day to revolutionize industrial affairs in California. There is one thing to be said to the Prince's credit: he is no piker. During his meteoric career in this city he proved himself a great plunger, and he might have done great things if his backers hadn't got scared.

The Ronalds Family

Reginald Ronalds who, according to the press despatches is suing a Miss Blake in New York to recover millions of dollars' worth of property deeded to her by his father, Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, the "Father of American Coaching," was one of Roosevelt's Rough Riders and he is the son of Mrs. Mary Frances Ronalds, the most distinguished American woman in London and the friend of many Californians whom she assisted into the inner circles of British society. For almost four decades she has been, perhaps, the most popular American in the concentric circles radiating from the court of St. James. She was one of the closest associates of Edward and Alexandra when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. Her modest home at 7 Cadogan Place is the mecca of singers and musicians seeking social recognition in the British capital. Zelie de Lussan was one of her proteges and she was the warm personal friend of Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, I believe, bequeathed to her the manuscripts of all his music and the right to his share of the royalties for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. She was credited with having reconciled Gilbert and Sullivan after their quarrel. She was a Miss Carter of an old Boston family. One of her sons, Pierre, married William A. Perry's comely daughter, Bertha, whose tilt with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish when the two women were rival story tellers six years ago, still is a choice morsel of gossip to the reminiscently inclined. The dead man was a grandson of the original Pierre Lorillard and inherited a good deal of the Lorillard property. His mother was the beautiful Dorothy Lorillard. Mr. Ronalds was a close friend of Leonard Jerome. In early life they became two of the best-known whips in America, and their long coaching trips in this country and in Europe added to their fame.

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Sued Twice for Divorce

Mrs. Ronalds' son's suit will be watched with interest not only in this country but in all the capitals of Europe, for it is bound to lead to sensational disclosures. Miss Carter was married to Pierre Lorillard's grandson in the Hub in 1859. Four children were born to them in the next eight years. Then they went to Europe together and the husband returned alone. All society could ascertain was that Mr. and Mrs. Ronalds had agreed to disagree. The wife established herself in London, was taken up immediately by the Wales set and soon had a foothold in exclusive circles that caused hundreds of fashionable folk to rally around her when the suit was begun. Not the slightest breath of scandal was suggested even by her eccentric septuagenarian husband. He asked a decree on the ground of desertion under the Connecticut law. Then he gave society another sensation by dropping the action as suddenly as he had begun it. Four years ago he besought his wife to sign with him mortgages on his property. She refused and he brought suit again for divorce. Thereupon she agreed to sign, and her husband dismissed the suit. Immediately he began deeding his property to Miss Blake who had lived with him as his ward for twelve years, and who, according to his son, exercised an undue influence over him.

Apropos of "Mrs. W.'s Profession"

Man does not live by bread alone, nor by the word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God—that is to say, the truth; but in no small measure by the word that proceedeth out of the mouth of Satan, namely, the lie. Modern society is sick, weak, craven, and cannot stomach the truth. To live by bread and truth is for the brave, the strong, the healthful. A Shaw may be—for all fools know—God's spokesman in disguise, his drastic drama haply a specific for the social ill. Already, it has had the effect of causing no end of ostriches to sit up and take notice. All the world, instead of hiding its head, is facing the dread thing, speaking openly of the unspeakable profession. The lure of the lewd may have led many to the Garrick, but surely they must have found the Irishman the least French of caterers—no caterer at all, but a doctor rather, as I have inferred. After centuries of sugar-coated pills, bitter things compounded after the Shaw or the Ibsen formula may not be amiss. Mrs. Warren's is certainly a very old, if not a very honorable profession, and is, I am afraid, here to stay, his hoofed and horned majesty aiding it. The cry of Mrs. Warren's kind that respectable women are ruining it is, of course, incredible, and calls for stones in hands that are without sin. Ah me! Often and often I doubt if the poor devils of the demi-monde are as scarlet as they are painted.

Game Meadoodledoo
The dunghill rooster slew;
The hens, they lost a lovely worm,
And don't know what to do.

"The Law of Love"

There is one thing to be said to the credit of Elbert Hubbard and that is that he is skilled in the art of making pretty books. It is for that reason that cultured society ladies look admiringly upon him as one of the literati. He unquestionably employs skilled craftsmen in the Roycroft shop and they turn out artistic volumes suitable for interior decoration of the reception rooms of those who have a weakness for cultivating a reputation for omniverous reading. The only fault I can find with them is that they are not suitable for book-shelves, and when I get hold of a good book, that is, a book containing something worth reading, I don't like to leave it around loose. I have just received a copy of William Marion Reedy's "The Law of Love," published between nice, green leather covers by Mr. Hubbard and copyrighted by that gentleman. It is the sort of book I should like to put on a shelf, for though it is not a compilation of Mr. Reedy's best work, it contains some rarely good, instructive essays, some fine specimens of dialectical and rhetorical art. Mr. Reedy is a master-workman with a wonderful vocabulary. He is a philosopher who adorns his logic with all the richest decorations of rhetoric without ever being ungracefully gorgeous. He has that excellent faculty for packing thought close and making it portable. His viewpoint is always sane. His weekly epigrammatic discussion of everyday matters in the St. Louis *Mirror* bespeak that broad sympathy for humanity that marks the work of the best essayists. "The Law of Love" takes its title from a discussion of Professor Von Schroen's alleged discovery of life and sex in crystals. This is of course only a variation of the doctrine of vitalism in which scientists have been interested for many years. Reedy points out that it has long been felt that there was nothing inanimate, that the star is brother to the clod, that all matter is subject to the law of love. He says: "That crystals meet and kiss and mingle and produce other crystals is only 'the way of a man with a maid.'" He tells us that Balzac the intuitionalist anticipated the German scientist, and throughout his exposition of this interesting truth which reconciles science and religion he brings to his aid a choice of words and a felicity of expression that impart much sparkle and effervescence to the thesis. There are other specimens of his work in this volume and they are in lighter vein. "Sappho," the greatest woman poet, is the subject of one essay, and in another he analyzes the temperament of Sarah Bernhardt. In one he gives a hint to his ability

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and discernment as a literary critic, and in the other he shows the deftness of his touch in epigram and paradox. On the whole the volume is unique, and deserves to rank as literature.

With the Fisher Folk

Those who take note of the commerce of the Pacific coast have doubtless found much to interest them in San Pedro, the new seaport of Southern California. But I doubt if half a dozen people among the literati of San Francisco have ever so much as thought of the place in connection with art or letters. The "old break-water" of San Pedro—the first one built, and the one that protects the inner harbor—was for long given over entirely to the uses of the fishermen and the sea-port vagrants. Along this break-water, on the harbor side, they built their huts and houses, setting them up on piles with the backs towards the harbor and the front doors opening on to the break-water. Here the fishermen lived in peace and content, cleaning their fish and drying their nets on their front porches, their only annoyance being the faddish shell-gatherer or the occasional curio hunter. But there came a change. One of the many artists of Los Angeles, wandering in search of inspiration, "discovered" the old break-water with its odd characters and its interesting dwellings, and since that time it has grown to be the week-end Mecca of a number of Southern California's artistic folk.

Some Literary Squatters

One of the first to locate on the break-water was Idah Meacham Strobridge, the author of "In Miner's Mirage Land." She is a prominent club woman of Los Angeles. "The Wickiup," as she has named her place, is a combination den and studio, comfortably and artistically furnished, and there she works on stories and sketches when she is not bathing, fishing or idling the hours away along the break-water. Sometimes, though not often, for the "Wickiup" is essentially a resting place for its owner, Mrs. Strobridge brings with her a few artists or writers to partake of her hospitality and enjoy the blue sea and the brown fisher-folk. Lillian Corbett Barnes (now Mrs. Albert Long) ,who is another well-known Southern California writer, lives permanently on the break-water, her husband being employed on one of the Government dredgers as inspector. Amanda Matthews, another writer, has a little house there and so has Mrs. Helen Lukens Jones of Pasadena, well-known among magazine readers. As one of this new literary colony is now writing a book based on life along the break-water, it is just possible that San Pedro will in time take its place with other towns made famous by scribblers.

"I hear that Jones has quit going into saloons. Has he reformed?"

"No, but his stomach suffers from puritanical prejudices."

"Not Ins" Barred From the Hops

The snobs and pretentious exclusives were perfectly delighted at the last Presidio hop, for there was no one there who nas not "in." The hops had rather declined in favor on account of the mixed character of the assemblages, but the perfect tone of the last one promises rejuvenated popularity among our exclusives. There is to be no "buttinsky" element at the hops this winter, I am told, for the officers in charge intend to be vigilant in keeping out those raiders who last year attended without ally he was overruled by his brother officers, who insisted on inviting a girl "not in," but as a rule his dictum carried. Possibly considerable of the pleasure experienced at the last hop was due to the presence of the popular Major Stephenson, and those two dashing lieutenants, Locke and Anderson, may have had something to do with the gathering of the fashionable feminines. These officers are the darlings of society. Since the engagement of Miss Draper was denied, interest in the officer who was rumored her fiance has been renewed with ardor.

Their Disappointment

There are few better known men than Dr. Noble of the army, and there are few men who are better liked. I am told that there was a great deal of disappointment felt by several of the young women who attend the army hops when they heard that the doctor was soon to leave for the East to get married. I am also told that the wedding will soon take place and that Dr. Noble will return to this city with his bride.

Adam—It's pretty tough to be sent out of this garden.
Eve—Well, it's not the only place where apples grow.

Rumor of a Wedding-to-Be

In ultra-Bohemia they are discussing the rumor that Mrs. May Mott-Smith Bird, the beautiful miniaturist and designer of jewelry, is to wed again. The exact date of the wedding no one seems to know, for Mrs. Bird and Mr. Cunningham, who is named as the happy bridegroom-elect, are

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both noncommittal. Mrs. Bird is of the wealthy and aristocratic family of Mott-Smiths in Honolulu, and she is an artist for love of it and not for lucre. I am told that her first ambition was to be an actress or an opera-singer, for she has dramatic ability and musical talent. She speaks French and Spanish as fluently as a native of those countries. When she decided to become a painter she went to Paris and studied there for some years. But though she still paints an occasional miniature she prefers to design jewelry. She is very original and places old jewels in settings that enhance their value and beauty. Her studio—or "workshop," as she calls it—is as original as herself and her designs. It is hung with exquisite draperies of wonderful hues and fabrics. Her fiance is a very clever man with a keen wit and considerable literary and artistic talent.

Miss McKenna and Her Sisters

Marie McKenna, whose engagement with Davenport Brown of Boston was announced this week, is by far the most popular of the three McKenna sisters. She is one of the most amiable of women, and though she never made such a stir in society as did her sisters, she attracted to herself a great many true friends. When the McKennas lived here, Josie Loughborough and Gertie Carroll were Marie's inseparable friends, and I believe they have always kept up their chumship with the aid of Uncle Sam. Isabel McKenna, a placid, pretty girl, was once engaged to Peter Martin, but that was ages ago. That she harbored no ill-feeling toward her ex-fiance was shown when she gave a large luncheon in honor of Lily Oelrichs, just before the latter married Peter Martin. Later, Isabel McKenna was rumored as the fiance of J. D. Phelan, who visited her parents in Washington, D. C. But the Phelans and McKennas were always good friends. Mrs. McKenna's father owned a nursery and market-garden on the Mission road in the days before Phelan Sr. made his fortune, and the families dated their friendship from that period. Hildegarde McKenna has none of the Vere de Vere repose that distinguishes her sisters, but she is the handsomest of them all. The Washington people, I have heard, considered Mrs. McKenna very hard to please in the matter of sons-in-law. Marie's fiance is a graduate of Harvard and prominent in Hub society.

A Kentucky Belle

My Los Angeles correspondent writes apropos Edith Terry Purnell's divorce: "When she was just 'Miss Terry from Kentucky' she cut a wide swath at Santa Monica some three or four years ago. She was put forward by her aunt, Mrs. G. Wiley Wells, as a swell blue grass beauty, and though she was not remarkable for her pulchritude her big, fine, rolling, sapphire eyes played some havoc with masculine hearts. Her sweet Southern accent, intense dramatic versatility of manner and dashing abandon were enough to make one forget her nose and her upper lip which are not so gracefully formed as to excite the enthusiasm of an artist. But in those days her neck was swan-like, her shoulder blades were dangerous and her bust classical. She provoked a great deal of envious comment, and it was common rumor that she hoped to win the affections of a young millionaire who was under the alluring influence of the ensnaring and giddy Lucy Bradbury Banning of elopement fame. But the millionaire was too preoccupied to be caught. Later Miss Terry had a flirtation with a young man who became infatuated with her but she did not take him seriously. Later she married Dr. Purnell of the army. She is a woman of temperament of the kind that sets men's hearts aflame."

Ethel—Down at the ranch last summer we waded up to our knees in the babbling brook.

Nan—How careless! Did it tell any one?

They Nabbed the Prince

It was considered in the nature of a *coup d'etat* when the Morrison sisters of San Jose succeeded in luring the Prince Henri de Croy to one of their entertainments. But the Morrison sisters are the most successful lion-hunters of the city of gardens and manage to entertain nearly every celebrity that strays into Santa Clara county. I hear that the sisters, who are bachelor maids of wealth and standing, are to pass the winter in San Francisco.

Why Ritchie was Disgusted

There was no more disgruntled man in town than Robert R. Ritchie, the general agent of the Chicago and Northwestern, when he learned that President Harriman of the Southern Pacific would not let the train that was carrying him east make as fast time as it could. From what could be gathered the Northwestern was prepared to smash all previous records and to make the trip into Chicago on unprecedented time. According to the Northwestern people they are always making up time lost by other roads, and the management thought that it was a fine opportunity to show the American public what their line could do. Now there is a story going the round of the railroad circles that Mr. Harriman was not anxious to let the

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Northwestern beat a record for comparison with the performance of the Union Pacific. If there is one thing on earth that Mr. Harriman is proud of it is the Union Pacific. He thinks and says that the railroad men on the Union Pacific are wonderfully good men, but Mr. Stubbs took good care to point out when he was here last week that Mr. Harriman had given all the big places to the men from the Southern Pacific. There is Stubbs, of course, Kruttschnitt and E. O. McCormick, and one of the men of whom Harriman thinks most highly is William Hood. It is not generally known that Hood was the man who did most of the work on the Clark road and was practically the builder.

Calvin's Lucky Daughters

The Misses Calvin, daughters of the general manager of the Southern Pacific, may be said to be among the most fortunate young women in the city. Mr. Calvin is not like some big railroad men who, when they go on an inspection trip take along with them a lot of men to beguile the time by playing poker, but Mr. Calvin takes his daughters instead. They have recently returned from a long trip in the southern part of the state and went as far as Guaymas in the Republic of Mexico. It is not many young women who can travel under such favorable circumstances. They are said to be remarkably pretty girls and their friends are loud in their praises of them.

Mrs. Dorothy Mooers

One of the latest engagements and only of interest in several states, is that of Mrs. Dorothy Mooers of this city to Louis O. Fullen of Carlsbad, New Mexico, a lawyer, editor and politician. Mrs. Mooers is one of the most attractive of *divorcees,* who, since her release from matrimonial bondage has divided her time between traveling in Europe, enjoying herself on her New Mexico ranch, seeing New York sights, and writing verse and prose for magazines, in the congenial surroundings of her San Francisco library. Her former husband is E. D. Mooers, owner of the famous "Yellow Aster" mine of Randsburg, one of the star bonanzas of that once rich camp. It is still a good gold-yielder for its owners. Mrs. Mooers is the daughter of the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bowman of Los Angeles and is well known in Los Angeles society. Mr. Fullen, the groom-to-be, is one of the wide-awake Republicans of New Mexico, and the wise one says that if ever that territory gets statehood Fullen will get some of the best political plums that will then be ripe for dropping. The wedding will take place in this city the latter part of the present month.

When One Likes to Be Alone

Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice, who wrote "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has been on a visit to the city. Mr. Rice is a miner and lives at Goldfield. The climate being too severe for his wife she removed her Lares and Penates to this city. She does not intend, however, to make this place her home. She is going abroad and expects to spend some time in Rome. She says that the only way to travel is to travel alone, and that it is a great nuisance to have any one about when you are on a pleasure trip. She adds that when you want to go somewhere the other party wants to go somewhere else and so there is discord which can be prevented easily by traveling alone.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

ROBERTSON 126 Post Street San Francisco

Miss Blanche Clinton who with her mother, Mrs. Jarchow, has been visiting in Los Angeles, will shortly leave for the East in company with Mrs. Joan O'Brien of that city. Miss Clinton is a granddaughter of the late French Consul, J. A. Moerenhout. Her brother's engagement with Miss Smith of this city was recently announced.

Dr. Louis C. Deane is soon going abroad, to pursue his studies of the eye. He will not be back until next June. Dr. Deane is one of the youngest of the eye specialists here, but he has performed some very successful operations. He is a great friend of the artists and literary men of the Bohemian Club, and entertained a group of them at dinner at his Washington street home last week.

Among the few Californians invited to the Webb-Pulitzer wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wells of Oakland. Mrs. Wells is one of the Hush sisters.

Mills Is Prospering

An ex-Oaklander writes me from Los Angeles: "The Rev. B. Fay Mills—'B. Fake'—as the irreverent of Oakland used to call him, is somebody down here in Los Angeles. He is the proud founder of the 'Good Fellowship Society,' which runs into the thousands, and which is increasing at a wonderful rate. I asked a woman who is a prominent member what the society was for. 'Why,' said she, 'Mr. Mills talks.' I am told that he has not lost what Oaklanders called his Raphael Cherub pose; he still leans his folded arms on the pulpit and turns a beaming face to his audience. Mr. Mills is getting to be something of a tyrant, too; he permits no 'back talk' when he decides upon a thing, I had planned to run out to see him while in Los Angeles and mentioned the fact to one of the men of his congregation. 'You will find it hard to see him,' said the man. 'Why, he used to be approachable enough in the old days,' I replied. 'Well, things have changed; you have to pass through the hands of several secretaries and wait for a reply; then Mr. Mills may feel like seeing you and he may not.' It is perfectly marvelous the way the Mills' Fellowship is spreading over Southern California. There are branches in all the principal cities of this portion of the Coast, and if the craze continues Mills ought to be able to retire with a competency long before old age has made his labors a burden. Mrs. Mills is just as popular as she was in the North, and she is still suspected of writing many of the lectures that her brilliant but erratic lord and master delivers."

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"Drawing the Line"

It is quite clear that somebody connected with the *Examiner* has an hallucination about the "drawing of the line," as it is called, in society. Every little while the *Examiner* tells us about some inoffensive dowager who has cut down the list of "who's who" and excluded many persons from some mysterious inner circle. Poor Mrs. Eleanor Martin was accused of drawing the line at five hundred, a ridiculously extravagant figure from the viewpoint of some of the self-constituted elect who feel that there are only about one hundred persons in San Francisco worth knowing. To gather a half-thousand society persons together in San Francisco it would be necessary to go into the highways and byways and drag in many humble and innocent individuals who have never played bridge or watched a polo game. Recall the list of Mrs. Martin's Five Hundred and you will see how desperate was her effort to get a mob large enough to make a showing. Imagine Luther Burbank, who was on the list, kow-towing to the dowagers of Burlingame and doing Dolly Dialogues with the debutantes.

The Latest Cut

The other day the *Examiner* told us that the patronesses of the Assembly had cut society down to "150," taking as a precedent the similar action of Mrs. Astor of New York. Mrs. Voorhies has my sincere sympathy if she, as the real head of the Assembly, is to be advertised as a society sifter. She is one of the most sensible and kind-hearted of matrons, and rather than give offense to a single person she would invite all San Francisco to the Assembly, and as she is a dignified Southern woman of the best type she would never make herself conspicuous by doing anything significant of the snob instinct. Now for the truth: The Assembly patronesses sent out the usual number of invitations this year which exceeds four hundred in number. Only about half the number of the invited accepted this year, Mrs. White's club having won many of the old Assembly dancers. The opening dance, like that of Mr. Greenway's, was something of a frost. There was but a sprinkling of the smart set present. The bulk of the attendance was made up of young persons who get their only glimpse of society at these dancing clubs. Not a few of the men were callow youths from colleges, and some of them were of such tender years that they should have been put to bed several hours before the dance was over. Many of the girls got in through their Daughters of the Confederacy pull. Greenway need not despair. He still holds the palm for giving the most swagger subscription dances. Mrs. White comes next with a larger and younger set, and the Assemblies at which, according to the *Examiner,* the line was drawn, are as they always have been, the last on the list so far as exclusiveness goes.

Our Swagger Musical Club

The Twentieth Century Club, with its membership of smart people who are fond of music, opened its season most auspiciously Tuesday evening of last week at Century Club hall. The club's first meeting was delayed until the new auditorium was finished. Professor Henry Morse Stevens talked on Beethoven, or rather, on the political events of Beethoven's time, and he did it so interestingly that one forgot that he had really said nothing about Beethoven's art. The various periods of the great composer were illustrated by representative works. Mrs. Richard Bayne, the

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club's vice-president, introduced Professor Stevens and several ladies and gentlemen played stringed instruments and the piano.

Our Intelligent Critics

Some of San Francisco's musical critics are as well versed in the literature of song as in the technique of the art. It is not long since one of them said that Sembrich sang "The Lass with the Delicate Hair," which could scarcely be a press blunder. After Eames' first concert one of the critics said that the prima donna sang "God's in his heaven, All's right on earth," and in announcing the Eames matinee the same critic remarked that the diva would sing "Dich There Hatte," which probably meant "Dich Theure Halle." There was much comment, by the way, on Eames' omission of "Who is Sylvia?," announced for her first concert. She substituted a song which Dr. Tevis likes, but which was not appreciated by the majority of the audience. I have heard that Madame Eames was furious at the ovation given her baritone and that de Gorgoza will probably lose his job.

Aftermath Of The Campaign

As Partridge beat Schmitz out in only four districts, and as the Mayor's vote is more than double the labor union vote, it is manifestly absurd to assume that Schmitz owes his election to the support of organized labor. From the returns it is quite clear that he enjoyed the confidence and respect of citizens of all classes; he derived much strength from the labor unions, and he drew a big vote from the mercantile centre; the denizens of the tenderloin turned the crank for Schmitz and so did many of our eminent citizens who pay dues in the Pacific-Union and Concordia Clubs. I am told that J. Downey Harvey of Burlingame was for Schmitz. Mr. Harvey is a diplomat and never gets involved in the personal differences of his friends. He gave a dinner last week in honor of Francis J. Heney. Some croakers are now complaining that many of our Jewish merchants supported Schmitz, but there is not a very large Jewish vote in this city, and as a matter of fact there must have been about ten Christians for Schmitz for every Jew that gave him a vote. There were Catholic priests and Jewish rabbis for him. There is no spark of intolerance in Mr. Schmitz whatever else may be urged against him. There were even some apostate A. P. A.'s for him. He was out for the great American vote and he got it. There was a good deal of religion mixed with politics in this late campaign, and the Fusionists were as active as the Schmitzites in appealing for churchly support. Indeed, they appealed to churchly prejudice, too, and I hear they put out large wads of the coin of the realm to stimulate those prejudices through the advertising columns of sacrosanct church organs. It is only fair to say that Mr. Schmitz was reelected with the blessing of many ministers of God, and no doubt with the imprecations of some who let their angry passions rise. On the whole, it was a very edifying campaign in which the candidates weltered in crimination and recrimination. It was an instructive campaign, disclosing as it did the importance of arousing the enmity of the local press before becoming a candidate for office, and teaching us that the voting machine is a fine thing to discourage discrimination at the polls. With the voting machine in operation, the importance of the head of the ticket is greatly increased.

The Captain's Romance

A San Franciscan who resided in Paris for some time tells me that the first Mrs. De La Mar, wife of the gay Captain Joseph Raphael de la Mar, who is mentioned as the husband-to-be of Nordica, is now the wife of Gates Robinson Hatmaker, once Willie K. Vanderbilt's private secretary. The first marriage of Captain De La Mar was as romantic as any of Ouida's thrilling love-tales. In his lonely prospector's cabin De La Mar preserved a copy of Bouguereau's "Aurora," a beautiful maiden sipping dew from a morning-glory. He fell in love with Aurora and said he should never marry until he found her counterpart in flesh. One day, after many months of weary search in Eastern cities, he found in the gallery of a Broadway, New York, photographer a portrait that was Aurora to the life. He exerted his detective powers to the utmost until he discovered the original of the portrait in Nellie Sands, daughter of a druggist. To Narragansett Pier he followed her, watched her as she bathed in the surf, sought an introduction and speedily brought his wooing to a delightful finish. He built for his beautiful bride palaces in Cairo, Paris and New York, and in one of them he placed the original of Bouguereau's "Aurora," one of his first purchases when he struck wealth. He employed a famous sculptor to marbelize his Nellie and their baby girl as "Cupid and Psyche."

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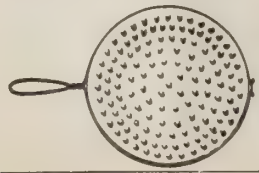

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The Sequel

One day, in a burst of sentiment, he thought to pen a *billet doux* to his inamorata-wife. In what he conceived to be a happy thought, he went to her own escritoire to write his love-lyric. The desk was locked but he forced it open, and in a pigeon-hole found a bunch of letters, which he read. Divorce proceedings were the theme of the next chapter in the De La Mar romance pending which the Captain joined his wife in Nice and spirited their little daughter away. The French courts gave the Captain his divorce but he did not leave Paris. It was said he still loved his ex-wife, for every day he gathered wild-flowers for her and sent them "to mamma" by their child's hands. I have also heard that since the divorce he has learned that his grievance against his wife grew out of an unfortunate misapprehension.

The Cooing, Wooing Oriental Wife

The divorce suit of Mrs. Going from her husband, Captain Philip Going of the steamship *American Maru*, reminds me of the very singular influence that the atmosphere of the Orient has upon the minds and emotions of some Caucasians. They develop an extraordinary liking and admiration for the women of the eastern countries and during the while their esteem for their own countrywomen sinks in the same ratio. I have talked with scores of returned travelers upon this subject, some of them men who have spent fully twenty years in the native life of China, Japan, India and adjacent countries, and singular are the explanations they give for the changes in their ideals of womanhood. All of them agree when they first landed in the orient they regarded the slant-eyed, yellow-colored, diminutive women as freaks physically and as children mentally. Odd playthings; nothing more. But as time and tide rolled by, they began to discover that the plaything had the art of making herself very fascinating. She has been reared with the understanding that she must constantly study to amuse and interest her lord and master and that she is the slave of his whims, and hence her duty was to cater continually to his peace, pleasure and comfort. Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" is no fairy tale. Ask some of these Occidental "moderns" who have married East Indian or Japanese women what they think of their own countrywomen as wives compared with the women of oriental nations and you'll be surprised at their answers.

He Didn't Enjoy the Joke

Mr. Alexander Young of Honolulu, millionaire and hotel owner, has decided that never again will he put himself out for the casual who does not know that he is a millionaire. All Honolulu is having a quiet laugh at his expense, writes my correspondent, and as Mr. Young does not take a joke kindly, the mirth is all the merrier. It appears that when the Taft party was at Honolulu somebody 'phoned up to Mr. Young and asked him whether he would not take some of the ladies of the party for a drive around the town. In a weak moment he consented and appeared on the wharf with his machine. The ladies got in and began to treat Honolulu's richest man with marked condescension, and plied him with questions. Now Mr. Young is a careful man, and he wanted no mishaps on the drive and so he was slow in speaking up. Finally one of the ladies, in her sweetest manner, said: "Chauffeur, you are evidently not used to taking ladies out riding." "I am used to taking out *ladies*," was the answer, and then the ladies held their tongues for a few minutes and shortly afterward made invidious remarks about the polite chauffeurs they had known. When they reached the top of the hill, or the mountain, which overlooks the town they asked, "What is that fine building, and who owns it?" "That," answered Alexander Young in his most careless voice, "is the Alexander Young hotel which I own."

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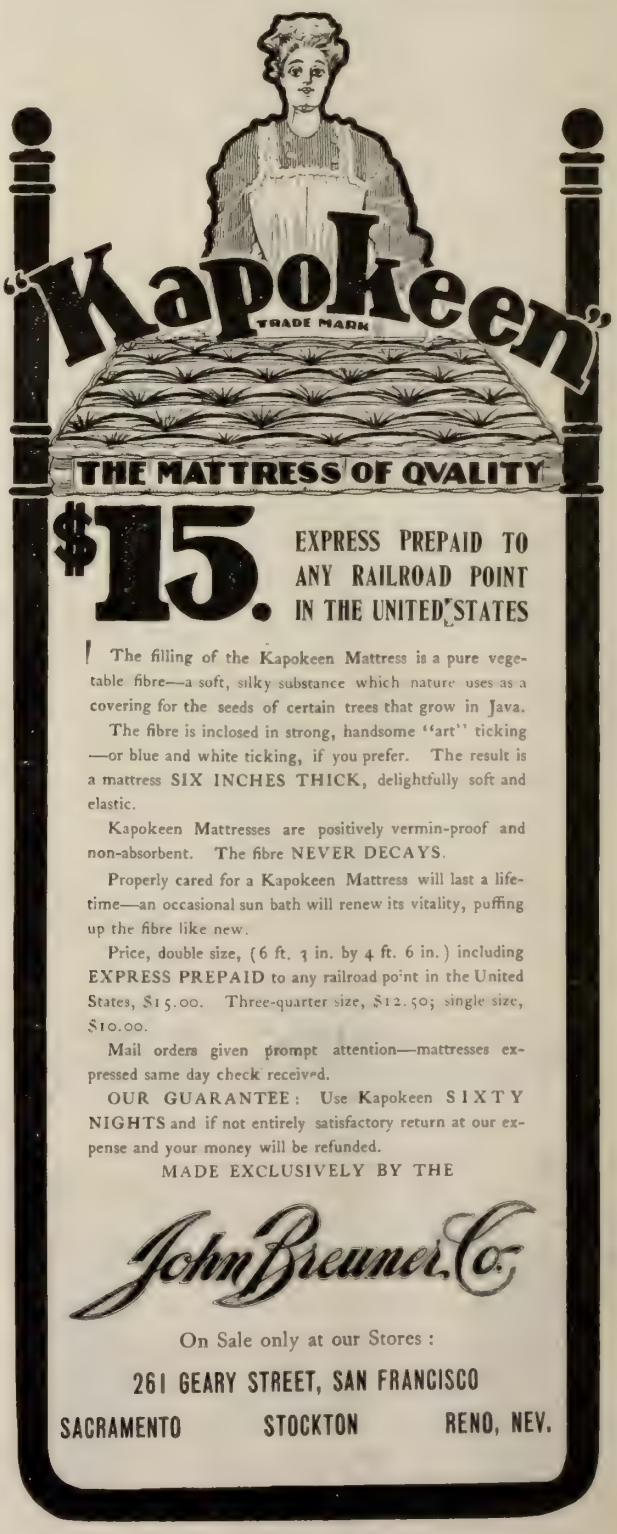
MRS. DOROTHY MOOERS,
Whose engagement with Louis O. Fullen of Carlsbad, Mexico, has just been announced

The Sands-Evans Feud

An interesting feature of the reception given at Annapolis last week to Prince Louis of Battenberg was the uniting in hospitality to the royal British Admiral of the American Rear-Admirals Robley D. Evans and James Hoban Sands. Outside of naval circles it is not generally known that for many years these two men have never been officially connected owing to a feud which has been something of a naval *cause celebre,* but which the dailies have not commented upon. Some time ago I referred to the incident at the battle of Fort Fisher, in January, 1865, when Sands succored the wounded Evans in the assault on the Confederate batteries, then pressed on farther himself, showing gallantry for which he was twice recommended for promotion, but never got it, largely owing to the strong opposition of Evans himself, whose rank would have suffered had Sands been advanced. That was the last time the two served together until Evans, as commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic fleet, was called upon to co-operate with Sands as Superintendent of the Naval Academy, in extending the courtesies of the nation to King Edward's representative.

A Stickler for Class Distinction

Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Knapp, who rammed and sunk a floating machine shop, fouled and damaged the cruiser *Marblehead* and spread general terror at the Mare island navy-yard while trying to moor his ship, the *Celtic,* last Sunday, is the same Knapp who recently acquired notoriety through the Costello affair, when, as executive officer of the *Solace,* he socially ostracised and restricted a saloon passenger for the reason that she was the wife of a civilian mechanic. The Navy Department let both Knapp and his commanding officer Commander J. H. Bull down very easily in the Costello matter , but it is doubtful if Knapp will get off so well for letting his



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ship run amuck. Still, Knapp has considerable influence. His father is a prominent St. Louis politician and newspaper editor.

Shifting of The Chicago's Commander

One of the smoothest, quietest acts of the Navy Department for a long time was the recent change of commanding officers on the cruiser *Chicago,* flagship of Rear-Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, commanding the Pacific squadron. The *Chicago* came to this coast a few months ago under Captain E. K. Moore. She is now commanded by Commander C. J. Badger, a man considerably under Moore's rank. The change was made with much adroitness and was studiously kept *sub rosa,* but behind it there hangs a tale that is going the rounds of local naval circles. Moore is said to have been relieved from duty as a result of the Court of Inquiry that investigated the grounding of the *Chicago* on Angel island last September when she was towing the gunboat *Bennington* up from San Diego after the disaster on the latter vessel. Moore made the mistake of taking the *Chicago* with her cumbersome tow through Raccoon straits, which no experienced towboat captain or other wise navigator would have attempted to do. He grounded in the swift tide that runs through the strait. A court of inquiry was convened, but as the damage done was trifling no court-martial was ordered. Moore, however, who had been in the *Chicago* only a year, was summarily relieved, and Badger, the only officer available, was put in his place, although Badger is only a commander and the *Chicago* is a captain's command.

The Joke Is On The Exclusives

I am told that the business of moving the furniture out of the house at Fort Mason which was occupied by General MacArthur has commenced and that General Funston will be in command. This is rather funny from a military point of view. It appears that the post is now garrisoned by the engineers who make it their boast that their corps has never been invaded by civilian appointees and "thank heaven, we shall never have any ex-dry goods clerks in our corps." Now this exclusive branch of the service has at its post a man who is not a West Pointer. Captain Walker is in command and he is described as being a more than nice fellow and a great favorite wherever he has been stationed. His wife is a petite blonde and rather pretty. They are said to be hospitable and will prove welcome additions to society.

The Parrotts

The third of John Parrott's daughters, Barbara, is to appear at a few exclusive functions this winter. The Jack Parrotts do not approve formal debuts in society, but launch their girls without any fuss, and are very particular about the invitations they accept. Barbara is a bright girl with hair which the bavardes of the dailies tell us is Titian. Neither of the elder sisters, Emilie and Abbie, has yet been spoken for by any of our eligible youths. Perhaps they are just a trifle timid with so many little Parrotts looking on. Some months ago it was reported that Miss Abbie was going to enter a convent, but that is what many devout girls think of doing when they have that nun feeling which is experienced in the religious atmosphere of a monastery. It wears off after they get in touch with the world. It is predicted that she will marry a foreigner, for the Parrotts dearly love the Old World and its class distinctions. Jack Parrott Jr. is a popular lad who is permitted to mingle in society only at golf or tennis in the refined atmosphere of Blingum.

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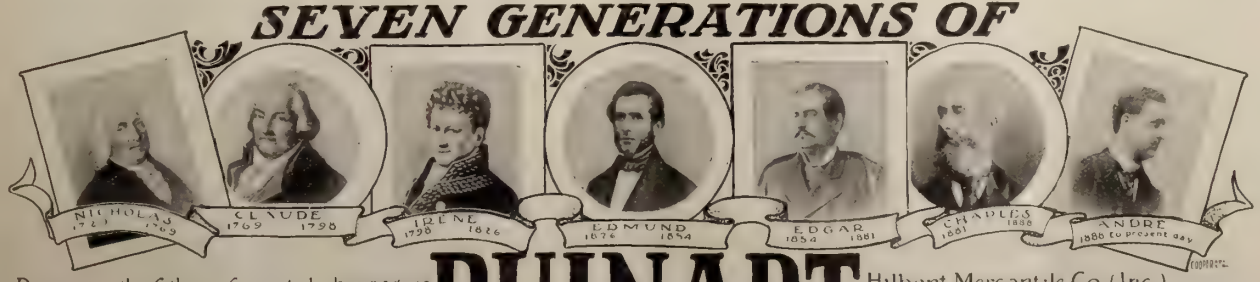

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Great Excitement in Alameda

Placid little Alameda is having its customary serenity of mind rudely disturbed by jealous bickerings and backbitings of its various improvement clubs. When the Alameda Advancement Association was galvanized into life about a year ago by John H. Hartog, who was specially imported from the East to manage its affairs, it was announced that it would seek to beautify and enhance the value of every part of Alameda impartially. Many residents of the Isle City joined its ranks and subscriptions and dues came flowing into the treasury. Manager Hartog proceeded to hire laborers and was soon directing the cleaning up of rubbish piles and the cutting down of unsightly growths of weeds on vacant lots and the eliminating of the unaesthetic advertisement from trees and fences. But because Mr. Hartog happened to take a few more weeds out of one part of town than out of another and whitewash a dozen more feet of fencing in one section than in some other, he and the Alameda Advancement Association called down on their heads a torrent of sectional abuse. Clubs devoted to the interests of a particular part of Alameda, like the Central Improvement Club and the West End Improvement Club, have fostered local jealousies in no small degree. The envies of the different parts of the little city across the bay which have been in a comatose condition for many years have suddenly awakened with a realization that there is now something to feed upon. It begins to look as if all the good work heretofore done and the plans laid for future endeaver will go for naught. It will not be the first instance, however, in which narrow sectional feeling has retarded general progress.

Baptist Trustees in the Smoke of Debate

The trustees of the First Free Baptist church of Oakland have been, I am told, gravely, soberly and sternly discussing with great fervor the awful immorality of smoking. The discussion came about as a result of reflection on the misdeeds of one of the trustees, Henry Logan, who eloped with a sixteen-year-old school girl. Logan smoked. I do not know whether that circumstance was accepted as a premise from which, in the ordinary course of Baptist ratiocination, the conclusion was deduced that all smokers are easy game for designing school girls, but at any rate the virtuous tobacco shunners raised the question of the advisability of making intercourse with Mlle. Nicotine a disqualification for holding office in the church, and then burst the storm of controversy. There are smoking trustees in the First Baptist church and they indignantly combatted the proposition of their confreres. They might have pointed out that gambler Andrews, the man with the murderous hammer, gave testimony to the fact that he never used tobacco and that he eschewed liquor. By a process of ratiocination similar to that which I have already suggested it might be argued that tobacco stills certain very reprehensible passions, and that it is essential to chastity; also that the man who doesn't smoke is very likely to do worse since we all must have some vices. As I did not hear the debate I do not know what was said for the defense of tobacco, but I hear that the question was left open, and that the Rev. Dr. Hobart, who, though not of the First Baptist church is one of the leading Baptist divines of Oakland, was asked to shed the white light of his superior intelligence on the moot question. I also hear that he discreetly refused to commit himself. The Rev. Hobart will be remembered as the minister who, during the bicycle craze, recommended cycling as being akin to flying. Ambrose Bierce thereupon remarked that riding a wheel was the nearest the popular preacher would ever get to flying.

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The Intellectual Wave In Oakland

The society women of Oakland have been having a most strenuous and nerve-racking time of it the past two months in endeavoring to maintain their reputation for intellectuality before Mrs. John Vance Cheney of New York. Mrs. Cheney has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Havens. She is the former wife of John Vance Cheney, the Chicago librarian and poetaster. Mrs. Cheney is a very bright woman and belongs to the class that makes a great fuss about mental culture and new thought. Owing to her recently acquired connection by marriage with the Havens family, the smart set in the Athens of the Pacific has had to make a great deal over her in a social way. More than one Oakland dowager has had to sit up late at night poring over volumes of psychology and philosophy in order to feel herself able to successfully entertain Mrs. Cheney. Since Mrs. Cheney's arrival the demand on Librarian Greene of Oakland's Carnegie Library for books on mind training and kindred subjects has been unprecedented. The rush was great just before Mrs. Havens' recent reception to Mrs. Cheney, the announcement having been made by the hostess in her invitations that the guest of honor would deliver an address upon "The Evolution of Consciousness." Mrs. Cheney talked for an hour on this light and airy topic and some of the society maids and matrons present were so intellectually wilted at the end of the discourse that the hostess gave a hurry call for refreshments. It was with a sigh of relief that the fashionables across the bay learned that the brilliant New York woman is not to stay in Oakland all winter, as at first reported. Mrs. Cheney's departure for the East will be marked by the exodus of quite a few of Oakland's gilded elite for the winter resorts to recuperate their brain cells.

Justice Beatty Was Ill

It is not generally known that Chief Justice Beatty of the Supreme Court has been seriously sick and that grave fears were entertained by his friends. It is said that the great jurist had a severe case of ptomaine poisoning resulting from drinking doctored milk. He was very ill all the time he was in Los Angeles and was hardly able to attend to his legal duties. He has completely recovered his health now. There are few men who are better liked and admired

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than the Chief Justice. He is especially nice with young people and all young lawyers have a great admiration for the "Chief," as he is styled.

Leopold Wallach is Expected

Mr. Leopold Wallach, one of New York's greatest promoters, will soon be here. Mr. Wallach will, while here, push through the scheme to light the city with electricity. He was the man who financed the new gas company and now he is going to bring light and power into San Francisco. There is not a greater boomer of the state than Wallach and he has always declared that we do not know what we have out here, and that we are just entering on an era of great prosperity. He has several irons in the fire and I am told that he has a big project under way which will make the people of the city sit up and take notice. Of course Wallach was rather laughed at by the members of the old gas company but he has done all that he said he would do and there is every probability that he is going to do a great deal more. He is a quiet and an unassuming man and has very little to say. He gives one the impression that he is always in earnest and has a dislike for exaggeration.

Why Society Stopped Going

It has been a matter of regret for some seasons to those who have the welfare of the San Francisco Art Association at heart, to note the decline in social prestige of its "members' receptions." In years gone by the receptions marking the openings of the exhibitions were very brilliant assemblages, invitations being confined strictly to the Association's members. The women wore their smartest evening frocks to these affairs and in the company gathered to look at the pictures and pronounce upon their merits were many prominent not only in society but in the ultra-Bohemia of music, art and letters. The affairs resembled receptions given in London, Paris or Washington by *salon* leaders. There was no solitary lion to be starred, but all the lions and lionnes mingled in cordial converse. There would be heated debate over the merits of this or that picture but none of the jealous rancor that has crept among the artists of late years. Many a newspaper critic was given ideas from these chatty carpings that were later expressed in print. But for the past five years or so the character of the opening nights of the Hopkins exhibitions —those to which only members are invited—is that of dull, conventional affairs. No more do carriages roll up to the door depositing their burden of beautifully gowned women and well-dressed men. Members attend, it is true, but in numbers few, and it is at the later evenings, the musicales where the public is admitted on payment of a fee, that one sees the Searles gallery thronged. I am told that Horace Platt is responsible for the change as he persuaded the directors to curtail expenses by discontinuing the dainty repast that was formerly a feature of the old gatherings.

Dog Photos the Thing

It is the fad now to be photographed with one's dogs, following the fashion of the old portraits by English and French artists. Mrs. Clem Tobin introduced the fad here and others have followed her lead. One of the most picturesque pedestrians is Ethel Dean who rarely stirs abroad without the escort of her big dog which is almost as large as the splendid canine that used to accompany Katherine Dillon on her walks. Since Miss Dillon's marriage and motherhood, her baby absorbs the affection she formerly lavished on her great dog.

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KEARNY AT POST

Two Merchant Princes

A. Balfour and E. F. Guthrie arrived in this city during the week. These names are household ones in many parts of the world. Balfour and Guthrie are among the representative merchant princes of the old country, though they may not be as wealthy as some of the firms which are less known. This firm has branches in all parts of the world. The founders were Scotch, but now the heads of the firm are pleased to be known as Englishmen. About twenty years ago the clerks of the local house of Balfour & Guthrie were the great standbys of society. In later years they have rather dropped out, and I believe that John Lawson is the only representative of the house in a social way. Tom Binnie was a leading social light in the southern part of the state, but somehow or other he rather eschews society in San Francisco. This must be regarded as a pity, for he is a very entertaining chap and can tell a remarkably good story if he chooses. In the old days the heads of the firm were very much in evidence and the elder Guthrie used to make a series of horrible noises on the violin and the young men of his house who were fortunate enough to be at the parties where he played used to applaud most enthusiastically.

"Jere" Lynch, who is wintering in Egypt, will make his home at the Hotel Savoy on his return.

Colonel and Mrs. John A. Darling have gone abroad again. They will spend the winter in Sicily, and do not expect to return to the United States for a year or more. They visited New London, Conn., after leaving here, and also their Maine country-place. Ella Hastings accompanied the Darlings to Europe.

The Ralph Henricis received a visit from the stork last Sunday, and are very happy over the gift of a baby boy. Mrs. Henrici is one of the clever Brastow sisters, and her young husband is a brother of Mrs. Andrews (Ilse Henrici) and Edith Henrici of the *Bulletin* staff.

Mrs. Gros Is Coming

I am told that Madame Ratye, who was Miss Angele Dubedat, has been very ill for the past few weeks. This is most unfortunate as she had been getting along very well and her health was said to be improving. Madame Ratye is expecting Madame Gros and her daughter to spend the better part of the winter with her, but if her health does not improve it will be impossible for her to entertain her old friends. I am told by people who saw Madame Gros lately that she was never so beautiful as she is now, and that her daughter, Marguerite, is one of the raving beauties of Paris. It is some years since Madame Gros has been here and I am sure that many of her old friends will be only too glad to renew the memories of old times with her. I believe that one of Madame Gros' daughters married a nephew of de Blowitz, who is a great swell and makes a great deal of money. He is not a newspaper man like his uncle but he is said to be a remarkably clever man and one of whom the world will hear much before long.

I am informed that pretty Stella Boas will leave on Sunday for New York for an indefinite period of time. She is to be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Davis.

Mrs. G. Alexander Wright of Alameda gave a delightful Hallowe'en luncheon at the Occidental last Monday as a compliment to the old and new directorate of the Woman's Auxiliary of the British American Union. Mrs. Wright was recently re-elected president of the auxiliary, and Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Mrs. G. Childs Macdonald were elected vice-presidents. The guests of honor were Mrs. Joseph Appleton, a recent arrival of Sydney, New South Wales; Mrs. W. E. Stevens, Mrs. Calland of Vallejo, Mrs. F. W. D'Evelyn, and Mrs. A. E. Acklom of Alameda.

Helen Dickens, whose engagement with Harvey Bassett is a recent announcement, is a daughter of Captain Edmund Dickins, and a niece of Miss Leila Dickins, who is well-known in the older set. The Dickins girls, Helen and Edna, are great friends of Mrs. Dennis Searles (Carrie Ayres).

The Atherton Macondrays have decided to stay in San Francisco this winter, and therefore disappointed Sara

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Collier, Mrs. Macondray's sister, in her expected visit to Manila. Miss Collier will likely go East instead, and visit the Hitchcocks in Washington, D. C.

In the Art World

The fall-winter exhibition of the San Francisco Art Association will open on the sixteenth. The local artists have been very busy for some time past preparing their exhibits, and I hear the showing is to be uncommonly good.

Joe Greenbaum received a bronze medal for his painting that he sent to the Portland fair.

Sacramento Approved Her Miniatures

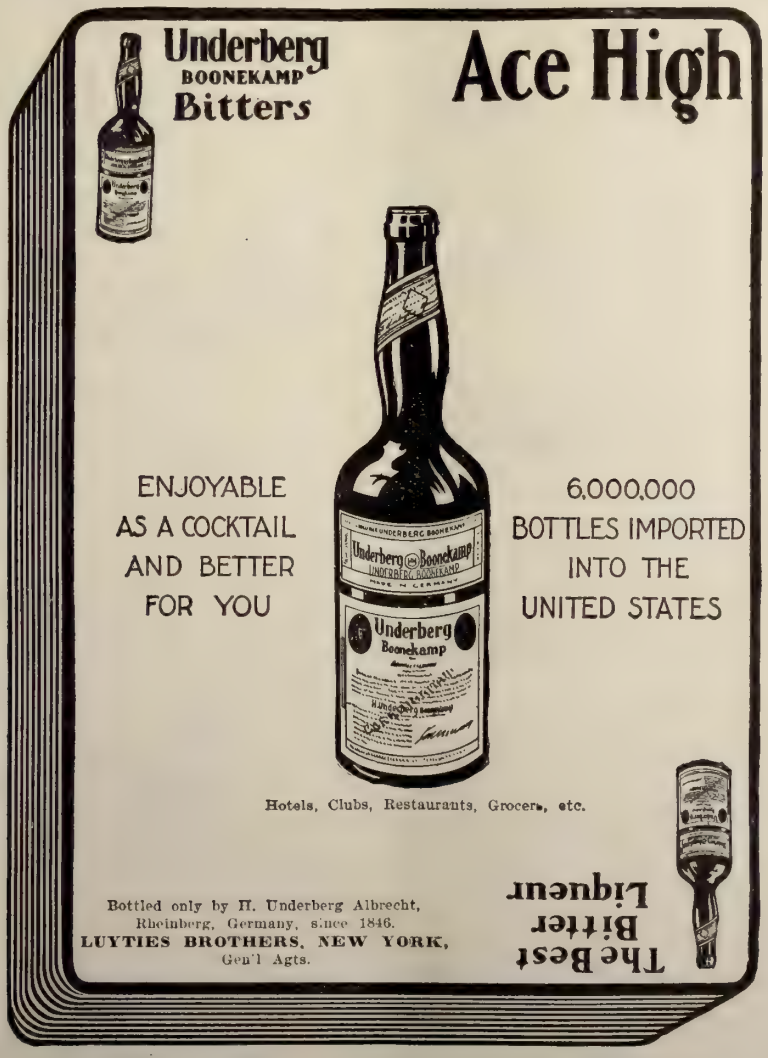
Mrs. Laura Prather Waterbury gave an exhibition of her miniature in Sacramento recently, and society and women's clubdom in particular thronged the John Breuner store on the three days of the exhibition. This week Mrs. Waterbury exhibited her miniatures at the Hopkins. Though we have several miniaturists who do good work, notably Rose Harper Plottner, who made a fortune out of hers, Mrs. Waterbury is the best known outside of the city. She was one of the five artists of this coast whose work was approved by the St. Louis exhibition committee to the extent of giving it place in the art gallery. She has done Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. "Borax" Smith, Mrs. Mendell, General Shafter, and many other prominencies in miniature.

Mrs. L. Maynard Dixon (Lillian Tobey) is showing at Elder's some of her German and Viennese carved leather work, which includes chairs, fire screens, desk sets and smaller objects. Mrs. Dixon is exceptionally clever in her line.

Has An Independent Spirit

Matteo Sandona is the guest of Governor Dole in Honolulu, and it will be several weeks before his Larkin street studio sees him again. He was sent for by the Governor who desired him to paint his portrait. Sandona has received many orders for portraits of late and has been extremely busy. He intends to go abroad soon after his return from Honolulu and will spend a year or more in Europe. Though Sandona is still in his early twenties he is rather exceptional among artists for he has earned the money himself for his European trip and is not relying on the patronage of a millionaire.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pew and Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wheeler of Belvedere are at the Hotel Savoy for the winter.



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Have Hit on a Happy Idea

The magnates of the Bank of California are deserving of praise for abandoning the idea of erecting a modern skyscraper on the site of the old building and following the example of the Hibernia and Security Savings banks and deciding to build an artistic two-story building, commodious enough to house only the immediate interests of the thriving bank. This decision should be hailed with enthusiasm by all citizens having the adornment and structural improvement of San Francisco at heart. So many skyscrapers and conventional office bee-hives are going up in the banking section that a building that will relieve the pained and distended eye will be a soothing palliative to the artistic as well as the visual sense. The directors of the bank have selected a beautiful and artistic architectural design and it is safe to say that it will be the handsomest building of its kind in the West. The Bank of England represents the same idea in London. It is a low, artistic structure, exclusively used for transacting the gigantic business of the bank, and stands out like an architectural masterpiece among its thousand fellows that are used to house a hundred trades. The chances are that after the leases expire on the adjacent realty owned by the bank on California and Sansome streets, the site will be used for the erection of a tall and commodious office structure, but its lines will be drawn in strict architectural keeping with the low building that is to house the new Bank of California.

A Betrothal Redivivus

When the engagement of Susie Blanding and Knox Maddox was broken it was not because of differences such as sometimes arise between lovers, separating them forever. Miss Blanding's health having been impaired it was deemed advisable for her to turn her thoughts from matrimony and consider her nerves. Since her return to good health she has been again receiving the attentions of Mr. Maddox, and the probability is it will soon be announced that the engagement is on once more.

Bruguiere's Awful Threat

Mamma Bruguiere's Newport home, which has long been in course of erection, is nearing completion, writes a Californian from New York, and Emile threatens to celebrate the opening of the place with a musical composition. His friends say that if he carries out his threat they will invoke the aid of the authorities to enjoin him from having it played. It is said that there is nothing under the skies more weird and doleful than a musical composition from the pen of Emile Bruguiere, and that the residents of Newport must be protected at all hazards from such an infliction as it has been threatened with by the young Californian.

Mrs. George Lent, who has gone East with Miss Ladd, is one of the prettiest of the younger matrons. She looks as young and girlish now as when she was Bessie Hooker, yet she has been married a very long time. She is very fond of automobiling, to which sport her husband is addicted.

There's quite a good-sized California colony at Fort Lee, near New York, where many exiles from the golden state have purchased or are building homes. The Bailey Millards are living here and the Ned Townsends have just built a beautiful house at Fort Lee. The Charley Michelsons are also of the colony.

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The Philip Verrill Mighels' are again settled in New York, and are in their cosy apartment in West 104th street. Mr. Mighels has been busy making up for lost time. He has a very interesting article on the East side music school settlement in the current *Harper's Magazine.*

The Macmillan Company have arranged with Clyde Fitch to publish an edition of his plays, which will appear simultaneously in this country and in England. The first two to be issued in book form will be "The Climbers" and "The Girl With the Green Eyes," both of which, at the request of Professor Phelps of Yale, will be included in the curriculum of the New Haven university, and will be a part of the course on dramatic literature for the senior class. These are the first plays by a modern American playwright to be studied at Yale. "The Girl With the Green Eyes" will soon be given at the Alcazar.

Belasco and Mayer have renewed their lease of the Alcazar theatre for a long term of years. A contract for reseating this family theatre was let last week and an equipment of up-to-date, maronn leather-covered opera chairs will be in place before the holidays. Belasco and Mayer have acquired the Alhambra theatre as their local melodramatic stock house, and the company will be removed there upon the expiration of their lease of the Central.

Clever Lines from "The Sho-Gun"

"The hand that cradles the rocks is the one that rules the world."

"A Trust is a large body of money entirely surrounded by water."

"America is a land where money grows on bushes—and a fence about every bush."

"When a widow and a lawyer put their heads together nothing is impossible."

"A widow is the corner stone of every chafing dish party."

"There is no use talking, I am Depew of Ka-Choo."

"You are made a director for the same reason they put parsley on fish."

The Financial Field

My correspondent in Goldfield writes me that the correspondence of some of the brokers there is tremendous. Only recently the United States Post Office Department, in one of its bulletins, called attention to the remarkable fact that the Goldfield post office had jumped from a fourth-class office to a second-class office in a shorter time than any other post office in the history of the department. He further writes:

Companies in Tonopah, Goldfield, and Bullfrog that are now developing promising prospects are prosecuting their work in a systematic manner, and the investor in treasury stock for this purpose is getting a run for his money. There are several such companies operating along the course of the great vein system of Tonopah, particularly to the west, including the McKane, Red Rock Consolidated, and others. The Monarch-Pittsburg Extension Mining Company is selling shares of treasury stock in small blocks throughout the country for less money than the management was recently offered for a controlling interest in the corporation. A shaft is being put down to great depth through the lode porphyry, and every effort is being directed toward the making of a producing mine in quick order. When Charles M. Schwab bought the Tonopah Extension, the stock was being sold on open market at eight to ten cents per share. The 'sharpshooters' on the ground bought the security at this figure, realizing that it represented a chance for a turn. After the steel magnate secured control and commenced active development of the property, the stock advanced in price with strides. Most of the companies in Goldfield have been capitalized for a million shares of the par value of one dollar each. A few of merit are capitalized for 1,500,000 shares, but only one company that has a market quotation—the Atlanta—is capitalized for 2,000,000 shares. Needless to say, the number of shares at which a company is capitalized is not considered a criterion as to the value of its holdings."

The Poet's Prayer

Grant thou, O Muse,—thine aid I nightly claim
With incense from the Standard vestal flame,—
That mortal gods ordain, with Poe *my* name
Be writ not in the empty Hall of Fame.

—*Sylvester J. McAtee.*

November, 1905.

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The Stage

"The Prince of Pilsen"

When Frank Pixley wrote the libretto of "The Prince of Pilsen" musical comedy had not been done to death. Those were the days when some very creditable musical comedies were being written in England, and Pixley undertook to reach the London standard and he succeeded. He turned out a libretto with some substance to it, and then Gustave Luders enhanced its value by setting it to music that is tuneful and pleasing. "The Prince of Pilsen" abounds in pretty tunes, many of which have survived the best efforts of the cafe orchestras to make them stale and unprofitable. And "The Prince of Pilsen" has come back to us with a fairly competent company of singers and fun makers, and the business that it is doing at the Columbia indicates that theatregoers have not been surfeited with musical comedy of the first class. Vocally there is room for improvement in the company. "Violets" is sung badly in a disagreeable tremolo, and the beautiful Heidelberg solo and chorus receive treatment that is almost criminal, but there are other good things that retain something of their pristine merit. Fortunately the company includes Marie Welsh, a San Francisco girl, who is playing the role originally filled by that other Californian, Lillian Coleman. Marie Welsh made her debut a few years ago at the Tivoli, in grand opera, and she convinced critics that she knew something of the art of song. She is the same dainty little singer that she was then. She has a pure, sweet voice and uses it delightfully. In the ensembles her top notes rise clear and distinct above the crash of sound. The chief comedian of the company is Jess Dandy who plays the man from Cincinnati with infectious humor and a pretzel dialect with the aid of which he gives original demonstration of the susceptibility of Anglo-Saxon words to preposterous mangling. The English Sillyoss, Arthur Singer Wilberforce, is played by J. Hayden-Clarendon who lives up to both names by parting his accent in the middle and making it appear that by either name he would wear as well. The piece having been staged by George Marion it would be supererogatory to discuss the illusions produced by shapely chorus girls. Suffice it that the sensuous appeal is sufficiently potent to galvanize a wooden Indian into animated appreciation of the artistic beauty of the fleshly groupings. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Good Vaudeville

Melville and Stetson, billed as America's greatest comediennes at the Orpheum, make one forget their male predecessors, Raymond and Caverly, of the week before. They both possess that quality that is rare in woman, humor, and are a great deal funnier than most of the men on the Orpheum circuit who have made reputations for themselves as laugh-makers. Their burlesques on grand opera, mother songs and sister acts are inimitable. The stouter one of the two (I do not know whether she is Melville or Stetson) imitates the average chorus girl to the life. As she gyrates around the stage as the chorus she exclaims enthusiastically, "My, what a pretty chorus!" "What a shapely chorus!" "What a large chorus!" Her

Jess Dandy and The Bathing Girls in "The Prince of Pilsen," at the Columbia

humor is of the Irwin variety, though it must be said that she suggests May Irwin as she was ten or twelve years ago before she began to use quieter methods. Her partner is quite as clever in her own way and sings some dialect songs excellently. Edwin Latell does a monologue and musical act and succeeds in being very entertaining. He picks a banjo in such a debonair and dashing manner that the audience fairly swings in unison. His description of a girl paying her street car fare is very funny. "I've been watching you, girls," he says. "When the conductor comes up, you open your bag, take out a purse, open the purse, take out a dime and hand it to the conductor. Then you close the purse, put it in the bag and close the bag. The conductor hands you a nickel in change and you open the bag, take out the purse, open the purse, put in the nickel, close the purse, put the purse in the bag and close the bag." Emma Francis and her Arabian whirlwinds fill a half hour very strenuously with their whirling and tumbling. Emma is a pretty girl dressed in a fetching fashion and throws a pair of shapely legs about the stage with graceful dexterity. Her two whirling Arabians perform their act with lightning-like rapidity and do more difficult athletic stunts in one minute than the average tumbler does in five. Others on the bill are the Elgonas, three Sisters Macarte, Prelles European Novelty, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Esmonde, Signorina Verera and the Orpheum motion pictures.

"Why Smith Left Home" is a much cleverer product of George Broadhurst's muse than "What Happened to Jones." It is not a novelty to us, who saw the original company with Mrs. Yeamans as the cook-lady, but it is always good for a guffaw. Vera Rosa has the Yeamans role, and is almost the equal of that talented actress in this over-comic part. Miss Belgarde's comedy is also delightful and the rest of the Alcazar players are equal to their parts.

The Central has given "Uncle Tom's Cabin" before, but the play is always good for crowded houses. Mayall makes an excellent Uncle Tom, and Baby Martine as Little Eva draws tears from all the sympathetic females in the audience. Corrigan is very amusing as Marks, a part we have grown to associate with Stockwell in our local productions of the Stowe melodrama. Miss Ellsmere is Eliza and Shumer the wicked Legree.

How Litt Paid Playwrights

Jacob Litt, who died the other day after having acquired a large fortune in a short time, made one rule unique in the theatrical business. He never paid a royalty to an author. Playwrights commonly receive a percentage of receipts for the use of their work. Mr. Litt would only agree to pay a fixed sum every time a play was acted. This was usually twenty-five dollars. He believed the arrange-

THE FADETTE WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA.

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ment more equitable to him and to the dramatist. It certainly enabled both to make a great deal of money when success was genuine. The writer of "In Old Kentucky," which did more to make Mr. Litt's fortune than any other play, drew for ten years twenty-five dollars for every performance. Sometimes three companies were acting the piece simultaneously.

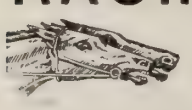
Mansfield Has a Rival

An occasional correspondent writes me from New York: "The importance of a Broadway reputation has never been better exemplified than in the case of Robert Mantell. Ten years ago this actor fled from New York to evade an alimony order. For ten years he dared not venture back into the metropolis. During that period he was playing one-night stands in the East and in the small towns of the Middle West. As he did not hail each season from New York he was not taken seriously by the provincial critics. He played at cheap theatres to poor houses while lesser lights of the dramatic firmament direct from Broadway were pampered by benighted but enthusiastic playgoers. During those ten years Mantell was loyal to his art. His technique improved, his method broadened, his imagination ripened and recently, being no longer obsessed by the alimony nightmare, he wandered back into New York. First he appeared at the Princess theatre surrounded by poor players and placed in faded and tattered scenery. He was so heavily handicapped that he could not show his real self, still his performances carried so clearly the impress of exceptional merit, that the natural outcome was a contract guaranteeing him ample opportunity for several years. He is now at the Garden theatre entering on the period of his widest appreciation. He has made a tremendous hit, and some extravagant critics have not only ranked him as an artist above Mansfield but have said that he excels all tragedians of his day. It is natural that he should suggest a contrast with Mansfield. His Richard III is a superb characterization and in some respects more striking than Mansfield's, but his performance is not as smooth or as subtle as that of the eccentric star. Never, however, does he fall to a common level. Shakespeare is again having his inning in New York. The Sothern-Marlowe engagement is a big success and Ben Greet has opened an engagement in 'Henry V.' By the way, Mantell is under the management of that thrifty Californian, Bill Brady, who is once more coining money out of the drama."

Richard Mansfield's Repertoire

Mr. Mansfield's fifteen appearances at the Grand Opera House will be divided among the characters and productions in his repertoire as follows: Inaugural night, Monday, November 20th, of Schiller's great tragedy, "Don Carlos" (first time here); Tuesday, November 21st, as Shylock; Wednesday, November 22d, "Beau Brummel"; Thursday, November 23d, Richard, Duke of Gloster, in "King Richard III."; Friday, November 24th, Baron Chevrial in "A Parisian Romance" (only time); Saturday mat-

RACING OPENING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11



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Oakland Concert, "Ye Liberty Playhouse," Friday Afternoon, November 17, at 3:30.

Baldwin Piano Used.

COMING: Edward Baxter Perry, the Blind Pianist.

inee, November 25th, Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice"; Saturday night, November 25th, "Don Carlos." He will open the second week as Alceste in Moliere's comedy, "The Misanthrope" (first time here and only time); Tuesday, November 28th, "King Richard III."; Wednesday, November 29th, "Don Carlos"; Thursday afternoon, November 30th, Thanksgiving matinee, "Beau Brummel"; Thursday night, November 30th, Shylock; Friday, December 1st, "Beau Brummel"; Saturday (last matinee), December 2d, "Don Carlos," and Saturday (farewell night), December 2d, only time in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Seats, $2.50, $2.00, $1.50, $1.00, 75 cents, and 50 cents, will be on sale next Thursday morning, November 16th, at 9 o'clock.

The Watkins Mills Quartet

There should be a large audience in Lyric hall next Tuesday night, at the first concert here of the Watkins Mills Quartet of London. The program will include the first performance in this country of a song cycle of Old English melodies by H. Lane Wilson, entitled "Flora's Holiday." The other numbers will be solos by Edith Kirkwood, the soprano, including numbers by Verdi, Brahms and Schumann; Gertrude Lonsdale will sing numbers by Bossi and Hildach; Harold Wilde, the tenor, will sing the Grail Song from Lohengrin and a Richard Strauss song, and Mr. Mills the aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba" and Handel's "O Ruddier than the Cherry." Mr. Mills and Mr. Wilde will sing the duet, "Watchman, what of the Night?" and Mr. Parlovitz, the Russian pianist, will play the scherzo in B flat minor by Chopin and an Irish Rhapsodie by Archy Rosenthal. The same program will be given at a special matinee at Ye Liberty theatre in Oakland, Friday, November seventeenth, at half-past three. On Thursday night another attractive program is offered, including compositions for the soloists by Del Acqua, Handel, Hildach, Richard Strauss, Beethoven, Cowdell, Mendelssohn, Goetz, a quartet, "Ode to Dante," new in this country, and the song cycle by Liza Lehmann, the "Daisy Chain." At the Saturday matinee, by special request, Mr. Mills will sing "The Two Grenadiers," and an especially fine program has been arranged. Complete programs may be obtained at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s music store, where the seats are now on sale, the prices ranging from $1.50 down to 75 cents for a reserved seat.

Next Week's Bills

A testimonial symphony concert will be given Polacca at the Tivoli next Wednesday night which the magnetic conductor will direct, in the following program: Symphonie No. 3 (Eroica), Beethoven; Invitation a la Valse, Weber; Le Rouet d'Omphale, Saint Saens; Prelude and Liebestodt from Tristan and Isolde, Wagner; Tannhauser overture, Wagner. The theatre should be crowded on the occasion, for it is long since we have heard a symphony program here. Seats are now on sale at the box office—$1.50, $1, and 75 cents. Great preparations are being made for the opening of the comic opera season, which begins the week after next with De Koven and Smith's famous comic opera, "The Highwayman." Among the new people are Helena Frederick, an Eastern prima donna of reputation; Cora Tracy, Gertrude Zimmerman, Eugenie Weiner, and George Kunkel. Barron Berthold, Arthur Cunningham, and Teddy Webb will also be in the cast.

"The Prince of Pilsen" will have another week at the Columbia, when will come George Ade and Gustav Luders' comic opera, "The Sho Gun." Some well-known people head the company, which numbers over ninety. John E. Henshaw, Agnes Cain Brown, Thomas C. Leary and William C. Weeden, the latter one of the best tenors the Bostonians ever had, are in the cast.

"The Little Minister," never before given at this theatre, will be at the Alcazar. It is one of Barrie's most charming plays, full of delightful humor mixed with pathos. Margaret Langham will play Lady Babbie, and Mr. Waldron will be Gavin, the little minister. "Mrs. Dane's Defense," in which Margaret Anglin scored her first big success, will come next, introducing Miss Evelyn, the new leading woman. A farce will be given Thanksgiving week, as the Alcazar believes in observing the law of dramatic contrasts.

One of the most important plays ever secured for the Alcazar is "The Admirable Crichton," in which William Gillette appeared in London and New York last season. The central figure is a valet who becomes a commanding and powerful man of action when the passengers upon his employer's yacht are cast away upon a desert island. The rights were secured from Charles Frohman last week. "The Admirable Crichton" will be given for the first time in San Francisco.

The Grand will have an attractive program beginning tomorrow (Sunday) matinee in "Buster Brown." It owes its origin to the famous cartoons by Outcault, which were published in the New York *Herald*. It is interpreted by a splendid company, headed by the toy comedian, Master Rice, who, although twenty-two years of age, is smaller even than the dog, Tige, with whom he romps through the performance. Interspersed with the pranks of the boy and dog are a succession of clever specialities, which include new songs and dances, also original musical drills by the American Beauty Chorus.

One of Lincoln J. Carter's most successful melodramas, "The Darkest Hour," is to be produced next Monday night at the Central. In "The Darkest Hour" the story is told of the plots made to rob a widow and her children of their property. A novel scene will be shown in the play, a full-sized train and engine disappearing down a level piece of track and the blowing up of a trestle bridge.

At the Orpheum will be the pride of Boston, the Fadette Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, headed by Caroline B. Nichols; Marion Garland, prima donna; Joe Flynn,

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At the Chutes will be Princess Trixie, the educated horse; Hugh Emmett, mimic and ventriloquist; Florilla Sanford, musical artiste; Rice and Edwards, comedy acrobats, and other attractions.

Greenbaum Attractions

Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, will give two lecture recitals in Lyric hall on November twenty-fourth and twenty-sixth. Manager Greenbaum will have the music students of the Berkeley Blind Asylum as his guests on these occasions. Thanksgiving week, Outcault, creator of the Yaller Kid and Buster Brown, will be at Lyric hall. In December will come Sauret, the violinist. Alice Neilsen, in Italian opera, will appear under Will Greenbaum's management in this city in December.

Margaret Langham to Appear at the Alcazar

The Lady Babbie of the Alcazar's "Little Minister" next week is likely to create more than a ripple of passing interest. She is a member of Belasco and Mayer's Los Angeles stock, brought from the South for this one week because of her peculiar temperament and suitability for the Maude Adams part. Miss Langham is a slender mite of a girl, barely twenty, who began with Julia Marlowe in "The Cavalier" and understudied Annie Russell in "Mice and Men." Last winter she created quite a stir in New York in one-act plays at the Berkeley Lyceum when Frank Keenan pluckily undertook to make the Parisian Theatre Antoine plan popular in America. One of the plays was "On the Threshold," in which Miss Langham gave a very striking performance of a young wife whose planned elopement is interrupted by a burglar who proves to be her father. Alan Dale and Acton Davies conceded her the possession of unique and unusual dramatic power. Miss Langham went to Los Angeles for the invaluable dramatic experience that stock work affords. Her mother, Mrs. Huddlestone, an English writer of great brilliancy, was for several years literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. After "The Little Minister" comes "Mrs. Dane's Defense" in which another actress new to San Francisco makes her Alcazar debut. She is Edith Evelyn, the youngest stock leading woman in America—not yet thirty, but with over two hundred prominent leading roles to her credit.

Margaret Langham, at the Alcazar

THE WATKIN MILLS CONCERT PARTY,

Who Will Make Their American Debut at Lyric Hall Next Week.

Alfred Sutro's New Play

A correspondent writes me from London of "The Perfect Lover," the latest dramatic work of Alfred Sutro, author of "The Walls of Jericho," in which Mary Mannering and James K. Hackett are now successfully starring in the East. "When Lewis Waller first declared his intention to produce Sutro's new play," writes my correspondent, "his friends all advised him not to do so, as the hero was entirely out of his line of work. But Mr. Waller was impressed by the play, and his belief in it was justified by its reception when produced at the Imperial two weeks ago." From act to act the audience's enthusiasm increased, and actor and author were both overwhelmed with applause. The critics, however, did not entirely agree with the public's estimation of the play. One of them—the *News* carpist—wrote: "I quite fail to understand why "The Perfect Lover' should have been received with such rapture. To me there is hardly an emotion in it which rings true, and stripped of a certain facile cleverness in disguising commonplace machinery, it is from first to last obviously, almost unblushingly, of the theatre."

Eleanor Haber, who went to Portland to join the Belasco Stock Company there, has made quite a record of successes in the parts allotted her, roles that though not great, make for experience and prepare the way for greater things later on. As she expresses it herself, "Sometimes I dust the furniture, and sometimes I dance the minuet, and other times I'm a real grand duchess with a court train and ermine." Miss Haber has many relatives and friends in the Oregon metropolis who see that she has a good time in the intervals when she is not acting. She has been the guest of honor at several delightful social functions.

It was suggested by one of the Duchess of Sutherland's friends, in explanation of the failure of her play "The Conqueror" to please the Londoners on its premier, that the drama was not really heard on its first performance, on account of the bad acoustic properties of the theatre.

Thought Ben was an Actor

"Is he anything like Edwin Booth?" asked an old lady of Harry Campbell, at the box-office of the Grand the other day.

The business manager looked blankly at the inquirer as he replied: "We are playing 'Ben Hur' this week, madame."

"I know that—is he anything like Edwin Booth?"

"I don't think I quite understand you," said the puzzled box-office occupant.

In a haughty manner the old lady remarked: "I can't understand why you box-office men are not conversant with the repertoire of the stars who are entertaining the public at your theatre. If you will kindly tell me what Ben Hur plays tonight I will tell you without further inquiry if his plays are anything like the ones Mr. Booth enacted."

Henry W. Savage is making a feature of "The Valkyries" with his English grand opera company this season.

Dorothy Rossmore, who has the role of the beautiful Egyptian in the present Grand Opera House production of "Ben Hur," used to play at the Grand in the old Morosco days. She is a handsome woman of the brunette type. She is a San Franciscan and is related to some well-known people here. One of Miss Rossmore's first hits was as the adventuress in "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

—*The Playgoer.*

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An Oolong Orgie

(Continued from Page 7)

entirely while mankind is in being, and yet ought to have a brand and punishment affixed to them that they may be avoided. Wherefore she took a seat for judgment, and had the criminals brought forward by Shame, ever blushing, and Trouble, with a whip of many lashes; two phantoms who had dogged the procession in disguise, and waited till they had an authority from Truth to lay hands upon them. Immediately, then, she ordered Curiosity and Talkativeness to be fettered together, that the one should never suffer the other to rest, nor the other ever let her remain undiscovered. Light Credulity she linked to Shame at the tormentor's own request, who was pleased to be thus secure that her prisoner could not escape; and this was done partly for her punishment, and partly for her amendment. Censoriousness was also in like manner begged by Trouble, and had her assigned for an eternal companion. After they were thus chained with one another, by the judge's order, she drove them from the presence to wander forever through the world, with Novelty stalking before them.

The cause being now over, she retreated from sight within the splendour of her own glory; which leaving the house it had brightened, the sounds that were proper to the place began to be as loud and confused as when we entered; and there being no longer a clear distinguished appearance of any objects presented to me, I returned from the excursion I nad made in fancy.

A Versesmith in Stripes

Something quite out of the ordinary is the little paper-covered volume entitled "San Quentin Days," which comes anonymously from the printing house of Joseph M. Anderson of Sacramento. The contents, about a score of poems, are the work of an ex-convict, written while confined in the penitentiary, and they show him to be a man of education and refinement, of talent if not genius. They are various in character, ranging from pathetic to humorous, but chiefly relating to such subjects as would occupy the thoughts of a prisoner. Though none is long the majority are too lengthy for quotation here, but there is hardly one which does not contain some line or couplet which lingers in the memory.

"The froth that foams for an hour,
And the dregs that you taste for years."
(From "To Billy.)

"The violets die, but the perfumes last,
And the memory gives us joy—or pain."
(From "Violets.")

"The picture in the bars grows dim and cold,
But memory guiles—as Circe—willing me
With all that prescient power, as of old,
To Ashen isles beyond the sunset sea."
(From "Retrospect.")

The "Sonnet To ——" is in a different vein:

"How smooth and soft it feels! a dainty thing,
This little hand I hold within my own
And press with eager, loverlike caress,
Its passive loveliness—worthy a king,
So wanton-pink, like as a rose half blown,
That promises perfection none the less
For faults that but enhance its loveliness:
And yet, it is a sad coquette, I ween—
A queen of all coquettes, a knavish hand!
That lures ten-fold with ne'er a telltale blush,
And ventures all in one bold play between
Her rival suitors—who impatient stand
Beneath the spell of Fortune's mystic queen,
This bland, illusive, old time, bob-tailed flush."

The illustrations and cover design are unique and appropriate as well as beautifully executed, and the pages are held together with a knot of hempen cord, but the book is worthy of a more substantial binding. Doubtless there will be efforts made to discover the identity of the author, but since he has lived down his record it would be a gratuitous unkindness to reveal either his name or his present standing in the community. The copyright is held in the name of the publisher from whom the book can be had for fifty cents a copy, and it is well worth the price, either as poetry or as an artistic and exceptional booklet.

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His Ideal

BY G. V. FITTOCK.

It was at a winter resort in a Southern California country that Mrs. Darrington met John Oliver, the pale poet with flowing hair, a flowing tie and words that flowed softly and rhapsodically.

Oliver was very young, so young that to him idealities were realities. He could prate of his ideals by the hour and consequently he was a great favorite among women who, having read Browning and being able to discuss Shaw with almost human intelligence, felt confident that they were among the cultured of the earth.

Being a poet Oliver was extravagantly illogical. He scoffed at the conventions, and talked of love as a divine passion that should, for the health of society, be without restraint. At the same time he glorified the good woman whose love was a pure and holy passion, the loyal woman, his ideal woman whose soul was ever above the things of earth. Oliver lived in dreamland, and his talk was nearly always incoherent, but his female admirers hung on his words, so deliciously incomprehensible were the lofty flights of his eloquence; as for instance in his most passionate outbursts, when he seemed to be in his most intensely amorous mood, he would confess that he admired women in the flesh only as specimens of anatomical and artistic beauty, and in the next breath he would say, looking heavenward as though he were experiencing some ecstatic emotion, that he was burning with a passion for his ideal.

And then the feminine incense burners, yielding to the magnetism of his personality, would exchange knowing glances and remark, "How like Browning!" or "A true disciple of Swinburne!"

Mrs. Darrington and John Oliver were at the shaded end of the broad piazza. The night was dreamy and rare, fanciful, entrancing, glorious.

Oliver remarked the charm of the night. He said it was a poet's night, and then he apotheosized it in blank verse. His words might be interpreted to mean that he was responsible for it in some esoteric way.

A maudlin soprano at a piano not far distant was slaughtering something from "Faust." She gave Oliver his cue. Her tones were raucous but the poet said that she stirred a responsive chord in his heart and roused the poetry of his soul.

"Life is largely a soul-sleep," he said. "Music wakes the soul and it springs to life naked and unafraid. Poetry is music. Sapho was the divine musician of Lesbos, and she waked the souls of her followers. At her touch they plunged into transports of passion, and experienced all that life is worth living for."

Now Mrs. Darrington had cultivated a taste for the unusual, but Oliver mystified her and aroused her curiosity.

"I cannot understand," she said, "how you can write and talk so rapturously of love, if you have never experienced the sensation of being in love."

"My imagination enables me to do so," he replied. "I conjure up images of beautiful women and to them I sing. I get inspiration from the models of my dreams. I can transform a woman of the flesh into a spirit model and in my fancy she becomes a goddess. I strip her of all the impure things of her material environment and pedestal her in my fancy, a thing of beauty unadorned, as a wild-flower wet by the untainted lapping of the brook."

Mrs. Darrington shrank from the even poise of his words.

"My ideal woman is ever the fond companion of my dreams," said the poet.

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"What is she like?" asked Mrs. Darrington, coming back to earth. She was getting very much interested. The enthusiasm of the poet aroused in her a strange feeling. For the first time she noticed that he was singularly beautiful, and that there was a weird look in his soft, blue eyes.

"My ideal," said the poet in a low, musical voice, "is tall, lithe, sinuous, red and full of lip, with sparkling eyes that speak unutterable things beneath voluptuous lids. She looks very much like you."

Mrs. Darrington was startled.

Oliver continued: "My ideal woman has the courage of her convictions and orders her life according to her own moral standard, but being of noble mind she can do no wrong. She is sensuous but virtuous. She would never degrade herself in her own eyes and her sense of rectitude is unerring."

Mrs. Darrington laughed. "I can understand why you have never met the lady in the flesh," she said.

On her return to San Francisco Mrs. Darrington met the rhapsodical poet at the Culturine Club where he read a paper on Browning. A little later he became a frequent caller at the Darrington home. Mr. Darrington spent a great deal of time at his club, and he indulged his wife's fondness for the companionship of literary persons.

Mr. Darrington appreciated the companionship of Oliver for she hated to be alone. Indeed she had been growing somewhat morose and morbid in consequence of the indifference of her husband, and she found herself being drawn toward the poet by some mysterious influence. He inspired in her a love for his passionate lyrics.

One evening when Oliver entered the Darrington home he found Mrs. Darrington looking very much depressed. She had expected her husband to be with her at dinner that evening, but he 'phoned to her that he had an important engagement at the club. Though it was not an uncommon disappointment she had never felt it so keenly before.

The poet was ushered into a dimly lighted room shrouded in sombre wrappings. His foot made no sound on the soft velvet carpet. Mrs. Darrington was seated in the drawing-room window. She was taken by surprise. In her melancholy musings her eyes had grown dim with tears.

She was abashed at being thus discovered and tried to smile unconcernedly.

What is the matter?" Oliver asked in a tender and sympathetic tone.

"There is nothing the matter," she answered, but there was a sob in her voice.

"You are unhappy," said the poet tenderly. There was an expression of deep affection in the poet's eyes, and Oliver felt that she melted beneath his glance.

"I am going to say something to you that I hope will not be taken amiss," he began.

The up-flash of her black eyes halted him short.

"Of what are you going to speak?" she asked.

He hesitated.

"Say nothing to me that you would not say to your ideal woman."

Oliver looked straight into her eyes. "Then you are my ideal woman," he said.

November, 1905.

"That's a clever way Nagger keeps peace in the family."
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A Romance of Two Worlds

Sketched from Life, by The Theosophist.

Centuries ago, when Greece was young and art and music were in their infancy, a singer was born to the world. He sang as he worked and first the common people and then the great ones of his village approved him. He had a profile like a cameo and a figure like a sculptured marble. In time he came to be known as The Beautiful Baritone. Honors and riches were showered upon him.

In the same village lived a beautiful woman, with eyes like midnight and a form all curves and grace. She was also a singer and, as like cleaves to like, the Beautiful Baritone soon learned to mingle his deep tones in love duets with the blithesome soprano of the girl. They were affianced.

Something—history does not say what—parted the lovers. They both passed to the world of shades and in time were born in other bodies. They lived and loved under other times, other dynasties, but always their souls craved the first love. She wandered far in search of him, and he for her. But they came not together.

Eons spend and one day to a city by the western sea came a grand singer, a baritone of marvelous power and faultless face. He was no longer young, but his voice was as fresh and his dramatic gifts as great as when he was a youth. He was called the Matchless Iago.

In the city where the grand opera season was in progress dwelt a beautiful woman, a woman or rare talent and intellect. She had made a study of music for the pleasure there was in it, and though she possessed a magnificent voice she had never used it on the stage. She was intensely musical and never missed a night at the grand opera whenever there was a season.

On the night when the Matchless Iago was making his debut before the western city's opera lovers this woman was of the audience. She was gowned in harmony with her brunette beauty and was one of the most noticeable figures among the vast number of beautiful and elegantly dressed women.

When the great singer came upon the stage his eyes swept the auditorium. They encountered the gaze of two dark orbs, looking intently at him. A wave of emotion passed over his features. Memory stirred within him. There was mutual recognition. The souls of the two lovers parted for many ages met in that glance and knew each other. Never did the Matchless Iago sing with finer expression. The audience shouted their bravos and clamored for encores. He looked only at the woman with the dark eyes.

They met later, in conventional way, and became friends after the conventional manner. But they could not renew their old love affair. The great singer had a wife and children in Europe to whom he was tenderly attached, and his other-soul was not one who would defy convention and the Church. But she accepted his portrait, which is her only consolaton for the cruel edict of fate that again sent upon separate travels two souls that should have been one.

Owing to the illness of Evelyn Weingardner-Blanchard, the dramatic recital of "In the Bishop's Carriage" which was announced for November ninth at Lyric hall has been postponed. The date will be announced later.

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Automobile Topics

Anent Racing

In an article on "The Mad Moribund Race," the "Horseless Age" of recent date says: "The general influence of racing is wholly bad. It creates a false conception of the purpose of the automobile. It places the automobile in an unfavorable light before the public. * * * It is directly responsible for no end of scorching and law breaking upon the public highways, for those who habitually witness it and those who participate in it are soon consumed with the one desire for speed. They rush over the highways, dash madly around corners, lose all claim to decency, and if they do not, they richly deserve to land in jail. Racing encourages the development of freak machines, the use of horsepower in quantities beyond all reason, and tends to a departure from rational design. Records show this to be so. The advocates of racing—happily few and rapidly diminishing in number—hold that it aids design, that through it many things are learned that could not be learned so quickly in any other way; but this argument will not hold, for the conditions developed in a race are entirely different from those under which a useful car would be run, and the design most satisfactory in the one case must prove most unsatisfactory in the other. The roads are public property, and no one has the moral right to use them for dangerous sport. * * * Racing is without a redeeming feature. * * * Soon it will die for the public will no longer tolerate it, and the sober majority of the automobile industry are heartily sick of its brutal follies and excesses."

On the Same Subject

"That road racing as now carried on in this country has been very generally condemned is in no way extraordinary when the rules are considered," says a writer in "The Automobile." "These are essentially of French origin, and consequently are based upon certain conditions attendant upon the development of the automobile in France. Most important of these is the excellent character of the Continental roads, permitting a high average speed in ordinary touring and inviting the development of extreme speeds in racing. Even the most powerful of the new cars can be run continuously at something near their limit on the average road. * * * The conditions of automobile development in America are diametrically opposite to those of France; in the first place, the roads throughout most of the country are uniformly bad; the exceptions in certain favored sections being but an immaterial proportion. There is no requirement for high-speed cars and no place for their use, the requirements being for durability and reliability, with speeds not materially over the legal maximum."

Will Tour Europe

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Huse (Juanita Wells) left last Sunday on their honeymoon trip, which will be spent traveling on the continent. Being ardent devotees of the buzz-wagon they ordered their big Columbia packed for shipment to Europe and will do considerable touring on the Atlantic's other side. Mrs. Huse is a clever driver and a thorough mistress of the powerful machine that has afforded her so much enjoyment.

Dr. W. S. Thorne, who has just returned from a trip to Europe, made the run around the bay last Thursday in his Autocar. The trip down was taken on the other side of the bay and the return journey by way of Menlo, where the party stopped off at Senator Felton's home. Dr. Thorne was accompanied by Miss Thorne and Mrs. Elkins.

New converts to automobiling should become familiar with the sound of their engine when it is running properly. A motor seldom stops without giving warning by some irregularity of noise. Every sound indicates something, and one of the least bit unusual sounds should be heeded at once. It may indicate an incipient trouble that can be remedied in a few minutes, but which if neglected may be serious.

Hunting in automobiles is the latest fad local gunsmen have taken up. Members of the Kubler Gun Club the other week went across the bay in a White and ran the auto down into the Alviso marshes. Near the club's quarters is a slough more or less hidden by cat-tails and a number of the hunters have been using a White car instead of the sneak boat. The auto glides along so noiselessly that the ducks have no idea that there is any danger in the vicinity until the car is directly on top of them. Then they fly up and give a splendid shot.

The commercial clubs of Omaha, Neb., and Council Bluffs, Iowa, have decided to establish an automobile line between their respective cities with an advertising venture in view. The merchants will give coupons to customers, which will entitle the holders to free rides on the motor cars.

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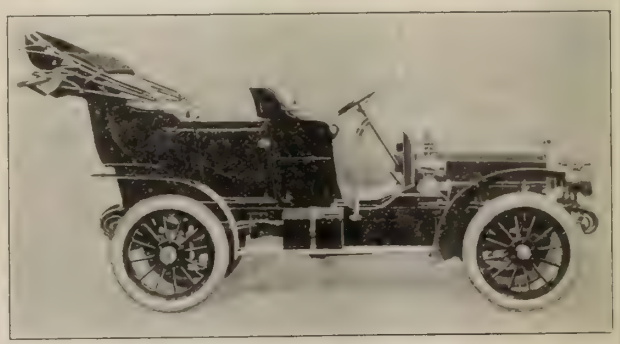

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Pearl Landers to Have a Motor Car

Pearl Landers will soon launch into autoing on an ambitious scale for her father, W. J. Landers, has placed an order for a large space-eating touring car, a 40-45 horsepower Columbia, which his daughter proposes guiding herself. There was a time when Miss Landers was contented to ride with her friends in a big automobile but now she is set on being a chauffeuse herself.

An exchange says: "One of the concerns that has been working quietly but steadily on limousine and semi-closed cars is the White Sewing Machine Company, makers of the White steam car. The result is a collection of closed and town cars that for artistic designing, excellent construction and splendid finish, will be hard to beat. All of these bodies are imposed on the regulation White chassis, and the same methods of control and operation are placed before the operator." The limousine on the front cover of last week's issue of the "Automobile Topics" is a vehicle that any maker can be proud of. Its appointments are superb, and it makes an ideal car for the winter. The landaulette also shown in this issue is splendidly adapted for use as a town carriage, for calling, shopping, etc. A landau and a victoria are also being offered by the White Company, as well as a racy-looking runabout, which can scarcely fail to appeal to motorists who have use for a two-passenger vehicle. Frank C. Havens of Piedmont received delivery last week of the first limousine White to arrive on the coast.

M. J. Laymance, the real estate man of Oakland, last Sunday took his family on a trip to Haywards and about Alameda county in his new side-entrnce White steam touring car. Mr. Laymance's car is finished in a beautiful maroon and fitted with all the latest devices and equipments.

Dust Raising Experiments

The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland has been busy with its dust experiments again, the latest of which were conducted with about twenty cars on a stretch of road in Berkshire. The cars were sun over a measured distance at various speeds and photographs were taken of their achievements in the dust-raising line. The photos provided a definite basis for conclusions, as it is so easy for the naked eye to err. There can, however, be only a very slight abolition or mitigation of the nuisance until the road surfaces are better laid and adapted to the traffic.

The novel auto exhibit of the Winton company opened this week at Third and Townsend streets. In a specially arranged railway car a comprehensive exhibit is made of an automobile of next year's model together with samples of all parts before they are assembled. Representatives of the company explain thoroughly the various parts in a manner interesting not only to owners and drivers of automobiles but to all persons. The car has been in all the large cities of the East and after leaving here it will go to San Jose, Los Angeles, Fresno, Stockton and other points. E. P. Brinegar, W. F. Hunt and J. H. Durst, representatives of the company on this coast, went to Sacramento to meet the traveling exhibit. The idea of sending out the car originated with Charles E. Shanks, general sales manager of the company.

—The Chauffeur.

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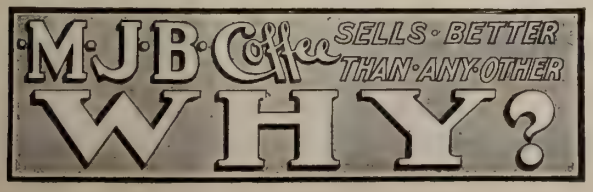

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Of Things Old and New

(Continued from Page 6)

what is *bizarre* or *recherche* in landscape; hollow places full of the *green shadow* of bituminous rocks, ridged reefs of trap-rock which cut the water into *quaint* sheets of light." Mention is made of "the *solemn effects* of moving water," of its "*distant* source among the rocks." We are told of a landscape that it is "not of dreams, or of fancy but of places *far withdrawn*, and hours selected from a thousand with a miracle of *finesse*. Through Leonardo's *strange* veil of sight," the writer goes on to say, "things reach him so; in *no ordinary* night or day, but as in *faint* light of eclipse, or in some brief interval of falling rain at daybreak, or through deep water." And so on throughout the well-known essay.

Have not the very words here impertinently italicized a fascination not to be resisted? and is not much of the unusual charm of the Monna Lisa due to the hidden presence of their equivalents in that famous picture; to out-of-the-wayness in oils?

Surely, the satanic touches in God's masterpiece, Leonardo, and in Leonardo's masterpiece, Monna Lisa, are not hopelessly far to seek! Who would have the lady's face wholly angelic and her smile patent as the face and smile of an *ingenue* of three times three seasons? Had Leonardo not taken, with the devil's help, the by-way into the world—well, he would not have been da Vinci, delight of the dead, the living, the unborn.

Wanting this—what shall I call it?—this touch of fantasy from below, nor man, nor woman, nor child, nor flower, nor book, nor painting appeals to me. What in matter and manner is nearest to being brand-new never, for some inscrutable reason, produces on me the effect of originality; seldom any artistic effect whatever. What most readily "finds me"—to use Coleridge's phrase, is the old breathed upon by the odd; the old, the dead, the ordinary, made quick and quaint and new.

Gleanings From the Short Stories of Sienkiewicz

BY THE READER.

(The Schoolmaster, in "Hania"): Man is rather a limited beast. One or another of us carries God knows what ideal in his heart and therewith feels a need of loving; hence on seeing the first little goose that he meets he says to himself, "That is she." Afterward he finds out that he has made a mistake and because of that mistake the devil takes him, or he lives an idiot all his life.

I will say this, that the greatness of any misfortune depends not on what it is in itself, but on how one feels it.

(From "Tartar Captivity"): Providence so orders the things of this life that in time everything passes and remains only in the memory, with this difference, however, that the harsher the happenings the pleasanter it is to remember them. So that not only past labors, but sorrows become joyous.

(From "Let Us Follow Him"): Wisdom in his eyes was the art of setting sails in such fashion that they would urge one's boat forward.

(From "That Third Woman"): Talent is a bird that builds its nest where it pleases, at one time in a wild desert, at another in a trimmed garden.

In theatres there are, it is true, plenty of women who are innocent physically; but if their corsets could betray all the desires of those women, I suppose that the most shameless baboon, on hearing the story, might blush at all points not covered with hair.

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Music

"Norma" at the Tivoli

One of the first "pieces" I ever learned to play—solo and duet—was the march from "Norma," probably the most hand-organed composition there is except the Anvil Chorus from "Il Trovatore." But the march from "Norma" that was played at the Tivoli on Friday night under Polacco's direction sounded no more like that jingly old thing we can all whistle than Tetrazzini's voice sounds like that of the "nautical ventriloquist's" middy assistant. Speaking of the orchestra and chorus only, it was altogether a good performance of the hackneyed opera. Gravina's Oroveso was the vocal strongpoint among the soloists. Angioletti, who as Pollio has little to sing compared with the music that falls to Norma and Adalgisa, was in admirable form and sang well. Petrella says that Norma is her favorite role, but vocally she is not equal to it. Few sopranos are. Petrella has a deal of dramatic fire, and I think would be strong in the Wagnerian operas. Grasse made a voluptuous virgin; Pollio would have found it warm work trying to carry his Adalgisa away, willing or unwilling. I felt rather sorry for the poor Roman officer faced with the problem of Norma's uncompromising straight front and the avoirdupois of Adalgisa. The "Hear me Norma" duet was a strenuous performance, but it won for the singers several recalls from their delighted compatriots in the audience. There were some amusing features in the "accessories." The little children of Norma and Pollio seemed to be as stolid youngsters as ever supported a star, but one of them yawned audibly during the pathetic scene between their mother and her rival in their father's affections. The vestal virgins displayed extremely varied styles of coiffure, from high pompadours to curled bangs and parted tresses. But the chorus sang—well, I have not heard them sing so well this season. It was worth while to be there to hear them sing the final ensemble. Those two old stand-bys of Tivoli grand opera seasons—Arthur Messmer and Napoleoni—were strongly in evidence, the former as head Roman soldier and the latter leading the Druid chorus. A very meagre audience in point of numbers was lavish in applause. Petrella received several offerings of flowers.

The Last Minetti

A highly appreciative audience listened to the third of the Minetti String Quartet concerts on Friday evening last. The program opened with Beethoven's quartet in B flat (op. 18 No. 6). This work belongs to the composer's second period, that of formal perfection before the poetic idea became his moving principle. The second adagio, however, is ominous. Something fateful speaks from those big cello tones, so effectively played by Arthur Weiss. Dvorak's "Humoresque" and Schubert's "L'Abeille" formed the second number on the program, both charmingly played and enthusiastically received, a recall being demanded. The Schumann piano quartet in E flat (op. 47) concluded the recital. This is a work noble in form and in fullness of tone almost orchestral. Mr. Genss was brilliant at the piano yet not so brilliant as to obscure the string parts, so finely interpreted by Messrs. Minetti, Verdier and Weiss. The honey-dropping Andante Cantabile was, as might be expected, the most favored by the audience.

Our Boasted Musical Culture

It is a very sad commentary on the musical taste of our community, this announcement that the Minetti Quartet concerts have been discontinued on account of the non-support of the music-lovers of San Francisco. For some seasons Giulio Minetti has directed these fine chamber music concerts, which appealed to the cultured lovers of good music, and now it looks as if we were to have no more of them. Few people understand what these concerts cost their director. It was not the money alone, but the time given to practicing the compositions, time that the musicians forming the quartet could have given to pupils, but which they were willing to devote to the cause of musical culture. I remember that the Kneisel Quartet, the famous quartet of the East, played to but small audiences during its visit here years ago. I have been to concerts given by artists here where the number of tickets sold barely covered the hall hire. Sometimes it is different—but Bauer and Heermann did not find us overappreciative. However, this is not intended as a scolding. It is simply a reminder that our community cannot pride itself on being a musical centre when one of its most artistic organizations is compelled to discontinue its announced series of chamber music concerts because of the non-support of the music-lovers of San Francisco. I don't suppose the quartet cares a rap. Perhaps the individual members are glad to be released from their practice of the old classics. But it is humiliating to learn that concerts of the character given under the direction of Mr. Minetti were not appreciated in this big city that prides itself on being something of an art centre.

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The Minetti orchestra of seventy musicians directed by Giulio Minetti provided the program at the Greek theatre last Sunday in Berkeley. The numbers were: Poet and Peasant overture, Suppe; selections from Faust; Minuet, Balzoni, Madrigale, Simonetti (for strings); William Tell overture, Rossini. Miss Kathrin Hilke sang, and Miss May Ludlow, first flute, distinguished herself in the andante of the William Tell overture.

The following is the program for the violin recital of Edith Chevalier Peters, which takes place on November twenty-third. It is a very ambitious one for so young a student: Norwegian Theme, Introduction and Variations, Edith Chevalier Peters and Mrs. Emma White; Fantaisie Boheme (Tanze and Weisen), Sevcik; Recit. ed Aria nel Rinaldo da, Handel, Mme. Carolla; Melodie (Andante), Gluck, Bourree, Handel, Chanson sans paroles, Tschaikowsky; Rhapsodie Hongroise, Hauser; The Witchers'

The H. B. Pasmores, according to a letter received from one of their San Francisco friends last week, are very pleasantly situated in Berlin, where they arrived two days before the letter was written.

Mr. C. A. Rossignol, the composer, appeared before the Sorosis Club on Monday, playing four numbers on the violin, with Mrs. Laura Dray Perry as accompanist. Mr. Rossignol's violin is a genuine Amati and one of the finest in the state. Henry Holmes's Stradivarius is considered the very best violin in this part of the world, and is literally worth its weight in gold. But Mr. Rossignol's instrument has been pronounced by connoisseurs second only to that of Henry Holmes. The composer-violinist has made many friends among the local musicians since he came here to reside. I hear that Oscar Weil and Dr. H. J. Stewart are greatly pleased with his opera, and are considering an early production of it, probably for some charity in which society is interested. His march, "The American Cartoonists," is being played at the Park theatre, Alameda, this week.

One of Harold Bauer's pupils, who studied under him in Europe, lately returned to her home here. This was Miss Ehrman, the daughter of Mrs. A. Ehrman, who has for years been identified with the most cultured musical set of the city. Miss Ehrman has been the bosom friend of the three elder Pasmore children for years. She is a pianiste of rare ability. Her younger sister is also musically gifted, playing the violin.

Melba appeared as Gilda in "Rigoletto" in London two weeks ago, with the new tenor, Georgini.

Ethel Duke, Selma Werner, Joan Baldwin and Helen Stocking will be the soloists at the Mansfeldt Club's invitational concert next Thursday evening.

Louis H. Eaton, organist of Trinity, will give his second organ recital of the season next Friday evening, at the church. These recitals are free and are worth while attending. Mr. Eaton at his previous recitals has shown us the beauties of organ music, the best in modern and classical composition.

—The Music Critic.

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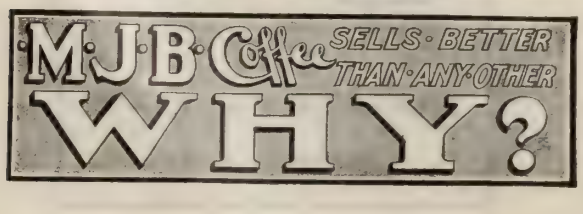

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THE present days of autumn and of early winter make up the best time of the year at Hotel Del Monte down by the sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf links were never in better condition. The oiled roads are superb for automobiling, and fishing and sailing on the bay form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it by. Special round trip tickets between San Francisco and Del Monte, good Friday to Monday inclusive, including two days board at the hotel, $10.00. For more details, apply Information Bureau, 613 Market street.

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Letters

Another Western Tale

Emerson Hough's new novel, "Heart's Desire," describes the life of a contented little settlement in New Mexico, an Eveless Eden, where the inhabitants, cowboys, prospectors, and other semi-nomads, together with a few self-exiled professional men, lived in a comfortable sort of communism, where one had but to ask for a share of anything, and each trusted all. There was neither strife nor animosity, neither envy nor ambition, and so they might have continued indefinitely but for the coming of "the States," as Tom Osby, the freighter, graphically described the changed conditions. First came a family from Kansas, a pious old preacher with his wife and two daughters, bound farther west but detained by a broken-down team. Formerly there had been plenty of order, but there came law as well, office-holding, a call for Eastern capital to develop the coal and gold mines in the canyon, a railroad, and all the other adjuncts of civilization, not to omit trickery and sharp practice, and the bullying tactics of the older communities. A corporation lawyer who had bought legislatures wholesale expected to pick up single men like pebbles, and the happy-go-lucky dwellers in Heart's Desire, who believed that a man who first settled on a piece of land was entitled to possession without interference and that as long as they were satisfied they had no need to worry themselves about the formal registry of their town site, were in danger of finding themselves turned adrift on the prairie while the railroad com-

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pany took legal possession of all they owned. There is a love story, of course—several of them for that matter—for love, like the measles, never remains content with one victim. Though a typical tale of the West in many respects, there is an admirable restraint in the telling, and the humorous incidents are less boisterously presented than is apt to be the case. Mr. Hough ought to know his ground, for he has been a roamer since his boyhood. Evidently, in the words of Curly, he has "come to stay and likes it." Published by the Macmillan Company.

"Life More Abundant"

Of the philosophers of the "New Thought" movement, Mr. Henry Wood is universally recognized as the leader. He has just contributed his ninth volume, "Life More Abundant," which is unlike his previous work, or any other touching on the same subject. Mr. Wood does not attempt to overthrow or weaken faith. He is not to be classed with those critics who set out to reveal the errors they profess to find in the Scriptures, and to convince their ill-prepared readers that they, alone, of all the world, are equipped to present the perfect truth, but rather he seeks to strengthen belief by correlating the narratives of the Bible with the knowledge of the present time. His language is always temperate and his reasoning logical. He is free from the dogmatic "preachiness" which is so often a fault of those who profess to teach, and his language is plain and simple, forceful English, infinitely better than that which is usually employed by what are termed "magnetic preachers." Some of the topics treated in the present volume are: "Eden and the Fall," "The Miraculous and the Supernatural," "Sacrifice and Atonement," "Faith and the Unseen," "The Real Seat of Authority" and "The Glory of the Commonplace." There are eighteen chapters, dealing with kindred topics. Published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard, uniform with the previous volumes.

A Volume of Nesbit's Verses

The "Alphabet of History" which Wilbur Dick Nesbit contributed to the Chicago "Sunday Tribune" has been gathered into a volume by the Paul Elder Company, and a very attractive one it makes. The pictures which accompany the verses are the work of Ellsworth Young, and the text, set in artistic type and printed on heavy manila paper, and bound in Rhinos board, with a cover design, cannot fail to attract attention. As to the text, it must be confessed that the twenty-six ancient and honorables who have been chosen are treated in a free and easy style which would have caused them to invoke a repetition of the retribution which was meted out to the irreverent youngsters who made sport of the Prophet Elijah. Christopher Columbus figures as Chris. Euripides as Rippy, Xantippe becomes Xanty, and though the history which is epitomized in the verses is accurate enough for practical purposes, it would be a sad mistake to put the volume into the hands of any child of less than college years. Young America is not in need of lessons in irreverence and disrespect. Moreover, the allusions are mostly beyond the comprehension of little ones. It is a question of proper distribution. The baby's father, or his uncle, will find "An Alphabet History" highly amusing and perhaps instructive. The little chap himself will better appreciate a five-cent picture book in the primary colors, where "A is an Apple."

Decay of Taste

From England comes the announcement of the discontinuance of "Longman's Magazine," one of the oldtime periodicals which depended on the quality of its contents for its lease of life. The publishers gave as a reason for their retirement the increase in the number of readers in the world, without a corresponding degree of culture. The standards have been lowered, and high-class periodicals do not today command their proportion of subscribers. The large number of cheap magazines, more or less sensational, or at best, given over mainly to fiction, attracts the imperfectly educated as the circus does the small boy, and the appetite for reading is satisfied on the peanuts and popcorn of literature, before the roast with vegetables attracts attention. The result is that either editors must modify their bill of fare, and meet the popular demand half way, or else suspend publication, for, in spite of all the theories of "art for art's sake," and educating public taste, the first duty of every enterprise is to pay its way in the world.

—The Bookworm.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO. STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7, No. 98452.

Dr. Lesser Hirschkowitz, Plaintiff, vs. Robert Richter, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

J. J. WEBB, Attorney for Plaintiff. 607 Kohl Bldg, San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Richter, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of October, A. D. 1905.

[SEAL]

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
By W. J. HENEY, Deputy Clerk.

TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, November 18, 1905 No. 690.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD

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TOWN TALK

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Apropos Thanksgiving

We are approaching the day appointed for thanksgiving. It will be spent by the many in thoughtless recreation, by the few in reflection on the blessings that God has bestowed on us. If we are temperamentally disinclined to be thankful, let us not be pessimistic. Pessimism was all right enough in the days when the prevailing doctrine was that the degree of happiness to be attained in the world beyond was in direct proportion to the amount of unhappiness experienced in this life. There is so much cheerfulness in the world now that pessimism is old-fashioned. It is significant of a morbid condition of the mind and of the atrophy of ambition. Some men would search the crevices and crannies of memory in vain for data to justify expression of gratitude, being prone to recall their disappointments only. But the frustration of some cherished plan does not necessarily imply a misfortune. God's refusal to hear our prayers is sometimes a boon, for what we desire is not always best. Before the ides of March we may learn that the defeat of Partridge was a blessing. All our wishes are not wise and prudent. To assume that they are is to flatter ourselves that the future is an open scroll to us. Every day we learn that we were fortunate in being thwarted of our purpose. Most of our trouble is a delusion. A great deal of it never happens. Some of it is a formative influence. We have much to be thankful for if we but consider how little we deserve. The pessimist may lament the preponderance of evil—graft in office, graft in high finance, trickery in politics and chicanery in religion—but everywhere there is revolt against these things. The cynic will say that there is no sign of revolt in San Francisco. We do not believe that this community is complaisant, that it is not intolerant of corruption. We are of the opinion that Schmitz was re-elected because the voters were not convinced of the good faith and sincerity of his detractors. The great thing in this country today is the movement for governmental purification, the crusade against national, state and municipal incivism, and consequently there is abundant cause for thanksgiving. What we should deplore is the insufficiency of the religious spirit in the land and in the Church. The Church is not as bad as it was in other ages, but it is still wofully sordid. There is too much emphasis put on the importance of raising money to spread religion, and the clergy are more active in the quest of dollars than in spiritual achievement. They are imbued with Christianity in the abstract but lack the faculty to give it any practical application to the affairs of life. Some of them are not Christians, but unblushingly they accept remuneration from misguided parishioners for destroying the faith which they have been ordained to strengthen. There are others who destroy faith by giving bad example, many church-goers being inclined to confound the priest with the system of religion which he represents. The priest who puts the material interests of his church and of himself above the spiritual, who worships success instead of God, who compromises with evil through selfishness rather than through charity, is a greater sinner than the crook in political office, for he is responsible for much scoffing at religion, and for the spread of dangerous cynicism. When we reflect on the evil influence of such men we feel that we should be thankful that they are not numerous. If we but reflect we cannot fail to find occasion for rejoicing. What patriotic citizen will say that with Theodore Roosevelt in the chair at this critical time in our history we have nothing to be thankful for?

What a happy world this would be if each of us appreciated the consciousness of having given somebody else cause for thanksgiving!

Enemies of the Press

It appears to be taken for granted that several newspapers received a stinging rebuke at the hands of the voters of this city last week. In consequence there has been much joy in certain circles. There is much girding at the newspapers in San Francisco and a great deal of resentment at their activities. This we consider unfortunate, for editorial life has many cares and many responsibilities, and it is not encouraging to feel that our transgressions only are remembered and that the good we do is misprized. It would be vain conceit for the newspapers of this city to pretend that they are loyal to the ideals of journalism, and that they are conducted for the best interests of the public at all times, but it would be unjust to convict them of all the sins that are recklessly charged against them. There is nothing inharmonious between the character of our newspapers and that of our community and our estimate of the character of this community is not to its discredit. But we feel justified in going further and holding that, with all their faults, the service rendered the people of San Francisco by the newspapers is of a superior quality; that those newpapers with all their personal interests devote more energy to the promotion of the general welfare than to the encompassing of their own selfish ends. They see their duty to the public oftener than they are mindful of their own prejudices and their own whims; for the successful newspaper proprietor must often divorce his personality from his paper, and the average newspaper proprietor considers his paper first and himself afterwards. His affection for his paper is akin to that of the mariner for his ship. The press of all cities has many enemies because in the performance of its duty to the public it rebukes rogues, exposes rascality, uncovers corruption, frustrates knaves and gives offense to men in all walks of life. Those enemies are most bitter in their denunciation of the press and they are frequently joined in their malignant criticisms and mordant fulminations by certain pompous groundlings who fancy that the ability to scoff at newspaper delinquencies bespeaks a superior intellectual tone. It happens that the real joints in the newspaper harness occasion the least condemnation. Only at rare intervals and by the few is the newspaper censured for its vulgarity, its absurd sensationalism, its bunco-advertisements, its irresponsibility

and its reckless inventions; rather is it excoriated for making persistent and successful use of publicity in regard to public men and measures. That is why we are told there is something rotten in the Fourth Estate. Because of its vigilant watch over the elected servants of the people, it is denounced for its demoralizing influence. Nobody ever considers to what extent rogues in office would go if there were no occasion to fear the vigilance of the press. What check would there be on the creatures of the boss in office did not the press constitute itself a sort of exigent constituency for them all? Because a newspaper cannot produce absolute proof of corruption it does not follow that the people are getting faithful service. If it did not have the courage to hint at corruption when it is without absolute proof, great would be the wrongs perpetrated by thieves intrenched in public office. When a newspaper is convinced by strong circumstantial evidence of the faithlessness of public servants it becomes the duty of that newspaper to take the people into its confidence. Occasionally a newspaper in its zeal for the civic welfare does some one an injustice. That is scarcely sufficient justification for hooting at it. No human institution is infallible, but the press with all its weaknesses is wonderfully successful in avoiding the pitfalls of error. If its detractors will but consider that its office is to criticise, to tell the people what their chosen lawmakers and rulers are doing, to publish the news of the world, to keep in touch with every field of activity and to rely on innumerable agencies in the furtherance of its mission, they will not be just if they do not admit that the achievements of the press are worthy of admiration and that its shortcomings are not unpardonable. Some newspapers are unduly troublesome and their excessive zeal at times is deplorable, but they suffer for their sins. They err in their judgment as do the courts, they make false accusations as do lawyers at the bar, but their responsibility is greater than that of the judiciary or of the legal profession, and the service that they render to the people is fully as great as that performed by the tribunals of justice. It is well to remember the sentiment of Thomas Jefferson in reference to the press. That wise statesman uttered the dictum that it was preferable to live in a country without a system of law but with newspapers, than in a regularly governed country without newspapers. It is of course preposterous to assume that the frown of a newspaper is as terrible as it was in the days when all editors talked oracularly and the organ of public opinion was addicted to the habit of thundering. Moreover it would be foolish not to admit that the press has lost considerable prestige in consequence of its irresponsibility and its hysteria, but if it can no longer sway masses of men, it can at least serve as a record of their hopes and fears. If it cannot formulate it can register public opinion. These are services which the humblest newspaper may strive to perform, and from the lesson of the recent campaign we believe that these may be most effectively performed in an humble and not too boisterous manner.

Hearst and Jerome

Hearst was probably elected Mayor of New York, but Jerome *was* elected District Attorney, and of that fact the people of the second largest city in the world may well be proud. The vote for Jerome was the expression of the people's honesty and of their protest against political and commercial corruption. Not all of those that voted for Jerome voted for Hearst. Indeed a great many of Jerome's supporters were eager to beat Hearst, and if they could have come to some agreement regarding the relative strength of McClellan and Ivins one of those candidates would have received a tremendous majority. The situation was akin to that in this city two years ago when the opponents of Schmitz were doubtful whether Lane was stronger than Crocker. As a result of their dilemma Schmitz was elected. Of the fact that the element which elected Jerome was not solid for William R. Hearst, there should be no doubt. Newspapers, clubs and cliques that were busy stirring up sentiment for the reform District Attorney were engaged in bitter dispute over the Mayoralty contest. The fitness of Hearst was not the question that divided them; it was the question of the better course to pursue to defeat him, and they could not agree as to whether Ivins or McClellan was the lesser evil or the stronger candidate. The significance of Jerome's glorious victory is far more encouraging than the large vote received by Mr. Hearst. We find it far more agreeable to consider the Jerome victory than to reflect on Hearst's achievement, for we know that the District Attorney was supported by the enlightened forces of honesty and decency and that those forces are sufficiently strong in the metropolis of the country to correct abuses of government. Jerome put his trust in the honesty and civic patriotism of the intelligent people of New York and they elected him. He had no money to spend for campaign purposes, he had no powerful organization behind him, he was on no ticket, the only principle that he represented was that which demands honest public service. Mr. Hearst was the standard-bearer of a party, he had his whole newspaper force, a large and experienced bureau and a great political organization devoted to the cause of municipal ownership behind him. Moreover, like Mr. Jerome, he stood for political purity and he was the leader of a crusade against two corrupt political machines. That the period of his candidacy was most propitious is evident from the circumstance that Mr. Jerome, who incarnates the ideals of civic purity, was elected. Behind Jerome there was nothing but the sentiment in favor of aggressive honesty and he appealed to the conservative civic patriots of New York. Hearst appealed to the disgruntled and the dissatisfied who are incensed against existing conditions and eager for any kind of change, but of course he was supported by a large percentage of the

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decent, enlightened voters who are disgusted with corrupt boss rule, and who in a municipal contest involving a protest against graft rise above their prejudices against the spectacular tone of a man in whose civic zeal they have confidence. By the election of Mr. Jerome it has been shown that a man need not be a demagogue to win popular favor, and from the District Attorney's election Mr. Hearst should learn that to achieve his highest ambition it is not essential for him to pander to the prejudices of the disgruntled and pessimistic. We believe that Mr. Hearst would make a fine Mayor, but we hope that he will ponder Jerome's election and resolve to change his newspaper tactics which make it so difficult for him to square his professions and his performances. We have a great deal of respect for Mr. Hearst because he has many redeeming qualities. We believe that he was led into error against the dictates of a manly nature, and we hope to see him break away some day from the sinister influence of brilliant charlatans, and become once more the ideal newspaper publisher of America.

Mr. Hearst boasts of a certificate of character from the lily white hands of Andrew Carnegie. Now let us hear from that other great moralist, John D. Rockefeller.

Shaw and His Critics

Mr. Arthur Brisbane, of the Hearst syndicate, is the latest recruit in the ranks of the unco guid critics who are rejoicing in the suppression of George Bernard Shaw's dramatic appeal for the amelioration of the condition of the poor working girl. Like the other smug moralists of the New York press Mr. Brisbane considers dramas of the character of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" a menace to public morals. The protestations of these press prudes would have greater weight if their insincerity were not so rashly exposed. They revolt at "Mrs. Warren's Profession" because it deals with an unpleasant theme, and they confound bad taste with bad morals. That they are insincere is evident from the fact that they approved "Candida" with its shawl speech which the majority of theatregoers interpret as an argument in favor of free love; also, from the fact that they have not condemned "Man and Superman " the hero of which argues in favor of freedom of the sexual instinct. They approved Pinero's dancing doll by which the artful playwright compelled his audience to witness a performance by proxy which decency demands should be shielded from public view. They have acclaimed the carnal, libidinous dramas of the lesser British playwrights purporting to mirror the manners of the decadent smart set of London, rancid plays that scoff at the sanctity of the marriage tie and that invite the common herd to take note of the fact that the old-fashioned morals, which have long been regarded as essential to the security of society and the State, are not taken seriously by the intellectually emancipated. The Pinerotic drama is tolerated because it deals with refined society, yet it is vicious and demoralizing inasmuch as it teaches that the socially elect, the men and women to whom the plain people look for example, the families representing the best blood of the highest developed Christian civilization, are not deterred from sin by moral or religious scruples. The Shaw drama is condemned because it deals with the degradation of the lowly and calls attention to the ulcers on the social body. It appeals not to the carnal appetite as does the Pinero drama, it presents no enticing pictures of scarlet manners or splendid sins, it is not for the excitation of febrile emotions, but it offends our optimistic sense because it levels shafts at social hypocrisy and rends the shroud of sepulchres that are whited. Let us hope, as Huneker, the sanest, most erudite of American critics has said, that some day, when Shaw's spirit shall have been gathered to his gods, his popular vogue may be an established fact.

Laws in Restraint of Marriage

The homeopathic physicians of Colorado, Nebraska and Michigan, and some of those of New York, have agreed to unite in petitioning their respective legislatures for enactments forbidding the marriage of unhealthy persons. The question involved has been agitated so often of late, both in its general aspects and with regard to particular ailments, that there would seem to be nothing left to say on either side. It is comparatively lately that ill health has been regarded as evidence of unfitness for marriage. In old-fashioned novels of the pious type, especially such as found lodgment in Sunday-school libraries, the amiable heroine almost invariably married the good young man with consumption and had a numerous brood of sickly children on whom to continue the practice of her virtues. In those days an hereditary disease was regarded as barely second in importance to an hereditary estate. In some families to be "vulgarly healthy" was tantamount to being impervious to revered tradition. It is not improbable that some of the most virulent of the present brood of health cranks can trace their genealogy back to an extremely unhealthy ancestry. All these schemes for regulating the private affairs of individuals are in the nature of tyrannous interference with personal rights and a dangerous and demoralizing innovation, more likely to induce revolt than co-operation. There are few, if any persons of adult age and understanding who would today take the risk of marrying into a family in which insanity, idiocy or other serious delinquency is known to exist, and as for consumption and other germ diseases, scientists agree that a predisposition toward them in the progeny of the afflicted may be overcome by observance of sanitary rules. Laws, such as are contemplated, in restraint of marriage, though designed to protect society, would have the effect of bringing love and science into intolerable propinquity. You cannot drag Venus into the operating room, nor subject Cupid to pathological study.

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In the light of the day-star
  Darting down its ardent beams,—
In the white light of the day-star,
  I walked within my dreams.

In haunting of the moon-light
  Shaking all its silver staves,
I sought a ghost within a night
  By old, forgotten graves.

'Neath roadways of the giant
  Solar zones enlaced as one,
Where seed of suns and gyrant
  Fogs of fire teemed and spun;

In sheen of pale star-powers,
  Calling on a spirit blest,
'Mid white tombs and black towers,
  I wandered on my quest.

By comet-flame I wandered
  Where it plunged with glaring shroud, —
I wandered—I wandered—
  And cried a name aloud.

Never Night nor her rolling,
  Argent lusters o'er my head,
Nor my thin voice, nor the tolling
  Of bells awoke my dead.

Ere fans of dawn-glow fired
  High clouds to golden spume,
Mine eyes, mine eyes expired
  In deeps of massy gloom.

In the dew on a lowly
  Mound of grass I fell a-swoon;
All my sense seemed lulled in holy
  Veils with Lethe-waters strewn.

I wakened when a twilight
  Burnt along its reach of flame;
My lips lay on a flower bright,
  And that flower bore her name.

November, 1905.

THE LEGATION GUARD OF PEKING

Since the Boxer outbreak of 1900, the Powers have each maintained a company of infantry, artillery or marines at Peking, China, a daily detail of two soldiers from each nation forming the International Guard of the Imperial City. This illustration, which was reproduced from a rare photograph, now in the possession of TOWN TALK, shows the distinctions of men and uniforms of the various nations, but cannot be taken as a criterion of the physique of the American troops on duty at the Legation, as by a coincidence, the two smallest soldiers of the company were assigned for duty upon this particular occasion, and by the side of one was accidentally placed a Russian giant of six feet five inches. The nations are shown as follows, from left to right, top row: French (marine), Hollander (marine), Japanese (marine), British (marine), Chinaman (artillery), Austrian (marine), Japanese (artillery), German (infantry), German (marine), Japanese (infantry), Russian (infantry), Hollander (infantry), Russian (marine), American (9th Infantry), British (infantry), American (9th Infantry), Japanese (infantry), French (infantry), Italian (marine), Chinese (Hong Kong Infantry), Italian (infantry).

The Philippines; Real and Apparent

BY J. J. LYNCH.

(Late of the Manila *American*.)

Ask the average man in the street what he knows about the Philippines and he will probably tell you that it is a place of tall trees and semi-savagery acquired by Uncle Sam in a weak moment of quixotic impulse; wherein a handful of Americans drift along in exotic ease drawing fabulous government salaries, in almost hourly dread of epidemics of cholera or bubonic plague, and occasionally exhilarated out of apathy by bands of half-naked savages. The products, he will aver, are cocoanuts, insurrections, hemp, and clamors for independence; the imports, soldiers, missionaries and jingoes; the exports, "bobtailed" soldiers and deported Americans. Should he possess a mosaic opinion culled from prejudiced hearsay, he may go on to speak of Tafteraft and a puerile policy of conciliation which has tended to eliminate whatever good might otherwise be extracted from the Filipinos, and perhaps advocate any prompt or early expedient of getting rid of the islands at any or no price.

While there may be a faint leaven of truth in this, along certain lines, the actual conditions of our island possessions are in many ways quite different from what is generally believed in the United States, one of the most salient features of the conditions being the existing difference between the Philippines real and apparent.

Manila today is a city peopled by Americans and replete with Americanism in almost every accessible appurtenance of comfort, civilization and progress to be found in any United States city of its size. The impress of American rule and enterprise may be witnessed in the recently completed electric cars; its efficient police corps and unexcelled fire department; in the well ordered bureaus of Civil Service, and the excellent Customs Service. Under the able administration of the Civil Government the march of progress has extended into the provinces, and leaves a perceptible showing of improvement in its trail. The educational system is excellent and promises good results. The English tongue is in almost common usage among the higher grade pupils of the schools and in active progress of tuition among the younger. Railroad franchises are now before the Commission and the coming year will probably witness the operation of several lines connecting seats of supply with centres of demand. At the present rate of progress it is safe to say that a decade hence will find the islands American in all but flesh tint and temperament.

Manila supports four daily newspapers, three weeklies and one monthly magazine, all of which are politically independent, or quiescent. In addition to these, there are a number of papers in Spanish and local dialects, the latter being principally mouthpieces of various native "partidos," or political parties, having for their ends the publicity of real or imaginary grievances against the Administration. During the Spanish regime the press was muzzled and a Filipino paper was necessarily circumspect in its language and avowed policy, but since American occupation the native papers have taken full avail of the freedom of the press and have dealt in rancid abuse of the government and of Americans in general, and have advanced many preposterous demands for independence or annexation. By some inexplicable clause of the Spanish law in vogue, the native press enjoys a latitude of opinion not extended to American papers, and not until two trials for sedition and one for libel were preferred against the editors of the American publications was the fact made quite lucid to Americans. The bearing of Spanish law upon sedition and libel is wonderful and fearful. Also other things. As far as can be learned up to this moment, it simply embodies a policy of speech and tact which may convey any kind of the darkest meaning delicately veiled, but utterly prohibits the lifting of the veil. This was something novel to your newspaperman of '98 and later, and the novelty of the situation was brought home to him in a trial for sedition preferred against the editor and owner of a Manila daily in '02. The offense was a matter of headlines, the facts of which were substantiated, but the Spanish law had a say in the matter, and it said six months' imprisonment. This was followed by two other cases covered by one year and two years respectively, and these in their turn were followed by the recent case of the writer, which was more amicably patched up by a graceful but rapid retreat as a salubrious alternative to one year and several myriads of pesetas' mulcting. Few people in the United States realize the limit and extent of punishments carried out under the Spanish law which now prevails in the islands, and under which almost inhuman terms of imprisonment have been inflicted on Americans convicted of comparatively venial offenses. The most recent and notable instance of this is still fresh in the public memory—that of Major F. de L. Carrington, who was sentenced to *eighty years* for irregularity of accounts in connection with his battalion of scouts at the St. Louis exposition, involving a small amount which was promptly rectified when the error was detected. This mild sentence was subsequently trimmed down to a modest forty years, but even this gracious concession does not satisfy the Major who has the case now appealed before the Supreme Court.

Many similar cases are of almost daily occurrence in the Manila courts and as a natural consequence the bastile is now congested with American delinquents who are facing hopeless terms of imprisonment. The Old Spanish Law was constructed upon the most accommodating lines for the vindication of justice, being nicely arranged to fit an exemplary punishment upon conviction of a trivial offence remotely connected with a case demanding acquit-

(Continued on Page 47)

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LEGATION GUARD AT PEKING

(Artillery detachment with Hotchkiss and Vickers-Maxim guns. This photograph was taken on the occasion of a threatened Boxer uprising, July 3, 1905, and was recently sent to Town Talk.)

WILLIAM TRAVERS JEROME

The District Attorney of New York is now a man of national interest, having made the greatest whirlwind campaign in the history of New York politics. Mr. Jerome is not at all like the average reformer. He is not an ascetic, he doesn't pretend to be holier than other men, he doesn't hate ward politicians. He smokes cigarettes incessantly, he loves a high-ball, and he has great admiration for the lesser lights of machine politics. He is a stickler, however, for the laws against graft. His code of ethics may be summed up in these words, which he once uttered: "How could I go home and tell my boy to be straight, to be brave, to hate a lie, if I compromised and hedged and falsified and played the hypocrite myself." Mr. Jerome's father was "Larry" Jerome, a famous New York wit, author of many bons mots, the most famous of which was sprung by him one day on a river steamer, in the cabin of which was hung a picture of Jay Gould a short distance from a picture of Jim Fisk. "Where is Christ?" asked Jerome. Lady Randolph Churchill, who was much talked of a few years ago on account of the brilliant assistance she gave to her husband in his political career, is the District Attorney's cousin.

MARTIN V. MERLE

The Native Son dramatist and author of "The Light Eternal."

Weaknesses of the Great

BY FELIX REGNAULT.

The ancients deified genius; today we venerate it. The mere fact of being called a great man confers necessarily all qualities, all virtues. We have a natural tendency to consider our neighbor as a bigger fool than ourselves; if we are forced to recognize him as of deeper intelligence, we make amends by lifting him so high that comparison is no longer possible. He becomes a being of different essence than ordinary mortals, a superhuman being whom we can only admire without even judging his acts; for according to Nietzsche and his followers, the ethical rules are not applicable to him.

Nevertheless, biographies of great men—I mean those which have been written with regard for truth—show us that these men are human in many ways and partake of the passions and weaknesses of the society in which they live. If the crowd judge them otherwise, it is because it sees them from afar and has not been admitted to live in their intimate company. As the proverb goes, "No man is great to his valet." Indeed they would themselves judge themselves more severely. "It is not the prerogative of great men to have great failings," declares La Rochefoucauld. Schopenhauer was no less severe in his appreciation. "Persons of genius," he writes, "are not only disagreeable in practical life, but are lacking in moral sense and are spiteful. Such men can have but few friends; solitude reigns on the summits."

The numerous biographies of the great give cause for such opinions. Among them, as among the crowd, are found opposing traits of character. Why should we be astonished that some were avaricious, others prodigal, some cold and apathetic, and others very much taken with women? Among them were debauchees, as Sallust, Aristippus and Sapho, and jealous beings as Musset. Carlyle tortured his wife, and Donizetti acted the brute to his family, while Rousseau abandoned his. Others had base souls, as Aristotle who servilely flattered Alexander; Bacon who trafficked with justice; Villon who became a thief; Casanova who was accused of swindling; and Michael Angelo, who overcome by fear, left Florence at sight of the enemy. If some had agreeable endowments, many had detestable characters. Heine was a peevish, ill-tempered scoffer, who, though he had many admirers, possessed no disciples and few friends. Leverrier tyrannized over his subalterns. "I admit that I am only a mastiff," said Magendie.

So, too, among great men there is often found a lack of kindliness. Envy, the fear of being supplanted, augments the discords.

These failings are not the privilege of the great; they belong to human nature. Other traits, however, are more special and might be said to belong to the profession. Among these the most frequent, pride, can obtain unusual proportions. But why be astonished at this silly pride? Often those in whom it is less excusable possess an almost equal amount. It comes to every man who, by fortune or station, has a following, is flattered and whose least words are exalted. Besides, pride in the great man has its use. It is a weapon which supplies him with the admiration of his disciple and hinders him from weakening in his struggles. Genius wounds traditions and customs, brings in new ideas which destroy cherished beliefs, overturns old idols, and in order to do all this possesses only the force of truth. It was long before Columbus was believed. Galileo was treated as a fool; Pasteur was hooted by the Academy of Medicine; the discoveries of Schliemann were misprised. It is the same in music; at every period the crowd has sniffed at the work of art. Beethoven's Fidelio, and Boito's Mephistopheles received at the beginning the same receptions as Bizet's Carmen and Wagner's operas. If men of genius did not succeed in triumphing, if society bound them in the pillory, the feeling of their own worth would leave them, they would despair and come to ask themselves if it were not they who were wrong.

"Genius," says Button, "is only infinite patience." The work of the genius is long and arduous. Profound attention, deep meditation is necessary. Living only with this idea, the genius ignores the ordinary preoccupations of existence, the politic, the thousand duties of politeness. And one is astonished at his misprision of social conventions, when, in reality, he is only careless of them. When a fixed idea invades the brain of the genius, nothing except this exists for him. Thus Newton during the two years' preparation of his Principles lived only to think and to calculate. His acts were automatic. Often he started to arise, then stopped by some thought, sat down again upon his bed and remained thus half clothed for several hours. Diderot often forgot the hour, the day and the month, and even people with whom he had begun to converse. Stuart Mill, while meditating upon his System, directed himself automatically in a street full of people without knocking against any one, his movements being subconscious. The English painter Fuseli passed entire days extended upon the flags of the Sistine Chapel to admire the work of Michael Angelo. Balzac had the attitude of an ecstatic, of a somnambulist who slept with his eyes open. Lost in profound reverie he did not hear what was said to him or his mind came back when it was too late to answer. Goethe pursued his observations and experiences upon the theory of colors at Valney without letting himself be distracted by the tumult of the battle, without even thinking that his own life was in danger. A like thing occurred in the life of Socrates at the siege of Potidæa. Archimedes, having discovered his famous Principle while taking a bath, issued from the bath crying like a fool throughout the city, "Eureka!" Ampere, one day starting from home, wrote upon his door to keep away visitors, "M. Ampere is out and will return this evening." About an hour afterwards he returned, but seeing the writing he took himself for a visitor and went away again not to return until nightfall.

One recalls in this connection the famous law of organic balance, seen by Goethe and developed by Geoffrey

(Continued on Page 43)

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A Ballad of November

BY HARRY COWELL.

The barn is full, and full the fold;
The heart of man is grateful, gay,
Would with thanksgiving, as with gold,
The Giver of all good repay.
Let those sing harvest-home that may,
Forget awhile the endless strife,
The lowliest beast of burden bray:
"How goodly is the gift of life!"

But I am Age, lean, hungry, cold,
And lonely, arms all sheafless; yea,
A song that's sung, a tale that's told,
A rifted lute, uncoffined clay
That doth a distant soul obey,
A soldier deaf to drum and fife,
Rocks echoing the roundelay:
"How goodly is the gift of life!"

Much love I harvested of old;
I harvest not a grain today;
What dreams I fed upon the wold,
The wolflike years have had for prey.
The Lord, who gives and takes away,
He did but lend me child and wife,
And Sorrow finds it hard to say:
"How goodly is the gift of life!"

Envoy.

Great harvest-lord, I'm bearded, gray,
Full-ready for the curved knife.
The gleaner-squirrel in its drey
Far better fitted is to say:
How goodly is the gift of life.

November, 1905.

The Saunterer

The New Ruef

Now that Mr. Abraham Ruef is in the full tide of power there is much speculation as to whether, like little wanton boys that swim on bladders, he will venture out beyond his depth in quest of crimson glory and undying fame, there to have his full-blown pride collapse under him leaving him to the mercy of rude waves. I for one do not believe that Abe Ruef has become intoxicated with success, or that he lacks the ability to improve the advantages that he has gained. If men are to be judged by their achievements then it cannot be denied that Ruef is a Napoleon in political strategy. His friendliest critics censured him for the blunders that he made during the campaign, but the proof of the pudding is in the eating. It will surely not be suggested now that he lost any votes by his unconventional tactics. He played a desperate game and he did not hold the cards but he scored all the tricks. The very moment that Schmitz's election was assured Ruef presented a new aspect. His first thought was of the future. He caused fifty policemen to be detailed to protect the *Bulletin* office from the depredations of a rough mob that was moving in the direction of Bush and Kearny streets. Within a few hours it was learned that Eugene Schmitz purposed giving the people the very finest brand of public service. It was announced that gas and water rates would be reduced and that some of the worst deadfalls in the tenderloin would be closed. I believe that Schmitz and Ruef are sincere in their declaration of intention to improve the quality of municipal government. There is method in their sanity, but it remains to be seen whether they will be able to carry out their laudable purpose. Some of the men of the Union Labor party are all teeth and an empty stomach, and it is predicted that Ruef will not be able to persuade his Supervisors to turn a deaf ear to the golden notes of the public utility corporations. It has been shown in recent years, however, that it is possible to keep Supervisors with a cheverel conscience in the straight and narrow path by the assurance of prolonged political glory.

Schmitz for Governor

In the opinion of some politicians Schmitz is to be groomed for the gubernatorial race and I am told it is already settled that in the event of his election the Supervisors will appoint City Attorney-elect Langdon to the Mayoralty. This is counting chickens before the hatching with a vengeance. I doubt however that Ruef has outlined his plans for the future. Of course he contemplates taking a hand in state politics for he hopes to become a United States Senator. He has long nursed that ambition, and as he is in political partnership with the Hayes brothers of San Jose, he may deem it expedient to get behind J. O., of that ilk, who wants the nomination for Governor. It would be impossible for any one at this time to adumbrate the political situation of 1906, but by the time Ruef distributes all his patronage we may have a faint conception of how things are being shaped in this city. Until then the politicians will be kept guessing. Meanwhile they are greatly disturbed. In some instances, no doubt, Ruef will seek to placate his recent opponents in order to strengthen his machine, and most likely he will also undertake to revenge himself on his enemies. It is in the indulgence of that passion that the wisest of political leaders precipitate their own downfall. It will be intensely interesting to observe how Ruef will comport himself. He possesses more power today than was ever exercised by a boss in this city. After the first Monday in January that power will be greatly augmented. When Chris Buckley controlled the Supervisors and handled the patronage of a few city offices the police department was beyond his reach and the Mayor maintained his independence. After the first Monday in January Ruef will be boss of the whole municipal works.

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In the Days to Come

Of course the enemies of the omnipotent boss are buoyed up with the hope that he will run amuck and ruin his own prospects. They say he has shown that he hasn't poise, that he lacks finesse, that his work is too coarse and his conceit too exuberant for the judicious exercise of the prerogatives of his high and mighty office, but they may find that he has profited by experience. He is in a position either to win a great deal of applause or to cover himself with much infamy. His Supervisors will have the handling of millions of dollars, and if the money is spent, as Ruef says it will be, for much-needed public improvements, many delinquencies will be tolerated. But if Mayor Schmitz should succeed in doing all the things that will be expected of him by reason of his unlimited power, then he will prove himself one of the most remarkable men in the history of American politics.

McNab and His Puppets

Many of Schmitz's most bitter enemies found solace for his election in reflecting on the passing of Gavin McNab and his crew of perennial henchmen who had begun to be regarded as irremovable fixtures at the public crib. Men of the stripe of Supervisors Jim Booth and Braunhart and Sheriff Peter Curtis, hold-overs from the Phelan regime, seemed to be assured of life-long jobs at the expense of the taxpayers of the city and all because of their absolute subserviency to Gavin McNab and their eagerness to obey every behest of the wily attorney for the allied public utility corporations. It now looks as though McNab's rule is at an end. The *Bulletin* having turned him down, and several of the party leaders having found him guilty of selfishness, it would be surprising indeed were he ever to bob up again with any influence in politics. With the passing of McNab into oblivion came the quietus of his job-holding puppets, and a-glimmering went the gubernatorial prospects of District Attorney Seymour of Sacramento. The work of reorganizing the Democratic party will soon be commenced, and if it be shrewdly done and by persons who were not identified with Fusion, Ruef may find it somewhat difficult to hold his Labor constituency intact. Next year the judicial campaign will be on and Ruef will no doubt attempt to improve the quality of the judiciary. Judge Sloss will probably be picked out for slaughter because he has been so willing to handle cases involving intricate labor problems, and because his brother was treasurer of the Citizens' Alliance and was also treasurer of the Fusion campaign committee. Judge Lawlor will be a storm centre because he impaneled the Andrews grand jury and guided that body in its deliberations.

Schmitz Wants Michel

I have learned that Mr. Leopold Michel has been interviewed by Abe Ruef with a view of ascertaining whether he would be willing to serve on one of the municipal commissions. If men of the Michel type are to be pressed into service to improve the quality of our municipal government, Mayor Schmitz will surely succeed in winning respect for his Administration. The School Department is in good hands and there is no occasion to complain of the Fire or Park Commissions. It is to be hoped that the other commissions will be raised to the standard of those that are in good odor.

A Tragedy in Politics

There was a tragic touch to the wind-up of the campaign in the defeat of John McDougald, one of the stanchest labor union men in town. After four years of faithful service in public office John McDougald, a man far beyond the prime of life, the father of a family, is sent back to the marble yard to labor with chisel and hammer, poorer than when he entered upon his public career, bereft even of the home that he possessed when he emerged from the obscurity of his trade. There is a whole lot of the dramatic element in those four years of John McDougald's life; there is much of that emotional quality called heart-interest that starts the tears of a sympathetic audience. Some months ago Tax Collector Smith robbed the treasurer's office of fifteen thousand dollars. Morally John McDougald was not responsible for the loss. Legally it would have been impossible to recover the money from him for all the money he had in the world was thirty-five hundred dollars. But he had a home, and it was homesteaded and he sold it to make good the deficiency. His friends helped to make up the total sum. Today John McDougald hasn't a cent in the world. The scoundrel responsible for his sad plight is on the rock-pile at Folsom working for the state. McDougald must begin life over again on a rock-pile where he will work for wages for himself and family.

Horton's Windfall

In fine dramatic contrast to the sad ending of John McDougald's political career is the roseate opening of Sam Horton's. The Auditor-elect was the most surprised man in town when he found that he had been swept into office, for his election was at the turning point of a long road over which he had been trudging for several years, meeting disappointment after disappointment, clutching at prizes that seemed to be dropping into his hands but that were diverted just as he felt that they were within his grasp. Horton is a veteran newspaper man who was once quite a conspicuous figure in local journalism. Some years ago he turned his attention to politics and then his troubles began. Several times he was threatened with a fine appointment, but invariably he was nosed out at the wire. Only a few months ago he was an aspirant for the humble position of bailiff of the Supreme Court, and his friends were confident that they would secure his appointment. At the start three of the Justices were for him and as it was a three-cornered fight Horton looked like a sure winner, but after a good deal of wire-pulling the plum fell to a rank outsider. Then Horton went to work for the *News*, the organ of the southside, and he was writing politics for the paper when Ruef gave him the nomination for Auditor just to fill a blank.

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Horton did not take the nomination seriously until about two hours after the polls closed. He is a man of considerable ability and excellent character and I am confident that he will make a good Auditor.

Percy's Patriotic Grief

Perhaps the most unfortunate thing that happened election day was the defeat of that distinguished native son, Percy Long, who had been filling political jobs ever since he left school, and who expected to continue filling them for an indefinite period. A few days after election a sympathetic friend met Percy on the street and expressed regret at his defeat. Percy made reply:

"I don't feel so sorry for myself as I do for the city."

"Skeedoo!" said the friend, *sotto voce.*

A Hint for Shaw

I wish George Bernard Shaw would write a play to satirize prudery. I believe that he could produce a classic to rank with Moliere's "Tartuffe." The motif of Shaw's comedy would be the same as that which Moliere used in his play—hypocrisy. The prude is a hypocrite. His is the hypocrisy of decency—he may be decently indecent when he puts fig leaves on male statuary; he is indecently decent when he procures the suppression of a play like "Mrs. Warren's Profession" and wallows like a hog in a sty in the nastiness of "Sapho" and "Zaza." It is not the immorality of anything that affects the prude so much as the truth conveyed by the thing he condemns; truth to nature is abhorrent to him, and truth that exposes his own nature is an abomination. "Mrs. Warren's Profession" was not suppressed by the prudes of Babylonian New York because it was "immoral" but because it defended immorality against the hypocritical pretense of those directly responsible for all the immorality that exists.

Why They Protest

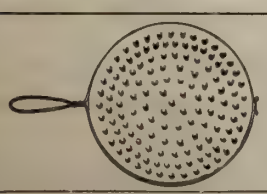
It is related that a week after Moliere's comedy of "Tartuffe" had been forbidden, there was performed before the court a piece entitled "Scaramouch, a Hermit," containing many indecent situations chiefly involving a monk who enters by a balcony (as Romeo entered the room of Juliet) into the house of a married woman, reappearing from time to time before the public, saying, "Questo e per morti ficar la carne." (Never mind the English translation.) The king of France coming out of the theatre after the performance, said to the Prince de Conde, "I should like to know why the people who are so much shocked at the comedy of Moliere, do not say a word about 'Scaramouch,'" to which the Prince answered, "The reason of that is, that the comedy of 'Scaramouch' makes game of heaven and religion, about which these gentlemen care very little; but Moliere's makes game of them; it is that which they cannot tolerate." So it is with the prudes who object to George Bernard Shaw. If he would confine himself to abstractions and the mere fiction of vice he could corrupt the young person to his heart's content and put money in the purse of Arnold Daly without obstruction or protest. It is because Shaw holds the mirror up to their own vice; it is that which they cannot tolerate.

A Machiavellian Maxim

Machiavelli wrote a play acted before the Pope and his court in 1515 sketching a monkish pander, who lays down, in rather broad language, the maxim that the intentions of a man are everything, and that his actions are nothing. This aphorism would apply to Shaw if his intentions were not in strict accord with his action. Shaw's intentions are to present the deadly hypocrisy of modern civilization in such realistic guise that the gangrene shall show through the rags with which prudery seeks to conceal it.

The Real Crime

Mathurin Regnier describes, in the eighteenth of his Satires, Macette, a hypocritical lady, in the following words: "Night and day she goes from convent to convent, visits the holy places, confesses herself often. She dwells and lives apart from the world; her penitent eyes weep only holy water." Such is her portrait: but this what she herself says: "That is why I disguise the up-wellings of my heart, envelop my ardor in sackcloth and ashes, and hide my purpose; the fault does not lie only in its being forbidden, but scandal and disgrace are the causes of the offence. Provided it be not known, no matter how, as long as we can deny it, we sin not at all." Is not this the exact counterpart of the modern axiom: "The crime is not in the commission of the offense, but in being found out"? Shaw undertakes to abolish the crime by subjecting the criminal to "scandal and disgrace." He places the responsibility of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" where it belongs—on the hypocrites and prudes of society who secretly encourage the "profession" while openly condemning the "professors."



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Our Own Prudes

If Shaw disdains to lay his hypocritics (pardon the false derivation; it is in keeping with my subject); if Shaw will not lay his hypocritics by the heels I will write something to that purpose myself—not necessarily for publication (for it would probably be "suppressed") but as a guarantee of my good faith. I am sure that I would not, in the writing of this play, have to leave San Francisco to find my characters or the material for my "situations"; I might strengthen some parts of the comedy with a "juvenile" from Berkeley or a "soubrette" from Oakland; but my "heavy villain" and my "leading lady" would sit beneath the drippings of the San Francisco sanctuaries; they would preach their cant in the clubs of this city; and they would dodge "scandal, disgrace" and the divorce court right here under our very noses, so accustomed to the odor of their sanctity that we fail to detect the musk of their vices.

A Newspaper Classic

If I am not belated I would like to say a few words in praise of one who is nameless in my Temple of Fame—a writer on the *Examiner* who pleased me beyond even this expression by a piece of work not equaled in San Francisco journalism since Hamilton wrote his famous four-column description of the battle of Manila bay on the data of a two-line cable announcing that the fight had occurred. I will not say that the article I refer to was surpassed by Arthur McEwen's "classic" character sketch of Martin Kelly also written for the *Examiner,* so many years ago that the overcrowded memory of man has clean forgotten it. On election day of this eventful month there appeared on the first page of the *Examiner* a description of the Labor Union parade that for diction, force, spirit and judicious application of the adjective may be recommended to the senior classes in English at Berkeley and Palo Alto. I am rather callous to the "fine writing" of the daily press, having written so much of that "literature" myself; and I am more inclined to laugh at the "feebleness of forceful diction" than I am to accept the serious intent of the writer at his own valuation. In this instance, however, I am not ashamed to say that I was stirred by the fervor of one who had power to show me the exultant soul of that turbulent mass of humanity. I heard the shouts because this writer heard them; I heard them distinctly as they roared through the town; I felt the hot breath of the multitude, almost scorching in the intensity of its breathing; I saw the glare of the myriad lights; I was with the mob and of the mob; it was all vivid to me because it was vivid in the mind of the writer—and therein lies the art of writing. No writer writes well unless he conveys his emotion from his own consciousness to that of his reader. The right word may be in the right place; the syntax may be irreproachable; the rhetorical form may be Ruskinian; it is all worthless if in the transmission it loses the spirit that entered into the thought at its conception. It is the spirit of Carlyle, not his construction, that impresses itself on those who read Carlyle; and his philosophy sears the understanding because it is hot from the seething crucibles of the alchemist transmuting golden ingots from leaden words.

A Captain of Galley Slaves

I began with the intention of bestowing a modicum of deserved praise upon one who had pleased me with a perfect work of its class. I find myself wandering in the primrose path of literary dalliance. This will never do. Besides, I would not say too much in commendation of this Tacitus of the midnight press, for much I fear that he is the bad poet whose bad poetry I was once compelled to condemn to the critical crematory. If, however, my bad poet and this writer are the same, I forgive the sin for the sake of the sinner; I rejoice that one who tormented in the shackles of verse can be so strong in the freedom of prose. Moreover, as one proud of the deeds of those who toil at the oar and battle on the deck of the galley of journalism, I hail this slave of the empire of letters captain of the imperial trireme, fit to swing the lash in the laboring tiers of banked Goths and Thracians, or to lead the helots overside battling with glaive and mace against Huns and Vandals enlisted by the loathsome Carthagenian contemporary. All of which is, possibly, caviare to the general; but those of the elect for whom caviare is the condiment of condiments in the zakuska of journalism, will appreciate the peculiar delicacy of my caviare.

The Art of Fiction

W. C. Morrow is lecturing in Oakland to the Living Writers Section of the Ebell Society on the art of writing fiction. The ladies of the Ebell Society are fortunate in securing Mr. Morrow for this lecture course; those who are studying the technique of fiction with a view to the practice of the art will learn more of the finer detail from Mr. Morrow than would be possible from any other source of practical information; and those who are only interested in critical or analytical phases of literary craftsman-

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ship will be well-equipped for future campaigns in the territory of any "seller." Mr. Morrow is not only thorough in his literary methods; he is conscientious beyond the necessities of his profession. He believes that in every neophyte of the writing cult there is a germ of creative ability which only requires the proper stimulus to develop and the proper direction to bring to successful accomplishment. It is a beautiful optimism with which I cannot agree, but it certainly serves to impart energy and virile enthusiasm to the work which Mr. Morrow has undertaken. It is the faith that moves mountains, and it must be confessed that Mr. Morrow has succeeded where any other would have failed, solely by transferring his own faith in the native ability of a pupil to the pupil. It was the great Flaubert's theory that the function of the artist is to "represent"; and that in order to accomplish this, he should, like the savant, mirror only the facts. The sole use of the "romantic" and the "classic" is to indicate the "point of view," if I may employ a hackneyed term that defines the individual purpose of every true artist with less circumlocution than many abler critics than I am seem to deem necessary when they undertake to analyze the differences that exist so palpably in work of this character. I don't know if Mr. Morrow teaches this theory, but I should judge from what I know of his method in his own work that he does. The subject is of minor importance. The name does not matter. The same attention is demanded by all. Art can make exception in its subjects no more than science. That was the basis of the Flaubertian theory of literary art. It is the safest theory, but it is never applied in the "seller" of commerce.

Flaubert's Gospel of Style

There is one principle insisted upon by Flaubert that Mr. Morrow has undoubtedly adopted or devised for his own literary workshop—the principle that differentiates science and art; the principle of beauty which communicates prestige to the work, or the power of form. "What I have just written might be taken for something of Paul de Kock's, had I not given it a profoundly literary form," wrote Flaubert, while he was toiling with his opus, "Madame Bovary; "but how, out of trivial dialogue, produce style? Yet it is absolutely necessary! It must be done!" Ferdinand Brunetiere, the only critic who has adequately analyzed the art of Flaubert, says that the master of the naturalists went further still, and persuaded himself that style had a value in itself, intrinsic and absolute, aside from the subject. In fact, if the subject had no importance of its own, and if there were no personal motives for choosing one subject rather than another, what reason would there be for writing "Madame Bovary" or "Salammbo?" One alone; and that to "make something out of nothing," to produce a work of art from things of no import. For though everyone has some ideas, and everyone has had experience in some kind of life, it is given to few to be able to express their experience or their ideas in terms of beauty. This, precisely, is the goal of art. I believe that it is Mr. Morrow's purpose in his teaching to rouse this ability, believing that it is dormant in every normal man and woman who feels impelled to give expression in formal phrase, to that which they have conjured in their imaginations. I marvel at Mr. Morrow's patience in this work; his wonderful patience and his fortitude in the presence of what to me would seem discouragement. I marvel at his enthusiasm, his optimism, and his persistence. And I regret that he bends his energy to the making of writers rather than to the making of himself. His is a philanthropy that passes my unappreciative understanding.

"Was she disappointed in love?"
"No, she was disillusioned in marriage."

A Plea For Fair Play

With Brazen Hyde about to skip the country; Rockyfeller, once redolent of sanctity, malodorous as kerosene; that bad egg, Chance Depew, a veritable Humpty-dumpty, irrevocable, beyond the aid of all the king's horses and all the king's men; *et cetera, et cetera, ad infinitum*; with the newspapers and magazines full of the vast National Exposition of Dishonesty, we are now holding for the edification of the world—things ethical begin to look desperate. Comes to the rescue a local lover of mankind—name unknown—making offer of no less than eight hundred dollars in prizes for essays on "Moral Training in Public Schools." To me there is something pathetic, something humorous, in this offer philanthropic. What effect, I ask, will eight hundred dollars' worth of words have against the irresistible Rockefellerism in the blood of Young America? As the mop in the hands of Dame Partington, so the winning essays in the hands of the school ma'ams, or else I am much mistaken. To say that charity begins at home is to infer that it does not end there; to say that moral training begins at home has like inference; but it is as hard to find moral training away from home as it is to find charity. Outside of home the best—almost the only—moral training a schoolboy gets is in the playground. There, the jewel, fair play, has not wholly gone out of fashion. There, the good old rule, "Win, or lose, like a gentleman," is still enforced; nay, self-imposed. Here is what the playground taught me long ago (I have never for-

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gotten it): "By all means, play the game of life to win, but—like a gentleman, mind you." From what I know of childhood, I can readily understand the class in bionomics, under even such a moral philosopher as David Starr Jordan, going to the bad; but not the boys that studied football under Jimmy Lanagan. Force declining to take seven yards of disputed territory in last Saturday's game is a living bit of ethics from the playground that is better worth the while of school teachers than all the moral essays that ever were written. Force self-restrained, sportsmanlike, refusing to take any the least-unfair advantage of its opponents, knowing how to lose—who ever heard of such a thing off the gridiron?

Club Women and Teachers

At a meeting of the California Club last week a great deal was said about the public schools and about what school teachers should be required to do. Now it would be interesting to hear what the school teachers think about club woman who interfere in educational matters. The school teachers were a unit against the efforts of the club women to have a woman appointed on the school board some years ago, and they succeeded in having Mrs. Mary Kincaid retired to private life. Miss K. Atchinson was the principal speaker on school affairs at the California Club meeting. She talked of the importance of teaching civic patriotism and she said that teachers should be compelled to inculcate in the youthful mind a pride in the city and zeal for its welfare. Of course Miss Atchinson was unaware of the fact that the teachers have been doing for ten years or more just what she advocates. Incidentally she made the statement that it was to the efforts of a German professor—Rosewald—that Americans owed the introduction of the flag salute in our public schools. In this statement she was somewhat inaccurate. The Rosewald resolution requiring the flag salute to be included in the school exercises was introduced in the Board of Education during the Midwinter Fair, just two years after the patriotic practice had been in vogue in many of the schools as a result of the persistent agitation of a woman teacher, Miss Eliza D. Keith.

Indignant Native Daughters

There is great indignation in the order of Native Daughters of the Golden West at the speech made by the Hon. Joseph R. Knowland at the Landmarks' entertainment given last week by the Daughters of California Pioneers. On that occasion Mr. Knowland talked most enthusiastically about what the Native Sons had done for Sutter's Fort, but he made no allusion to what the Native Daughters had done. It was most ungallant for Mr. Knowland to claim all the credit for the Native Sons. The grounds around Sutter's Fort were parked by the Native Daughters, who planted many trees and spent large sums of money in beautifying the place, yet Mr. Knowland talked as though the Native Sons alone were entitled to credit. I have received a communication on the subject in which Mr. Knowland is taken to task for his unfairness and reminded that the California Historic Landmarks' League itself was founded by Laura Bride Powers after the basic sentiment had been aroused by the Native Daughters' Historic Landmarks' Committee of 1902.

San Francisco's Greatest Native Daughters

Mrs. Dorothea Klumpke Isaac-Roberts, the latest lionne to be entertained by the Sequoians, returned only a few weeks ago to her native city to which she had been a stranger for thirty-three years. Mrs. Isaac-Roberts is a widow, her husband, the famous English astronomer, having died a year and a half ago. She is one of the greatest of the world's astronomers herself and it was a mutual love for the science of the stars that led to the marriage, which was an ideally happy one, I have been told. Dorothea is not the only one of the sisters Klumpke who has attained fame. Anna is regarded as one of the greatest artists in Paris. She was the friend and companion of Rosa Bonheur, who made her her heiress. Barbara, the second daughter, is one of the most successful cancer specialists abroad, and Julia has made considerable reputation as a violinist.

The Artistic Mrs. Metcalf

Mrs. Victor C. Metcalf, of Oakland, is becoming almost as well known as her husband in the East and all on account of her freedom from the yoke of the tyrannous dressmaker. The news has leaked out that she makes or plans all her own gowns and is considered one of the best dressed women in Washington society. It is said that she

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could make a fortune as a modiste, but is more content with the results of superintending her own work and offering suggestions to her friends. She began to plan her gowns when it was difficult to get good dressmakers in Oakland, and she has kept it up simply because of the fascination of the work. Her inauguration ball gown, a delightful combination of salmon pink and yellow chiffon, was described repeatedly as a "Paris creation" and was praised extravagantly. But it was made in Washington under Mrs. Metcalf's direction, and the embroidery of gold thread and jewels was the work of the little seamstress who has been in Mrs. Metcalf's employ for a dozen years.

A Stubborn Baron

If Baron von Horst is really going to London I wish he would start, for the sake of the bavardes of the daily press. They have been announcing his departure every other day for the last five or six weeks, but the Baron is stubborn and won't be deported until he is good and ready. It was quite startling to meet him on Pacific avenue one day just after the announcement that he had "just cabled his safe arrival in London." There are not two Baron von Horsts to my knowledge, and at any rate the gentleman referred to in the dailies is the Baron von Horst of Mrs. Martin's set, the only baron, by the way, that ever came from Sacramento.

They Bar the New Rich

There is soon to be a gathering of the only genuine blown-in-the-bottle exclusives of San Francisco society. All others are mere pretenders. The real things in social exclusion will get together on the occasion of the coming-out party to be given by Mrs. Abbie Parrott for her granddaughter, Miss Barbara. Mrs. Parrott is one of the few grandmothers in society who belonged to the old guard that figured in the first chapters of San Francisco's social history. She did not have a grandmother in society but she is the founder of a social set. Though it is a set without an aristocratic lineage it holds itself more or less aloof in this provincial city, and it doesn't condescend to mingle with the descendants of persons who were of the very common herd in the days when the senior Parrotts were active in the pioneer swim. Not more than one hundred and twenty invitations have been issued for the tea at which Miss Barbara is to be introduced into society and none of the new-rich will appear on that occasion. The affair will be held in the old-fashioned Parrott residence in Sutter street, a house in which has been preserved much of the grandeur of early days, the furnishings of which are of the style that was in vogue when the waters of the bay came up to Montgomery street.

A Test of Friendship

Subscription dances are going out of fashion in New York owing to the encouragement that they give to climbers and the means they afford for facilitating the selfish ends of the promoters who are nearly always in trade. In San Francisco the subscription dance still flourishes but interest in it has not been thoroughly aroused this season. I am assured, however, that Mrs. Shorb White's dances are to be a great success this year, owing to the vigorous backing of Mrs. Eleanor Martin. They are to be more like Mrs. Salisbury's Fortnightly dances than those of the other clubs, and to that end the younger set of society has been persuaded to join. Mrs. Martin has been exerting her social pull in behalf of Mrs. White's dances for six months, and it is understood that there is no better way of proving your friendship for the vivacious dowager than by contributing to the success of the club. To stimulate an interest in the dances the word has been passed around that Mrs. Peter Martin will positively appear at every dance. Nothing has been said about a star-trap or a new gown for each dance, it being assumed that it is sufficient to know that the distinguished young matron from Newport will lend eclat to the occasion. To insure the attendance of the young men of society Mrs. White issued a bulletin to the effect that dancing would end at midnight. As we have no leisure class in San Francisco it is important that the young men who toil should be permitted to get home at a seasonable hour.

A Burlingame Matron's Plaint

Those of our society people who go abroad periodically and who have mingled with the elect of Paris, London and New York, feel very much humiliated, I am told, at the behavior of certain representatives of the fashionable herd toward Mrs. Peter Martin. They act as though they considered her an object lesson in the conventions of polite intercourse, and were expecting to gain through association with her their first hints in good form. A Burlingame matron remarked the other day that the kow-towing of society people to Mrs. Peter Martin accentuates the awful provincialism of San Francisco's aristocracy. "You'd think she came from Mars instead of Newport," said this cynical dame. "She created quite as much of a sensation at a fashionable dance as Mrs. Eleanor Martin would occasion if she made her appearance in her most gorgeous bonnet at a Milpitas surprise party."

The Borax Smiths have returned to Oakland accompanied by their protege, Grace Sperry, of whom they are prouder than ever since the publication of her book. Flor-

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ence Nightingale, another of the Smith protegees, is in New York having her voice cultivated. She will not return until next spring. Miss Sperry and Miss Nightingale are the only surviving young ladies of the Smith household who have not entered the marital state, and I am told that Mrs. Smith looks with no amiable eye on the young men who call at her home, fearing that some one of them may do the Lochinvar stunt with one of her ewe lambs.

The Porter Ashes

Mrs. Porter Ashe is becoming quite active in local society and she is acquiring the reputation of being something of a wit, being almost as quick at repartee as her husband, and fully as clever at story-telling. She has become identified with Mrs. Norman McLaren's set, the most conventional in town, but she would probably find the Burlingame clique more suitable to her temperament as she is fond of polo and is an expert at bridge. I hear that she was celebrated as a whip in Pennsylvania whence she hails, and her tastes being similar to those of her husband it would not be surprising if Porter went in for the racing game again, a game in which he was very successful.

Her Son's Debut

Mrs. George Pinckard has no daughter to present to society but she has what is more important to society nowadays—a son—and she launched him last week at an at home dance. Eyre Pinckard's debut was a great success. He is a fine-looking young fellow and is an excellent dancer, so his coming out was cordially welcomed by the young people of his set, most of whom reside in Ross Valley. The Gaiety set were invited to the party and taking it all in all it was quite a swagger affair. If any more of our older matrons have young sons who are not averse to shining in the social whirl it is their solemn duty to drag them into the swim—by the heels if needs be—for this is a manless season and the buds are in despair.

Knox Maddox as a Campaigner

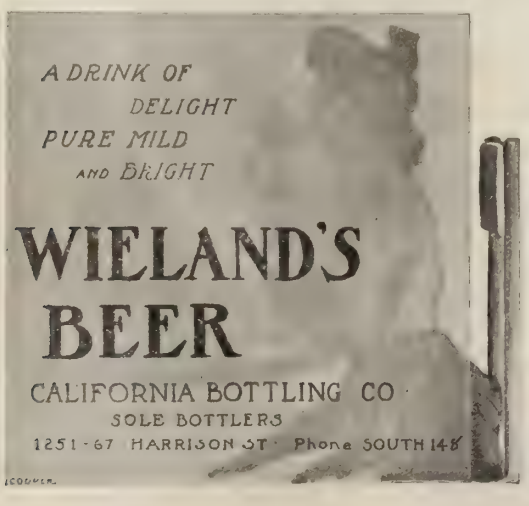
The friends of Knox Maddox are of the opinion that if he runs for Supervisor a few more times he will become quite an expert candidate and be very hard to beat. Knox Maddox is a fine fellow and would make a splendid public official, but he knows more about cotillions than about conventions, and as a campaigner he is delightfully ingenuous. After his first campaign his friends told him that he should acquire the bonhomie of the "good mixer," and so, after his second nomination, he resolved to get out into the night life and prove himself a devil of a fellow. He undertook to win the confidence of the saloon element, and from behind many a bar beamed his counterfeit presentment alongside that of his bearded compatriot, the tried and true Eugene Schmitz. Maddox grew confident as the campaign progressed for he had zealously cultivated the friendship of the push, and had spent a great deal of money promoting the gayety of the submerged tenth. He never failed to pass one of his cards over the bar after ordering a round of drinks, and in most instances the barkeeper, knowing that Mr. Maddox was a society man, showed that he was familiar with polite conventions by handing one of his own pasteboards to the candidate. One night Mr. Maddox accumulated a large collection of saloon-keepers' cards, and toward the end of his journey when he was about to withdraw from a wet-goods establishment he said to the mixologist:

"Remember, you're to vote for me," and drawing a card from his pocket he handed it over the bar.

The bar-keeper looked at it in surprise. It was the business card of his rival across the way.

Boni For President

Since the despatches tell us that Count Boni de Castellane may be the next President of France, I am led to infer that he has succeeded in finding another "ghost" to write his speeches for him. It was about a year ago that all Paris was laughing at the Goulds' expensive brother-in-law. He had delivered a series of brilliant speeches in the Chamber of Deputies and had written many articles for the papers, but it leaked out that all his oratory and all his literary work flowed from the hired brain of Gabriel Syveton, the Nationalist Deputy. Syveton was a man of culture, and Castellane paid him ten thousand dollars a year to write speeches and articles for him. When Syveton committed suicide Boni's wit expired, but his energetic American wife, who had launched him into politics very much against his will it is said, tried to procure some one to take the dead man's place. It was in that way that the story leaked out and the secret of Boni's borrowed brilliancies was given away in the public press. Anna Gould is said to have plunged her husband into politics out of a desire to outshine the Duchess of Marlborough (Consuelo Vanderbilt). However, it is much more likely that she is trying to keep the place in the public eye that she has held ever since her marriage by reason of her eccentricities. Anna Gould loves the limelight.



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Mrs. May is a lady who has been exploited in the social columns of the dailies a great deal of late. She came hither from New Orleans, and I hear she is very well connected in the South. She was introduced at the Assembly ball by Mrs. Voorhies and Baron von Horst. She gave a musicale this week at her home, 2119 Broadway.

Why Leahy Is Elated

According to Manager Leahy of the Tivoli San Francisco spends more money for music than any other city on this continent. To prove his assertion he showed me some figures the other day that were surprising. From his figures it appears that with the last night of the Italian opera company's season we had one hundred and fifty-five grand opera performances in ten months. That seems incredible until you stop to think that it was in January last that the great Polacco, the great Tetrazzini and the great Berlindi came to town for a season of fifty-two performances. They were followed by Savage's grand opera company at the Columbia, where twenty-four performances were given. Then came the Conried company with twelve performances and later the new Italian organization which gave sixty-seven performances at the Tivoli, making a total of one hundred and fifty-five. The only other city in the country which supports grand opera for an extended period is New York, the second largest city in the world, with a floating population of half a million, and which is to have seventy-five performances this season, more than were ever before given at the Metropolitan in one season. In addition to our operatic performances, we had Melba and Eames and numerous instrumental artists. The recent season at the Tivoli was the most successful in the history of the house. Mr. Leahy says that the profits far exceeded his expectations. He had to put up a guaranty of eighty thousand dollars before the season opened, and he considered it quite a hazardous undertaking in view of the great feast of opera that music lovers had been given, but he saw a chance for a great artistic success, and as he takes much pride in the Tivoli's achievements, he went into the venture feeling that he would be satisfied if he lost no money. He is therefore joyful over the financial as well as the artistic results, and so encouraged does he feel that he purposes taking even greater chances in the future.

Tetrazzini and Conried

Impresario Conried had his first tilt with Impresario Leahy when he undertook to enjoin Tetrazzini from singing at the Tivoli. In the near future he may find that he will have to reckon with Leahy in other matters. The Mexican Government is building an opera house in the City of Mexico that is costing many millions of dollars and it is very likely that a deal will be made by which a company will be organized for a season of several months beginning in Mexico and winding up in this city. Under such an arrangement inducements could be offered to the world's greatest operatic stars, and then Mr. Conried would find a very troublesome competitor in the Far West. He is now much worried over the Tetrazzini incident, for he needs singers and the Italian prima donna's name is in his list published in his prospectus, but she is not likely to go to New York. She has been offered a fine engagement in Mexico, and she is not eager for the opportunity to sing at the Metropolitan, especially under her present contract, which was made by her secretary, and which she does not approve. She is fearful of the social pull of some of the better known stars which she experienced when singing with them in Europe, notably in the home city of one of the sopranos, where she was suppressed after her first performance when the newspapers praised her extravagantly. She will go to New York, providing Conried enters into a contract to her liking. Otherwise she will defer her metropolitan debut.

The Howard Huntingtons, who have been abroad on their honeymoon trip, are now on their way home. After spending a week or two visiting relatives in New York and Boston they will return to Los Angeles, where they are to live. Mrs. H. E. Huntington and her daughter Elizabeth, who are now in New York, are to accompany the Howard Huntingtons to California.

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The Mystery of Their Pedigree

After the local dailies had devoted a great deal of space to the reputed local descendants of the union of George IV of England and the beautiful Mrs. Fitzherbert, came a despatch from London to the effect that no child was ever born of that marriage. This despatch was in the nature of an unpleasant interjection, coming as it did after the opening of the important papers showing that the King and Mrs. Fitzherbert were really man and wife, having been joined in wedlock by religious ceremony, for upon the production of the documentary evidence we were informed that there were persons in this city who traced their ancestry back to that romantic love affair. Though history never definitely settled the question of the character of the relationship between George and Mrs. Fitzherbert, there was never any dispute about progeny, for the reason, no doubt, that so long as their marriage couldn't be proved nobody cared whether there were any children. On the accession of George IV to the throne he hired the eloquent Charles Edward Fox to deny the marriage before the House of Commons, and he swore on his honor that they had never been joined in wedlock. It now appears that he was a liar, but with the settlement of the marriage question comes the mystery of the pedigree of certain Americans who have believed themselves of royal descent. The despatches from London tell us that Lord Stouten, a cousin of Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom she left all her papers and a commission to write her vindication, testified in a court of law that no child was ever born of the union. Either he was a liar or James Ord, the man who came to America with what he supposed were the children of George and Mrs. Fitzherbert, was buncoed. After all, it may turn out that the Americans who have long believed that through their veins coursed the blood of Mrs. Fitzherbert's recreant husband have reason to rejoice that their pedigree is of a much superior quality than what they had imagined.

Clean Hands Are Essential

The newspapers of New York do not agree with Mr. Hearst in his assertion that he was defrauded by Tammany. The *Times* says that "Under the election laws of New York the procuring of fraudulent votes or of a fraudulent count is an exceedingly dangerous business," and reminds Mr. Hearst that the machinery of the count has stood some pretty serious tests, notably that of 1884 when Mr. Cleveland's plurality of 1,047 in the entire state was accepted by all save unreasonable partisans. The accuracy of the figures was confirmed. The *Sun* suggests that Mr. Hearst should remember "that disputes of this sort are unprofitable unless the plaintiff approaches the tribunal with clean hands," and adds, "There is a very deep-seated feeling in this town that Tuesday's contest was not immaculate, but there is no low prejudice which denies to Mr. Hearst his full share in the practices of the day. The sympathies of the community in its hour of reflection and sobriety are not with Mr. Hearst. There is a widespread sense of relief from a grave disaster and a calamity which was not rightly apprehended before it had been averted."

Fist Fights at Annapolis

The fatal fist fight at Annapolis, in which Midshipman James Branch died as a result of injuries inflicted by Midshipman Minor Meriwether, is the first instance in the history of the Naval Academy of death resulting from a duel with either fists or weapons. Sixty years ago, when the academy was first instituted, dueling with weapons, which had been an established practice in the American Navy since its establishment, was on the wane, having been forbidden some years earlier. However, it was practiced by midshipmen for some time thereafter; two youngsters, both of whom later became Rear-Admirals, engaged as late as 1855 in a pistol duel, one being wounded. As dueling waned fist fights came into vogue, and to this day they are recognized as methods of settling disputes between midshipmen. They are always carried out, however, with every attempt at fairness, each principal having his second, the seconds agreeing upon a referee. While fighting is against the regulations of the academy it is not vigorously discouraged. It would be surprising if, at a school where men are educated for battle, fighting would be regarded as a crime. Indeed it is not so many years ago that a midshipman's name appeared occasionally on the conduct-report for "not resenting an insult." It was considered a great disgrace to be so reported. If a midshipman has been insulted by a man of superior bulk and insists upon fighting, the offender is expected to select a classmate equal in weight to the man by whom he was challenged. The chosen classmate is always proud of the honor. One of the most stubborn and bloody fights that ever took place at the academy was between Glennie Tarbox and Armistead Rust, both of whom are now lieutenant-commanders and well-known on this coast. It was refereed by Paul Dashiell, the football authority. It lasted an hour and when it was over neither man could have been recognized by his own mother.

Incompetency in the Navy

Lieutenant-Commander Carl W. Jungen, who resigned from the navy recently because he said he could not get "a square deal," has long been known as a particularly able officer and the service will probably feel his loss. The fact is, the service is now more than ever in need of competent officers, the plan of filling it up from the bottom with youngsters rushed through Annapolis in a hurry having resulted in placing inexperienced youths in positions beyond their capacity. Jungen was one of the officers of the ill-fated *Maine* when that vessel was blown up in Havana harbor, and during the Spanish war he commanded one of the small auxiliary gunboats that did excellent service along the Cuban coast.

About a year ago I announced that certain officers of the United States Army were going to resign and enter the Chinese service where promotion and pay were more alluring than in the service of their native land. At the time my statement was not generally credited, but it has

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been fully confirmed by the resignations of Lieutenants Harry L. Harris and Morton Russell, of the Twenty-second Infantry, who have gone to assume high rank in the Chinese army. Others will follow shortly.

The Ambitious Army Dentist

Some of the fighting men in the army are confident that the service is going to the demnition bow-wows. For a long time there has been a complaint about military doctors and now there is alarm over the claims of the dentists to recognition. The army dentist has no official title, but he wants to rank with the fighting men, and he is exerting his pull at Washington much to the disgust of West Point graduates. The medical men of the army are now under something of a social ban. Many of them were contract surgeons, and some came from the hospital corps, and some never acquired those arts and graces a knowledge of which is imparted in the course of training in the academy, but the army doctor is a politician and he knows something of his own importance. He says that the doctors render greater service than the commanders in time of war. Far more important, in his opinion, than the cavalry or artillery, is the medical corps that gives battle to germs and keeps the army in good health. As for the dentist, what could the army do if every man behind the gun had the tooth-ache?

As He Was Ordered

Every woman who has had experience with Japanese servants can tell amusing stories of the eccentricities of the little brown men, of their boldness in prevarication, their almost child-like simplicity in some things and their cunning in others. The ways of the Jap are darker and more exasperating than those of the Chinese. One of the most amusing stories that I have heard of a family's experience with a Jap servant is told by a young woman of Jewish society who has won distinction as a miniaturist. A Jap was engaged to wait on the table and he made his appearance just before the dinner hour. The artist looked him over, concluded that he would be satisfactory and said, "Go to your room and take off those clothes." The Jap interpreted her order literally. He presented himself in the dining-room, a little later, prepared to wait on the table in his underclothes.

The Expense of Racing

"A racing stable is like a newspaper," said Walter B. Jennings, last Saturday, after the races in Oakland. "At the beginning it requires a great deal of money. Charles A. Dana said of newspapers, you recollect, that it cost a lot to start them, but they stop of themselves. That's about true of racing stables, only it costs to give up a stable. I remember a story about Barnum. He was taking in the tickets at the circus entrance and a man wanted to go in without paying. 'You can pay without going in,' said Barnum, 'but you can't go in without paying. The rule doesn't work both ways.' Now in racing, the rule does work both ways. It costs to go in racing, and it costs to get out, too. Perhaps that's why most horse owners stay in, aside from the pleasure of the sport."

I hear that Mrs. Timothy Hopkins is to be matron-of-honor for Miss Kohl, when she weds Mr. Pillsbury. The marriage will be solemnized as soon as one of the chosen bridesmaids returns from Europe. Edith Pillsbury does not expect to be back for the wedding, as her stay abroad is to be of indefinite duration.

News from the South

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mitchell are entertaining the Countess Wachmeister of Sweden and her son, Count Axel Wachmeister, at their country-home near Los Angeles. The Countess Wachmeister is an ardent Theosophist and was a warm personal friend of Madame Blavatsky and Annie Besant. She was born in England and married Count Wachmeister when he was Minister to France. She is now a very rich widow but a generous portion of the large estate left her by the Count she has devoted to the furtherance of the cult in which she is interested. The heir of the Swedish estates is interested in athletic sports and is fond of travel.

Major Russell and family have gone to New York to spend the winter.

Lieutenant Wigmore, whose return from the Philippines coincidental with the return of the Ide sisters set the society gossips a-guessing, will visit his parents in Los Angeles before going back to Manila. He is at present in Washington, D. C., whither he was called to report on the coal deposits of Jolo.

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The Fairmount Problem

Mrs. Oelrichs is now trying to persuade the St. Francis hotel owners to take the lease of the Fairmount, but this does not mean that the deal is off with Colonel Kirkpatrick and the Sharon heirs. Rather does it mean that the Magees, who are looking after Mrs. Oelrichs' interests, are hopeful of hurrying the Sharon heirs into closing negotiations on the terms proposed by their client. Colonel Kirkpatrick says that the St. Francis people are welcome to the lease if they want it on the terms proposed to him, and though President Scott and Mr. Gerstle of the St. Francis would like to secure the Fairmount they are rather cautious and are not going to rush headlong into the enterprise. There is one problem in connection with the Fairmount the solution of which puzzles them, and it involves the matter of transporting guests to the summit of Nob Hill. Before taking the lease they would like to be assured that a deal could be made by which the cars of the California street road would be permitted access to the ferry.

Western Pacific Activities

Local representatives of the Western Pacific Railroad are very active in this state nowadays, but are veiling their movements in a vapor of mystery and exciting a great deal of curiosity in financial circles. It is believed that they are intent upon absorbing several electric roads in the interior, and as Lewis Hanchett is supposed to be working in the interest of the company it is inferred that George Crocker is largely interested in the enterprise. Mr. Hanchett is a brother of the late Mrs. George Crocker, and he looks after the financial interests of his brother-in-law on this coast. It is said that when the trunk line of the Western Pacific is completed the company will have a number of branch lines all ready for business. There is an immense amount of money being spent by the Goulds on this coast and they have lawyers galore in their employ attending to all the preliminary business incident to the acquisition of franchises and rights-of-way. Among the men in their employ is W. M. Rank, formerly of the North Shore road, who quit that corporation in a hurry when it was absorbed by Harriman. Years ago he was the general agent of the Denver and Rio Grande. Among the lawyers on the company's staff is M. E. Cerf, who has a knack for making advantageous deals.

They've Wearied of Vulgar Publicity

I hear that there is a conspiracy in the Burlingame set against the bavardes of the daily press, the purpose of which is to keep the strenuous gushers in ignorance of the doings of that section of society that gives tone to San Mateo county. In consequence it has become extremely difficult for the hired retailers of innocuous tittle-tattle to get any news of the teas and dinners that are pulled off by "the Hopkins bunch," as one little clique is irreverently called. Occasionally one of the bavardes hears of a little function about six weeks after it has occurred and then the "news" is given to the dear public. There was a time when the Hopkins girls used to be written up several days in the week, and their photographs, especially that of Mrs. Gus Taylor, became as familiar to Sunday Supp. readers as the Baker's chocolate lady. Mrs. Taylor's picture, the same old one that was given for publication when she was Helen Hopkins, is still in stock but it is printed now only at long intervals.

Hopelessly Domestic

Susie Blanding invited only her intimate friends to the luncheon she gave last week at the Palace Grill. Nearly all of Miss Blanding's friends, those who entered society the same winter with herself, are married now, and few of them care to mingle in the whirl these days. Mrs. Earl Brownell (Sophia Pierce) is her particular chum, and is seen constantly with Miss Blanding since the latter's return from Europe. Mrs. Brownell does not attend many society functions on account of her husband's poor health. The others of that set in which Susie Blanding was prominent five seasons agone—Mrs. Silas Palmer (Olive Holbrook), Mrs. Bob Greer (Charlotte Ellinwood), Mrs. Robert McMillan (Leontine Blakeman), and Mrs. Emory Winship (Katherine Dillon)—seem to have become thoroughly domesticated. Mrs. Percy Kessler (Lottie Cunningham), and Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson (Ethel Keeney) no longer make their home in San Francisco, but I hear that they too care nothing for society since their marriage.

Only the young people of the "hupper suckles" were invited to the Eells dance last week. Miss Dorothy was very warmly greeted, as she was much missed during her stay abroad. She is the prettiest girl of her set and her beauty was not impaired in the least by the ravages of travel. The dance was in honor of Miss Emma Eells, a cousin from Cleveland, who is to remain in town all winter.

A Problem Talk

Some members of the Twentieth Century Musical Club are spreading a good story of an incident of the first

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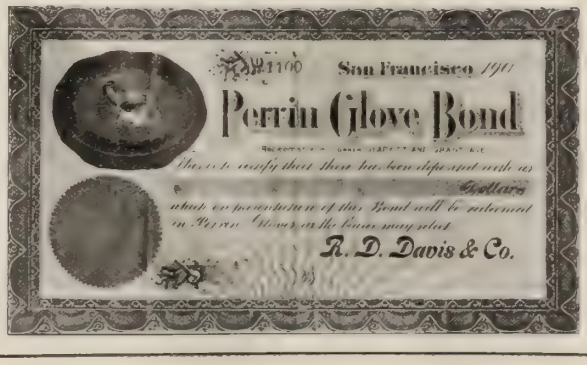

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public concert of the season. During a Beethoven number two society women were oblivious to the music, being engaged in a very lively conversation. The topic appeared to be one of absorbing interest, and when the selection was finished they were unaware of the fact. Just as the last note was struck one of them was heard to exclaim dramatically: "And I said, 'No, doctor, I won't let you remove them all.'" Now everybody is curious to know whether she meant wrinkles.

The Lienchow Horror

Canton and Hongkong advices inform us that two missionaries escaped from the Lienchow massacre, both males and one of them the husband of one of the martyrs. Three women were butchered in this slaughtering; these men lived to tell the ghastly tale. Our sympathies are wholly with the women who are dead, and this commiseration is largely mingled with horror of the atrocities to which they were subjected before they died. The imagination of civilized man cannot picture the demoniacal ferocity of a Chinese mob when women, alien women, are the object of its fury. There is an ingenuity of torture in the Chinese method that surpasses even the slow death inflicted by our own red savages. It is a moral as well as a physical torture; deliberate, malevolent, malignant, fiendish. I dare not describe it further—to hint at the detail would turn sick the stoutest heart. I can hear those shrieks across all that expanse of water, and I know that they were not stilled by death blows until the yellow devils were tired of listening. These women will never be adequately avenged. Heads will fall—yes, many heads will fall in the goat pasture just beyond the main gate of Lienchow and in the narrow confines of the pottery yard of Canton; but they will be the heads of innocent men who have pleaded guilty kneeling on chains or triced by the feet, head downward, under the steady stroke of the long bamboo. For such is Chinese justice. The prisons of all the region roundabout Lienchow will be "washed" to furnish expiatory victims to appease the wrath of the "white devils" who have come with their gunboats to demand this "reparation" and when the Viceroy orders that the prisons be "washed" it requires all the blood within those walls to cleanse the stain of thrice-shackled crime. Heads! What are heads in compensation for the agony those women endured?

It Was Suicide

These women were warned not to go to Lienchow. It is not so stated in the despatches, but I know that they were warned by the consuls of Hongkong and Canton; they were warned by the taotais, by the friendly runners of the yamens, by the Viceroy himself, perhaps. Missionary women are always warned against leaving the seaports; for there is always danger anywhere in the interior of China for the white-faced foreigner; danger worse than the death that follows, for the woman whose face is white. But these warnings are not heeded, and hundreds are made to suffer because these women are obstinate, stiff-necked, unbelieving, confident in the rectitude of their purpose, it may be. This horror of Lienchow should compel an order from Washington to every American consul in China to force every American woman now in deadly peril among the savages of interior China to return to the seaports.

Hand Made Opera Bags

For Christmas Gifts

As a Christmas feature in the Ribbon Department we are making Opera Bags to order. The plan is this: You select from a big stock the ribbons you want to use. You choose the style in which you want the Bag made. You pay the regular price for the ribbon and a fair price for the making. The one pictured above, made up on this basis, cost $2.95. It's a beauty, and would cost at least one-half more if bought from stock. Of course, if you choose, you can do your own making.

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A Costly Treasure Hunt

Those adventurous San Franciscans who sailed the South Seas in the schooner *Herman,* some three years ago, in search of the famous fifteen millions of buried pirate treasure on Cocos Island, bid fair to expend almost as much of their bank accounts in the lawsuits that have grown out of that most extraordinary voyage. Books have been written about it, the magazines have given pages to the illustrated narrative, and every month since the wrangling voyagers returned the daily papers have had something to say about the adventure or the legal complications that have ensued. All the local capitalists who were mesmerized by the glittering eye and the alluring tale of that canny ancient mariner, Captain Brown, have not yet come forward to acknowledge the corn and confess how much they lost in the search for the pirate gold. Over twenty-five thousand dollars was subscribed by them to buy and equip the schooner *Herman* for the Captain. Thousand-dollar orders were sent them from time to time for "repairs, provisions, etc.," and in the lawsuits that followed the return of the voyagers the original subscribers were regularly assessed till each one made up his mind that it was prudent to drop out and so sacrifice his holding.

Modest Capitalists

For various reasons the names of the original subscribers were kept secret. Only those who cut a figure in organizing and directing the venture at the start were mentioned when necessary. They were Dr. George J. Luce, Judge W. R. Daingerfield, Dalzel Stoney, Attorney John Chetwood, George W. Sutton and Ogden Hoffman. Henry Whelan represented William and Louis H. Mooser, the vessel's owners. Young Hoffman went along to handle the money for the capitalists behind the enterprise, but he had a row with Brown before the schooner reached Honolulu and returned here by steamer. Seven good fellows sailed in the cabin ready to lift the fifteen million dollar loot of the pirates and safeguard it home to the enterprising subscribers whom they represented. With them were a first-class cook, a steward who was an expert at opening wine, and six strapping sailors. They had enough arms on board to stand off Togo's flagship; they had a furnace to melt down the recovered gold into bars so that no unscrupulous foreign government could recognize and claim it; they had an outfit for lifting buried treasure that was warranted to safely grip the combined loot buried by Dampier, Captain Kidd and all the buccaneers that ever ranged the Spanish main. But alas, this old sailor dog, Captain Brown, had led them by the nose among the South Sea islands, till in a rage they lost all patience, sold the schooner for eight thousand dollars, and all came home in one of the Spreckels liners. When they landed here Brown was arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses and the most astounding charges and counter-charges were made. Attempted poisoning with arsenic, threats to "knife, shoot and gang-plank" and the like were some of the mild experiences that floated between cabin and fok'sle. It is one of the most thrilling treasure island stories ever told.

Infatuated with Stage Life

Those Oakland friends of Leila May Parker who declared that she would never tie down to domesticity are now shouting, "I told you so." Her husband, John O. Andrews, has just been granted a divorce from her in Portland, Or., on the ground of desertion, and all the while the pretty Leila is tripping it blithely and gaily behind the footlights of New York. Even her mother, after vainly trying to bring about a reconciliation, abandoned her efforts and forwarded a deposition from her Oakland home to the trial court declaring that Leila's infatuation for the stage had completely killed whatever liking she had ever entertained for domestic life and that she would never leave her theatrical career to return to the home of Mr. Andrews. So ends another Oakland smart wedding scarcely three years old.

Keeping Down Expenses in Society

No wonder Mrs. Henry A. Butters is spending the winter elsewhere than in her Oakland home. Imagine her any longer wasting her beaming smiles and lavish hospitality upon a smart set whose utmost originality results only in the formation of a luncheon club which limits each hostess to the expenditure of two dollars in preparing the menu for the entire membership. There are eight representatives of Oakland's most gilded families in this organization which was entertained recently by Miss May Coogan, the other members being Mrs. George Chase, Mrs Traylor Bell, Miss Emily Chickering, Miss Claire Chabot, Miss Jean Downey, Miss Dottie Everson, and Miss Ethel Crellin. By the rules of the club Miss Coogan was permitted to spend no more than two bits a plate for her guests. What a severe strain upon the brain cells of a

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charming hostess it must be to observe the pecuniary regulation and yet avoid serving her fair guests with corned beef and cabbage or hash with poached eggs. It is to be hoped that none will find it necessary to turn aristocratic steps toward the Free Market and there mingle with the plebeian crowd which haggles with the hucksters over a dime's worth of brussels sprouts or a quarter's worth of odoriferous smelts.

His Price Advanced

Lloyd Osbourne has just made a contract with an Eastern magazine for three California stories, for which he is to get eight cents a word. Heretofore Osbourne received six cents a word, a cent more than the average price paid by magazines, but now that his automobile stories have made such a hit he commands a much higher figure. A curtain-raiser he finished recently was put on by Belasco in New York lately and was well received. Mr. Osbourne's mother, Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, has gone to Mexico on an extended trip. Edward Salisbury Field (Childe Harold) who has now become one of the family, accompanied her.

Mrs. Mills' Birthday

The eightieth birthday of Mrs. Susan Lincoln Mills, president of Mills College, is to be made the occasion of two large social functions, one a reception on Friday of this week in Century Club hall and the other at Lisser hall of the college. Mrs. Charles R. Brown, Mrs. George C. Edwards, Mrs. Sophie Fiske Peart, Mrs. John M. Chase, Mrs. Frank M. Smith, Mrs. George W. Scott, Mrs. Louis Lisser and Mrs. Raymond C. Brooks will assist Mrs. Mills in receiving the guests. Mrs. McGauley is president of the Alumnae, and Miss Henrietta Casebolt of the Mills Club. Others interested in the Century Club affair are Miss Jane Tolman, Mrs. John C. Coleman, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Fred Beaver and Miss Kate Beaver, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. E. C. Wright and Mrs. Samuel Damon. Music and addresses will be the feature of the Lisser hall reception.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Guggenheim (Ermie Hess), with their little son, have come from Kobe, Japan, for the winter. They have taken an apartment in Pine street, near Van Ness avenue.

A Successful Production

Rev. Cornelius A. Buckley's dramatization of Keon's novel "Dion and the Sybils" was presented at St. Ignatius hall by the Gentlemen's Sodality of St. Ignatius church on Monday night, a large audience expressing its approbation of the production. The play is cleverly constructed and has some very fine dramatic situations. The actors threw themselves into the classic parts with very fine intellectual appreciation of the characters represented. The stage settings were elaborate, the scenery, painted by Michael O'Sullivan, being particularly artistic.

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ROBERTSON 126 Post Street San Francisco

The Sequoia Club is to have an "Evening of California Writers" on which occasion the great geniuses of Western literature will condescend to mingle with some of the lesser lights of bestsellerdom. W. C. Morrow, Jack London and Joaquin Miller are expected to be among those present, and Mrs. Older, Miriam Michelson, Alice Prescott Smith, Geraldine Bonner and Herman Whitaker are to be of the distinguished assemblage.

The artist members of the Sequoia Club will hold an exhibition of their paintings on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, November twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth, Wednesday afternoon and evening, November twenty-ninth, and Sunday afternoon, December third.

The Phillipses

Mrs. Irving Lewis, who gave a tea on Wednesday for Sophie Borel, whose engagement with John Lewis was lately announced, is the elder of the two daughters of J. W. Phillips. Mrs. Lewis is one of the most artistic dressers in Oakland swelldom. She is a fine musician and a great favorite in society on both sides of the bay. Her younger sister, Mrs. Giles Easton, is a stunning brunette beauty. Mrs. Easton keeps house for her father, who now lives at the corner of Vallejo and Gough streets, in this city, but was once reckoned among the plutocratic citizens of East Oakland.

Visiting Her Old Home

Recently a favored few of Oakland's swim had the pleasure of meeting Madame Margaret Barry, who was introduced by the university elect at a meeting of the Berkeley dramatic society. Madame Barry read from Hugo's "Les Miserables," and she read wonderfully well, bringing out the meaning of the book without even the assistance of Eliza-crossing-the-ice music. Her interpretation of the novel was subtle; without scenery or any accessories she made the import clear. Among the favored few who were there were Major Jefferies, Colonel Hayes, the Snells, Elsa Draper and Sevilla Hayden, Mrs. Kutz and Miss Kitty Kutz and Mrs. Prather. In private life, by the way, Madame Barry is Mrs. James Fitzpatrick. She was Margaret Russell of Oakland who, tiring of society's routine, joined the Frawley company about the time that Blanche Bates made her first dramatic venture. Later she married, her husband being a theatrical man, at one time manager for Warde, James and Kidder. After leaving the stage this ambitious young woman went in for higher education and took up university work. Last year she was principal of a girls' college in Maryland. She is the only woman that Princeton ever invited to give an exposition of mental gymnastics before its students, and she has given her artistic temperamental readings at nearly all the Eastern colleges. Madame Barry came west for rest and recreation and to visit her relatives, and has been living very quietly, refusing most of the invitations heaped upon her. She has lately finished a play adapted from one of Hugo's novels.

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Actor—Soldier—Diplomat

Mason Mitchell arrived this week on his way to China, where he has been appointed to a position in the United States diplomatic service. Mitchell has had a more checkered career than falls to many men. He was once an actor and, by the way, was in the first company that ever played at the Central. In the Spanish-American war he was among Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and at the battle of San Juan was seriously wounded. It was thought he would die, but he managed to recover and the next big thing he did was to create a part in the original "Quo Vadis" production. Next heard from he was United States consul at Zanzibar, and now he goes to the Orient as a diplomat.

A Mansfield Sentiment

It has long been the malpractice of lesser wits to obtain laughs under false pretenses by putting their alleged witticisms into the mouth of a master and trying them on the unsuspecting bow-wow. This is the form of petty larceny of laughter usually takes: "By the way, have you heard Shaw's latest?" Then, the story. If the dog sits up and howls, the offender, holding himself no less a wit than George Bernard, is tickled half to death. O that some one, as Ambrose Bierce is fond of saying, would tickle him the other half! Well do these wretches know what's in a name. Why, if I were to receive a letter from Mark Twain inviting me to his funeral, I should consider the thing a mighty fine bit of humor and weep the tears of the tickled. World-famous wits, cynics, ironists, are well-night invariably chaps of the utmost good-nature; but they must surely say bad words, to hear the *bons mots* attributed to them. The following, however—much as I should like to lay claim to it—is not mine, but Mansfield's very own; the work of his hand, at least, if not of his head. A sweet young lady ("Is sweet" pleonastical?) once buttonholed the great actor and begged him to write a "sentiment" in her album. Wrote the only Beau Brummel: "Be good, and nothing will ever happen to you."

Retrogression

A story is going the rounds that after Henry Irving's death some one met Mansfield and observed that the latter was the only logical successor to the great English actor.

"What!" roared Mansfield, "do you think, at my time of life, I am going to step backwards?"

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Alice Nielsen In New York

Alice Nielsen, now advertised as "the favorite young American prima donna," made her entry on the American stage in grand opera last Thursday at the Casino in New York. She appeared in Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," which can scarcely be said to be grand opera. Her singing was warmly approved, especially by Mr. and Mrs. Caruso, Mr. Scotti and Lillian Russell, who were in a box. "Her voice," says a correspondent, "has grown in volume and she has learned how to use it with great flexibility and finish." The critic of the *Press* said of her "Her ambitions are highly commendable, though the wisdom of her present undertaking seems doubtful. It is far from the truth, however, to say Miss Nielsen is now a finished prima donna. Vocally and artistically she has dizzy heights to scale before she deserves such a title. The quality of her voice, in its middle register, is agreeable. But where the head tones begin she frequently produces a hard and penetrating effect unpleasant to the ear. Her high C is sharp and glassy. Her coloratura singing still sounds amateurish. Her trill is a tonal wabble."

Fastidious Carmen

The motormen and conductors of the street car corporation across the bay employed on the Berkeley lines have just had granted by Superintendent J. H. Potter a request to be permitted to use a finer material of cloth in their uniforms than the regulations have hitherto allowed. The petition of the carmen was based upon allegations that the residents of Berkeley are of a finer and better-dressed class than the residents of other sections along the eastern shore of the bay. The platform men argued that the Berkeleyites ought, therefore, to have their car service administered by more nattily attired motormen and conductors. It was also urged by them that the swagger togs of the college men caused them great humiliation by contrast with their own more humble garments. It has been suspected for some time that the university youths were making a greater impression upon the community by their fashion of dressing and their superior airs than by their intellectuality. The action of the street car employes of Berkeley is convincing evidence in support of the theory.

Pleased With Cowboy Life

Judge Kenneth M. Jackson has written to his friends in the city that he has never been so happy for many a long day. Everybody knows the Judge. His headquarters for several years were at the Palace, and he was certainly one of the most picturesque characters about that place. The Judge began life as a cowboy, dipped into law and went to Nome after mines and became the first Probate Judge there. Then he came down here, bought mines in Tonopah, and piled up a million or so. While in Tonopah he met a fair and pretty girl from Kansas and married her. They came down here and lived at the Palace, but the girl from Kansas sighed for the life of the country, and so Judge Jackson sold out all his belongings and went right into the heart of Arizona, miles and miles from everywhere, and bought a cattle ranch. Mrs. Jackson is delighted with the life and spends most of her time trying to break the festive broncho and shoot the gay coyote.

I hear the stork is again winging its way to the Hearst domicile.

One of the Horrors of Mormonism

Mrs. Frederick Schoff, president of the National Mothers' Congress, has been to Salt Lake City to investigate Mormonism in all its horrors, but the result of her inquisition, as far as the newspaper reports enlighten us, is like the cry of the street venders of Constantinople: "In the name of the Prophet—Figs!" for, about all we are vouchsafed to know is that when young men go to parties they do not know whether their partners are married women or single. It is possible, too, that they do not care, as long as the fair dames and damsels keep step with the music. This demoralizing condition, however, is not peculiar to Salt Lake City. Unless the Mormon ladies have adopted the fashion which prevailed in uppertendom a few years ago, and call each other by their surnames without prefix, the victimized youths must lay the blame on their own ears, since, outside of professional circles, any woman who can boast the possession of a husband is a Mrs., though she frequently mislays the title with the man. The situation ought to be pleasing to Ambrose Bierce, who once devoted considerable space to lambasting the impertinence that thrust upon his intelligence, as a first fact in regard to any woman, her position with reference to mankind. She was either Mrs., already appropriated, and labeled "Hands off," or she was Miss, open to engagement. At the same time one title applies indiscriminately to all men, who might be bachelors or polygamists, a matter of no concern unless their eligibility to matrimony were the point in question.

Wants Literary Women Excepted

Clement Shorter, too, protests against the prefix Mrs., especially before the name of a literary woman. He characterizes it as hideous, but, in truth, unless we drop all titles and address all women by their Christian names, or else adopt some non-committal designation, as Madame, there is no way out. It is the fashion to ridicule the car conductors, who, when they have occasion to use any form of address, fall back on "lady," but both conductors and salesmen could unfold a tale of woe on this subject of addresses. If they, by inadvertence, address a married woman as Miss, especially, when she would seem to have

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reached the years of discretion, she is apt to leave them in possession of a piece of her mind, and if, on the contrary, it happens to be a maid who is called Mrs., the result is approximately the same, while both resent "Madame" as though it were a wanton insult. Despite the horrification of the Mothers' Congress, no doubt the dancing youths of Salt Lake City have adopted the most feasible solution of their problem in ignoring the question of matrimony and assuming that when women go out to dances in the evening it is because they have neither pressing duties nor close ties to keep them home. The married woman who conducts herself like a young girl is apt to be storing up trouble for herself whether she lives in the Mormon capital or elsewhere, and for women at large, it can make no great difference in their lives whether the man who measures off a few yards of ribbon or sheeting makes a correct guess at their domestic standing or otherwise. It is an unwarranted egotism on their part to imagine that they are of the least importance or that they are remembered two minutes after they have left the counter or the car.

The Financial Field

A fair amount of business was transacted during the week. Bonds were traded in to the extent of $231,000, Shares 8,692, divided as follows: 1,124 Lighting, 2,774 Water, 339 Miscellaneous, 30 Banks and 4,425 Sugars. Contra Costa occupied the most interesting position, scoring an advance of about $4 and subsequently shading off $1, closing at 49. Gas & Electric both stock and certificates lost $1, closing at 83. Spring Valley Water showed a decided weakness, caused by apprehension on account of the dry season, and declined to 39 3-4. There were no changes in the Miscellaneous column. Sugar stocks were dealt in to a considerable extent without showing any material changes. The stringency of the New York money market has had no effect on our financial conditions.

The Goldfield stocks show considerable activity, as strikes were reported at a number of new places during the week. Kendall, Diamondfield and Silverpick report strikes of rich ore; in some cases, notably in Kendall, the ore was of very high grade. Indications point to a lively market both in Tonopah and Goldfield stocks.

—*The Financier.*

Remember Christmas is coming—with crowded stores and busy salespeople. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

At Swains

The quaintly appointed Dutch Room at Swains is a desirable place for a small banquet or a luncheon. Forty-four people may be comfortably accommodated. The service is perfect.

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The Stage

Belasco and the Tivoli

There is a story circulating in New York theatrical circles to the effect that Dave Belasco and the Shubert brothers, who are fighting the syndicate, have secured the privilege of booking their attractions at the Tivoli. Manager Leahy of the Tivoli says that no such deal has been made. However, he has agreed to book the Belasco attractions at the Tivoli providing he is given sufficient advance notice. He does not care to give the Shuberts time at the Tivoli because from what he has seen of their attractions he thinks they are not of a high order. But Belasco has no second-rate companies, and as he has complained that the syndicate has barred him out of first-class theatres, he was invited to book his attractions at the Tivoli, which is an independent house. There is no intention on the part of the management, however, to discontinue the stock company, but in the event of Belasco's sending his companies out, the comic opera organization will be sent on the road temporarily.

Miss Langham's Babbie

Interest in the Alcazar's production of "The Little Minister" centres in the new Babbie, Margaret Langham. Miss Langham seems to possess the elements of genius. Just as Kocian, the reincarnated Paganini as some call him, conquered the critics in spite of his slovenly bowing and lack of finish, this little elfish actress forces us to recognize her wonderful talent. She is a quaint little figure with something of the same compelling charm that one recalls in Maggie Mitchell, Alice Kingsbury and Lotta. Her Babbie is fitfully wonderful, sometimes showing extreme crudeness and again the flash of genius that draws the audience's sympathy in one long-drawn chorused sigh. There is such great promise in Margaret Langham that I hope some manager will find a play for her in which she can create a character, and not have to be compared with Maude Adams, a necessary comparison now since she plays Babbie in "The Little Minister." The Gavin Dishart of Waldron is interesting but it is not the Gavin of Barrie. Indeed we have never yet seen in this city a Gavin who carries out in all things that lovable mixture of strength and weakness pictured in the Little Minister.

Buster Is All Right

Outcault, who is coming to show the kids how Buster Brown was evolved, has an interesting herald of his talent in Master Rice who, at the Grand, shows us Buster in the life. There are lots of little Buster Browns of both sexes —for "Buster" suits are as popular for girls' wear as for boys'—who wouldn't miss the Grand's show this week for anything. They know all about Tige and all about Buster's tricks, and no doubt they have tried to imitate many of them and have been punished therefor. There was an army of them to bid Buster welcome, and the papas and

ISABELLE D'ARMOND
And the Sing Song Girls in "The Sho Gun" at the Columbia

HELENA FREDERICK
The Tivoli's New Prima Donna

mammas seemed to enjoy the play as well as the children did. Young Rice fits the part as well as Buster's clothes fit him. Tige seems a part of his master, and is certainly as large a part of the fun. The cook is another principal in the Buster Brown dramatization, and there are specialties and a beauty chorus to fill in the spaces when boy and dog are resting between tricks. It's a pity the Outcault creation cannot remain a week longer, for he could easily pack the theatre at every performance.

Mayall As a German Lad

One more week and the Central theatre will be no more. The company will be moved to the Alhambra, which will hereafter be the home of Belasco and Mayer's melodramatic productions. At the Central this week the audience has heartily enjoyed one of Lincoln J. Carter's wholesome melodramas, "The Darkest Hour," which has for its sensational feature the blowing up of a trestle bridge, with a railroad train moving along a real track. It also presents Mayall in a character entirely new in his long and varied experience. He has the role of a German lad, just over from the Faderland, and with all the mannerisms of the type. Though a novel part for the dignified Mayall, he invests it with humor unexpected, and gives another evidence of his versatility. Next week we will see Mayall as Jean in "Sapho," in which his athletic as well as emotional talent will be drawn upon.

Bostonians Make Good

Caroline B. Nichols and her Fadettes Woman's Orchestra have scored the biggest hit made by any attraction appearing at the Orpheum since the well-remembered Hungarian Boys. The Fadettes are twenty-two strong, of all ages and types of beauty, uniformed in spotless white. The leader is a wonder of precision and is as magnetic in her buxom way as Polacca. The organization is well balanced and plays with excellent spirit. Their selections range from Elgar to medley, and are given with due regard to expression. Melville and Stetson are next best on the bill, though they are hold-overs. The rest of the stunts this week are of the also-ran kind, but the Fadettes are good enough to cover the price of a box-seat three times over.

Next Week's Bills

At the Columbia will be the Savage production, "The Sho Gun," by George Ade and Gustav Luders. In the cast are John E. Henshaw, Agnes Cain Brown, William C. Weedon, Thomas C. Leary, Genevieve Day, E. P. Parsons, May Ten Broeck, Lawrence Coever, Isabelle D'Armond and D. H. Poppin. Regular matinees will be given.

Edith Evelyn, the Alcazar's new leading woman, will make her first appearance here in "Mrs. Dane's Defense," the play in which Margaret Anglin first showed her quality. The play is a strong one and has one intense, emotional moment which is a sure test of the leading actress's ability. For Thanksgiving week "My Friend from

EDITH EVELYN
The new leading woman who will make her first appearance at the Alcazar in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" on Monday evening.

India" will be the bill, and "The Sword of the King" comes after that. Juliet Crosby will have one of the leading roles in "Mrs. Dane's Defense."

At the Orpheum the new people will be: Troba, a famed strong man and juggler, direct from Europe; Charles Leonard Fletcher, character student in artistic impersonations, and a French adaptation called "At the Telephone"; Lawrence Griffith, the legitimate actor, in a Revolutionary playlet; Lucy and Lucier, comedy acrobatic dancers, in "The Fool's Errand"; and the Edward Kemps in illustrated tales of the desert, given for the first time on any stage. The Fadettes orchestra will stay another week.

At the Chutes will be Leon the illusionist, Latelle and Collins, singers and dancers, and Lloyd Spencer, monologist.

Next week marks the close of the successful regime of Belasco and Mayer as managers of the Central Theatre, their five years' lease expiring next Friday night. For the last week of their management they will produce "Sapho" with Herschel Mayall and Edna Ellsmere in the leading roles. "Sapho" will be played at the Central up to and including next Friday night. On Saturday, November twenty-fifth, the entire Central company and the production of "Sapho" will be transferred to the Alhambra, which Belasco and Mayer now control. On Monday, November twenty-seventh, the company will be seen in a big scenic production of the famous melodrama, "The Millionaire Detective."

The Coming Comic Opera Season

The Tivoli's comic opera season will open Sunday night, with a brand new company which is expected to live up to the best Tivoli tradition. "The Highwayman," which has been selected for the opening bill, is one of the best of the De Koven-Smith operas, and it is remembered as one of the great Tivoli triumphs, one by the way with which Arthur Cunningham is identified, for it was in that opera that he made the biggest hit of his career. The cast looks as though it should prove one of exceptional merit. Helena Frederick, the Tivoli's new prima donna, will have a splendid opportunity of displaying her qualifications as the court belle, Lady Constance Sinclair. Cora Tracy, the new contralto, is happily placed as Palmela, and Linda da

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A VAUDEVILLE CARNIVAL

FADETTE WOMAN'S ORCHESTRA of Boston in an entire new program, Troba, Charles Leonard Fletcher, Lawrence Griffith and Company, Lucy and Lucier, Marion Garson, Joe Flynn, Pierce and Maizee and Special Attraction,

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Opening of the Comic Opera Season

WITH A NEW COMPANY

In De Koven & Smith's Romantic Comic Opera

"THE HIGHWAYMAN"

Regular Matinee Saturday. Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

Usual Tivoli Comic Opera Prices—25c, 50c and 75c.

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Two Weeks, Beginning MONDAY, NOV. 20

Matinees Saturdays. Special Holiday Matinee Thanksgiving Day.

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Henry Arthur Jones' Great Play

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And the first appearance of the Alcazar's new leading actress, EDITH EVELYN

Evenings 25c to 75c; Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 25c to 50c

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The Immensely Popular Faree Comedy, "MY FRIEND FROM INDIA"

By author of "The Man From Mexico."

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FIRST WEEK	SECOND WEEK
Monday—"Don Carlos."	Monday—"The Misanthrope"
Tuesday—"Merchant of Venice."	Tuesday—"King Richard III."
Wednesday—"Beau Brummel."	Wednesday—"Don Carlos."
Thursday—"King Richard III."	Thursday (Thanksgiving Mat.)—"Beau Brummel."
Friday—"A Parisian Romance."	Thursday (Thanksgiving Night)—"Merchant of Venice."
Saturday Mat.—"Merchant of Venice."	Friday—"Beau Brummel."
Saturday Evening—"Don Carlos."	Saturday Mat.—"Don Carlos."
	Saturday Evening—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

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"THE DARKEST HOUR."

Our lease expires at the Central on Friday Night, Nov. 24. Next week is our farewell at the Central. Next Monday night to Friday evening, Nov. 20 to Nov. 24, big production of the famous play,

"SAPHO"

with Herschel Mayall and all the favorites in the cast.

On Saturday matinee, Nov. 25, we transfer the entire Central Company and the production of "SAPHO" to the ALHAMBRA THEATRE. "SAPHO" at the ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Saturday and Sunday, matinees and evenings, Nov. 25 and 26.

Monday evening, Nov 27, entire Central Company at the ALHAMBRA THEATER in

"THE MILLIONAIRE DETECTIVE"

Prices, eve., 10 to 50c; matinees, 10, 15, 25c.

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THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AT 3:30

WATKIN MILLS' QUARTETTE

In Miscellaneous Program and Brahms' Cycle of Liebestod.

NEXT FRIDAY NIGHT, November 24, and SUNDAY AFTERNOON, November 26,

EDWARD BAXTER PERRY,

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Magnificent Programs.

Seats Ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where Complete Programs may be obtained. Prices—50c, $1.00 and $1.50.

TUESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY Nights, Nov. 28 and 30 and Dec. 1.

Matinees, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday.

RICHARD OUTCAULT,

Creator of "Buster Brown" and "Yaller Kid," in Cartoon Lectures. The cartoons will be distributed to audience. Souvenirs at matinees for the children.

Evening Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Matinees, 50c and 75c. Children, 25c and 50c.

Seats ready Next Thursday Morning.

Costa, one of the new soubrettes, will have a congenial comedy role in Dolly Primrose, barmaid at "The Cat and Fiddle." Arthur Cunningham will play Dick Fitzgerald and Eugene Weiner will introduce himself in the character of Lieutenant Rodney. To George Kunkel the new comedian is allotted the celebrated role of "Foxy" Quiller. Teddy Webb may be relied upon to maintain his great popularity as Toby Winkle, 'ostler at "The Cat and Fiddle." The other characters will be played by Joseph Fogarty, Fred W. Kavanagh, Joseph S. Mills, Aimee Leicester, Anna Bauman, Blanche Aubert, and Maude Raymond. "The Highwayman" will be produced under the stage direction of Max Freeman and the musical direction of Sellie Simonson. The latter has been specially brought from New York for the coming season. The opera is full of bright, sparkling music and witty and amusing dialogue. It will be given a splendid production and a most delightful entertainment may be relied on. Usual Tivoli comic opera prices—25 cents, 50 cents and 75 cents—will prevail.

The Outcault Cartoon Lectures

On Tuesday night, November 27th, Richard Outcault of Yellow Kid and Buster Brown fame, will appear at Lyric hall. The lectures consist of chats with the audience on the subject of the creation of the Kid, the denizens of Hogan's Alley and Buster Brown, interspersed with stories of Mr. Outcault's travels in Europe, and illustrated with rapid fire sketches in charcoal. He will appear in this city on three evenings, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, November 28th and 30th, and December 1st, and four matinees, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. At the matinees children will receive Buster Brown souvenirs and at each lecture the cartoons drawn by Mr. Outcault will be distributed by lot and will be autographed by him. The prices for evenings are $1, 75 cents and 50 cents and for matinees 75 cents and 50 cents. Children will be 50 cents and 25 cents. The sale of seats opens next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Mr. Outcault will appear at "Ye Liberty Theatre" in Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, December 5th, at half past three.

A Great Artistic Treat

Mr. Richard Mansfield, perhaps the greatest living American actor, unquestionably the most eccentric, will give us a rare artistic treat during the ensuing two weeks when he will appear in repertoire at the Grand. He is to open in Schiller's great tragedy, "Don Carlos," which has never been seen in this city, and during the opening week we shall see him as Shylock, Beau Brummel, Richard III and the Baron Chevrial. The second week will be opened with "The Misanthrope," the greatest of Moliere's comedies, the great success of which last season vindicated the artistic taste of New York, and caused theatrical managers to sit up and take notice that the modern writers of potboilers could not compete with the classic dramatists. "The Misanthrope" is a play that has survived the generation for which it was written because of the universality of its characterizations. The vices, foibles and caprices which Moliere held up to scorn in "The Misanthrope" are the characteristic weaknesses of every age.

Victor Herbert is the biggest lion in New York just now and is kept busy answering demands upon him as an orchestral conductor and composer. Herbert is directing popular concerts at the Majestic on Sunday nights.

Special Train to Old Mexico

$80 Round Trip

A SELECT PARTY

is being organized by the Southern Pacific to leave San Francisco December 16th.

Going trip will be made via Southern Pacific, via Los Angeles and El Paso, straight through to City of Mexico.

Return may be made via

Grand Canyon

over the Santa Fe System. The tickets are good for 60 days, allowing sufficient time to visit points of interest in the Republic.

Stopovers are allowed at any point on return trip.

Ask for booklets and register early, either by mail or through agent

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

CHARLES LEONARD FLETCHER,
In One of His Character Studies—Coming to the Orpheum.

Some Sweet British Singers

One might easily have imagined himself in London on Tuesday night at Lyric hall, where the Watkins Mills quartet gave its initial performance in San Francisco. The audience for the most part was composed of English people and the singers themselves were typically English in appearance, style, manner and deportment, and in their vocal expression. The quartet is composed of the regulation bass, tenor, contralto and soprano, all of whom are artists, not forgetting Mr. Edward Parlovitz, the accompanist, who might easily be placed in the virtuoso class and who was the only un-British person in the aggregation. Mr. Watkins Mills, a basso of great reputation in London and in the provinces, is probably the most distinguished member of the quartet. He has a big voice, mellow and rich, that is extraordinarily flexible and carefully controlled. He sings in good style and with artistic expression. His rendition of "O Ruddier than the Cherry," given with the greatest sonority and warmth, made me almost forget Bispham. The big aria from "The Queen of Sheba" was not so happily done, for Mr. Mills sang it in a dispirited and rather ponderous fashion. The song needs its rich orchestral accompaniment to make it effective but it served to bring out the beauty of the soloist's voice. Mr. Harold Wilde, the tenor, has a voice of very sympathetic quality with a suggestion of the French horn in it. He sings with feeling and showed himself to be the possessor of considerable dramatic talent in his few but varied solos. Except for a tendency to force some of his notes he leaves one with a feeling of enthusiastic appreciation. Miss Kirkwood, the soprano, is a very young woman and her voice has all the freshness of youth. She has evidently been trained in a good school but she has not yet learned the art that conceals art. She sang the "Caro Nome" with the utmost care and precision and gave a rather lifeless interpretation of the dramatic parts of the solo, but with Tetrazzini's rendition of the famous aria still vital in the memory lesser voices pale perceptibly in comparison. The Schumann and the Brahms numbers were more expressively given, but Miss Kirkwood did not reach her audience securely until she sang some Irish songs as encores, and then she obtained a sure grip. Ballad singing is evidently her metier. Miss Gertrude Lonsdale, somewhat suggestive of Calve in appearance, has a contralto voice of sweet quality that remains contralto all through the registers. She sang "The Doubtful Lover" by Bossi and "Der Spielmann" by Hildach. Mr. Edward Parlovitz accompanied skilfully and played two piano solos, a Chopin scherzo and an Irish Rhapsodie by Archy Rosenthal. Mr. Parlovitz is a man of small physique but under his seemingly delicate exterior carries a muscular strength that makes his fortissimo passages adequately big. He plays with virile breadth and finish. The second part of the program was devoted to the cycle "Flora's Holiday," a charming group of songs on pastoral subjects. The voices blended most harmoniously in the quartet singing and were used with the highest artistic discretion throughout.

Sothern gave his Shylock to New York, at the Knickerbocker last week and the critics did not quite approve of his characterization. One of them claims that "he makes avarice dominate the character with the result that his Shylock is a cringing, fawning Jew." Of Miss Marlowe's Portia the same critic says that it "was womanly rather than intellectual."

The Perry Recital

At the first lecture recital by Edward Baxter Perry, the blind pianist, in Lyric Hall next Friday night he will play and analyze numbers by Beethoven, Rubinstein, and Chopin, and a suite of four numbers of his own composition. At the second and last recital Sunday afternoon, November 26th, the program will be devoted to "Mediaeval Legends set for the Pianoforte," and among the works to be discussed are the Ballade in A flat of Chopin founded on the Polish legend by Mickiewicz, Godard's Trilby, founded on the French tale, "Trilby, the Fire-Sprite," by Gautier, Saint Saens' Danse Macabre, and other compositions founded on legendary lore. Prior to Mr. Perry's first visit to Europe he studied in Boston under Julius W. Hill. In Europe he studied languages, esthetics, and music under the greatest masters. All particulars of the recitals may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The leading feature of the Watkin Mills Quartet concert in Lyric hall this Saturday matinee will be the beautiful song cycle of Brahms called "Liebeslieder." The cycle consists of quartets, duets and solos and is the most beautiful composition for vocal quartet that any modern composer has given us. There will also be a duet by Liza Lehmann called "Snowdrops," sung by the tenor and soprano, and two charming quartets by Reginald Bevan. The solo numbers of Mr. Mills will be Verdi's aria, "O Tu Palermo," and by special request Schumann's "Two Grenadiers."

Lucky Broadhurst

George H. Broadhurst came to town last week and one of the first things he was asked to do was to look in at a performance of his play, "Why Smith Left Home." Broadhurst is out here for rest and recreation, but in the meantime, just to pass the time, he will put the finishing touches to two new plays. His latest work was "An American Lord" for W. H. Crane, written in collaboration with Dazey of "In Old Kentucky" fame. The rise of George Broadhurst was one of the most rapid ever recorded in stage history. He was a newspaper man who became a theatrical manager. Everybody here remembers when he managed the Bush street theatre. One day he got tired of business life and dashed off a little farce which he dubbed "What Happened to Jones." Harry Corson Clarke made a hit in the leading role, and starred in it for several seasons. This farce was followed by an even funnier one—"Why Smith Left Home"—which was put on by a clever Gotham company which later went on tour. Broadhurst is still drawing big royalties on that farce, and he has written several other money-winners since.

Her Opinion Wanted

It would be interesting to know what were the experiences of Edith Evelyn, the Alcazar's new leading lady, when she was in the support of Richard Mansfield. Miss Evelyn appeared with the eccentric star for a season at the Garden theatre, New York, and also went on tour with him. She appeared as Roxana in "Cyrano," Lady Anne in "Richard III," Agnes Carew in "Jekyll and Hyde," and in the other plays of his large repertory. Miss Evelyn is not the first of the Alcazar's leading women who served in Mansfield's support. There was Suzanne Santje, who was here several seasons ago, and who had the record of being one of the few young actresses who did not find Mansfield a too severe task-master. As a rule the star has found it difficult to get along with his leading ladies. Catherine Gray didn't like him a bit, and she wasn't the only one.

"The Toast of the Town," Clyde Fitch's play in which Viola Allen is appearing this season, was produced in Philadelphia, but did not make the success expected.

The Breeze of New York says: "Put a Pin in This. The Shubert-Belasco combine will shortly anounce that they have secured the Tivoli in San Francisco for their bookings."

Among the plays said to have "made" certain stars are "The Little Minister," Maude Adams; "The Old Homestead," Denman Thompson; "The Christian," Viola Allen; "The Heart of Maryland," Mrs. Carter; "Captain Jinks," Ethel Barrymore; "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," Mrs. Fiske; "Merely Mary Ann," Eleanor Robson; "Trilby," Virginia Harned; "The Earl of Pawtucket," Lawrence d'Orsay; "Under the Red Robe," William Faversham; "Candida," Arnold Daly. Of course the stars do not all agree to this.

Ernest Hastings has just made a success in Boston in a new comedy-drama with a moral motif, "As Ye Sow," by the Rev. John Snyder of that city. It is a Cape Cod story with lots of go to the situations. Hastings' role is not the hero, but the villain.

Tommy Leary is said to have made his life's hit in "The Sho-Gun."

Modjeska comes in January.

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Two Pictures

BY THE IMPRESSIONIST.

I.—THE POPULAR PICTURE.

The old farmer and his aged wife prepare the Thanksgiving dinner. A great golden-brown turkey is the piece de resistance, flanked by creamy mashed potato, yellow squash, fragrant creamed onions, fresh turnips and carrots mashed like the potato, home-made pickles, slices of fresh bread right from the oven, with browned crusts, rich gravy with the turkey giblets chopped fine and mixed with pepper and salt, a magnificent plum pudding with hard sauce, mince pies odorous with spices and cider, golden pumpkin pies and slices of home-made cheese, nuts, raisins and rosy-cheeked apples.

The table is set for twenty-five, the farmer's daughters and sons and their children, who are coming from all parts of the country to grace the annual family feast.

II.—THE MODERN WAY.

A smartly gowned woman puts the finishing touches to her elaborate coiffure. She is so well made up that you would not think her more than forty. She addresses a tall, athletic looking man who has just succeeded in tying his lawn tie to suit his exacting eye.

"I suppose you will dine at the club," she says.

"I rather fancy I shall," he answers.

"It is too bad that Mrs. Smartem doesn't believe in asking both husbands and wives to her dinners," she observes indifferently. "She thinks it makes things more lively to place you by somebody else's husband—and his wife not there."

"I may go to the races—Thanksgiving's such a bore, you know, at the club. One has to eat turkey, and I shudder whenever I tackle that big coarse bird."

"Mrs. Smartem's going to have a turkey, dressed in the French style, and carved a la Russe."

"Where's Maude dining?"

"I think she and Harold are going to the Zinkand."

"And the kiddies?"

"Oh, Maude gave Marie two dollars and told her to keep them at the Chutes all day."

"Well, good-bye—think I'll cut the races and go with Marie and our grandchildren to the Chutes."

"Good-bye—hope you enjoy yourself."

The Gas Company in the Publishing Business

Gas and Electricity, published by the Gas Company each month, comes to hand today in a new dress, the entire book being run in colors and extensively illustrated. The little magazine is ably edited by Mr. S. P. Hamilton, who deserves great credit for the amount of useful and interesting information he has gathered for the users of gas and electricity in this locality. Many of the uses gas is put to are described and illustrated and some of the larger cafes, studios and shops which are lighted by electricity are shown, while the subject of the service is discussed in an able manner. This is the seventh number issued. The publication is distributed free to residents of the city and sent postpaid for fifty cents a year outside of town.

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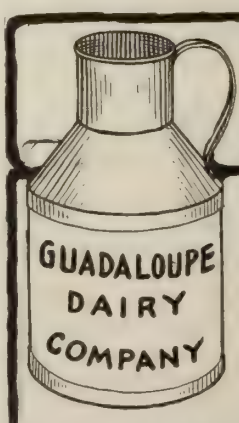

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A PUBLIC CALAMITY

(By Editor Wood of the "Wine and Spirit Review.")

Editor Bohannon of the "Town and Country Magazine" in a recent editorial on the discovery in this city of a specific for chronic Bright's disease declares from personal knowledge that the curability of this hitherto deadly disease is now an established fact. He closes a strong article thus:

"Many broad physicians are using the new diuretic, but in view of the terrible annual death list from this disease the fact that medical ethics prevent them from proclaiming the discovery to the world because the formula is the personal property of individuals, in this instance practically amounts to a public calamity."

Well said. It is a public calamity. Here is a disease that is supposed to be fatal that is carrying off 60,000 to 70,000 people annually, according to the census, and yet actual tests in this city show that nearly nine-tenths of the cases can and do recover under the new treatment. And if the question of the curability of chronic Bright's disease was on trial before the Superior Court, hundreds of citizens of this city, including capitalists, professional and business men could go into the witness box to swear to their recoveries, and among them would be the editor of this publication. Five years ago I was believed to be beyond further help—a clear case of fully developed Bright's disease in the chronic stage. I was sent South to prolong life. Recovery seemed as impossible as a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky. The new diuretic was brought into the case. In six months I was as well as I ever was in my life. I told several others. They got the same results.

It is greatly to be regretted that unscrupulous medical advertisers have brought almost universal discredit upon their announcements, for with the usual channels of publicity distrusted and the hands of the medical profession tied by ethics, there appears to be no open channel through which the people of the whole country can be at once apprised in a convincing way of the profound results of Fulton's memorable and successful struggle with this disease.

There is one way, and that would be for Congress to make an appropriation and procure the formula and give it to the Associated Press to be telegraphed all over the United States. It would in this way be at once universally available and would save tens of thousands of lives that would otherwise be sacrificed before it is generally known. With over 60,000 deaths a year from Bright's disease in the United States alone, is it possible that the saving of a majority of this vast army can be measured by any reasonable consideration.

I understand that a relative of Senator Perkins by marriage, a 32-degree Mason and a prominent citizen of Philadelphia was saved by the new diuretic, and am also advised that a relative of one of Senator Flint's valued friends has likewise recovered—in both cases after the finest professional services to be had had been exhausted. This should carry it directly home to them. As one of the survivors of chronic Bright's disease and representing many more whom I know personally, I respectfully present the matter to United States Senators Perkins and Flint for their serious consideration.

Recent arrivals at Byron Springs included: From Honolulu—Mrs. J. W. Pickard, Paul Isenburg, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Tenney, Miss Walker; from San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. John Morrisey, Japanese Consul Uyeno, F. B. Hulting, Dr. Frank R. Dray, Dr. Ernest Pring, and Joseph Ghirardelli of Oakland.

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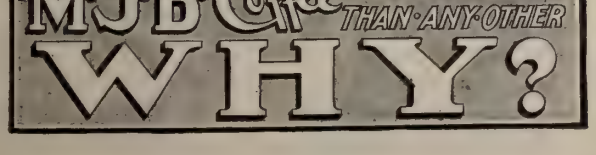

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7. No. 97585

Nellie V. Clark, Plaintiff.

vs.

William A. Clark, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: William A. Clark, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.

[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.

LEO KAUFMANN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
310 Pine Street, San Francisco.

MARGUERITE

By Richard Valentine.

"G. B. Shaw was not the first one to advance the idea that if a woman can't do one thing she has a right to do something else."

The Beau Brummel of our Club flicked an ash from his cigar before he questioned: "Why not explain?"

The Lawyer did not reply at once. He seemed to be musing and once a smile flickered across his face.

"Well, I shall," he said, "provided you do not ask me to go into particulars of identity. It did not happen so long ago that it is ancient history.

"Sallie de Witt—I give her this name because it is nothing like hers—was the daughter of an army officer and an F. F. V. Her mother was the latter. The father died when he was stationed at some little post on the coast, and he didn't leave a cent. Of course you know what an army widow gets, when her husband never rose above a Captain. Though he left little money, Captain de Witt left a family that would have delighted our President. There was Sallie, who was about twenty-five, and Millie and Rose and Jennie and Kate, beside two or three sturdy youngsters. It was a problem how they were to live after their father's death.

"Well, Sallie decided that they must go to the city to live. They knew one or two people there, and she thought she might get some kind of a position with the aid of the pull that would be willingly exerted for her by her mother's Southern friends. She was right. The friends—Southerners are always the best of friends to their own—got Sallie a small government berth. The place was minor; the wage minimus. Mrs. de Witt at first objected to Sallie's working. She wished her to make her debut in society under the kindly wing of a dowager who was willing to launch her and provide her with gowns for a season's campaign. 'You could make a rich match,' pleaded mamma, 'and that would be the best for us all.' 'I shall never make a rich match,' returned Sallie, with spirit, 'for I will never burden any man with the care of my sisters and brothers. I will not go a beggar to any man in this world.' As Sallie had refused two or three army officers the winter before, her mother knew that it was useless to say anything to her when she had so evidently made up her mind.

"How the girl figured it out, I do not know. But one day she told her mother she intended to go to the new mining district that was drawing the mining men in numbers. She said that her old nurse, who was acting as housekeeper at one of the make-shift hotels, had promised to see that she got a good position if she would go there. Mamma objected, of course, but was overruled. Millie was substituted in the government position, and Sallie left town—'to visit her aunt in Washington, D. C.' the penny-a-line bavardes wrote it.

"'The greatest good to the greatest number,' was what Sallie de Witt was reckoning on when she went to the mining district. She knew nothing of G. B. Shaw or Mrs. Warren, for they were a trifle after her time, but she was a bit advanced herself in her views.

"A new dance hall was started in Toadstool, and at its head was an energetic young woman who was known as Marguerite. The letters that came to Marguerite, via an old lady who was housekeeper at one of the hotels, were addressed 'Miss Jones,' but nobody but the old lady knew that Marguerite and Miss Jones were one.

"Marguerite's dance-hall became the most popular resort in Toadstool. There was even an atmosphere of refinement about it—as far as such a term could apply to a resort free to all who had the price. The girls were not only pretty, but they had a certain air of breeding. It was surmised that the Lady Manageress imparted some of her own characteristics to her myrmidons. She was the power behind the scenes, but she never appeared as an actor in the scenes. She controlled the situations, but she did not appear to take part in the game herself. She kept to her own apartments, and was rarely seen in the street except when paying her regular visits to the old lady at the hotel.

"Mrs. de Witt received letters every week from her daughter, but they were not posted to her direct, but to her lawyer. Sallie explained that she would rather not have anyone know where she was, that she had a splendid position as private secretary to a mining magnate, and that he had given her shares in a mine. She sent money to her mother via the lawyer, and after two years the family found itself living in luxury to which it had never been accustomed. Jennie and Rose and Kate, who had expected no better lot than to work at a desk for a meagre wage,

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GEORGE WARREN HOOPER, LESSEE

were sent to fine schools. The boys also had their share of the prosperity that Mrs. de Witt believed came from Sallie's 'mine dividends.'

"One day Marguerite sold out her place. She left Toadstool without the formality of a good-bye. It was surmised, and so reported in the Toadstool papers, that she had left in company with Dick Jackson, one of the richest of the mining promoters. It had been observed for some months past that Dick was the only man ever favored in any way by the Lady Manageress. But when a fortnight later the Toadstool papers published a despatch from San Francisco that Mr. Jackson had been married with great eclat in Grace Church, his bride being the Southern beauty and belle, Miss Sallie Clinton de Witt, the Toadstool reporters confessed they would give a good deal to know what Dick had done with Marguerite.

"The de Witt girls are in Europe now, putting the finishing touches on their education. The boys are in military academies. Their mother is one of the dowager society leaders. Her name figures on all the patronesses' lists at the big charity entertainments. Mrs. Jackson is in New York, having just returned from London, where she was presented at Court."

"But tell me," said Beau Brummel, "there must be some men here who met this girl when she was at Toadstool. Did they never give her away?"

The lawyer laughed.

"You bet there were," he said, "lots of 'em. Perhaps they do mention it to themselves once in awhile, in whispers. But just let me tell you, young man. If you'd ever met Sallie de Witt you'd know they would never mention it to her. One chap did try"—and he laughed at the recollection—"once. He just said one word—and the freezing glance he got in return turned him into a marble statue."

Hawaiian Folk Lore

"The Me-ne-hu-nes" is the title of an artistic little booklet published by the Paul Elder Company for Emily Foster Day. It is an English rendering of a folk lore legend of the Hawaiian Islands, the Me-ne-hu-nes, being the "little people" of that country, as the fairies, brownies, leprechauns and gnomes are elsewhere. The Me-ne-hu-nes, however, are not misshapen or monstrous, but perfectly formed, though diminutive in size, and apparently beneficent in disposition. To them is given the care of the forests, and the legend here related tells how they replanted three times in succession, during the night, the trees which had been felled by a canoe-builder, and how, on hearing from him that it was not in a spirit of wanton destruction, but in order to rescue his father, a fisherman who had been blown out to sea and stranded, boatless, on a neighboring island, they undertook the task themselves, and built and launched for him a suitable craft. Other stories of these little people told in the same agreeable style would be appreciated, and the author hints in her preface of enough to fill a fair-sized volume. No amount of "nature study" or "science study" will ever take the place of genuine fairy tales with children whose little minds are left unvitiated by educational busybodies, and though there will always be favorites, there is no danger that the world will ever contain too many fairy books. End papers and illustrations, by Spencer Wright, are in accord with the text, and the binding, in the tapa cloth which figures so largely in all accounts of the Pacific islands, is most appropriate.

As his next offering Manager Greenbaum will present Edward Baxter Perry, pianist, composer and lecturer on music, in two lecture recitals. Mr. Perry asks no consideration on account of his sad infirmity, having lost his sight through an accident with a knife when a lad of seven. He appears before us as a solo pianist and musical annalist, standing entirely on his work as an artist. He will give two lecture recitals at Lyric hall, one on a miscellaneous program and the other on "Mediaeval Legends Set to Music." The dates are Friday night, November twenty-fourth and Sunday afternoon, November twenty-sixth. The music students of the Blind Asylum at Berkeley will be the guests of Manager Greenbaum on these occasions.

THE PALACE HOTEL

Guests of the Palace Hotel are always sure of the best that experience, money and a desire to please can provide. The management has just installed a sanitary compressed air cleaning plant which removes every vestige of dust completely. The Palace also has a telephone in every room, steam heat, open fires, a perfect system of ventilation, a pipe organ and orchestra, large palm garden, perfect service and unexcelled cuisine, beside other comforts and conveniences almost innumerable. Rates most reasonable. Information cheerfully furnished.

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Automobile Topics

A Communication By Mail

I am in receipt of the following:

November 10, 1905.

"Automobile Editor 'Town Talk':—

"Dear Sir:—The following are our sentiments, perhaps a publication of them at this time would not be out of place: Officers throughout the Bay Counties are starting on a crusade to enforce the state automobile law in the letter, and at different places station themselves with stop watches to time passing machines, take their number, arrest the owner, and bring him to justice (?). This state law is a good thing, mainly that it strives to prevent city and town authorities from passing ordinances to suit their pleasure or to please the prominent citizen whose mule became frightened at a machine, and broke a stay chain, or that frightened the man himself. This law was draughted so that it would pass through the legislature, where there were many to oppose anything giving the automobile any liberties whatever, and of course it is tight laced. These officers who are making wholesale arrests perhaps do not realize that the horseman traveling down the same road is also breaking the law. For instance, in our own park, any man can take a stop watch and inside of twenty minutes on a good afternoon can time twenty horsemen who are exceeding the speed limit. Has any one ever heard of this being done? Yet at the same time an automobile that is timed two or three seconds over the allowed speed is considered a menace to the city and a public nuisance. Its owner is hauled to the police station, detained until his release can be secured and altogether he passes through quite an unpleasant experience. It may not be well known, but it is a fact that these arrests seriously affect the automobile trade. Many are refrained from buying a car, simply because of their fear of arrest the first time they go out for a little pleasure. Why doesn't the automobile club appoint a committee to station themselves on some thoroughfare, and in company with an officer, arrest every horseman who is exceeding the speed limit? This will give the other fellow a dose of his own medicine and it would not be long before these country officers, and possibly some of our own specimens will use a little more judgment before locking a man up. We have no animosity toward horsemen nor do we claim that all automobilists are perfect. There are many who should be arrested and should be fined heavily, for it is because of these that innocent people who are driving merely for pleasure and who do not realize the speed of their machines are arrested and put to shame.

"Yours very truly,

"LEAVITT & BILL.
"(per R. C. Wheelock)."

An Auto At a Wedding

The limousine White steamer of Frank C. Havens created quite a sensation in Oakland last week. It was delivered to Mr. Havens in the afternoon and that same evening the enthusiastic motorist went in the car to a wedding, and, according to one of the guests, attracted more attention than the bride. After the ceremony Mr. Havens took seven people in the machine to their homes in Piedmont, and in order to comfortably seat all of them the two emergency folding seats were dropped. The auto easily carried its load of seven up all the Piedmont hills.

An Editorial Opinion

Says "Motor Field" editorially: "Though America did not win the Vanderbilt cup race, its record is one of which it may be proud. It seems probable that in a short time, with American skill and perseverance, that the trophies will commence to come to America for permanent residence. Certainly the automobile is not the ONLY thing in which America is inferior to other countries. Aside from the results of the race, there is cause for congratulation in the manner in which the race was conducted. To

Corey & Phillips, 600 Mission. Mercantile Lunch is served between 11 and 2, 15c. Cedar Brook Whiskey, formerly W. H. McBrayer—10 years old.

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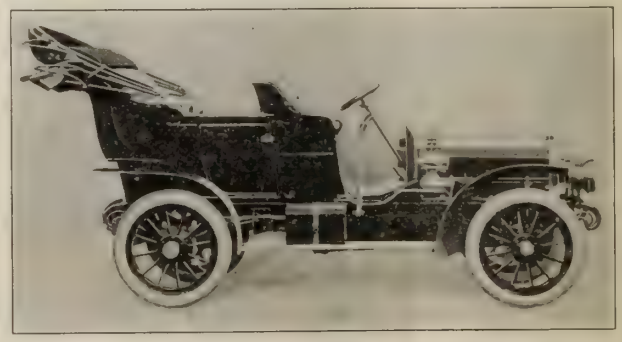
THE ONLY 1906 WINTON MODEL
ARE NOW BEING MADE.

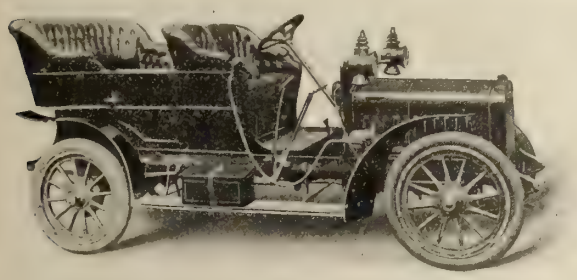


Two cars arrived Wednesday and 16 cars are en route--all sold--others following. If you are interested in 1906 Models "Get Busy" and have this wonderful car demonstrated thoroughly to you as the California allotment will be sold out early.

Pioneer Automobile Co.
901-925 Golden Gate Avenue
Phone Private 1000
SAN FRANCISCO
AGENTS FOR—Winton Motor Carriage Co.
Olds Motor Works
Racine Motor and Pleasure Boats
OAKLAND AGENCY—Oakland Automobile Garage, 12th and Madison Streets.

have managed such an event, in which there were so many interests, all striving more or less to further individual ends successfully, is a distinct achievement. It is remarkable that there was so little friction and better still that there were no accidents of moment to mar the record of the race. The success of the race augurs well for the future of road racing of a decent sort and should be a model for future contests."

The Peerless car, driven by Max L. Rosenfeld, has a record to be proud of—17,987 miles, so the odometer says, and this without a stop on the road save a few punctures and one blow-out. There are few cars that can equal this, and few owners who are so lucky.



THE 1906 FOUR-CYLINDER AUTOCAR

One of the new model machines expected to arrive soon in San Francisco

W. E. Dargie, proprietor of the Oakland "Tribune," has the automobile fever badly; besides ordering several machines to deliver his paper to the thousands of subscribers, has purchased a side-entrance White steam touring car for his own use. 1906 side-entrance Whites were delivered last week also to I. Merle of Alameda and to W. S. Tevis of this city. Both of them have owned Whites for several seasons past.

New motor cabs are being built for London which are to have the driver's seat at the back, as in the ordinary hansom type. The vehicles will be fitted with 12-horse-power, three-cylinder engines.

According to a consular report, a public service of electric victorias, under the management of a German firm, has been inaugurated in Buenos Ayres. Each vehicle is fitted with a taximeter; the fare is twenty-one and one-half cents for the first twelve hundred meters (three-quarters of a mile) or fraction thereof, and four and one-half cents for every three hundred meters thereafter.

The Tourist Service

Mrs. A. R. Torrance, of Pittsburg, who has been spending some time in Pasadena, is at the head of a movement to put in operation a "Seeing Pasadena" automobile service, and has ordered two large cars, each with a seating capacity of twenty-four persons, which it is expected will be in operation by the first of the new year. The cars will carry the familiar megaphone man, who will point out the various show places of the city to the tourists.

Seeing Erin in a Motor Car

In no country has the coming of the automobile made greater changes than in Ireland. For one thing, it has now become the fashion with those who are entrusted with high official positions in the country to travel throughout its length and breadth and see for themselves the land whose destinies they are helping to rule for the time being. Lord Dudley has been all over Ireland, possibly not leaving a country unvisited. He has the distinction of being the first Irish viceroy for many years who has realized that the sphere of his work lay in Ireland.

Lloyd Osbourne's "Baby Bullet" is one of the newest and most popular of the novels based on motor exploits.

Mrs. Charles Butters, with Miss Cavode and A. J. Gowen, of Wales, made the run to Byron Hot Springs in a Columbia, arriving Saturday and staying over Sunday. —**The Chauffeur.**

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

The Peerless Seasoning

This bottle with the label bearing the signature, Lea & Perrins, is familiar to the public, having been on the market for more than **seventy years.** As a seasoning, it improves more dishes than any other relish ever offered to the public. Soups, Fish, Meats, Game, Salads, etc., are made delicious by its proper use.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

adds enjoyment to every dinner. There is no other near as good!

Remember, Lea & Perrins' Sauce was in universal use a generation before any other so-called Worcestershire Sauce was ever heard of. Beware of Imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

A Century and Two Decades Ago

The Thanksgiving Proclamation of Governor Griswold of Connecticut in 1784, Which was Read in the Churches and Published in the Newspapers Throughout the State.

Wheras, the Divine power and goodness have been wonderfully displayed in the protection and deliverance granted to the inhabitants of this land from the first settlement of our forefathers until the present time; and marvelous have been the favourable interpositions of Divine Providence to them and their posterity in times of imminent danger, when repeatedly threatened with destruction from potent enemies; until it hath pleased the Most High, who ruleth over the kingdoms of men, to give us an equal rank among the sovereign nations of the earth, with the full enjoyment of our constitutional rights, civil and religious liberties, and privileges in peace; and from the same beneficent hand we at present enjoy the blessings of health and plenty, with innumerable other favors and mercies which call for the highest praise and thankfulness to the great author of all our benefits and tranquility.

I have therefore thought fit, by and with the advice of the Council and at the desire of the Representatives in General Court assembled, to appoint, and do hereby appoint Thursday, the second day of December next, to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving throughout this State, exhorting ministers of all denominations with reverence to present their thank-offerings to the Father of all our mercies, and to praise him for all the bounties of his providence, and richer blessings of his grace. In particular to ascribe thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the enjoyment of the means of grace, the inestimable privileges of a preached gospel, Sabbath and sanctuary advantages, for the continuation of the blessings of peace, the general enjoyment of health, and plentiful supplies of the fruits of the earth the current year; and for every expression of His loving kindness and tender mercies to inspire our National Council, the Congress of these United States, with wisdom and fidelity, equal to the trust reposed in them; that He may be graciously pleased to confirm and perpetuate the federal union, that civil discord and internal dissentions, or whatever tends to disturb the happiness, peace and prosperity of the nation may be prevented; that our civil administrations may be directed, owned and blessed; that the Most High would pour out His spirit in plentiful effusions upon the churches and ministers in this land; that seminaries of learning and other schools of instruction may be happily succeeded; that the people of this State may be smiled upon in their husbandry, fishery and commerce; that the Redeemer's kingdom may be advanced abundantly everywhere; and the world be filled with the glorious displays of the Divine perfections in and through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior. And all servile labor is forbidden on said day.

Given under my hand at the Council Chamber in New Haven, the first day of November, Anno Domini 1784.

MATTHEW GRISWOLD.

By his Excellency's command.

GEORGE WYLLIS, Sec'y.

Richard Outcault, humorist and cartoonist, whose creations, Buster Brown and the Yellow Kid, are known alike to young and old throughout the world, will give a series of humorous talks interspersed with rapid fire cartoon sketches at Lyric hall during Thanksgiving week. There will be daily matinees at which the young folks will receive Buster Brown souvenirs. Outcault will give one of his entertainments at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland Tuesday afternoon, December fifth, at half-past three, so that children may come after school hours and get one of the pretty and funny souvenirs.

Frederick Biggerstaff, pianist, announces a Chopin recital in Lyric hall on Thursday evening, November twenty-third. Mrs. Edward F. Schneider, mezzo soprano, will assist.

The Charlemagne
APARTMENT RESIDENCE
Now open for inspection at GEARY STREET, NEAR VAN NESS AVE. San Francisco's newest and therefore most elegant and up-to-date Apartment Residence. Absolutely fireproof. All outside rooms, hence light and airy. Suites may be rented furnished or unfurnished. Bell-boy, janitor, and maid service will be furnished. Its magnificent interior finish and faultless arrangement must be seen to be appreciated. Inspection cordially invited.

The Techau Tavern
A New Feature for the Entertainment of Patrons
The Royal Hawaiian Sextette, headed by the greatest of tenors, John Ellis, sing for Luncheon, Dinner and after Theatre. Special Solos by "Ellis" every Sunday night after the Theatre.

IF A ROOM
Is 12x14 or any other size, we would like to figure for the paper. We have the best line in the city at reasonable prices; high quality paper. Tapestry Effects, Silks, Velvets, Burlaps, Crashes and Leathers.
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Successors to the G. W. Clark Co.
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Weaknesses of the Great

(Concluded from Page 10)

Saint-Hilaire: if an organ acquires an extraordinary superiority, it is at the expense of some other organ of the system. As a consequence, one can understand how many men of genius, such as Gambetta, have been able to have a brain of weight inferior to the ordinary. On the other hand, the heaviest brains in men of genius were often the effect of a malady; for example, the ancient hydrocephalus, such as Cuvier and Helmholtz had. Thus falls to the ground the pretension of valuing genius by the weight of the brain.

Among the faculties which are most impaired in men of genius, must be first cited the will. The great philosophers and mathematicians, Kant, Newton, Grauss, were ignorant of passion and emotion, and had reduced their method of ordinary life to a monotonous routine. Oppositely, the artists are extremely emotional, but they are often, as Byron, incapable of following an argument, or, as Mozart, they have the need all their life of a tutor. Others lack what is called common sense or are ignorant in all things save their own specialty.

In the same way, if one keeps on with the intellectual faculties one sees that they are rarely complete: great gaps are wanting. One admires the depth of intellect, the breadth of view of a man of science, and one notices that he is superstitious. Hobbes did not believe in God but he had an intense fear of the devil. Byron regarded Friday as an unlucky day, and like many great men of our epoch, he believed in supernatural apparitions and ghosts. In spite of their intellectual qualities, these geniuses were not able to free themselves from the evil habits of their youths. These bits of foolishness placed in a young and impressionable brain remained engraved there, and such a man who could destroy the scientific errors accepted up to his time as dogmas, was powerless to free himself from the stories which amuse the infancy of humanity. Let not these things offend; they are, as it were, but part of the baggage of genius.

It does not suffice the genius, however, to be superintelligent or hyper-sentimental; it is often necessary that these high qualities be exalted by a cerebral superexcitation in order to accomplish a work of which he would be incapable in a normal state. To increase the blood circulation of the brain and induce the fever of production, geniuses have recourse to a thousand expedients. Some can work only while walking; others while extended horizontally. Still others, as Bossuet, envelop their heads with hot cloths, or as Schiller and Gretry, placed their feet in ice. Too often they take poisons, opium, hashish, alcohol, dangerous stimulants. They use these at first with discretion, then are forced to augment the amount and finally cannot do without them. The genius has not always need to excite his brain. The brain of the genius can carry in itself its own excitation. A great number of great men have been subject to convulsive attacks, from Saul, Julius Cæsar and Mahomet to Petrarch, Bonaparte, Handel, Flaubert and others. The inspiration of genius recalls in many ways an attack of hysterics. Of course it does not suffice to be hysterical or nervous in order to have genius. In certain cases this excitation may even be permanent. It is then occasioned by a chronic malady. Many times the disease occurring to a man of genius at an adult period, so far from enfeebling his faculties seems rather to augment them. It was after an attack of paralysis that Pasteur made his greatest discoveries. Thus even a malady as grave as paralysis can furnish a favorable excitation. Might not then certain superior degenerates be geniuses? In asylums there are seen idiots and imbeciles who are designers, mathematicians, musicians of such excellence that Felix Voisen has been able to qualify them as partial geniuses. Yet, however beautiful the form of their work may be, there is found a lack of equilibrium in the ideas. It is not necessary to see an identity between genius and insanity; for between them there exists a main difference. The idea of the man of genius is true, that of the idiot is false.

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there's no use trying to foist adulterated whiskies, brandies or wines on the public. It'll do for a while—a very short while. We have no inclination to attempt it even once. We take pride in the purity of our stock, and our prices—measure for measure, quality for quality—will convince you of the advantage of buying here.

RATHJEN COMPANY
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Phone SOUTH 893 NEAR ELLIS

GREAT DANGER IN 'HOME' REMEDIES

Standard Remedies, Adulterated with Wood Alcohol May Cause Death and Blindness

MISS MAC GILL'S TIMELY WARNING TO MOTHERS

Miss Adele MacGill, who has given much of her time to settlement work in various cities, and whose writings have attracted much attention because of the thorough knowledge displayed, has recently prepared a paper entitled "Blindness and Death in the Home Medicine Case," which has had high commendation from responsible sources. The paper is as follows:

To the mother, comforting angel of the home, I have to-day a word of warning and advice. It concerns some of our little stock of household remedies and their dangerous adulteration with those deadly poisons, wood alcohol and formaldehyde.

We all have on hand a bottle of camphor, extract of witch hazel or bay rum to comfort the unexpected headache, cure cut fingers, or bathe away bumps and bruises.

These remedies have come down to us from our mothers and grandmothers, who have profited by their use and have had every confidence therein, so we take their virtues for granted and seldom stop to consider their purity.

Substitute Wood Alcohol.

In this day of commercialism and substitution, some ignorant and unscrupulous manufacturers have taken advantage of this fact, and for the pure grain alcohol, which is the basis of most of these spirits and extracts, have substituted its dangerous namesake "wood alcohol."

The reason for this is that wood alcohol is cheap, costing about 15 or 20 per cent of the value of the pure grain alcohol, and by so doing enables the seller to attract trade by offering pints, quarts or gallons at a very small price.

The danger of it is that wood alcohol is a poison which causes blindness and death. It is most distressing, is it not, to think that in some of our medicines we are buying that which will kill instead of cure? It is true, however, and has been proven by actual occurrence.

Dr. Frank Buller, of Montreal, and Dr. Casey Wood, of Chicago, both noted specialists, have found through investigation more than 175 cases of blindness and over 100 deaths for which wood alcohol has been directly responsible.

Contain Poison

In an investigation recently made to determine the adulteration of commercial witch hazel, 70 samples were bought from as many leading drug and department stores in different cities and analyzed by reliable chemists.

Out of the 70 samples obtained 52 were found to contain a large percentage of formaldehyde (poison) or wood alcohol (poison), or both, while the few remaining samples were weak and watery.

This is coming close home, my dear friends; and, realizing the danger to health which lurks in such substitution, we must be most careful in the purchase of these old and reliable family remedies and be sure we get the original package, lotion or extract.

The distinguishing feature of wood alcohol poisoning is that it attacks the eye directly, and, even where death does not ensue, total blindness is almost invariably the consequence.

Blindness May Result

Poisoning from wood alcohol may be caused both by its internal use and by absorption through the pores or a small break in the skin. Think of that and what it means. One of the children comes to you with a cut on his finger and you apply cheap witch hazel to prevent the soreness which follows.

Suppose the witch hazel contains wood alcohol or formaldehyde, and it is likely to do so, the poison is quickly taken up by the blood, and blindness or blood poison is sure to result.

Your husband calls for the bottle of witch hazel to ease his face after shaving. If the witch hazel is adulterated with wood alcohol or formaldehyde, think of the chance for poisoning by absorption through the freshly opened pores, or a slight cut left by the razor, and how often have facial eruptions and serious results followed and no realization or suspicion of the cause.

You have a headache and bathe your forehead with camphor, or put a cloth dampened with common extract of witch hazel across your eyes. If wood alcohol has taken the place of pure alcohol in these remedies, and a drop of it gets into the eyes, total blindness is almost sure to follow.

Great Chances Taken

There are a hundred and one ways in which we use these remedies and a hundred and one times we take chances of blood poison and blindness from the wood alcohol with which they are often adulterated.

Now the question is, What is to be done? These remedies in their pure state are helpful, necessary and almost indispensable in the home; and we have a right to expect them to be pure. The thing we must do is to be sure of their purity when we buy them.

When you go into a store to make a purchase of this kind call for the standard product of well-known reputation, and accept no substitute, that you may be guaranteed that it is the pure grain alcohol, and not poison, which has been used in the manufacture of these articles.

It rests with you as a duty to be sure that you have the right product, and to tell others of the danger of using a cheap substitute; and as the public demands its rights, those who make or sell medicines which are not pure realize that they must make them pure. Always buy, even at a greater cost, a standardized article.—"N. Y. Mail and Express," Sept. 4, 1905.

POND'S EXTRACT of Hamamelis Virginica

has for sixty years been the standard extract of witch hazel and to-day is more popular than ever both with the public and the Medical profession. This has entailed upon POND'S EXTRACT the inevitable penalty of fame:—

Imitation and Substitution

Neither of these however, would be perilous to public health if unscrupulous manufacturers—swayed more by Profit than Principle—did not jeopardize the health and lives of the people by adulterating their common and unidentified witch hazels and offering them through wholesale and retail druggists and department stores as "the same thing" and "just as good" as POND'S EXTRACT.

Not content with marketing an inferior article these manufacturers reached the point at last—in their Greed of Gain—of offering witch hazel fortified with *Wood Alcohol* (poison) or *Formaldehyde* (poison) or both, to the imminent peril of all who were deceived into buying and using it.

So rife have these pernicious conditions become that the State Legislatures of New York and Illinois have enacted laws which make it an offence punishable by heavy fine, or imprisonment, or both, to sell any medicinal extract containing *Wood Alcohol* (poison) or *Formaldehyde* (poison) unless the bottle containing same be labeled *POISON*, and other States throughout the Union are taking steps one after another, to the same protective end.

In order, therefore, that the public may be secured against the danger of poisoning by the use of such witch hazels, we are impelled to publish the following

Caution

Witch Hazel is not "the same thing" as POND'S EXTRACT. On analysis of 70 samples of witch hazel, bought of leading wholesale and retail druggists and department stores, 52 contained *Wood Alcohol* (poison) or *Formaldehyde* (poison), or both, and not one of the other 18 was up to the required standard of strength. The peril of these poisons may be avoided by the exclusive use of

POND'S EXTRACT

It costs more, but it is worth the difference.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
NEW YORK AND LONDON

Letters

A Thompson-Seton Book

In "Animal Heroes" Ernest Thompson Seton has added another volume, in the same general style, to those already so well known. He acknowledges in a prefatory note, that the stories are all more or less composite. They relate the heroic histories of a cat, a dog, two wolves, a lynx, a jackrabbit, a reindeer and a pigeon, and in spite of all the controversies, Mr. Seton still seems to cling to his faith in the power of animals to reason and plan. The Slum Cat is a clinching argument of the power of heredity over environment, for pussy, despite her unusual beauty, was of the lowest possible ancestry. Being carefully treated, and fitted out with a pedigree and a royal name, she became the prize winner in a society cat show, and was bought for a great price and treated like a crown princess, yet she made her escape and returned over hundreds of miles on foot and in the face of dangers and discouragements, to the meagre living she could snatch from the garbage cans of the dockyards. "Arnaux" describes the life and fate of a homer pigeon, the exploits of a great prize winner, and his fate, incidentally recording some of the dangers which beset the career of these intelligent birds. "Badlands Billy" and the "Winnipeg Wolf" were examples of the survival of the fittest. They both managed to escape early perils, and to live to be exceptionally capable and successful in their careers. Billy was always an outlaw, and managed to keep himself clear of traps and pitfalls. The Winnipeg became the favorite companion of a little boy, but it is difficult to give credence to the assertion that it kept the anniversary of the child's death by mingling its howls with the Christmas bells at midnight. "Snap" was a fearless little bulldog who met his fate in a wolf hunt, and the "Little Warhorse" was a jackrabbit which successfully baffled all the hounds against whom he was matched in the coursing park, and won his freedom at last, through the sympathy of a warm-hearted Irishman. "The Boy and His Lynx" embodies some experiences of the author himself, in which he came into closer contact with the fierce beast than any of his readers will crave to repeat, and "The Legend of the White Reindeer" takes us to Norway, and to a bit of legend and folk-lore in which the intelligence and swiftness of the white deer was the means of saving the country in a political crisis. The book is beautifully gotten out, with wide margins, on fine, heavy paper, uniform with "Wild Animals I Have Known" and "Lives of the Hunted." In all there are over two hundred illustrations, nineteen of them full page. It is another example of the fine workmanship for which Charles Scribner's Sons are so well known.

OAKLAND COMES

nearer being a one-paper city than any other in the West. Seven-tenths of the reading public in Alameda County depend upon

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for all the news of the day. Exclusive Associated Press dispatches. Greatest Number of pages each day. Only Oakland daily generally recognized by the San Francisco and foreign advertisers. Send for Sample Copy.

M·J·B Coffee SELLS·BETTER THAN·ANY·OTHER
WHY?

Some Holiday Publications

Paul Elder is early in the field with a batch of beautiful and varied holiday productions, notable for the novelty of their settings and their entire originality. In the space at my command I cannot give the extended mention to the more ambitious of these publications that they deserve, but it will certainly repay everybody who loves artistic books and booklets to obtain one of the Elder catalogues, and to take a look at his holiday output. In the list of publications is "A Critique of Socialism" by Edward F. Adams, an essay which was read before the Ruskin Club of Oakland, and is now preserved in this enduring form. Mr. Adams says in his prefatory paragraph: "My animus is that I heartily desire most if not all the ends proposed by abstract Socialism, which I understand to be a perfectly just distribution of comfort. If, therefore, I am a critic of Socialism, I am a friendly critic, my objections to its program resting mainly on a conviction that it would not remove but would intensify the evils which it is intended to mitigate." While the essay was intended to be, and is, entertaining, it does not fail to present seriously and concisely the objections to the Socialistic doctrine. "Sovereign Woman Versus Mere Man" is a medley of quotations compiled by Jennie Day Haines, with a cover design, borders and frontispiece by Gordon Ross. The passages have been gathered from Marie Corelli, Israel Zangwill, John Oliver Hobbes, Emerson, Holmes, Voltaire, etc. Spinsters, wives, widows, queens, artists and servants of sovereign woman are opposed, page by page, by Mere Man in the guise of bachelors, husbands, widowers, kings and poets; love, matrimony, coquetry, cooking and fads are among the subjects analyzed for both sexes. It is a very excellent and picturesque presentation of the subject. Jennie Day Haines also compiled the Blue Monday book, cheery quotations to brighten the year's blue Mondays. The typographic scheme of the volume was designed and executed by Harry Nash, the text in Cheltenham old style, printed in blue-black ink, and bordered with a chaste rule design of perfect workmanship, printed in a delicate blue tint on Japan antique paper. Spencer Wright, the young artist who has achieved quite a little note as a designer, did the border and rubricated initials of the pretty little "manual of diet for old and young," called "Good Things and Graces," a charming thing to send to friends afar. "Childe Harold," familiar to newspaper readers, presents "A Child's Book of Abridged Wisdom," illustrated nonsense verse that every adult with a bit of humor in his makeup will enjoy. The second series of the Psychological Year Book contains quotations for every day in the year showing the laws, the ways, the means, the methods for gaining lasting health, happiness, peace and prosperity—arranged with some reference to their chronology, beginning with Genesis and ending with the authors of today. Agnes Greene Foster compiled the exquisite Bible Mosaics. In one booklet are gathered all the Promises of the Bible, classified into Promises of Comfort, of Love, of Supply, of Safety, and so on. In other little volumes similarly arranged are the Answers, the Commands and the Admonitions of Holy Writ. The Cynic's Calendar for 1906 combines in one volume all the clever twisted maxims, illustrations and decorations of the two previous years, by the now celebrated Three Wise Sages (Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford and Addison Mizner). Mrs. Mumford also invented and designed the new Joke Book Note Book, full of epigrams and familiar jokes and "good stories." It provides a place for new stories, with plenty of room for the old.

—The Bookworm.

MIRIAM MICHELSON

Whose "In the Bishop's Carriage," dramatized from her first novel, is one of the year's stage hits. Miss Michelson's latest, "The Yellow Journalist," is now on the list of best sellers.

Rich and Rare

It is hard to describe the exquisite flavor, so mellow and delicious, of

Hunter
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Taste is the judge and satisfaction is the verdict.

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The Philippines; Real and Apparent

(Continued from Page 8)

tal. In other words, under this law, justice finds a way of getting even with an acquitted defendant in some other way and at some other time. This was demonstrated in the recent trial of Paul Weems, Disbursing Officer for the Insular Coast Guard Service, who was tried and acquitted upon a charge of train robbery. After his exoneration, the Manila sleuths went to work to pick him to pieces somehow, and finally unearthed an occasion where some employes had signed pay receipts for their salaries a week before receipt of their money. Technically, this may seem irregular, but the system is necessary where a paymaster covers a wide territory, and it is the officially recognized system throughout the army and many civil service bureaus. The amount in this instance was something like one hundred dollars; there was no indication of shortage nor anything to show fraudulent intent. But no matter; the technical offence was there, and the unfortunate man—or rather boy, for he is only twenty years—was promptly sentenced to *fifteen* years' imprisonment in a tropical dungeon! And of these cases there are scores. Fortunately, however, the Supreme Court is always open for appeal and generally takes a sensible view of things in deciding. No person convicted by a lower court takes the sentence seriously if he has the means to fight it out.

As this delightful law will remain in operation until 1906, we may expect to see some further jiu-jitsi contests with the Blind Goddess. The American judges who dispense this extraordinary law, openly and frankly comment upon its harshness, and deal out sentences with deprecatory apologies, at the same time suggesting appeals to the Supreme Court for an abatement of sentence.

Few sections of the civilized world afford more alluring inducements to the matrimonially inclined damsel than Manila. The reason for this is obvious. Since the American occupation the archipelago has had a steady influx of vigorous young Americans, many of whom have settled down to comfortable positions and taken up permanent residence in the islands. Statistics show six thousand one hundred single men in Manila and nearly three thousand more scattered throughout the provincial towns. Of single women there are only five hundred, and consequently over eight thousand eligible young men have to choose between celibacy and marriage with native women. The result of this great inequality of the sexes may today be found in the chaotic social problem which confronts our colonial legislators in the rapidly increasing numbers of Americans taking Filipino wives. The exact number of Americans married to Filipinos is not known, but official records show that twelve per cent, or one-eighth of the three hundred commissioned officers of the Philippine constabulary, have contracted these unions, while probably a greater proportion would cover the general Civil Service employes. Were the wife in each instance selected from the mestiza, or better class, the situation would not be so disconcerting, but the deplorable fact remains that many bright young fellows have chosen their wives from the tao, or lower classes, and, in a number of cases from females of the aboriginal tribes. Even under the most favorable conditions these questionable marriages are disastrous in the extreme, involving always temperamental inadaptation, together with an utter absence of marital equality of respect, and afford neither the means nor the end to reciprocal interests under the marriage bond from which alone can emanate a proper quality of progeny or a due consideration for the fitness of

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If you own an Edison Phonograph you can hear the latest songs and music from the popular comic operas or your favorite composers. A carefully selected list of *Edison Gold Moulded Records* is issued each month. These records repro uce faultlessly every tone and harmony of voices or instruments. To appreciate the superior qualities of the Edison Goods, come to my store and hear as many records as you wish free, or write for the booklet.

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things. Among the many and novel suggestions advanced to counteract this growing evil was the establishment of an official matrimonial bureau conducted under the auspices of the Civil Government and seconded by agents in the homeland. This plausible project was discussed at length by several prominent officials of the Civil Government, but was abandoned. However, it would seem that therein lies the only present source of remedial action for this social evil, and the organization of a properly conducted matrimonial bureau might indeed work wonders in helping along the inadequacy of supply for the crying demand of exiles of the Orient for wives. School teachers and hospital nurses comprise the only young women to be found in the islands today, and dual happiness stands at their ready behest.

Perhaps the most important office in the Civil Commission is filled by a prominent Californian, General James F. Smith, Secretary of Public Instruction, who will probably fill the gubernatorial chair when Governor Wright retires. His almost incredible achievements under adverse conditions reflect great credit on his executive ability and will contribute much to the solution of the colonial problems. Ignorance, superstition, distrust, strange dialects and stranger environments have all been overcome by his active force of workers, and the establishment of an excellent public school system now stands as a lasting monument to his genius. Smith, who is a Catholic, has been hampered in his work by outside interference, notably the Iowa Catholic Congress, which petitioned for his recall on the grounds of undue partiality in appointing non-Catholics to subordinate positions. The absurdity of this allegation may be appreciated when it is seen that all employes of his bureau are appointed by the Civil Service of the United States and the Philippines, quite irrespective of religious affinities. Smith is thoroughly loyal as a Catholic and equally loyal and conscientious as an office-holder; he has the courage of his convictions and knows just exactly how to maintain a dual loyalty without detriment to either Church or State. His administration of office has been deemed eminently successful throughout, but it has never been heard, by those who know him best, that he has ever renounced allegiance to his Church by shutting out Catholic teachers or abandoned fealty to his office by exercising questionable partiality. Were the allegations traced to the source it would no doubt be found that bigotry, prejudice or jealousy actuated the mud-slinging at the spotless name of a valuable public servant.

November, 1905.

The Mansfeldt Club is giving its fifth piano recital on Thursday evening of this week, with the following program: Chaconne, D minor, Bach-Busoni, Ethel Duke; Adagio, from op. 61, Chopin, Etude de Cocenrt, op. 19, No. 2, Poldini, Wiegenlied, op. 41, No. 1, Grieg, Mazurka de Salon, op. 9, No. 3, Tschaikowsky, Selma Werner; Ballade, B minor, Liszt, Waltz, A flat, op. 42, Chopin, Joan Baldwin; Ballade, op. 10 Brahms, Barcarolle, op. 30, No. 1, Rubinstein, Cantique d'Amour, Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, Liszt, Helen Stocking.

Full announcement will soon be made of the Alice Neilsen opera season, to be given here under Will Greenbaum's management. It promises to be one of the daintiest, most charming, and artistic opera seasons ever given in this city. The company is headed by Alice Neilsen, who has William Parry, formerly Grau's head man, as the stage manager, and a new tenor said to be a wonder. The repertoire will contain such rarely heard gems as "Crispino e la Comare," which Patti sang in twenty years ago, "L'Elisir D'Amore," one of the most charming of Donizetti's works, and "Don Pasquale," in which Sembrich made such a hit during the last Grau season.

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Music

The End of the Season

It was a shame that the best "Aida" ever given at the Tivoli, at least within my memory, should have had such a small audience. All the top gallery seats were filled, but there was a mere sprinkling of auditors in the parquet. Polacca, oblivious to the small audience, led as if the house were jammed as on the Tetrazzini nights, and his men played with tremendous enthusiasm. Petrella's "Aida" was marked by her usual dramatic excellence and at times her singing was almost equal to her acting. Petrella has a voice with a capital V—if she would only learn to use it properly! The male principals were all in good form. "Il Trovatore" and "La Boheme" closed the season this week.

Die Probe Meeting

An interesting meeting of "Die Probe" was held at the von Meyerinck recital hall on Monday evening last. An explanatory talk by Madame von Meyerinck upon the personality and work of Doctor Wolle, now Berkeley, preceded the musical exercises of the evening. The young ladies of "Die Probe" are doing excellent work. Miss Halton and Miss Maguire sang a madrigal in canon, and later in the evening Miss Halton carried off her Handel recitative and aria in good style. The young lady is to be commended for her clear enunciation. Miss Forcade was not so good as usual in "Una Voce Poco Fa," although she does some clever colorature work for one so young. Miss Spink had a trying number in the prayer from "La Tosca." I must felicitate the young lady who sang the "Jerusalem" excerpt from Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," but at the same time I must apologize for having failed to catch her name. Mrs. Cox quite brought down the house with "Ah Mon Fils," but could not be prevailed upon to repeat her triumph. Miss Lily Blum, a pupil of Frederick W. Zech, Jr., gave a dramatic rendition of Chopin's "Third Ballade," followed by a charming little Grieg number.

The first concert of the Arion Singing Club took place on Thursday evening last under the musical direction of Frederick W. Zech, Junior, assisted by Miss Lily Blum, Miss Lulu Purlensky, and James Hamilton Howe. The club is doing good choral work for separate male and female choruses and also for mixed voices. The program was an interesting one and was: "O Mistress Mine," Ambrose, Arion mixed chorus; "Ave Maria," Abt, soprano solo by Miss Katie Stapff, Dort ist so tiefer Schatten, Abt, Arion ladies' chorus; International Liberty Hymn, male chorus; piano solo, Valse in E major, Moszkowski, Miss Lily Blum; soprano solo, "Dein," Bohm, Miss Lulu Purlenky; Dornroschen, Rheinberger, male chorus; Crossing the Bar, op. 34, No. 1, poem by Alfred Tennyson, Mary had a little Lamb, composed and conducted by James Hamilton Howe, male chorus; piano solo, Fantasie Impromptu, Chopin, Miss Blum; "Die Elfenkonigen," Stiehl, ladies' chorus, solo by Miss Stapff; soprano solo, "O komm' mit mir in die Fruhlingsnacht!", Miss Lulu Purlenky; Wiegenlied, Brahms, Trinklied, Zollner, male chorus; Bauernhochzeit, Soedermann, mixed chorus. A feature of the evening was the "International Liberty Hymn," words by John G. Jury, and music by James Hamilton Howe. Mr. Jury's text is much better than the generality of such compositions and quite worthy of Mr. Hamilton's music, which is no slight praise. Miss Blum, the pianiste, has a vigorous dramatic style, but lacks repose. Some of her mannerisms remind me of Fanny Bloomfield Zeissler.

Mrs. Dessaline Shepard and Mrs. Mabel van der Zweip Stringer, accompanied by Wallace Sabin, gave a vocal and instrumental recital in the new California Club hall last Thursday evening, which was enjoyed by a cultured and fashionable audience. The program was: Holbergsuite, Grieg, Mrs. Shepard; vocal—Orpheus and His Lute, Henry Parker, Mrs. Stringer; vocal—Ach wob dies Gewand, Max Bruch, Mrs. Shepard; Calm as the Night, Carl Bohm, Mrs. Stringer; Aubade a la Fiancee, F. Lambert, Mrs. Shepard; vocal Who is Sylvia?, Franz Schubert, Mrs. Stringer; Le Bal, Valse de Concert, Rubinstein, Mrs. Shepard; vocal—Rendezvous, W. Aletter, Good Night, C. Nevin, Mrs. Stringer.

The Dow Musicale

The twenty-fifth "pupils' evening" at the studio of Mr. and Mrs. Percy A. Dow was given on November eighth with the following program: "Handel": Jeptha, Smiling Dawn (three part chorus), Misses Bane, Calvin, Council, Green, Swindell, Thomas; Agis and Galathea, As when the dove, Miss R. Lynch; Berenice, Si tra i ceppi, Miss Nina Thomas; Judas Maccabeus, Come smil-

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ing liberty, Misses Calvin and Knight; Messiah, Comfort ye, my people, Mr. N. W. Pendleton; Semele, O Sleep, Miss A. Monges; Serse, Largo (violin), Miss Mina Clarke; Rinaldo, Lascia chio pianga (in unison), Mrs. Munroe, Misses Enslow, Levingston and Wolff; Samson, Honor and Arms, Mr. Burckhalter; Samson, Total Eclipse, Mr. Monges; Judas, Come lovely peace, Mrs. and Miss Mendenhall; Messiah, Oh! thou that tellest, Miss Hipkins; Messiah, I know that my Redeemer, Mrs. M. G. Best; Judas, See, the conquering hero (chorus). Accompanists, Mrs. M. A. Cook, Miss M. Bumstead, Miss A. Calvin; biographical topics by Miss E. Mattern, Messrs. French, Luscombe, Baker, Parkinson.

The pupils of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bollinger gave a piano recital at their studio last Saturday, assisted by Mrs. Cecil Mark, soprano, and Miss Bessie Fuhrer, violin. Those taking part in the program were: Edna Murray, Clara Campbell, Mrs. James H. Gordon, Constance Dixon and Helen Eichenberg.

Musicales will be given at the Hopkins Institute during the annual fall exhibition, now under way, on Thursday evening, November twenty-third and Wednesday, November twenty-ninth. The programs are under Sir Henry Heyman's direction.

Professor and Madame Joseph Beringer announce a pupil recital to be given on Tuesday evening, November twenty-eighth, at Steinway hall. The program will bring out some of Prof. Beringer's compositions for two pianos. The pupils taking part are mostly of an advanced grade, several of them having already appeared in their own recitals.

Madame Ida Gray Scott, assisted by Mrs. Madeline Gwynn, violin, and Miss Ethel Duke, accompanist, gave a musicale on Monday afternoon at her studio in the Fairview hotel. Another musicale will be given next Monday afternoon.

—The Music Critic.

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TOWN TALK

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Police Scandal

The daily papers have been greatly agitated over the discovery that burglars and footpads are employed as police officers in San Francisco. Two years ago Town Talk called attention to the fact that the Police Department of this city was in a badly demoralized condition. We believed then and we believe now that if the true character of our police department were known a very nervous feeling would prvade the whole city. We have no reason to doubt the honesty of the present Chief of Police; indeed, we regard him as a very efficient and zealous officer; but we feel quite sure that some of the officials of the department, hold-overs from the preceding Administration, are corrupt. When patrolmen in large numbers take to thievery it is because they know that such conduct is not inconsistent with the tone of the department. When criminals are rampant in a big city as they are in San Francisco, it is *prima facie* evidence of the fact that the police officials are complaisant. Such is the testimony of Josiah Flynt, an authority who mingled with thieves and who knows all about their relations with the leading police officials of the country. He tells us that professional criminals never infest a big city in large numbers for the purpose of preying on the inhabitants unless they have been guaranteed immunity. Thieves, bunco men and confidence operators have been very active in this city for more than two years. It is easy to rid a city of the criminal element for expert criminals are usually ex-convicts and are known to the police, a fact that has been acknowledged by our police authorities on one or two occasions when they locked up temporarily all the well-known pickpockets to prevent them from robbing visitors to San Francisco on the occasion of a big parade. Why were the pickpockets not driven out of the city? And if the police had no difficulty in rounding up pickpockets on such occasions, why should they not be expected to round up burglars and footpads periodically and give them notice to quit town? Professional thieves are quick to take a hint from the police. Chief Dinan is now actively engaged in investigating the department scandal. We hope he shall not take amiss the suggestion that as his own detectives seem to be unable to put an end to the carnival of crime in San Francisco, a few Pinkerton men be employed to round up all the well-known thieves now sojourning in San Francisco.

Our Auful Postal Service

It is obvious that the postal service in this city is far from what it should be. Indeed it is most wretchedly inadequate, a fact of which we are made painfully aware by the numerous complaints received from subscribers who should receive their papers every Friday but who do not get them until Saturday some weeks and sometimes not until Monday. It appears that the postal service is handled in a haphazard manner, but we believe the blame should be charged against the authorities in Washington. Not in many years have we had first-class postal service in this city, but since the removal of headquarters to the new building at Seventh and Mission streets the consequent revolution of the local system, the irregularity of the mails and the numerous causes of complaint that have arisen, have at times made us feel as though we were living at a point remote from civilization. This is a matter that should receive the attention of the commercial bodies of San Francisco. Vigorous protest should be made at Washington, and our representatives should be urged to take some action toward reminding those officials who seem to be indifferent to our troubles that San Francisco is still on the map.

They Need the Money

A circular has been sent to the agents of the New York Life Insurance Company, informing them that the Armstrong investigation, "so far as it concerns the N. Y. L. I. C., is practically over" and that "the mistakes our management has made have not been vital to the policyholders, and will not occur again"; also, that "sensational journalism and ignorant public opinion" are responsible for the prejudice against the company. The agents are urged to their most energetic efforts for several reasons, the chief one being, "Because we need the money." This is, perhaps, the only statement in the whole circular that approximates the truth, but it is sufficient to entitle the author to commendation for his candor. Whatever else may be said about the New York Life it certainly needs the money. The generosity of its predatory magnates to themselves and their relatives, and their lavish disbursement of funds in the promotion of political corruption, make the steady influx of money from policy-holders an imperative necessity. Mr. McCall cannot build marble palaces if his agents do not gather in the shekels. However, despite the frankness and directness of the literary style affected in the publicity department of the company, we doubt that the agents will succeed in increasing their business to a great extent in the immediate future. We are inclined to the opinion that the Armstrong committee and sensational journalism have combined to make the McCall-McCurdy style of graft a little unpopular, and that if the eminent financiers of the great insurance system intend to continue in the bunco-steering business they will have to invent some new sleight-of-hand process for luring the coin of the realm from the pockets of the unsophisticated.

The Underpaid Soldier

Major-General F. C. Ainsworth, the military secretary at Washington, reports that 6,533 enlisted men deserted from the army last year, and he says that wholesale desertion will continue until the deserter shall be regarded as a criminal by a changed public sentiment. If that be so then there is no likelihood of desertion being discouraged. The private soldier is an object of sympathy, it being assumed that he would not be in the army were he not in hard luck. Consequently when he deserts in time of peace nobody but a commissioned officer would regard his action resentfully or wish to see him sent to jail. If Uncle Sam were as proud of his army as he pretends to be, if he had any sense of proportion, if he felt that a man employed to fight for his country was worthy of his hire, then he would raise the dignity of the American soldier by stimulating his ambition in time of peace as well as in time of war. The work of the soldier should be made as attractive as other pursuits. Thirteen dollars a month is the pay of the enlisted man for the first two years in the infantry, cavalry and artillery, with slight increases for prolonged service. It is surprising that we get such good material as we find in the army at so low a rate of compensation, and getting such good material as we do it is surprising that the army is not seriously crippled through desertions every year. In our opinion desertions will continue until an aroused public sentiment demands not that the deserter be regarded as a criminal, but that the soldier be given more wages.

A Nation of Brotherhoods

Every little while some world reformer arises to inveigh against secret societies. The latest is Posey S. Wilson, who attacks them in the New York *Sun*, a journal that periodically takes a whack at the Masons. Mr. Wilson proposes that membership in a secret society be a "cause" of challenge in selecting juries, and that the names of all members be posted in public places. "Then and not till then," he says, "shall dawn the day of the free and independent man." Mr. Posey Wilson has tackled a big job, the United States being a nation of "joiners." The total membership of the principal fraternal organizations in this country is over eight million. Nearly every ninth person belongs to a secret order. The citizen unattached to one or more brotherhoods is either unsocial or full of confidence in his own resources. At the rate at which our fraternal orders are growing it will not be many years before every man is a Knight of Something or Other, and then there shall be no occasion for complaint against the multitudinous societies which have ostensibly for their object the promotion of charity and good fellowship, but which are unfortunately in many instances perverted to the selfish ends of the unworthy. Comparatively few men join secret societies in an altruistic spirit. Charity is one of the fundamental principles of all fraternal orders, but each joiner is impelled by a sense of the material benefits that may accrue to him through extending his acquaintanceship and becoming entitled to the sympathy and assistance of all his "brothers." The altruistic constitute a very small percentage of the membership of fraternal organizations. The most active members of every lodge are professional men engaged in building up a practice or business men cultivating patronage. Seldom have successful professional and business men time to devote to fraternal matters. Consequently fraternal societies are instrumental in promoting the interests of incompetents. We have seen judges elevated to the bench simply on the strength of their fraternal pull, and every year we see good joiners running for office not because of their qualifications but because they are believed to have the backing of some powerful secret society. Professional fraternalism has become a serious evil and to check it should be the earnest endeavor of every honest and upright member of secret organizations. The purposes of fraternal societies are most creditable; these fraternities promote a feeling of universal brotherhood in an age of selfishness, they foster charity and brotherly love, and amid social distinctions they level all men upon one plan of equality, but there principles are being perverted, and these societies have grown so numerous and have done so much toward lowering the quality of their membership that the emblems of some of the most exclusive have in a measure lost their significance. As a consequence these societies have come to be regarded by the irreverent merely as a medium by which thousands of our best citizens gratify their yearning for a little harmless exploitation. It is believed that they are inspired by the same ambition that prompts one to sign his name to a poem. We may greet with a loud guffaw a worthy brother marching along to the music of the band in the full pride and panoply of fraternal rank, but we all like distinction in some form. If a man cannot write a poem he can at least raise Vandyke whiskers or wear a diamond ring. We all have not tastes alike; so the man who would scorn the vulgarity of a diamond ring or turn pale at the thought of sprouting whiskers will yield gracefully to the temptation to put on the regalia of fraternal rank and sit in iridescent, effulgent state, there to be addressed by a supergrandiloquent title and flatter himself that he looks the part. There are some men who have nothing in their whole career to which they can point with pride except that they went through all the chairs of a lodge. In this prosaic humdrum world we cannot have too many mediums for the indulgence of our conceit. And it is a pleasure to reflect that while it is possible there may be one man in the country to whom the doors of all our innumerable societies are closed, it is one of the inalienable rights of every American citizen to become the founder of a new fraternal order.

The Fate of a Snob

The comfortable assurance that "There is a sweet little angel that sits up aloft and looks out for poor Jack" has hitherto been warrant for the rest of the world to leave "Jack" to his own devices and furnish the mythical angel with plenty to do. Apparently, Secretary Bonaparte entertains a different view, for, recently, he dismissed one of the civilian employes of the navy yard at Norfolk because of his treatment of a machinist's mate. The enlisted man had entered into a contract to lease two rooms in a dwelling house for his own use, but when he was ready to take pos-

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session of the premises, the landlord refused to carry out his contract, giving as a reason his objection to having the tenant seen about the house in his uniform. There was more or less gossip about the occurrence, and some wind of rumor blew it to headquarters. Secretary Bonaparte ordered an investigation and found the facts as reported. There was no objection to the enlisted man on any other ground than that he was not considered socially eligible on account of his being in the service, but the landlord, himself occupying a salaried position at the navy yard, "thought it due to his family to maintain their social position." In consequence, he is now "out of a job," and common sense, which is good law, will approve the dismissal. In rendering his decision, Secretary Bonaparte said: "A person whose attitude toward the uniform of enlisted men is what this employe stated his to be is unsuitable for employment in this department." It was a display of snobbishness akin to that of the cook-lady whose nose is elevated when she encounters the wash-lady. A family whose financial resources were so limited as to make the sub-letting of a portion of their domicile necessary could not be occupying a very exalted station at best, and a political appointee dependent on his pull is not likely to outrank in usefulness an enlisted man who may be presumed to be fairly expert about his special duties. We are treated, periodically, to long screeds about improving the personnel of the army and navy, encouraging well behaved men to enter the service, but it will take something more than an occasional pink tea with charming society belles flirting with the officers to encourage men with other prospects to enlist in the lower ranks. Instead of the contempt, open or veiled, which is meted out to the man in uniform, he should be treated as any other, according to his conduct, and if his behavior is not objectionable he should receive extra consideration because he is in the service of his country.

A New Type of Investigator

Elizabeth Howard Westwood has been investigating the department stores, after the manner of the times, that is, dropping out of her appointed place in the world to work behind the counter, with a view to discovering the true inwardness of the saleswoman's hard lot. She is contributing the results of her observations to *Public Opinion*, and presenting a refreshing novelty, in that she has not found the managers, heads of departments and floor walkers ravening wolves intent on devouring "Little Red Ridinghood," nor her companions princesses in distress. On the contrary, she appears to have enjoyed herself in spite of her occupation, and to have found the girls not so very different from women elsewhere. Their innate lack of refinement is reason enough in itself why they should not be teachers and stenographers, and evidently a goodly proportion of them can thank themselves that they were taken from school in their early teens, for they did not want to go any further in a scholastic career, and would have been only a burden to themselves and a dead weight for teachers to carry forward. The girls simply have not ambition enough to interest themselves in anything but clothes and amusements, and they are not being murdered because they are required to attend to their business in working hours and make some return for the wages paid them. It is to be hoped that Miss Westwood is the pioneer of a new type of investigator, for, heretofore it appears to have been taken for granted, whether it be the domestic servants, the housekeepers, or the army of saleswomen and factory hands, that there were only hardships and grievances to be canvassed and those solely from the one point of view. Of course there are trials in the life of the saleswoman, but so there are in every other walk of life. In a great many instances the troubles are those of the individual, to be cured by the victim, if at all. There is no use in stirring up ill feeling between employers and employes because, from the standpoint of an outsider, things might be different. A few cents' fine for tardiness or inattention seems a petty thing to an on-looker, yet if the fine system were abolished a large proportion of the hands would become absolutely indifferent to hours or obligations, and a little unchecked carelessness here and there would soon destroy enough stock to cut well into the profits of business. If these amateur detectives would direct more of their energy toward teaching the girls to be dissatisfied not with their wages or their work, but with themselves, to rousing their ambition to learn more about the goods they handle and the way to make themselves more useful, they would be doing good work in the world. No one will deny that purchasers are often needlessly exacting, that hours are long and standing tiresome, and that doing the same thing day after day in the same place becomes monotonous to the verge of endurance, but the same argument can be made against any occupation. The seamstress who feeds endless lengths of cloth into her machine, or the heeler in a shoe factory, or the riveters in a machine shop, or the teachers in a school room are no better off. Neither is the housekeeper with her endless round of three meals a day and the dishes to wash. What can't be cured must be endured, and it would be wiser if all hands would follow the example of Miss Westwood, accept the inevitable as a matter of course, and get as much amusement as possible out of the incidentals, watching the crowds, noticing the various devices for attracting custom, or even weaving romances from the material at hand. In all these lamentations over hardships there is one point to be considered, whether it be the dissatisfied wife who continues to keep house under conditions which she proclaims to be intolerable, the grown daughter who remains at home, or the servant or salesgirl who spends her spare time in reviling her employers—that, however bad they may profess to find things, individually they are better off than in any other position open to them. After striking a balance the result is in favor of letting things remain as they are. The financial returns are better, the demands smaller, the privileges greater or the social position superior to anything else within reach of attainment

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Perspective Impressions

Several noted philosophers have said that public opinion is of no value since a man cannot be altered by the things that are said about him. Philosophers do not always know what they are talking about. A public official may be so flattered by erroneous public opinion as to resolve to live up to the false estimate that has been put upon his worth. Thus we see that a man may be altered by the things that are said about him. Thus, also, do we see that philosophers are sometimes as misleading as public opinion.

The history of the Russian revolution is the history of all revolutions: follies committed by intelligent people, crimes committed by honest people.

"Try an automobile for indigestion," is the advice of a medical scientist, but he neglected to tell us whether it should be taken on an empty stomach or at bed-time.

It appears that Mr. Hearst ran for Mayor of New York merely to keep his longest leased wire busy.

"There never has been a time in our national life," says Mr. Grover Cleveland, "when public duty and public service called more loudly for the direct interposition of the steadying and conservative strength of university and college training." Now let us hear from the man who accepted the tainted money for Yale. President Harper of the Petroleum University will be permitted to follow, and to the sentiment, "There's nothing like college training to fit a man for insurance graft," there is none better able to respond than our old college chum, Chaunce Depew.

Being mindful of an old proverb, I respectfully suggest that to insure the catching of the predatory policemen a few thieves be borrowed from the penitentiary.

I deem it "smart" with her who writes
The daily gush in saffron tones,
That climbers rise on stepping-stones
Of trodden friends to social heights.

The comic relief in the great tragic drama of Russia is supplied by the grotesque Emperor in his efforts to catch up with the Revolution. He took a handicap at the start by letting the Revolution get away while he was pondering the first hurdle in the shape of a concession demanded by the people. Since then the revolutionaries have led him at a merry clip, throwing up so many hurdles that he has been losing ground at every jump. Nicholas could scarcely be funnier if he were trying to climb a greased pole.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury recommended Tom Clunie as an attorney for the crooked insurance companies when McCurdy, McCall and Hyde were trying to persuade Insurance Commissioner A. J. Clunie that they were not running a brace game. Which reminds me that one attorney who knows the ropes is worth more than ten who merely know the law.

Apothegms for the Idle

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

What were the summer, stripped of all its bloom?
What were the world, denying idlers room?
The serious faces of the spinners left
Affrighting one another in the gloom.

Who finds his work in life where pleasure lies,
Who feasts, though he at last of famine dies,
Can say that he has lived though he may hold
No fleeting bauble that the frugal prize.

Utility and beauty seldom mate,
And he who turns the idle from his gate
Perchance but cuts the lily from its stem
To leave his garden bare and desolate.

When indolence would plead its own defense
Turn not away in pride of eminence;
The drone and worker find the common goal
And lie in lengths of equal consequence.

Withhold the condemnation that would fling
The cloak of silence o'er the hearts that sing,
The word of cheer though voiced by careless lips
Is ever to be held a priceless thing.

November, 1905.

The Transition Woman

BY HARRY COWELL.

No man loves an old woman; but the old woman, every man; and this latter he loves atavistically, instinctively, for self-love's sake, because he cannot get her, in that she is dust, idealizable. Such a girl as he imagines his great-grandmother to have been, her would he fain marry, but cannot find. We all know his mental picture of her. She shall have the fatal gift of beauty, and be guiltless of a single thought; he shall be to her first love, she, his last; in him, her husband, shall she live and move and have her being; she shall see the world through his eyes; all good things shall she receive at his hands; apart from him she shall have nothing, be nothing. Pin that up on the wall of your *boudoir,* my daughter; 'tis a pencil sketch of your mother's mother's mother. How like her in looks you are; how unlike in outlook.

The new woman one might possibly marry; but then, the new woman is not yet; she is of tomorrow. That is why one might marry her.

The transition woman, as we must call her for lack of a better term; the woman of today, at hand; to look at passable only, not of the haunting loveliness of the dead, the unborn; guilty of ten thousand thoughts, every one of them a heresy; determined to touch life directly, gain knowledge of good and evil at first hand, as does man—man will have none of. She is possible and therefore impossible.

But, man alive, it is—or so, at least, it seems to me—grave error on your part to hold that of all women, the dead and the unborn are most marriageable. As a matter of fact, they are not.

To my mind (I speak in all seriousness—high seriousness at that), our great-grandmothers differ from the modern woman as the dead from the living, as angels from human beings. The woman of today is essentially a human being; and, though from time immemorial, men have thought otherwise, a human being makes a much better wife than an angel. It is because angels make no sort of husbands or wives at all that Omniscience has ordained that in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage. To be, first, a human being, an entity, then, wife and mother, even as man is, first, a human being, an entity, then, husband and father—that is the modern woman's ambition; an ambition worthy as it is inevitable.

The rational world, the world of man, has now arrived at that momentous stage in its evolution where the struggle for existence passes into the struggle for humanhood; and the soul of beauty back of all the ugly strife that everywhere abounds, is the desire of humanhood. In the heart of the transition woman this desire is strong almost as that of motherhood. It is, of course, very inconsiderate of women to want to be human beings on their own hook; to be beautiful, not for our sake, but for Beauty's; to do something, know something, be something, apart from us, irrespective of us; to live, not for us, but for themselves.

"I shall be more than a wife to my husband; more than a mother to my children." Thus the modern woman.

"'Tis too much, too hard to stomach; 'tis a saying dubious, unpalatable, indigestible, enough to make a man dream of his great-grandmother!" Her possible husband, thus.

Not every man knows how to make the most of too much; only the very wise; and the truth is that the transition woman is too much for the wisest.

The bachelor, gentleman and scholar of the old school, true to the snow-woman of yester-year, is more beautiful in fiction than in fact, in theory than in practice. For man to be alone is good neither for the individual nor the race.

By marrying a woman that was or one that is to be, a man may, it is true, manage to live happy ever after; but to me the way seems a cowardly one to take, and the happiness attained somewhat unreal, impalpable. In brief, the whole proceeding is shadowy, not to say, shady.

To marry the woman that is calls for no little courage, but to hold back from an undertaking simply because it is hazardous ill becomes a man. It is not, however, because courage is rare that bachelors are rife. Bachelors are rife because vanity is. Every man, however small, wants to be all the world to a woman—to a dozen, for that matter. To the traditional woman, some man was. To the transitional woman, no man is, how big soever.

Today, the world is woman's, to gain; and yet it profiteth a woman nothing to gain the whole world and lose her soul-mate. Though no man (his children thrown in for good measure) is all of a rational woman's world, still some man is a by-no-means insignificant part. To forget that is fatal.

"God knows, man needs to be made much of, but, as for me, I will make much of none that needs it." Thus to me a woman with the modern habit of seeing the world through her own eyes and saying the thing as she sees it. As she said it, she looked me straight in the face. I trust she prove as good as her word.

Not a few of my thoughtful sex—if the distinction still hold good—declare that woman may advance in humanhood only at the expense of her womanhood—her wifehood, motherhood; pointing scornful fingers at the transition woman in support of their opinion. True it is that, if a woman is a scholar or an artist or a doctor, it is possible to think of her in terms of scholarship, art or medicine. We are not forced to consider her, if at all, as daughter, wife, mother. The greatness of her womanhood, not being forever thrust upon us, is less obvious. That is all. Though she be artist or what not, there is, it seems to me, little immediate danger of any living woman letting a man forget long at a time that she is a woman. At all events, I have not met her. That there is only one—if

(Continued on Page 42)

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The Saunterer

A Kiss Sacrilegious

This time the New York critics are condemning Oscar Wilde's "Salome" because it is tedious, talkative, little spectacular, and—listen, thou devout ones of Oberammergau who have made of Judas almost a gentleman, listen to the final indictment by the children of Rhadamanthus and Minos; they say that the ending of the play is a sacrilege! Then are all these plays sacrilegious—"Ben Hur," "Quo Vadis," "The Sign of the Cross," the morality plays, the Passion Play itself, and the Passion Play is more sacrilegious than any of the others for it is a sermon texted upon the story of Divinity and bedecked with the embroidery of imagination during more than two centuries and a half. I am willing to concede that "Salome" as presented in New York may have been dull, garrulous and badly staged; it may have been badly acted; but that it was sacrilegious, if presented as written, I deny, for that would be impossible. "Salome" as originally written in French for the great Bernhardt was a beautiful poem, sensuous perhaps, as the canticles of Solomon, fervent, no doubt, as the psalms of David; but not sacrilegious. It told of the love of a beautiful, wicked woman for an austere, loveless man who would not give her the kiss of peace because he believed that it would be the kiss of passion. Then did Salome demand of Herod the head of John in a charger, that she might kiss in death the lips that had been refused by the living. It is this kiss that the critics say is sacrilegious; still, if the play was presented as written the woman does not kiss those lips in the sight of the audience and the sacrilege is no more than the written word that describes the love of woman for a man. John is nowhere named as other than the preacher, and to kiss the lips of a preacher even though he be dead is not sacrilege in the definitions of the lexicons.

A Head in a Charger

In all the stories of the tragedy of John the Baptist the head is delivered by the executioner in sight of all the people. In all the stories the reason for the death of the preacher is different. The gospel according to St. Mark recites that Herodias, widow of Philip and wife of Herod Antipater, brother of Philip, was angry with John because he had said unto Herod, "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." Then the daughter of Herodias, who is not named in the gospel, danced before Herod and the damsel pleased the tetrarch, and he sware unto her, "Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it to thee, unto the half of my kingdom." She asked for the head of John the Baptist and when it was given to her the damsel straightway gave it to her mother. Flaubert's powerful paraphrase of this terrific drama follows closely the gospel outline, filling in with a humanism that the little critics of New York would probably deem the rankest sacrilege. In Flaubert's version Herodias is the central figure. When Mannaeus, the swart headsman, comes trembling back into the presence of the banquet guests gibbering of "the Angel of the Samaritans, covered with eyes and brandishing a great sword, glowing and quivering like a flame," the fury of Herodias pours forth in invective; she clenches the railing of the balcony so fiercely as to break her nails; the two stone lions at her back seem to bite her shoulders and to join their voices to hers. Then Mannaeus is driven back to his fearful task and returns, holding at arm's length, grasping by the hair, the head of Iokanann (spelled Iokanaan by Wilde). The head "upon" a charger is offered to Salome who receives it, remounts to the balcony and vanishes from scene and story. Neither does Herodias again appear. But the head is carried about from one table to another by a female slave. It is exhibited to the Roman captains who look upon it curiously. The sharp blade of the sword had cut into the jaw with a swift downward stroke. The corners of the mouth were drawn as by a convulsion. Clots of blood besprinkled the beard. The closed eyelids had a shell-like transparency, and the candelabra on every side lighted up the gruesome object with terrible distinctness. The scene closes with Antipas alone in the flickering, dying light, leaning his head upon his hands, gazing at the head of Iokanaan silently accusing beside him.

Bitter as Death

Wilde ends his poem-play in darkness as the tetrarch climbs the staircase, and through the impenetrable gloom rings the voice of Salome crying, "Ah! I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed thy mouth. There was a bitter taste on thy lips. Was it the taste of blood? Nay; but perchance it was the taste of love. They say that love hath a bitter taste. But what matter? I have kissed thy mouth, Iokanaan, I have kissed they mouth." A ray of moonlight falls on the woman and Herod perceiving her commands, "Kill that woman!" The soldiers rush forward and crush beneath their shields Salome, daughter of Herodias, Princess of Judea.

Incompetent Oracles

It is my opinion that the critics of the New York press are themselves guilty of sacrilege. What right has "eternal mediocrity" to lay hands on the sacred vessels of genius? It has been my pleasant duty to rebuke some of the imbecile rascalry of our own press for indiscriminate sycophancy at the hem of artistic pretense; but the tribal unworth of these ignoramuses is as Aryan intelligence to Ethiopian stupidity in comparison with the abnormal foolishness of those who darken the understanding of the sheep-brained play patrons of New York. Goethe says "Art in its creations, must strive to please only those who have the right to judge it; otherwise it will follow the path." But to quote Goethe to a New York critic is to waste pearls in the trough of a Berkshire pig. The New York critic would immediately retort, "Goethe! Why,

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Goethe wrote 'The Sorrows of Werther,' quite an immoral work, to be classed in our critical category with 'Mrs. Warren's Profession'; and he created the character of Mephistopheles, a sacrilege!" I would rather be a yellow dog and bay a stage moon than to be a New York critic on a salary fatted by the perquisites of unholy puffery sufficient to pay for victuals at Sherry's and a nightly bed at the St. Regis.

Andrea on the Spot

Though Mayor Schmitz was somewhat astonished at the large vote he received a few weeks ago, it was not until he began receiving congratulations through the mail that he was overcome with amazement, for then it was that he learned that he had the sympathy of many prominent citizens who, during the campaign, were counted among his opponents. In some instances, no doubt, the felicitations were from men who, having a lively sense of favors to come, are always quick to identify themselves with the victor. Probably the biggest surprise that the Mayor received was the one produced by the first letter that reached his office the morning after election. It was, I am told, from that distinguished civic patriot, Mr. Andrea Sbarboro, who presided at the famous Taft banquet, the banquet of the empty chair to which the city's Chief Executive was not invited, and which Abe Ruef shrewdly capitalized for campaign purposes. Mayor Schmitz threw up both hands when he saw that letter from Sbarboro. Mr. Sbarboro, by the way, is the eminent Building and Loan Association secretary who was appointed to a commission by Governor Pardee, but whose appointment the Legislature declined to confirm.

No More Politics for O'Brien

From the political upheaval which played havoc with the fortunes of many tax-eaters and practical politicians, there was missing one man who has long been a conspicuous figure in the political history of the state. I refer to James H. O'Brien, the Democratic philosopher, famous as the organizer of the Horses and Carts. O'Brien took no part in the recent campaign. He was not in the city on election day. He was attending strictly to his own private business which has always been more profitable to him than politics, and the probability is that he will not bother himself much about politics again for he has developed into one of the biggest railroad builders in the state. Last year he built an electric road in Santa Clara county, and now he is building the Yosemite Valley steam road for a syndicate consisting of Will Tevis, William H. Crocker, Frank G. Drum, William Garthwaite and Thomas Prather. This road is to be eighty-five miles long and will cost four million dollars. By next spring it will be in operation from Merced to Pleasant Valley, about half the distance to the great park. The stage company will move its plant to Pleasant Valley next spring and tourists will be able to make the trip from Merced to the Yosemite in a little over one day.

An Audience With a Queen

Last Monday I was reminded that this city was soon to be bereft of a great artist, a Queen of Song, and I was made sad, more sad I was, I am quite sure, than if I had heard that twenty of our thriftiest millioniares had decided to become permanent residents of South Africa, or that George Gould had decided not to build the Western Pacific. I reflected that if some Queen of State, or of society, who had been sojourning in this beautiful city, were about to say good-bye, there would be much concern over the impending event. And yet a woman versed in the divine art of song, a singer whose glad, incomparable notes have so recently augmented much of our joy of living, was to be permitted to go hence without any public demonstration of regret. I felt humiliated that this community should be so niggard of its gratitude, and in a spirit of vicarious contrition I called on Luiza Tetrazzini to apologize for the whole sordid city. I was admitted to her boudoir, not alone, but under the chaperonage of that distinguished journalist, O. M. Ratto of *L'Italia,* to whom I am indebted for my introduction to the gracious little artist to whom belongs the credit of having made the greatest conquest in California since Uncle Sam wrested the Golden State from Mexico. Tetrazzini was simply garbed, but one—a man, at least—does not think of clothes when being beamed upon by the diva, whose smile is as fascinating as her voice, whose eyes are more eloquent than her words, and who says things to you without opening her mouth. You feel the almost weird magnetism of Tetrazzini as soon as you are within the radius of her glance. In conversation she has all the fetching mannerisms of the alluringly vivacious Italian woman. With her hands she improvises a dumb language more easily interpreted than Henry James, and every ellipsis is filled out with her eyes.

Her Gratitude

As soon as this bewitching woman sat down in front of me I forgot about the apology, for she pressed me into her service at once, and for what, do you suppose? To convey to the people of San Francisco an expression of her deep sense of gratitude. This great, but modest artist was going away from us filled with affection because we had been so kind to her. "I expect," she said in soft and musical Italian, "to meet with success in other countries,

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but nowhere can the people make me feel as I have felt in San Francisco." As she said these words her eyes, her voice, the twitching of her mouth, all showed that her heart was on her lips. "I can never forget my first night in San Francisco. I felt as though I were without a home in the world. I had scarcely time after my arrival to get my costume out of my trunk before the performance. I was nervous and some one told me that the people dislike the tremolo very much. I feared that I would be so nervous that they would detect a tremolo in my voice. I knew that I did not sing my best that night, but the audience was very kind, and the next day I learned that I had made a great success. Then I felt like a new woman." It was after some effort that I led her to other topics. She was like a child telling about her new toys when speaking of the kind treatment she has received in San Francisco, and she was particularly exuberant about the women. It seemed strange to her that women should like her so much. She told me that she was at the opening of the comic opera season Sunday night, and that some woman called attention to her, and then many women looked at her and smiled. "And one of them," she said, "patted her cheek affectionately as if to indicate that she wanted to fondle me."

Her Career

I questioned her about her early career and she told me that she was born and raised in Florence, and that the only singing lessons she had ever taken were given her by her elder sister, Eva Tetrazzini, who was a great dramatic soprano, and who received her vocal training from Maestro Cecherini. "I was a contralto when I was a little girl of eleven or twelve," she said, "but my voice changed during an illness." I asked her if her sister was still on the stage. "Oh, no," she said, "she retired when she was at the height of her success. That is what a singer should do. That is what I will do. I do not intend following the example of those old women who are singing grand opera today in first-class companies with broken down voices." She did not say this as though she meant to be personal, but only in the frankness of her nature, and as the result of sincere conviction. I asked her why it was that we had not heard her before, or that she had not been heard in New York. "I guess," she naively replied, "it was because I have been so busy elsewhere. I sang for awhile in Florence, and then I went to Rome to the Argentino Theatre, where I sang with Tomagno, and from there to South America, where I spent four years. The people would not let me go away, but finally I went back to Europe, and for seven seasons I was in Russia. I sang with Caruso in St. Petersburg and Moscow. That was when Caruso made his first big success. He sang with me in Berlin, too, and Sembrich was in that company."

When Prima Donnas Fall Out

Tetrazzini does not love Sembrich, and she makes no concealment of her feeling. She confesses that she had some very unpleasant experiences with that singer and it is evident that she attributes them to jealousy. She relates that when she joined a company in Berlin of which Sembrich was a member, and in which she had great influence because of her long established reputation, the Austrian woman suggested that she be billed for "Rigoletto" and "The Barber." "She thought I would be a failure," said Tetrazzini, "but I made such a great success that her feeling changed toward me. It was after that that we were passengers on the steamship *Savoy* from New York to Havre, and during the entire trip she never spoke to me." Incidentally Tetrazzini related that when about to leave the company of which Caruso was a member, he begged her to stay with it because he was not at all pleased at the prospect of singing with passe prima donnas. She says that Caruso is one of the most modest of men, and that he was greatly surprised at the furore he created in Russia. She also said that some of the famous prima donnas do not at all relish being in a company with him because he carries off all the honors with his glorious voice. We chatted about her future prospects, and she told me that she was going back to Mexico and had no idea of going to New York; at least, not under the existing contract. She said that she liked to sing both in Russia and Mexico because the people were so appreciative. She had often been urged to go to Paris, but it happened that each time she was under contract elsewhere. "I suppose I will reach Paris," she said, "when all my teeth are gone, for I have many engagements ahead. Just as you came in I was reading a letter from the manager of La Scala Theatre of Milan asking me to name my own terms. It is a great honor to sing at La Scala, but I cannot go there now." Parenthetically she told me that Director Campanini of the famous Milan theatre is her brother-in-law, husband of her sister Eva, and that he is the brother of the tenor, Campanini. As we were about to part she said, "I expect to sing in San Francisco again. I have many other roles in which I have not been heard here." I like to sing in light opera such as 'The Daughter of the Regiment,' and I am very fond of Don Pasquale, but my favorite role is Dinorah." Her last words were to remind me to tell the people of San Francisco how much she loves them because of their kindness, "especially," she said, "in my trouble."

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WITTE.

The above is a Berlin artist's impression of the man who is having a hot time trying to smother a big revolution in Russia.

An Episode in Bohemia

It is the custom in the Bohemian, as in other clubs, when an applicant for admission to membership is about to be voted upon, to summon before the directors the member by whom he was proposed and subject him to an examination touching the qualifications of the individual whom he has sponsored. In pursuance of this custom Sam Shortridge was summoned into the Red room of the Bohemian Club one day, not long ago, to be questioned as to the eligibility of Charley Stallman. He found President Barton, Jack Wilson and others eating lunch and he was directed to a chair. Upon seating himself he was asked what he knew about Mr. Stallman.

"Did I propose him for membership?" he asked.

"It so appears from the record," replied Bill Barton. "What do you know about him?"

"I decline to answer," said the attorney in a most emphatic tone.

The directors stopped eating. They were amazed.

"Is he a gentleman of good character?" was the next question.

"I decline to answer," said Shortridge, and he looked President Barton straight in the eye.

Here the persuasive Mr. Wilson interposed: "Won't you tell us whether you think he would make a good member of the club?"

"Do I understand that it appears from the record that I proposed Mr. Stallman for membership in this club?" asked Shortridge.

"It so appears from the record," solemnly declared President Barton.

"Then," said the dignified attorney, rising from the chair, "I must decline to answer any questions concerning his character or reputation. Good-day, gentlemen." And Sam Shortridge walked out of the room, leaving the directors to act as they saw fit. They saw the point and Stallman was elected unanimously.

Dick the Angel?

Every amateur actor and actress who has a dollar will attend the amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice," and every one will be armed with opera-glasses and a hammer. Dick Hotaling, however, is expected to make a success of the role in which Goodwin failed to score. Miss Clough, who will do Portia, is a newcomer here and is said to be an able elocutionist. Mrs. Mark Gerstle as the sprightly Jessica intends to sport some ravishing costumes, I hear. No one seems anxious to be old Gobbo or the Prince of Morocco. The management knows several society men who are eminently well fitted, physically and temperamentally, to enact these low comedy parts, but they are too tactful to approach them on the subject. It is believed that Dick Hotaling is angeling the production and will loosen up his purse strings quite a little for the redivivus.

Miss Michelson's Book Knocked

The New York *Sun's* book reviewer does not enthuse over Miriam Michelson's "Yellow Journalist." He says that she is "a newspaper blackguard and burglar in petticoats—a scavenger of unsavory sensation," and that she does many things "with an audacity and indecency that create her a heroine according to her own perverted ideas and those of her imitators in the field of sensational newspaper writing." The review pronounces the book "an undignified and purely sensational performance."

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There Were Men For All

Mrs. Ynez Shorb White's dance last Friday evening was a great success. Mrs. White certainly deserves the gratitude of the younger women for she rounded up the male person in his variety and in large numbers. Many of the callow youth were out for the first time and behaved like veterans. One youth who had on a Tuxedo stalked over the floor gazing at the women as if he were a connoisseur in femininity, and as he managed to be dancing frequently there must have been some lightness in his heels. The room had a fair sprinkling of older men and, of course, the army was represented by General Funston's aides. Among the most persistent wooers of society is Lieutenant Mitchell who is an aide to General Funston. He seems to have fallen heir to the place recently occupied by Lieutenant Wetherell and we will probably hear of him going up country to spend a few days by Clear Lake. General Sumner, however, represented the army and escorted Mrs. Voorhies into the ball-room while the honor of taking Mrs. Eleanor Martin in fell to the lot of a delighted lieutenant in the army. There was one officer there in full regalia and he was the cynosure of all eyes. Ned Greenway put in a belated appearance and stayed a few moments. Mr. Phelan was there early in the evening and disappeared after he had made one or two turns of the room. Everett M. Bee was there, faithful to the last. He came early, too. The sensation of the evening was pulled off when Mrs. Peter Martin appeared. She was dressed a la Egyptienne and she was certainly a striking looking personality. She had added to her enormous height by placing a green arrangement on her head and then her bodice was cut in an oriental style and was liberally bespangled with what looked like emeralds. In order to add still more to her height she had on a diamond dog collar which kept her chin well in the air. Her skirt was of white silk and made exceptionally tight. It also gave that oriental effect. She was probably the tallest woman in the room with the exception of Miss Mellus of Los Angeles who, I am told, is a trifle over six feet in height. There was another girl from the South distinguished for height. She was Miss Watkins of Los Angeles, and then there was that tall girl, Miss Gros of Paris. Miss Gros came to the city with the reputation of being a startling beauty. She has all the chic of a Parisienne but there is nothing sensational in her physical graces. Mrs. White deserves credit for the supper.

Will She Skate?

Mrs. White was busy during the evening talking up her dancing club which she is about to organize. Some of the most swagger of her set deserted the dance for the rink Friday night. Everybody is on the qui vive for Mrs. Martin's San Francisco debut on skates. Mrs. Eleanor Martin will in all probability be nothing more than a looker-on at the rink, though such is her vivacity that nobody would be surprised were she to sally forth on rollers. There was much kow-towing to her Friday night, for is she not going to give a ball to Genevieve Harvey and doesn't everybody want an invitation?

It's the Fad

The Joliffe sisters, one and all, have taken to skating. It was largely their enthusiasm, I am told, that occasioned the craze for rollers in society. At least one Joliffe is at the rink every day, and usually there is a platoon of them. Virginia Joliffe and Ethel Dean skate in couples, and are two of the most skillful skaters on the floor. However, it must be said that "the bourgeoisie element," as one of the bavardes calls them, make the society skateuses look like amateurs when it comes to doing intricate stunts on the rollers.

Sydney Davis, the second daughter of the Willis Davises, has postponed her debut until next season. Miss Davis is a stunning blonde with the same well-proportioned, robust figure that distinguishes her sister Edna. She is a great friend of Mrs. "Clem" Tobin and visited the latter at Burlingame in the summer.

Her Many Jewels

If Miss Kohl should desire to please all those friends who have sent her gifts of jewels, by donning them at once, she would be loaded down like a Begum. Never did a bribe-to-be in San Francisco receive so many jewels. As Miss Kohl rarely wears many jewels, her usual ornament being a simple pearl necklace, she will have to keep her gifts in a strong-box and show them occasionally at an exhibition of gems. The wedding of Mamie Kohl and E. S. Pillsbusy is to be of the select, ornate order, in St. Matthew's church, San Mateo.

Duplicate Sets

Jessie McNab will have a larger assortment of the expensive pretty things in lace and muslin that go to form the principal part of a trousseau than most brides find necessary—and thereby hangs a tale. When Miss McNab made up her mind to marry this year she immediately decided that her frills and laces must have the Parisian hallmark. As Lurline Spreckels, one of her best friends, is abroad she wrote to her and commissioned her to buy the

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daintiest outfit that the Paris shops could offer. A little later, when the wedding day was set, Judge Kerrigan's charming bride-to-be began to worry for fear the outfit would not be on time, and one morning she went down town and bought a dozen of the sweetest sets one could possibly wish. Lo and behold! only a day or two passed by when a cable from Mrs. Gus Spreckels arrived, reciting that she had filled Miss McNab's commission and the package was even then on its way across the ocean. But then, as the fair Jessie's friends console her, one can never have too many dainty laces and frilly petticoats.

Mansfield and Irving

Mr. Richard Mansfield is popularly regarded as the foremost American actor, and by some he is considered a worthy successor of Edwin Booth. He has become somewhat of a remarkable figure in modern American life, not so much in consequence of his achievements as because he has taken a strong hold on the imagination by leaving so much to it. In this respect he resembles the late Henry Irving who clothed himself with a dark, forbidding and impenetrable armor of his own design. Mr. Mansfield is in many ways a studied imitation of Henry Irving, not in his art but in his personality, but unlike Irving his affectation of tremendous self-importance is beyond his own sense of humor. Irving had that saving sense in abundance. He had contempt for the general, and played with it. Max Beerbohm relates that he caught sight of Irving the morning of the day appointed for him to be knighted. He was in a brougham on his way to Paddington. Now Irving, according to Beerbohm, when in his most prelatical mood had a touch of the old Bohemian about him. On this occasion, the greatest in his career, for it was the occasion of the superimposition of a smug Hanoverian knighthood on the Knight from Nowhere, he was the old Bohemian and nothing else. His hat was tilted at more than the usual angle and his long cigar seemed longer than ever, and on his face was a look of ruminant, sly fun. "The soul of the comedian was reveling in the part he was about to play—of a comedic philosopher reveling in a foolish world."

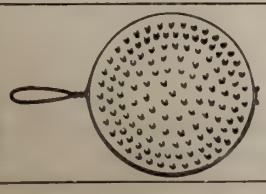
Unlike Lackaye

Change the personality of the picture; substitute Mansfield for Irving in that brougham, and if you wish to make it true to life you will have to place the hat straight on the head, expand the chest, and put a touch of dignified austerity in the expression of the face. Mr. Mansfield's characterization of himself is always consistent. He has the reputation of being keenly conscious of his own merit, a reputation that has been sedulously cultivated and cleverly, not by himself but by his employes. In that respect he differs from Wilton Lackaye who has the reputation of being a wit but who does not depend on his press-agent for his fame. Mr. Lackaye tells you himself how clever he is and to prove it he tells you of some bon mot that shot from his brain at the Lambs' Club or when he was in England. You wait for spontaneous evidence of his gift but you don't get it. He prefers to quote sprightly conversation for you. If I were to vindicate my wit in that way I would be denounced as a conceited bore, but I am not an actor and do not enjoy the actor's prerogative. Mr. Mansfield, having a sense of dignity, employs agents to spread the fame of his eccentricities. Every time he comes to town you hear a new story about him. The latest that has come to me is about his treatment of Manager Dillingham on one occasion when the latter called on him to inform him that Julia Marlowe thought it would be a good idea for them to double up for a season.

"There's the door," Mansfield is quoted as having said.

Working the Dear Public

Mansfield has received a great deal of fine advertising as a result of the exploitation of his eccentricities and especially of his pompous manner and ungovernable temper. A great deal that is related of his conduct in fits of rage is true, but he knows that the groundlings attribute his idiosyncrasies to genius and to the artistic temperament which he prides himself on, and therefore newspaper stories do not offend his majesty. Indeed I am inclined to think that despite Mr. Mansfield's artistic temperament he does not seriously object to the methods that distinguished one P. T. Barnum. Just before he opened his engagement in this city the dailies received a long despatch from Denver telling of a characteristic explosion of Mansfield's temper and the firing of several leading members of the company. The burden of the story was that so great were these mummers that Mr. Mansfield was jealous of them. The story was absolutely false. I heard at the theatre Monday night that Mr. Mansfield was very indignant at its publication but I am skeptical. The Associated Press lends itself so frequently to the booming of theatrical troupes on their way to this city, by means of fictitious yarns wired to the dailies, that I am pretty sure somebody connected with that institution is in the pay of certain theatrical managers. The despatch from Denver did no harm as the advance sale had been held for the first week of Mr. Mansfield's engagement in this city. It was known



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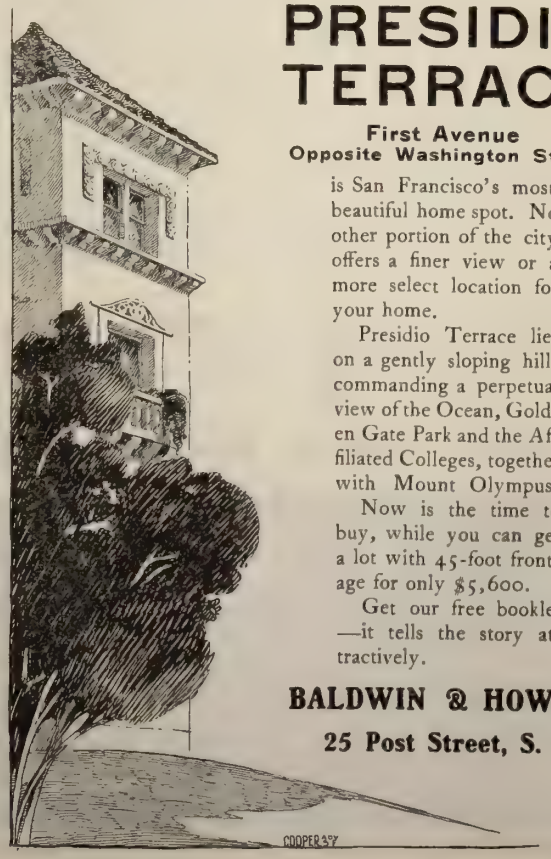

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that the story would be disproved as soon as the company arrived, and then Mr. Mansfield would get the benefit of the laudatory notice of his support. To me the whole thing has the appearance of a cleverly contrived bit of pressagenting in the interest of the foremost American actor.

His Artistic Temperament

There is one thing to be said to the credit of Mansfield that could not be said for Irving—he has the literary sense. In Irving's quest of bustling romances and melodramas it seemed to be his fate to encounter hack-work, and he appeared to have no conception of what constituted literary merit. He was content with any play that gave him scope for a great and central display of his genius in acting. His artistic genius was not so comprehensive as that of Mansfield. The American actor inherited the artistic temperament from his mother who was a great vocalist and who was for years with Gilmour's orchestra. He is skillful with the brush, he is something of a musician, he knows literature and he is a linguist. Mansfield will not accept a play that has not some literary merit, and he has done much for dramatic taste by his revivals of the classic drama. He has one great sorrow and that is that he was not accepted in England. He went to London in 1888 and rented the Lyceum theatre from Irving while the latter was touring the provinces. He appeared in "Jekyll and Hyde," "Richard III" and several of the other plays in his repertoire and lost a great deal of money. I hear he suspected at the time that he was the victim of a conspiracy concocted in the interest of Irving. This was of course absurd as Irving never regarded Mansfield as a rival.

Why the Newhalls Withdrew

The George Newhalls did not witness the whole performance of "Don Carlos" Monday night. Indeed, they quit before the second act, not, however, through a lack of appreciation of the classic drama. Mr. Newhall had secured seats in one of the first rows near the rear door, and though Mrs. Newhall is a great lover of Schiller and a warm admirer of Mr. Mansfield, neither her love for the poet nor her admiration for the actor was ardent enough to hold her in that rear seat through more than one act. Colonel Ike Trumbo, who sat next to Mrs. Newhall, stuck it out to the bitter end, and only feebly complained that the plot of the play had not been printed in the program. For the life of him he couldn't remember his Schiller.

Sensational Trousers

Mrs. Peter Martin caused no sensation at the Grand because she was among the early arrivals. But Mr. Peter Martin occasioned a very hot controversy in the foyer of which he was blissfully unaware. Mr. Martin appeared at the theatre in decollete trousers, such as are vulgarly termed "high-water pants." Two reporters set eyes upon him, and then the controversy was opened up. One of the reporters smiled at the trousers, and suggested that while Mr. Martin was about it he should have donned knickerbockers or sallied forth in kilts. "Evidently he forgot to lower his suspenders when he shifted them from his other pants," said the reporter.

The second reporter smiled derisively at his companion. "Don't be foolish," he said; "Peter Martin has a pair of suspenders for every suit in his wardrobe."

"Doesn't look like it," said the other.

"Why he's showing us the latest thing in evening dress as it is worn in Newport," said the second speaker.

"You're crazy!"

They were at it hammer-and-tongs' style when the curtain went up and I had to tear myself away.

Fashionable Nomenclature

Not many years ago when a society girl was burdened with an old-fashioned Christian name she was so ashamed of it that she altered the spelling to give it distinction. Nowadays she is very proud of it, and preserves the pristine purity of the orthography, the presumption being, I am told, that an old-fashioned name indicates the possession of a grandmother. No longer is the "h" eliminated from "Sarah" or "Hannah," and as for the "Annes," "Margarets" and "Ellens," they are no longer subjected to alteration for euphony. Since the O'Sullivans returned to town with their little Bridget, even that distinctively Irish name, which the comic writers brought into disfavor, gives promise of being restored to polite approval. It was the Grover Clevelands who restored the biblical name to favor when they christened a daughter "Ruth," and now it is considered positively vulgar to christen a child after one of the heroines of that distinguished ex-bestseller, the Duchess. If you are named "Gladys" or "Phyllis" or "Doris" it is considered fair to infer that your mother had a fine taste in sentimental literature.

A Few Sons of Heroes

"President Roosevelt believes," writes my occasional correspondent in Washington, "that it is a good thing to keep the people reminded of their great heroes, and to that end he is resolved to make as conspicuous as possible all those young men in the service of their country who are the scions of men who contributed to the security of this

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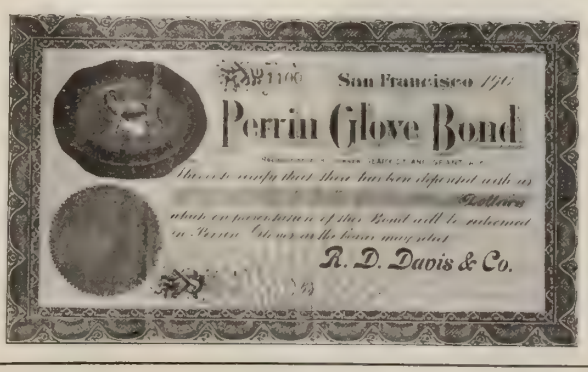

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Photographs of the first lady of the land are not plentiful, Mrs. Roosevelt being a woman who shuns the limelight. She is as fine an exemplar of the domestic virtues as her husband is of the civic virtues. In this vulgar, newspaperiety-seeking age she is conspicuous in her modesty and distinguished for those traits of character that bespeak the helpmeet pre-eminent.

Government and who bear historic names. He has therefore appointed as social aides to himself and Mrs. Roosevelt several young army officers who are bound to attract attention at official levees in the White House. Among them are Philip Sheridan Jr., only son of gallant "Little Phil," Fitzhugh Lee Jr., U. S. Grant III, a young cavalry officer, son of Jesse Grant, and Lieutenant Guy V. Henry. The President is soon to enlarge this list by calling in a grandson of Stonewall Jackson and a grandson of General Philip Kearny.

The Ohlandts To Be Divorced

Down from Nevada county comes the story of a mysterious divorce suit that has been filed up there by the law firm of Garber & Creswell of this city. The papers are of record in the County Clerk's office, but not one word has appeared about the case in any paper. The case is entitled Henry W. Ohlandt versus Maude Ohlandt, and the ground of action is desertion. Now there is a Henry W. Ohlandt, son of Nicholas Ohlandt, the millionaire sugar merchant of this city, and less than two years ago he married Miss Maude Goodwin, of this city, daughter of Mrs. H. Dallas Helmcken of Victoria, B. C. It was not a fashionable wedding, for the match did not meet with the approval of the groom's parents. The father of the young man was especially displeased over his son's marriage, but I believe that the mother was quite reconciled to the match. The Nevada county suit is believed to be the sequel to the affair, but Henry Ohlandt, son of Nicholas Ohlandt, is not generally known to be a resident of that county. His father owns some timber land near Truckee, but that circumstance is hardly sufficient to justify a son's claim to having established a residence. However, if the suit is not to be contested, the question of residence will probably not be raised.

Judge Morrow's Droll Witticism

Judge Morrow of the Federal court has a dry humor which he exhibits when the provocation is great. He is interested in forming a good government club over in San Rafael, and he called a meeting of all the prominent people in the neighborhood to found the society. The meeting was largely attended and the judge in casting about for officers selected a Mr. Morris of Tomales, a rising young lawyer, for secretary, and said, "You are the man that is fitted for the secretaryship. You are an able expounder of the law and you know its procedure. I am confident that the convention could not do better than appoint you." Mr. Morris blushed all over and rose to reply. He said, "I am proud of what the judge says but it is impossible for me to accept. The fact is that I am too busy. I have an enormous practice. I have to go to San Francisco several times a month and, Judge, I am so hard pressed for time that when I go to bed I take my pad and pencil with me."

"Ah," replied Judge Morrow, "I well understand how busy the gentlemen of the law are. Why, I am told that my brethren of the law in San Francisco are frequently so busy that some of them in their hours of repose have a typewriter by their side."

Mr. Morris accepted the secretaryship.

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A Millionaire's Queer Purpose

C. W. Pierce, the millionaire dairyman of the San Joaquin valley, owner of big ranchos and possessor of the finest milch cow in the world, is shortly to go to Europe, I am told, to spend a year in studying the dairy methods of the Old World. He is not going about this educational enterprise in a dilettante sort of way, but intends becoming the companion of the cowherd, eating with him and sleeping with him. He will also cultivate the society of the dairy maid, but discreetly. As Mr. Pierce is an expert dairyman his friends think he will be able to teach the people of the old country about their business. Assuredly, if he took with him a few leaves from the diary of a San Francisco dealer in milk he would be able to give them many valuable pointers in the judicious use of formaldehyde.

Judah's Latest Venture

Floyd S. Judah, who was with the Southern Pacific for many years, has left its employ and has gone into an information bureau. He says that there is more money in this kind of business and that he will build up the state by means of his endeavors to let people in the East know what we have not here. The first of these information bureaus was started by E. O. McCormick, and he gave orders to William McMurray, who was in charge, to do anything he was asked, never so absurd the question or the request. One day a country couple came in and wanted to be married in a hurry. Mac was equal to the occasion. He secured a clergyman, a hack, and the witness. It is said that he even kissed the bride. He also sold them tickets for a honeymoon trip. If Lloyd Judah, who is a wide-awake young man, will take a lesson out of Mac's book, he may do a thriving business in lots of ways.

Such a Young Looking Man

Third Vice-President George T. Nicholson of the Santa Fe, who has been in the city for the past few days, is one of the most youthful looking of men. He was traveling on one of his trains the other day when the conductor who did not know him asked for his ticket. Nicholson drew out his annual.

"So this is yours, eh?" said the conductor.

"It is," replied Nicholson.

"Well, I will just hold it and find out."

Then the conductor wired to the Division Superintendent for instructions. His wire was to this effect: "Have young Nicholson aboard with his father's passes. What shall I do?" The answer was: "You have the old man."

The conductor collapsed.

Truth About the Shifting

I have been authoritatively advised that by a paragraph in a recent issue entitled "Shifting of the *Chicago's* Commander," gross injustice was done to one of the finest officers in the navy. The information upon which that paragraph was based was, I am now assured, far from accurate. Captain Moore was not, as stated, relieved from duty as a result of the investigations of a Court of Inquiry into the matter of the grounding of the *Chicago,* no such court having been held. The captain was censured for undertaking to pilot the vessel through Raccoon straits, but as he was for several years in command of the Coast Survey steamer *Patterson,* and had surveyed the bay, it should be assumed that he was competent to take the *Chicago* through the straits, though as a matter of fact the vessel was not grounded in the straits but on a shoal three-quarters of a mile away. It is further denied that Captain Moore was "summarily relieved," his orders having been made out six months prior to last September, and he having known that he was to be ordered to his present important duty in the Navy Department. In this connection I am informed that Commander Badger had been promised the *Chicago* for several months, and that the cruiser, being a very old ship, no longer ranking with modern cruisers, is not considered a captain's command.

A Tempting Offer

There is a report going the rounds that Mrs. Gillette, the wife of Major Gillette, will return to the city about the first of the year. The Major has been offered a post with the city of Philadelphia which carries with it a salary of eighteen thousand dollars a year. In order to hold the place he would have to get the permission of Congress as he has no intention of resigning from the army for a place never so attractive from a monetary point of view. Mrs. Gillette is greatly attached to California and her house at Fort Mason was the rendezvous of civilians and soldiers alike.

Copies the English Nobility

There is a certain lieutenant in the army stationed at the Presidio who has a great admiration for the casual British tourist he has met in this country; that kind of tourist who appears at functions in a shooting coat. There was a very swell tea given one Sunday afternoon lately at

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a big hotel in Taylor street and all the men were *de rigeuer.* Our gay officer appeared in a wonderful costume with a pair of yellow shoes. The joke of it was that he was asked to be invited by a young lady whose family has the reputation of being most exclusive and which has long made its boast that its friends are irreproachable in their dress and also in their manner, and as for blood—why, every drop is blue.

Funston's Disappointment

I am told that one of the greatest desires that the Funstons have is to occupy the house of General MacArthur at Fort Mason. In fact, they have given it out far and wide that they were going to live there and little Mr. Mitchell was to be the maitre de ceremonies. There were to be gay times there and the General and his wife were to do a lot of entertaining in an informal and in a formal way. However, all the plans were changed for I understand that General MacArthur put his foot down on the proposition and General Funston will have to content himself with less ambitious quarters. Shades of General McDowell! In the early days when the McDowells were at the post and when the army had a social standing, what pleasant parties were held there. Mrs. McDowell was wealthy and the General knew how to entertain and he did. The house belongs to the general commanding the division and there is a great deal of speculation as to who will come out here, so if Funston had gone to the post he would have been ousted from his quarters when the commanding general arrived.

Edward's German Representative

Probably the least enthusiastic of those who have been reading about the festivities in honor of Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg are British subjects residing in America and American citizens of British birth or parentage. To them it seems strange that a fine British squadron should be commanded by a German Prince. I have heard many comments by Anglo-Californians on this incongruity, and not one of them feels that the despatching of Battenberg on this particular mission was characteristic of King Edward's usual tact. Of course, Edward is himself a Guelph, of German extraction but remotely. He is thoroughly Anglicized now, but not so the Prince that came to this country as his personal representative. Britishers say that if King Edward really meant business he would have sent his son, the Prince of Wales, who is a naval officer of high rank. They point out that it would really have been more fitting if some sturdy and famous British admiral of more commonplace blood had been sent instead of an alien Prince whose royal connections with the British throne are by marriage only.

Holding Catlin Back

The prospective promotion to a Majority of Captain A. W. Catlin, U. S. Marine Corps, will no doubt gratify many of his companions in arms, who have been both surprised and interested, for fully a year past, at evidences of a disposition in Washington to jump other officers, less

MISS FLORENCE GREENEBAUM.

The charming daughter of the Jacob Greenebaums, who will wed Adolph L. Weil, the well-known attorney, on November twenty-ninth. The marriage will take place at the Hotel Marie Antoinette, where the Greenebaums reside. Only immediate relatives will be present at the ceremony, but two hundred guests have been invited to the reception that will follow. Richard Newman will be the groom's best man, and there will be no other attendant. The betrothed have been entertained largely since their engagement was announced for the bride-to-be has a wide circle of friends and relatives. She is a niece of Mrs. Lewis Gerstle and of the Slosses.

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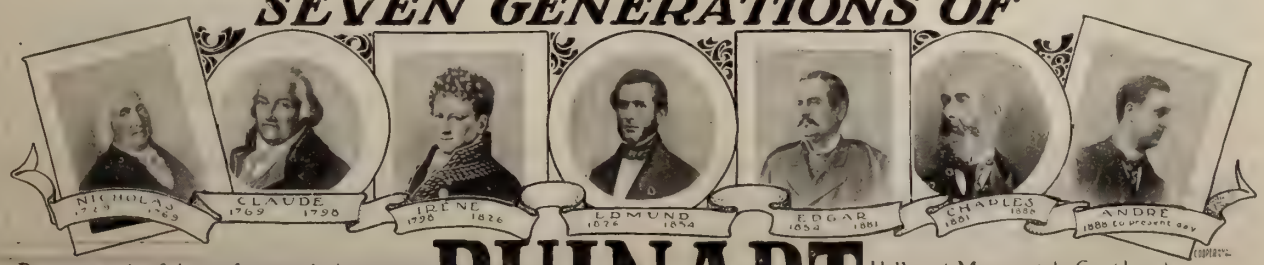

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noted but seemingly more favored, over Catlin's head. Catlin made an excellent record both during the Spanish war and the operations in the Philippines. He has also shown marked efficiency in trying situations in Panama. He either has no powerful pull, however, or else, if he has, he declines to exercise it, for his promotion has been held up for no apparent reason for some time. It is now semi-officially announced that he will be advanced on the retirement of Colonel M. C. Goodrell, on January thirty-first of next year.

Strong and the Vampire

Now that May Yohe is suing Putnam Bradlee Strong for a divorce she is being denounced as a cold-blooded individual, and the gilded youth of the country are told that in this sequel to the romance of the actress and the army officer there is much food for reflection on which they may chew with profit. Strong is said to have thrown away a brilliant army career, the honorable name of his family and the regard of his friends for an obstinate infatuation which, even if its object had been as self-sacrificing as he, scarcely would have justified the cost. May Yohe is now described as of the type depicted by Kipling in "The Vampire," and it is said that Strong, having lost everything, "the woman who did not care" has left him the doubtful boon of a proceeding "which shall sever her name legally from one she sought to dishonor like her own, but with which in the gossip of the club and the street it is linked inseparably." What cant! what rot! and yet the same old sermon, preached in the same old way. Why should it be assumed that May Yohe dragged Putnam Bradlee Strong down to his doom? With all his honorable name Putnam Bradlee Strong was no better than May Yohe. His obstinate infatuation was no greater than hers; indeed it was not so strong. It was her passion for him that prompted her to supply her husband, Lord Hope, with cause of action. Many proud and haughty American women envied May Yohe her connection with the British nobility. She might have become a social queen in London if she had desired and indulged her animal passion to her heart's content in a smart set that is tolerant of the sort of escapades that she enjoyed. May Yohe was never a sordid woman. She asked only that her passion be requited with passion. After her alliance with Strong it turned out that she had given Lord Hope forty-five thousand dollars which she had earned during her theatrical career and which had been saved by her mother. Lord Hope's relatives returned the money before he got his divorce, and then May Yohe defrayed all the expenses of her wanderings with the army captain of the honorable name. Now we are told that the captain sacrificed everything and that May Yohe is a vampire.

Pardee's Latest Defeat

That bitter contest over the postmastership of Berkeley, which has been in progress over a year, and into which the rival political forces of Governor Pardee and Victor Metcalf were drawn, will soon be ended. Some time next month George Schmidt, the incumbent, will be re-appointed, and the friends of Secretary Metcalf will be much elated over his victory. Governor Pardee has been laboring under the delusion that he has a great pull in Washington. The delusion grew out of his meeting with President Roosevelt during the latter's visit to California. The President was very amiable and very cordial and the Governor had reason to believe that he made a very favorable impression on the Nation's Executive, but it was foolish for him to conclude that he could influence Mr. Roosevelt in the distribution of patronage. However, he was desirous of effecting the removal of Postmaster Schmidt because of the latter's political affiliation with Victor Metcalf and at the suggestion of Charley Spear he decided to back F. W. Richardson, editor of the Berkeley *Times-Gazette,* for the job. Schmidt's term expired a year ago and since then Pardee has been doing all in his power to secure the appointment of Richardson. He tried to persuade Congressman Knowland to interest himself in Richardson's behalf, but Knowland is something of a diplomat and he preferred to remain neutral. Richardson's claim to recognition from the Republican party was based on the circumstance of his being the editor of an influential newspaper. Now it is the purpose of the Schmidt faction to give Mr. Richardson a little opposition. The contest over the postmastership is to result in the birth of a new Berkeley journal. The plant has already been purchased.

A Booksmith's Assistant Wanted

A new book on the tramp question will soon be published by a local author. The book will be a very profound study of social conditions, and will undoubtedly bring great fame to its writer. The reviewers will find it crammed with first-hand knowledge, and will certainly commend it to the attention of all those who desire inside information regarding this much discussed social problem. I regret that I am unable to give the name of the author of this earnest and painstaking work, but the fact is that I have gathered my information from an advertisement which appeared in the "Male Help Wanted" column of the *Examiner,* calling for "a man who has associated with tramps or hoboes on the Coast and Western States to assist an author in writing a book on the subject." This is "literature in the making," and no doubt it will be a revelation to those who are pleased to believe that a man should get in and laboriously dig out knowledge for himself before writing a book. I own that I used so to believe,

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but this innocent little want ad has enlightened me. I see now that Josiah Flynt was very foolish to suffer the privations of the "road" and the filth of tramp "hang-outs" before he felt himself in a position to intelligently write his "Tramping with Tramps." Our own Jack London, too, was not over wise, or he would have advertised for a professional tramp instead of making a trip across the continent on brake-beams, getting half drowned on trains that took water on the fly, just so he might know whereof he spoke when he came to write such a story as his "Local Color."

Her Picture Gold Medaled

My Los Angeles correspondent writes me that Cupid and Hymen have been very busy in the South this autumn. One of the notable marriages was that of Frances Ensign, daughter of the late A. D. Ensign, a New York banker, with Adam Dixon Warner. The acquaintance of Miss Ensign and Mr. Warner dates back fifteen years but their love story began with their meeting at the Lankershim two weeks before the wedding, which was celebrated in Los Angeles last week. The bride is rather noted in the art world, a picture of herself and sister, Mrs. Paruze of Raton, New Mexico, having won a gold medal for Sarony, the New York photographer, in the world competition at the Paris Exposition. Warner will be remembered as the author of "The People versus the Gold Bugs," which in one year had a sale of one hundred thousand copies. He campaigned with Bryan in '96. Warner lost his health and fortune in Alaska and about two years ago came to Los Angeles to recuperate.

Other Announcements

Pretty Delia Donald as she is known on the comic opera stage, Delia Plumstead in private life, is to give up the stage, much to the surprise of her Los Angeles friends, to marry Wallace Cahill Ayer, a young New Yorker.

An expected announcement is the engagement of Mrs. Harry d'Acheul's daughter, Hattie Saunders, with Will Nevin, son of the late W. G. Nevin, the railroad magnate. Miss Saunders is one of the most dashing equestriennes in Los Angeles.

Will Race for Charity

The California Polo and Pony Racing Association's race meeting to be held at Ingleside on Thanksgiving day and December second will be given in the interests of the Youths' Directory, a most worthy charity. Valuable prizes are to be awarded the winners. Among the ponies entered are C. W. Clark's Midlove and Rudolph Spreckels's Ulctma. Entries close next Monday. One of the interesting events will be a three-eighths' mile race, "The Ladies' Plate," the ponies to be nominated by ladies. A gold bracelet will be given the lady nominating the winner, a gold brooch to the nominator of the second. The rider of the winner will get a silver cup.

Predict an Engagement

Society saw but little of Mrs. Martin Crimmins during her brief stay here en route to the Philippines. The Crimminses are still in mourning for one of their children which died recently. It is predicted that Bessie Cole, who accompanies her sister to Manila, will make a brilliant match there. Miss Cole is the prettiest of the sisters, being a natural blonde of exquisite coloring. If matrimony does not part her from the Crimminses before they return to New York, Miss Cole will have a season in Gotham society.

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A Seer of Lockport

Young Victor Mesplou, the Oakland High School boy who faked newspapers all over the country by sending them rehashed and relocated tales of blood and horror, says that he got his idea from a man named Heacock, who instructs people in the art of newspaper correspondence. He is wrong, for I have seen Heacock's circulars, and they do not advocate faking. But they fill a newspaper man with joy. Heacock is located in Lockport, N. Y., where he conducts a correspondence school of journalism, charging three dollars for a set of instructions that will enable any one to become a first-class newspaper correspondent. According to Heacock, brains are not required. "Journalism is the easiest profession in the world to learn," says this befouler of his own nest, "and newspaper correspondence is the easiest branch of journalism." Then he gives our brethren of the daily press a whack by saying, "high literary talent is not required of the man or woman who writes for newspapers." What do the *Examiner's* special writers say to that? And how does it strike the fair ladies who put the society news before the eager world, who write art notes, and have interviews with prizefighters? He's a dreamer, at three dollars a dream, this ex-reporter of Lockport, N. Y. His judgment is based on his knowledge of Lockport reporters. Yet he says he knows all about reporters, and does not think much of them. "A reporter," he says, "works on the local staff of a newspaper, usually receiving a fixed salary for his services." "Fixed"—yes. And if the reporter could only fix the man who fixes the salary! "He devotes eight hours a day to his work," says this seer. Then, I might add, after he has devoted eight hours to it, he usually donates a few hours more for good measure. But he seldom works more than eight hours at a stretch.

Correspondent Making His Specialty

It is not to be reporters that Heacock trains his pupils. Despite the "fixed" salary and the eight hours, there are other branches of newspaper work that pay better—that of correspondent, for instance, the qualifying for which is his specialty. The correspondent sends stories broadcast all over the country, according to Heacock's alluringly worded circular, and money just pours into his pockets. The whole thing is made easy by the circumstance that "any intelligent person may become a newspaper correspondent without any previous experience." Then there is another inducement. "Members of this profession frequently get free transportation from railroad companies, free tickets to theatres, and other favors. Politicians and corporations desire the good will of press correspondents, reporters and editors." Quite a delicately put suggestion for a mild little hold-up game. Besides making a youngster a first-class correspondent for the small sum of three dollars(reduced for a short time only from ten) Heacock sends rules for story-writing, and a complete report of the state of the country's literary market. He launches one with a whoop upon the wave of literature, and guarantees to transform a plumber into a master of letters inside of a week. I'll bet there's many a village clerk cursing himself and considering dolefully his lack of brains because he can't earn forty dollars a week after mastering Heacock's instructions. For Heacock plainly says that it takes no ability to become a press correspondent. Nor does it take much "savvy" to be able to extract three dollars each from aspiring youths who want to desert the yardstick and the sugar-scoop for the pen.

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A Split Over Finance

A storm that threatens to be a most violent one is brewing in the fashionable Ebell Club of Oakland over the question of whether the members shall be assessed to raise further funds for their proposed new club house. For a number of years the swell social organization has been content to rent quarters in Reed hall at the corner of Thirteenth and Harrison streets. But some months ago the more ambitious of the club women succeeded in passing a resolution that the Ebell buy a lot and erect a club home for itself, twenty thousand dollars being set as the cost of both land and structure. A committee was appointed and the Ebellites shortly learned that the work they had so confidently tackled was much harder than it looked. Some of the feminine financiers, however, put their heads together and presently articles of incorporation were filed for an Ebell building association and stock was for sale in blocks to suit investors of varying pecuniary ability. But the market refused to respond in spite of the fact that there are numerous wealthy women in the Ebell and many members who, if they be not possessed of a surplus of ducats in their own right, yet have relatives with comfortable bank accounts. The richer club women bought very, very sparingly, or not at all of the stock, and husbands, fathers and brothers refused to have the gold lured out of their pockets. No one but a Tom Lawson could have saved the day.

Cards Didn't Draw

But the fashionable club members hid their discomfiture behind their stereotyped smiles and began plans for a big Hallowe'en card tournament to swell the building fund. They put aside their social dignity for the time being and peddled tickets. All the climbers in the three cities across the bay attended the affair. The charming debutantes of this and previous seasons who scored and served the refreshments turned up their pretty noses at the motley crowd and the exclusive club women decided that a card tournament meant too much social abasement to repeat the experiment. When it was all over, the Ebellites discovered that the building fund had risen to but about two thousand dollars.

A Fight In Prospect

In desperation some of the members proposed that a large part of the remaining eighteen thousand dollars needed be raised by an assessment. They argued that as there are several hundred members, an assessment of from twenty dollars to thirty dollars would raise such an amount that the balance could be secured on a mortgage. Immediately there developed strong opposition to this scheme and some of the club women said they had never seen the need of building anyhow, when it was so easy to rent quarters. Those favoring the assessment pointed out that their contrary-minded sisters think nothing of paying thirty dollars for a hat, and they waxed sarcastic over the way their club spirit evaporated when their pocket-books were threatened. At every meeting where the question of an assessment has been broached, the divergence of opinion has been most pronounced. It looks very much as if there would be a very bitter factional fight within the sacred ranks of the swell Oakland club before the matter of raising more funds for the new building is settled.

They Wanted Cake

Mrs. Hertz and Miss Evelyn Aronson of the Jewish Women's Council are the chosen delegates to go to the Na-

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tional Women's Council to be held in Chicago at the end of December. Both women are very popular in Jewish society. Miss Aronson is president of the Jewish Women's Council. Mrs. Hertz is past president of the same organization. By the way, at the last meeting of the Council there was a shortage of cake, and there was much complaint about it. After a strenuous business session the ladies are famished, and they must have cake. Let us hope that no such dire calamity as a cakeless session shall occur again.

A Kirkham Grandson

Stanton Kirkham Davis, whom Oaklanders will remember as the grandson of General Kirkham, has just sent his latest book out from the East for Paul Elder to handle locally. Stanton Davis was born in Nice, France, and after his parents died he came to Oakland to live with his grandparents. About twelve years ago he went to New York, where he took up nature study and literary work. His latest book is called "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," and is a sort of new thoughtish philosophy, the hold-on-to-yourself, look-to-nature, don't-be-afraid idea. It is well phrased and contains a good deal that will appeal to the culturined. Mr. Davis is shortly to bring out a book on travels.

Harry Cowell Has an Idea

He writes: "While the world is making ready to celebrate the birth of a great-hearted Hebrew child many centuries ago, his own people in Russia are being persecuted to the death at the ungrateful hands of his alleged followers; mothers of the Madonna's race are being spat upon, tortured, outraged, for the glory of Mary's son; Herod is being outheroded by those that execrate his name, and once more Rachel weeps because her children are not—weeps, and will not be comforted. Ah me! How the Christians of Kishineff do love their neighbors, the Jews! What shining lights they are! What an ensample for the unspeakable Turk in his treatment of Armenians not of the true Islamitic faith; for the heathen Chinee in the way he should deal with intrusive missionaries propagating the gospel of the Penniless One! Would not the little waxen bodies of Semitic babies stark naked make the loveliest sort of candles for a huge national Christmas-tree in the land that loves Japan as itself? Here is a novel way—not without its delicious touch of humor—in which the peace-loving Gentiles of Russia can show their good-will to men of the Israelitish persuasion this coming yuletide. Out of Swinburne's well-known sonnet on the subject under discussion; out of Macaulay's better-known essay; or, more appropriate still, out of the world-famous thirteenth chapter of Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, let the Christian children make spills, light them at the yule log, and apply them to the candles aforesaid. But I write as if Tartar ingenuity—the suggestion once made to it—were not fully competent to think out varied and exquisite detail for itself, without further help of mine. The idea, I pride myself, is a good one, and, if well carried out, would prove a luminous commentary on the religion of love. But trust the Russian to do something that will put my poor little Christmas candle suggestion altogether in the shade."

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The Latest Prize Winner

At the beginning of the year, Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, offered a prize of one hundred pounds for the best "first novel" and the award has just been made. The judge, who has been reading the manuscripts diligently for the last eight months, estimates that he has waded through approximately thirteen miles of copy—some twenty million words—and that out of the whole lot, which has come from every quarter of the globe, only about one-fifth is fit to publish under any circumstances. The prize was awarded to Mrs. Baillie Saunders, wife of the chaplain of Marylebone Old Chapel. Though this is her first story, she is not an unpracticed writer, and it would be well for those who enter into these contests if they would make note of the fact that seldom, if ever, an inexperienced contestant is successful. Mrs. Saunders, besides being a regular contributor to periodicals, has published a "History of Marylebone," a Dickens monograph, and a volume of essays, but she is assuming an amateurish attitude towards her novel, "Saints in Society," by professing to be indifferent to her success and apologetic of her work, which, like the true amateur, she professes to have "dashed off in two months." The plot concerns a suburban printer and his wife who become heirs to a fortune, and deals with the effect of wealth on their characters, the man deteriorating and the woman improving under the new conditions. There seems to be, on this side of the water, an attempt to magnify the importance of the book. From English sources I learn that the novel is commonplace and that whatever merit it possesses is entirely owing to its quiet realism of local color and high purpose. Of course the publishers retain the copyright and whatever returns are made from sales, but five hundred dollars is a substantial sum to receive for one novel, especially a first, in these days when every one writes, and a book of extraordinary merit has scarcely a year's lease of life.

Literary Scabs

J. L. Ford, who ought to know whereof he speaks, says that in England the whole trade, or profession of writing, as you will, is at the mercy of "scabs," people who have some income, and need a little more in order to enable them to lead the lives they prefer, of semi-idleness, and luxury. There are impecunious younger sons, decayed gentlewomen, and the whole army of those who cannot demean themselves by engaging in trade or handicraft, so they take up writing in any form that presents itself, and scribble away at rates that would speedily starve out those who have no other income, with the result that the whole business of writing is demoralized. The work is not well done but it is cheap, and all of a uniform mediocrity. No one asks at the book stalls for this or that favorite magazine, as in America, but for "something to read," for they are all alike. It is not likely that Fisher Unwin expected to discover a genius or to unearth a masterpiece, nor even to satisfy himself about the general quality of the novels now being written, since he must have known that in the regular course of business, but he has advertised his firm, and incidentally the prize winner which can be counted on to sell well enough to recoup the outlay, since a large number of the contestants will be sure to want to read it in order to satisfy themselves that their own was just as good if not better. Meanwhile, the author has done very well by herself, since five hundred dollars and the fame of her success will amply compensate her for her two months of application in "dashing off" the prize winner.

Herrin Going to Piedmont

I hear that William F. Herrin is the latest wealthy resident of San Francisco to become enamored of the beauties of the Piedmont hills, and that he has purchased a fine residence site among them on which he intends building in the near future.

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No Distinction But Some Good Pictures

What is the matter with the artists and the Art Association? Are they trying to get back at the Association for slights inflicted in recent years? Or has the desire to make a fat showing at the Bohemian and Sequoia Club exhibitions caused the artists to falter in their allegiance to the older institution of art? Whatever the reason, the artists have not treated the Art Association quite squarely and fairly in the autumn exhibition. I cannot believe that the committee turned down anybody of consequence, and therefore the meagreness of the showing remains a puzzle. It would be untrue to call the exhibition a poor one, for some of the water-colors, oil sketches, and especially the pastels and miniatures, are worthy of praise, but it would be untrue also to call it a fine or even a fair showing of the work of Californian artists. The exhibition lacks the distinction that even one picture out of the common would give. It is rather an exhibition of what the artists have not done than of what they have accomplished. Glance down the whole line of paintings and three or four out of twenty command attention. The eye is drawn to a few "Sold" signs, which indicate nothing but the inferior judgment of some purchasers, though not all the sold pictures are unworthy. Kunath sold his "Moonlight—Fruitvale," almost before it had been placed on the line, and also another of his Fruitvale sketches. Margaret Buck's "A Wood Path" also attracted a purchaser at once, as did a tiny marine by Seawell.

Some of the Portraits

It is well to begin at the left hand side and go completely around the Searles gallery, and in that way one may glean a pretty fair idea of the merits of the exhibition. Portraits always stand out well from a mass of landscapes and marines, and there are some interesting portrait sketches on the walls. Olga Ackerman has contributed a number, one of the best the familiar face of a young man with eye-glasses. Sandona's "Una," which is Miss Una Fairweather, the young contralto who is going to New York to study for grand opera, is lifelike though not a flattering picture of this beautiful girl. He has, however, caught the expression lying in her deep blue eyes and the misty midnight in her hair. Sandona has other portrait studies, a mother and child being one of the strongest things he has ever shown. Lillie V. O'Ryan shows a portrait sketch of Laura Bride Powers. Ada Romer Shawhan's crayons are among the things one looks at thrice—"A Silhouette," an Indian girl with flying hair; a Chinese head; a serious Marguerite, and a woman's face—do we not recognize it?—framed in a mass of fair hair. Eva Almond Withrow's portrait study of Marianno Morelli, a study for St. Joseph, compels interest. Chauncey M. St. John loaned the portrait in water colors which Harrison Fisher did of him, and it is good both as to likeness and treatment. Two oil studies of a head by Raschen are worth more than a passing glance. Though not so titled, they should be called Vikings' heads, for there is the look of the Viking in features and expression.

Neuhaus shows a number of his Holland sketches, chiefly farm scenes. Gordon Coutts has a good "Evening

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Calm and Cool" and "From the Woods." Latimer sent just two of the many redwoods sketches he gathered in the summer, one the giants of the Sherwood forest in Mendocino county and the other a glimpse of the big trees in the Russian river forest which he knows and loves so well. Neilson has some good Monterey and other sketches. Bloomer is represented by "A Farm in the Foothills." Greenbaum sent only some oil sketches, the Chain of Lakes at sunset and one or two other lesser things, but did not exhibit any of the portrait sketches he worked on so busily in the summer. Seawell has a number of sketches, sand-dunes cleverly treated, a picturesque bit of hillside and other Californian scenes. Edith Whitefield has a Golden Gate Park scene, a bit of lake and trees, that is uncommonly good. Willis Davis is well represented. Amy Dewing, one of the younger artists, shows some promising sketches.

The Miniatures

The book plate designs by Albertine Randall Wheelan are among the interesting showings, and the miniatures are given a place by themselves in the mezzanine gallery. Laura Prather Waterbury shows her miniatures of Mrs. Cutter and Mrs. Mendell and Lillie O'Ryan has four charming samples of her work. There are more miniaturists exhibiting this year than usual. Marion Norton, whose work was so highly commended last year, has four miniatures in this season's exhibition. One that everybody notices is that of Dr. McNutt, which is an admirable likeness admirably treated. Dorothy Frankenau is another of Miss Norton's successes in miniature. Miss Norton is a young woman whose work is worth watching. She has caught the true artistic knack of bringing out that which is worth observing but which generally lies hidden.

With the Artists Themselves

Latimer did not show two of the best sketches he obtained this season and I hear that the reason thereof was that they were sold while the paint was fresh on the canvases. He went to Mill Valley one day and the result of his trip was two really exquisite sketches. His explanation of the success of those particular sketches was that he had nobody along to bother him, only one congenial friend and his pipe.

The Maynard Dixons have gone to Arizona on a sketching tour, and later they are going to New York.

Some of Joe Greenbaum's artist friends are joshing him about having sent his little oil "Pigs" to the present Hopkins exhibition. They are insinuating that he may have had an ulterior motive, but surely Joe wouldn't poke fun at a committee of which he was one of the members.

Cadenasso put his oils and pastels on exhibition at Paul Elder's, and among them are some very fine things. I hear that Cadenasso was very much amused because one of the lady art critics wrote of him as being an aristocrat. He always considers himself a bohemian of bohemians.

Marie Louise Thompson, a sister of Charlotte the playwright, will give an exhibition of her decorated porcelains at her Taylor street studio beginning on Friday of this week. Miss Thompson is among the Hopkins exhibitors, porcelains having been added to the water colors, sketches and other showings.

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The second ball of the Saturday Evening Club will be given this week. The incipient buds who have joined this club are for the most part unusually comely, which augurs well for their enjoyment when they make their formal debuts. Helene Irwin attends these dances and will have time to do one more before she goes abroad with her mother. Miss Irwin is growing very tall and if her inches continue to pile up she will be one of the tallest of next season's buds.

At Byron Hot Springs among this week's arrivals were E. R. Stackdale of Honolulu, the R. G. Burtons of Fresno, Emil Pursch of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Frost and family of Sausalito, F. J. Cook of Portland, Mrs. S. M. Fletcher, W. H. Emerson, F. T. Huddart, Mrs. James D. Bailey, William Kyrne, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Perkins, C. E. Clinch, of San Francisco.

Mr. Charles Keilus of the Hub left for the East this week to make up spring and summer clothes for the approaching season.

The Financial Field

Business on the local board has been highly satisfactory. Transactions in Bonds aggregate $437,000; in Shares, 8,500, divided as follows: 840 Lighting, 765 Water, 1,410 Miscellaneous, 130 Banks, and 5,355 Sugars. Of the latter a good many sales in Kilauea, which helped swell the volume of business. S. F. Gas & Electric moved between 84 3-4, closing 84 1-2 bid. Spring Valley Water and Contra Costa were without change worth mentioning. Alaska Packers' remained quiet at 59, without much inquiry. Towards the close of the week under review Sugar stocks developed activity under the leadership of Puauhau, th extremely low figure of raw sugar had been accepted as representing "bedrock," and when stronger quotations were reported from New York they carried prices of our local Sugar stocks along with a rush.

—*The Financier.*

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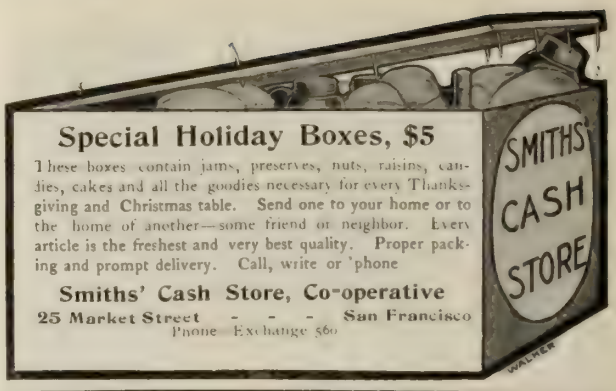

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The Stage

Richard Mansfield

Either we should commiserate Mr. Richard Mansfield on the miscarriage of his genius in the provinces or experience a twinge of humiliation at our failure to appreciate the subtle art of the foremost American actor in all the variety of its expression. As a matter of theatrical history it must be recorded that Mr. Mansfield failed in an effort to impress us. That is unfortunate, but let us not rail at him for the impotency of his art as revealed in consequence of his bad judgment in putting it to too severe a test. Naturally the impulse to cast a few gibes at the pompous actor's head is strong for that head is a very fine target. It has fattened somewhat on fulsome flattery, and consequently it invites the ridicule that waits on abnormal self-appreciation. Mr. Mansfield has been justly lauded, but sometimes extravagantly by fawning critics of the William Winter type. It was Mr. Winter who said of him, "The leaf on which the record of his art is written will be of beaten gold." Some very base metal will have to be used for that portion of the record devoted to the great artist's present engagement in this city. And yet if we take a common-sense view of the matter it is not to Mr. Mansfield's discredit that he has failed to make good in everything that he has undertaken. Greater actors than Mansfield failed to do that. Irving as philosopher, or king, poet or prelate was matchless. Less august types, men of action and passion, were outside his range. As Romeo he was a fiasco, quite as ridiculous as Mansfield exhibiting the stiffness of his joints while simulating youthful vivacity as the Prince in "Old Heidelberg." Richard Mansfield is a man of wonderful versatility, but there are limitations to his genius, his esthetic art is finite. There are some characters beyond his range and they suffer badly when he drags them into it. The foremost American actor is not multiradiant. In Schiller's "Don Carlos" he gives us a masterpiece of characterization, a fine study of a passion-crazed young man. There is a tenderness in the portrayal that it would be hard to resist. There is a pathos in its vigor that lays hold on the auditor with a power that will not be denied its mastery. The pity of the role is overpowering; it is romantic, it is lyric, it is classic. None but an artist with a poet's imagination, a poet with an artist's sense of color, could give us such an idealization of the emotions of the unhappy Prince. The play itself is a bore, having been emasculated to fit the time allotted to an evening's entertainment. It has been cut in a way that violates all the rules of dramatic technique. The plot unfolds in disjointed circumstance, and one character is brought into bold relief at the sacrifice of all the others. The story of this drastic treatment of Schiller for the exploitation of Mansfield will not look well on an illuminated leaf of gold. Such perversion of a literary classic is unnecessary. If the play cannot be reverently adapted then it should be omitted from the actor's repertoire. It cannot be said, however, that Mr. Mansfield makes any invidious distinction in his revision of the classics. He plays no favorites. Tuesday night he gave us "The Merchant of Venice," or rather a version of it, the same version that I saw at the Alcazar some months ago, cut down to meet the exigencies of a stock company. Yet Mr. Mansfield charges two-fifty per, and advertises the sumptuousness of his productions. That comes within the purview of the statute against obtaining money under false pretenses. Mr. Mansfield should eliminate "The Merchant of Venice" from his repertoire. Shylock is one of the characters beyond the range of his genius. He gives us an etiolated Shylock. He also gives us a Shylock with a dialect, such a Shylock as Dave Warfield might create, and I intend no disparagement in the linking of the two names, for Warfield in "The Music Master" has been pronounced by competent critics as great an emotional artist as Mansfield. There is something of the sardonic and of the grotesque in Mr. Mansfield's conception of this picturesque personality, but never once does he get you in touch with the spirit that moves the revengeful Jew, that impels him to discharge his hatred through one man against the whole Christian tribe and that is finally broken beneath the weight of cruel injustice heaped upon it by men no more entitled to our admiration than was Shylock himself. You neither sympathize with nor despise Mansfield's Jew. The exquisite artistry of the actor who wins our highest admiration in some of his portrayals is nowhere in evidence in this play. His characterization is colorless. It rouses no emotion. At the close of the act in which the distracted father learns of the elopement of his daughter, Mr. Mansfield's effort to evoke the sympathy of his audience falls flat. Mr. Mansfield falls flat, too, flat on the stage, and emits a moan, but it is a most unconvincing appeal. The trial scene was fairly well done but Mr. Mansfield did not close it effectively. Miss Florence Rockwell's Portia is sentimental but not virile. The only member of the company who achieves distinction is Mr. Andrews as Launcelot Gobbo. The support of the star is not all that it should be, and we know that talent for Shakespearean plays is available because it was not so long ago that we saw the superb Sothern-Marlowe company. *Theodore Bonnet.*

The Tivoli's New Company

The big Tivoli looked positively cosy last Sunday night on the occasion of the opening salute of the new comic opera company. The atmosphere was not so dense as it has been on Verdi nights, but it was warm and comfortable, and there were no vacant chairs. "The Highwayman" was the opening attraction, and it seemed to delight the big audience in which there were many critical ears and exacting eyes intent upon gauging the merits of the new singers. The impression made was evidently quite favorable, for the company was generously applauded, and the

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enthusiasm of the house augured well for the management. Arthur Cunningham carried off his full share of the honors, and he sang as though his voice has been subjected to some sweetening process during his brief vacation, for he was more melodious than ever. The new comedian, George Kunkel, sprung into favor from the start. He is of the Edwin Stevens style of comic opera fun-maker, and his method is therefore far more refreshing than that of the strenuous guffaw seekers that have become the inevitable evil of musical comedy. As for the new song-birds of the company, they are assuredly a delight to the eye and they vocalized into favor Sunday night. Good looks and good singing are the chief essentials to high achievement in a comic opera company, but they rarely come together, the reason being, I have sometimes thought, that when a woman imbued with comic opera ambition possesses an attractive figure and a pleasing face, she is more inclined to rely on cosmetics and costumes than on the virtue of voice cultivation. This theory of mine is not borne out by the latest recruits in the Tivoli company. For while they have the physical graces that appeal to the eye, it is evident that they have spent some little time in cultivating their voices, and while the results may not be entirely satisfactory, they are such as forbid dismissal without sincere criticism. Helena Frederick, the prima donna, sings lustily and not inartistically, and if it were not for the abrasive quality of her voice which gives it a peculiar distinction, there would be no occasion to withhold positive approval. There is resonance in Miss Frederick's voice, and she uses it with good effect, but she impels you to strain your ear quizzically. She plays the part of Lady Constance in "The Highwayman" with considerable dash and style, and imparts to the performance a refined tone. Cora Tracy, the contralto, looks and acts well, but, like most comic opera contraltos, she practices the familiar deception of making a mezzo voice appear to be what it is not. She is the typical artificial contralto, who usually evokes complimentary comment on the richness and fullness of her tones. Linda De Costa, the soubrette, has a way with her that is traditionally soubrettish. You know she is the soubrette as soon as she comes on, and you are pleased with her. The new tenor, Eugene Wiener, has notes that should not be recklessly endorsed, but he contributes no jarring dissonance. On the whole, it is a far more complete comic opera company than the Tivoli has had for some time, and I shall look for it to add a few creditable chapters to Tivoli history. *Theodore Bonnet.*

A Very Pleasant Surprise

If you like musical comedy don't miss "The Sho-Gun." It is the most pleasant surprise I have had in a long time. Even though you have been surfeited with the inanities of the musical comedy librettist and your ear has grown weary of light and airy musical nonsense, it is safe to recommend this latest hodgepodge from the pens of George Ade and Gustave Luders. It is the best thing of its kind that has come out of New York in many a long day. Not only does it abound in breezy dialogue, amusing situations, exhilarating tunes and fetching femininity; it is alive with clever people, and they send the action along at a rattling pace and with bewildering variety. It was staged by George Marion, who achieves wonderful success in handling chorus girls. The stage business is new and captivating and it is apparent that the color schemes were devised by an artist. The costumes are principally confections in kimonas, conventionalized and allegorized. The story is told by George Ade in his happiest moments, and the dialogue is the sprightliest that has come this way from his pen. Genevieve Day and Isabel D'Armand, the principal women, are pretty, graceful, chic and good to listen to.

Scene from "My Friend from India," at the Alcazar.

THE ESMERALDA SISTERS

Who will sing and dance with their four Flower Girls at the Orpheum tomorrow.

There are two men with fine voices in the company—Detmer Poppen and Douglass Ruthven. Our old friend Tommy Leary, erstwhile of the Tivoli, is with the show and you wouldn't know him, so Broadwayed has he become. He has learned repression and has been toned down into an extraordinarily polite mummer, and he is not the principal comedian. That honor belongs to John Henshaw, one of the best in the business. In sending this company out Henry W. Savage was probably inspired by a desire to win a little prestige in San Francisco to which he has hitherto sent some very mediocre organizations.

Mrs. Dane at the Alcazar

Perhaps Margaret Anglin would still be playing leads in a stock company had she never essayed the role of Mrs. Dane in the Henry Arthur Jones play. But Mrs. Dane made Miss Anglin a successful star, and after the star passed on to other triumphs "Mrs. Dane's Defense" was given to stock companies. It is a strong play, with good comedy moments to brighten the seriousness of old Carteret and the emotional intensity of Mrs. Dane. And it is those bright comedy moments that make it possible for stock presentation. In the Alcazar presentation of the play, the audience lingers lovingly with the comedy situations, so admirably dallied with by Byers, Maher, Miss Belgarde and Miss Crosby. Juliet Crosby is felicitous wheresoever she is cast. She never fails to grasp her part or bring a fine intelligence to bear upon it, whether it be large or small. As Lady Eastney she has a role in which emotion and comedy are very neatly balanced, and she always preserves the balance. Miss Belgarde as Mrs. Bulsom-Porter is also well up to the part's requirements and Mr. Maher as Bulsom-Porter is her happy second. Byers as the Vicar invests the urbane, jovial Canon Bonsey with even more interest than the playwright allotted. Miss Kerwin as Janet is sweet and girlish. She reminds me of Ida Conquest in many ways, and I am longing to see her in a part where she will have the centre of the stage. Edith Evelyn, the new leading woman, made her local debut in the leading role, and made such a favorable impression that at the end of that soul-stirring great third act, in which she brought tears to many an eye, she was called out again and again, to receive the flowers and plaudits showered upon her. She is a very handsome woman and promises well for future roles. Waldron is very pleasantly placed as Sir Daniel, which is worthy to stand beside his "Iris" success.

Daudet Melodramatized

"Sapho" at the Central this week is "Sapho"-up-to-date, "Sapho" melodramatized, "Sapho" with a Flamant magnified into a villain. In the "Sapho" we know from frequent hearings, the "Sapho" of Daudet which we have read, Flamant plays merely a small part. He is the shadow of Fanny Le Grand's past, the substance in the last act which comes to part her from the Jean she has clung to to his moral destruction. But in this "Sapho" melodramatized Flamant looms up as a very large factor in the play. He breaks up the party at Dechelette's, and one sees at once that Jean, picturesque as he is, isn't going to stand the ghost of a show by this big burly convict. Aside from this little variation from Daudet's idea, the Central "Sapho" is worth seeing for its scenic features. The ball-room scene, given unexpurgated and slightly intensified, is more effective than on the smaller stages where the play has been seen before. In this scene Edna Ellsmere recites the beautiful poem that is always interpolated here by Sapho on the pedestal from which the statue has been removed. Mayall is a handsome but rather too sophisticated Jean. There is

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nothing provincial in his attitude or attire. But I should advise everyone to go and see this new version of "Sapho" with its Zolaesque Flamant. Flamant is the note that makes the old "Sapho" new.

Next Week's Bills

The final performance of "The Sho Gun" will be given at the Columbia on Sunday night, December fourth. "The College Widow," another Ade success, comes next, headed by Dorothy Tennant, and with a good company.

Next Monday evening Belasco and Mayer will open the Alhambra theatre with their entire Central stock company, the attraction for the Thanksgiving week being "The Millionaire Detective," in which Mayall will play the leading role. The termination of the lease of Belasco and Mayer at the Central is the cause of their transferring their company to the Alhambra, which house however is larger than the Central, both in seating capacity and in the stage. The Alhambra is being decorated and renovated for the opening next Monday night and the patrons of the place will find an almost new theatre awaiting them. This Saturday and Sunday, matinees and evenings, Belasco and Mayer will give the farewell appearances of their company at the Central, with the performances of "Sapho." Regular Saturday and Sunday matinees will be given at the Alhambra and the same scale of prices as existed at the Central will be in force at the new house of the Central stock. A special Thanksgiving matinee will be given at the Alhambra next Thursday.

Mansfield's repertory for his second and last week at the Grand Opera House is: Monday, "The Misanthrope" by Moliere in which the star appears as Alceste; Tuesday, "Richard III," last time; Wednesday, "Don Carlos," last time; Thursday matinee, "Beau Brummel"; Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice," last time; Friday night, "Beau Brummel," last time; Saturday matinee, "The Misanthrope"; Saturday night, farewell appearance, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." There are still some good seats left for all performances. Sunday matinee, December third, Estha Williams, James M. Brophy and a strong company begin a week's engagement in the comedy drama, "Shadows on the Hearth," which ran for one hundred and fifty nights in New York, one hundred in Boston, and one hundred in Philadelphia.

"The Highwayman" will continue at the Tivoli and there will be a special matinee Thanksgiving day.

That mad and merry farce, "My Friend from India," will be the Alcazar's Thanksgiving week bill, with Maher

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John E. Henshaw and a Strong Cast.
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Monday, as Alceste in a production of Moliere's Comedy, "The Misanthrope."
Tuesday, "King Richard III" (last time).
Wednesday, "Don Carlos" (last time).
Thursday afternoon, Thanksgiving Matinee, "Beau Brummel."
Thursday night, "The Merchant of Venice" (last time).
Saturday (last) Matinee, "The Misanthrope."
Saturday (farewell night) only time in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
Sunday Matinee, December 3rd, Estha Williams and James M. Brophy in "Shadows on the Hearth."

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Souvenirs at matinees for the children.
Evening Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Matinees, 50c and 75c. Children, 25c and 50c.
Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Coming in December—EMIL SAURET, Violinist, and ARTHUR SPEED, Pianist

and Nera Rosa as chief fun-makers. Juliet Crosby will have the role of the Swedish servant. "The Sword of the King," a romantic comedy in which Henrietta Crosman starred in the East, comes next, with Edith Evelyn in the star role.

At the Orpheum the popular Fadettes will remain another week, offering an entirely new program. The newcomers will be the Esmeralda sisters and the Four Flower Girls, novel singers and dancers direct from Gotham; Eva Westcott and company from the Palace theatre, London—their first appearance here—in "An Episode of Modern Life"; Dixon and Anger, "The Baron and His Friend"; and Whistling Tom Browne in his unequaled imitations.

At the Chutes will be Bothwell Browne's popular musical extravaganza, "Princess Fan Tan," with a cast of three hundred talented children.

Nance Is Coming Back

McKee Rankin is once more in town and though Nance O'Neil is not with him they will be together soon again, for the distinguished Californian actress is now on the ocean wave bound for the city of her birth. In Australia Miss O'Neil recouped in a measure the losses of her London and New York ventures. She can always count on appreciation in the Antipodes, and after her most unfortunate experience in New York which left her in financial straits she started for Australia where she was given a hearty greeting. She played only in the principal cities and to fine houses. From an exchange I learn that she made a curtain speech at Melbourne on the last night of her engagement in that city, and told the people that there was only one other community whose appreciation of her was as great as that of Melbourne, "and that city," she said, "is San Francisco." I hear that Mr. Rankin is trying to make arrangements for a short season at the Grand in Sudermann's "The Fires of St. John."

Made Her Debut Here

Eleanor Barry, now of Mansfield's company, has had quite a varied career since she was leading lady many years ago at the Alcazar. She has been leading lady for Mrs. Langtry, for the late Stuart Robson, and for William H. Crane, and was in A. M. Palmer's first "Trilby" company. Eleanor Barry was Ella Babcock before she decided to try her luck as an actress and made her debut with Osbourne and Stockwell's old stock company. Her father was General Babcock, formerly Secretary of State of Nevada. She was married when a mere girl, and it was after she found domestic life a failure, I believe, that she decided to try her luck on the stage, where she was at once successful.

Dine at the Pleasanton on Thanksgiving

Perhaps it is not convenient for you to get Thanksgiving dinner at home. Perhaps you are not keeping house so that you have to patronize some of the many restaurants or hotels. Again, some of your family may be away and the home table would be lonesome that day of all days without them. Why not take dinner down town? There's the delightful Pleasanton with its wholesome atmosphere, its comfortable surroundings and its delightfully homelike hospitality. There is no dinner in San Francisco better cooked or better served than that of the Pleasanton and surely one could enjoy one's self there as well as anywhere in the world.

The Fruit and Flower Mission, which distributes about two hundred dinners among the deserving poor, is making its annual apepal for donations of turkey, vegetables and the other good things that go to make up a dinner; money also will be thankfully received. Donations should be brought or sent to the Mission, 681 Sutter street, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

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Bernhardt's Farewell Tour

That grand old woman, old yet ever young, with no signs of age in her looks or acting, Sarah Bernhardt, achieved another of her long list of triumphs in Sardou's "La Sorciere," at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. Her audience included everybody of any prominence in society and the arts and letters worlds, and the fact that her acting has still power to stir and awe needed no better proof than was given at the close of the fourth act when she compelled an ovation such as is rarely afforded any artist and which could only be likened in enthusiasm to the tremendous acclaim inspired by Caruso upon the occasion of his premier in Chicago last spring. It has been five years since Sarah Bernhardt appeared in America. Her last tour of the United States was made in conjunction with Coquelin, when they appeared in "L'Aiglon" and repertory. Bernhardt is well supported, de Max and Docoeur being her leading men. In Bernhardt's repertory this season are "Camille," "Angelo" by Victor Hugo, "Adrienne Levouvreur," "Sapho," "Fedora," "La Femme de Claude" by Dumas, and "Phedre" by Racine.

Artistic Arizona Pictures

The most artistic feature of the Orpheum bill this week is "Tales of the Desert," offered by Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Kemp. Beautiful colored pictures of Arizona scenes are shown, with an illustration of the Indian snake dance. The pictures afford a very comprehensive idea of the land of little rain, and are well worth seeing. The Fadettes, Boston's picturesque and tuneful women's orchestra, duplicate their hit of last week. Charles Leonard Fletcher's imitations are capitally done and there are the usual good sketches to fill out the bill.

George Osbourne's early reappearance at the Alcazar will mean a demonstration of extraordinary enthusiasm. He has just returned from a pleasure tour of ten months throughout Europe, and is at his vineyard near Fresno, looking after business details. "The Secret of Polichinelle" is the play selected for him. It was one of New York's most extraordinary comedy successes last season, and the part created by William H. Thompson will fit Osbourne like a glove. It has never been done in the West.

This Sunday afternoon at Lyric hall Edward Baxter Perry, pianist, composer and author, will give his farewell concert and talk, the subject being Mediaeval Legends Set to Music. Mr. Perry will play Chopin's A flat Ballade, the Brassin arrangement of the "Magic Fire" from Die Walkure, Liszt's transcriptions of the Spinning Song from the Flying Dutchman and Schubert's Erlking, Godard's Trilby, Saint-Saens' "Danse Macabre" and other romantic compositions and will explain the connection between them and the legends by which they were inspired. Both as a pianist and speaker Mr. Perry is most interesting. Mr. Perry asks no consideration on account of his blindness but desires to stand on his merits as a pianist and artist of the highest rank. Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and will be on sale Sunday at Lyric hall after ten o'clock. Prices range from $1.50 to 50 cents, including reserved seat.

The New Safety Station

erected by the City opposite our store, renders the crossing of Market street an easy matter for ladies coming down either O'Farrell street or Grant avenue. Try this new crossing and see our newly fitted store and the Holiday exhibit, which is nearly completed. Our display of beautiful pictures, fine stationery, elegant leather goods, artistic frames, pyrography materials, Christmas cards, Souvenirs and 1906 Calendars is not equaled in any other store. Visitors cordially invited whether wishing to purchase or not. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market St.

In New York seven years ago Manager E. D. Price discovered Maude Courtenay, "the girl who sings the old songs," and made her a vaudeville headliner of international fame. She was last here on the Orpheum circuit. For the past three years she has sung in the European halls and recently went to South Africa. Mr. Price received a cablegram from Johannesburg, last week, announcing the sudden death from paralysis of Miss Courtenay's mother, her inseparable companion and a woman of the rarest personal charm.

Again Manager Greenbaum has arranged one of those rare combinations of artists that are seldom heard in any musical centre. This time it is a combination of Emil Sauret, the French violinist, and Arthur Speed, a young English pianist who has recently met with a series of triumphs in Germany. These joint recitals promise such rarely heard works as the violin sonata of Rubinstein in A minor, Schumann's in D minor and the greatest of the Beethoven sonatas in C minor. A new suite by Gottlieb-Noren and one by Schutt will also be played by the two artists. Sauret will play the concertos of Saint-Saens, Dvorak and Ernst besides many other important compositions, and Mr. Speed's numbers will include the Variations Serieuses by Mendelssohn, Chopin's Fantasie Op. 49 and some Schumann and Brahms numbers. The dates for the concerts are Tuesday and Thursday nights, Dec. 12 and 14, and Saturday matinee, Dec. 16.

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To the Alhambra

There are many to shed a tear because this is the last week of the Central under the Belasco-Mayer management. Many a stirring melodrama has been enjoyed at the Central, and many standard plays such as "Monte Cristo," "The Three Guardsmen," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Blue Jeans," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," etc. It was at the Central that "The Voice in the Wilderness" had its premier on any stage, with Robert Downing as John the Baptist. "The Holy City" was given its first San Francisco production at the Central, and "Quo Vadis" was also given there with fine effect. Now the entire company is to go to the Alhambra which Belasco, Mayer and Price have leased indefinitely. George H. Davis will still be the manager, as he has been of the Central for some years.

The Greatest American Playwright

When I saw Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday" I predicted that we would soon be deluged with plays dealing with Western life, and now I learn from an Eastern correspondent that since the production of David Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West," which was written for that distinguished girl of the golden West, Miss Blanche Bates, several playwrights have plunged their muses into a state of parturition in a woolly western atmosphere. Belasco's drama is the sensation of the hour in the East. It is said to be his greatest work to date. The Californian dramatist is a wonder. Everything he does is "his greatest yet," and whenever he does anything it induces that sincerest form of flattery—imitation. "The Darling of the Gods" had its weak duplication in "The Japanese Nightingale" and "The Music Master" was followed by "The Second Fiddle." Belasco is unquestionably the greatest of American playwrights, not because he writes great dramatic literature but because he is a wizard in technique. We have no dramatists writing literature, and of them all Belasco is the only one whose craftsmanship is unerring. He never turns out a failure. Every Belasco drama is a winner, and yet his plays abound in artificialities, so cleverly contrived, so swiftly presented and with such masterly cunning that the illusion holds the spectator in thrall until he gets out of the theatre, and then he wonders that he could have been moved by devices so clearly mechanical. After literally circling the world in quest of themes for his inventive genius Belasco has returned to his native state, where he has found what is said to be the best dramatic material that has ever served him for the background of stage pictures. And now the Bret Harte atmosphere is to come into vogue again. In this there is a hint to the Alcazar management. Bartley Campbell's "My Partner" would stand another revival about this time.

Royle Has Arrived

New York critics have begun to take notice of Edwin Milton Royle, whose success as a playwright has been remarkable. They have been writing of his achievements, but seem to be in ignorance of the fact that he wrote a successful play called "Friends," many years ago, in which he toured the provinces with his wife, Selina Fetter Royle, for many seasons. "Friends" was a fine play from the actor's standpoint, and despite numerous crudities it revealed the touch of a sympathetic portrayer of human character. Though Royle has been known to the provinces for more than a decade, he did not make his Broadway bow until this season, when he put on a play called "The Squaw Man," in which William Faversham has made a big hit. Now the critics are marveling at his versatility. A few days after the premiere of this play, a Simon-pure American drama, Marie Cahill made a hit in a musical piece called "Moonshine." It was also written by Royle. And now they are recalling that he also wrote a farce entitled "My Wife's Husbands," which was produced four years ago at a theatre not on Broadway, and which was also a success. So we have Royle the librettist, Royle the dramatist and Royle the farceur. Royle was born in Salt Lake City and reared there. He was educated for four years in Princeton College, was graduated and then spent a year in Edinburgh University. After completing his education he went on the stage.

—*The Playgoer.*

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ENTRANCE FREE

Autobiography of a Belle

BY G. V. FITTOCK.

This is my fourth season out and there's nothing doing. To be more explicit, I'm still waiting to be chosen.

If a man worth having should, in a fit of intoxication, propose to me, I'd accept him, and phone the announcement of our engagement to the papers before he sobered up.

That's how eager I am to shoulder the grave responsibilities of my mother's daughter.

Mamma says it is my fault; that I am unskilled in the strategy of my sex. She says that when she came out there were no round-ups, such as our contemporary subscription dances, for the promotion of matrimony. In those days every girl in her set had to get out and hustle for herself and the mothers in her neighborhood never thought of herding young men into a corral. But then mamma was not in society. Her parents were poor but vulgar, and she was not obliged to knuckle down to the conventions. Papa came to her on a butcher wagon with the family meat. That was before he entered upon his career as a cattle dealer. He learned his business from the cleaver up, and now he is a Captain of the Cattle Industry, and ranks as one of our leading citizens.

Mamma is a brilliant woman, having deferred her education until after her marriage, when she had more leisure and a riper mind. She thinks I would appeal to young men more effectively if I had more accomplishments, and whenever she makes that argument I inquire as to the special accomplishment that won pa. Then she tells me how beautiful she was and as she is my mother I take her word for it.

Now the fact is, I have dragged every fashionable drawing-room in town, and I have found that the matrimonial waters are sparingly supplied with eligibles. I have received a great deal of attention from young men, and no reasonable offer would be refused, but I don't want to marry a chap who can't make money enough to take me to the theatre and to a cafe on the same evening. There's nothing sordid about me. I'm not looking for a wealthy husband, for as I'm an only daughter I shall always have money enough, but I draw the line at men who consider matrimony the royal road to wealth, whose only ambition is to capture an heiress and whose only assets are a dress-suit, a shirt and a suite.

All the young bachelors who don't have to marry for wealth appear to be heavily burdened. Sometimes the bachelor's burden is his best friend's wife. Sometimes he has a bijou connection which makes matrimony seem superfluous.

I feel that the chief mission of woman is the moral amelioration of man, but what can a poor girl do when the only bachelors she can get close up to are hopelessly virtuous and incapable of acquiring a past?

If I were the only girl in San Francisco's smart set doing my fourth season out with the signal of distress flying, the situation would be humiliating, but there are others.

It appears to me that my only recourse is to become a widow, but that achievement involves the alternative of marrying a worthless young man with the intention of going through the divorce mill, or becoming an old man's darling and waiting for him to die. The latter course would be preferable were not the end of old men a terrible uncertainty. And then comes the reflection that to be a successful young widow one must affect all the modesty of maidenhood without being permitted to feign the ignorance. But an old man's darling is not so bad when one reflects that never to be loved is not half so humiliating as to be loved no more. So why not yield to one so old that I can safely count on surviving his passion?

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Good Old Stories

BY THE MEMORIZER.

I am not going to let the *Chronicle's* resurrected story editor get away with all the good stories. I am not offering prizes just yet, but will draw on my memory for awhile until the supply gives out. Here's one that I think is good. One might call it:

HE WAS ON TIME.

Fully thirty years ago, at a certain custom-house on the American border, one of the local appraisers was one day found dead in a warehouse. The man who made the discovery covered the body with a tarpaulin, and started to break the news to the widow. He found her seated on the veranda, saluted her and asked if Dan was home. She replied in the negative, and he sat down and talked about the weather and other matters for awhile before saying:

"Mrs. Philbrick, you and the collector's wife are friends, are you not?"

"Oh, yes, the best of friends."

"And through her you could influence the collector?"

"I don't know about that."

"But if there should be a vacancy among the appraisers would you be willing to speak a good word for me?"

"Why, yes, I'm sure I would."

"If, for instance, Dan should resign, could I count on your kind efforts?"

"Oh, certainly."

He returned to the warehouse, rediscovered the body, gave the alarm, and had it sent home. Three hours later, he called to offer his services as one of the death-watch, and as he took the sorrowing widow by the hand, he said:

"Poor Dan! Cut down in the prime of life, and that without warning. Let me assure you of my heartful sympathy, and please don't forget to pull that wire for me when the collector's wife comes over to extend her sympathies. Ah! how true it is that life hangs by a brittle thread."

History says he got the job.

And here's another standard yarn:

THE LOST SHEEP.

A good brother was out in a rural district making house to house calls on the hayseeds and amongst the rest he called at a farm where he was met by a tall, angular woman with a literal mind and no appreciation of the flowers of speech. He explained his business by stating that he was looking for the stray lambs of the Lord's flock, and she didn't wait for any more but went to the door and shouted for her husband: "Silas, here be a stranger lookin' for lost sheep. I wonder if that ornery old black tangle-haired ram that was round last week be one of hisn?"

November, 1905.

Harvest

The feast is such as earth, the general mother,
Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
In the embrace of autumn. To each other,
As some fond parent fondly reconciles
Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles
With their own sustenance; they, relenting, weep.

—*Shelley.*

Remember Christmas is coming—with crowded stores and busy salespeople. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

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¶ Waters more efficacious than those of Carlsbad; they will permanently cure Rheumatism. ¶ Week-End Excursions $7.50, everything paid. ¶ Be refreshed by these tonic waters.

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Tourists who have never seen the world-famous Lick Observatory, the Old Mission, and the splendors of the Santa Clara Valley, find the best that California has to offer in the luxurious Hotel Vendome, surrounded by the most glorious floral park in the City of Roses.

Famous Vendome Swimming Baths
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The Huntswomen

By Auguste Lyons.

There is nothing on earth, so instructed Madame Prudence, quite so good to women. quite so easily pleased, quite so generous, as a mine owner when he comes to town after a long sojourn in the mountain fastnesses where his properties are located.

"Horsemen are good in their way," she said, with an oracular nod of her dyed old head, "and promoters who gather their dollars by doing the public; but let me tell you, my dears, that none of these can hold the sixteenth inch of a candle to a man who digs his money out of the bowels of the earth in chunks and handfuls."

And it was Madame's most delightful duty to read the hotel and personal columns of the daily papers every morning and evening for the enlightenment of the young women who formed her household. It is no harm for me, she argued to herself —if she ever felt the need of excusing her curiosity to her ego— to learn in this way the names of men who may be, in the course of events, valuable acquaintances for my fascinating protegees to know. Society mammas angle for men—why not Madame Prudence?

On a certain afternoon, about a week before Thanksgiving day, Madame Prudence took up the evening paper. Her eyes alighted on this item:

"Major Harrison Harley, a mining man of Mountain Range, is spending a few days in town. He is at the Palace."

"Harley—Harley," conned Madame Prudence, setting her glasses more firmly on her aquiline nose. "That name sounds familiar. Nina," she called to a pretty girl who had just entered, "can you tell me whether a Major Harley was ever here?"

Nina was all animation at once.

"Indeed I can," she answered, "why, you remember him well. Don't you know—a tall, good-looking chap about forty, clean-shaven, who came here one night with Willie Ducey and little Dicky Brown, and put up so much champagne, and got a crush on Cora?"

"Yes, you're right," replied Madame Prudence, "my memory must be getting poor when in these hard times I can't place a man like that. I recollect how sad Cora felt when he went away. She cried a whole day."

* * * * * * *

That same day, the pretty wife of a prominent lawyer took up the paper, and as she read the hotel arrivals gave an exclamation of pleased surprise. Just a month before she had gone to visit a friend in Seattle and on the steamer north had met Major Harley. Their unconventional acquaintance, begun through the medium of the purser's introduction, had ripened to friendship in the days aboard ship. They had found mutual friends during the course of their chat and the social status of each was thus to the other assured. They had parted with promises to pursue their acquaintance further but had not met since then, nor had the pretty matron cast a thought in the Major's direction until she read of his arrival in town.

* * * * * * *

In a palatial residence on Pacific Heights materfamilias stirred the sugar in her black coffee, and scanned the newspaper.

"Look here, my dear," she said suddenly to paterfamilias, "Major Harley is in town, at the Palace, that most charming mining man we met at the Springs this summer. Now it's too bad we are due at that theatre party tonight, but tomorrow morning you and Clara must take the auto and go right down and get him. If he can't come to lunch, bring him to dinner."

"But," objected her husband, "I've something else to do. I cannot chase after Harley. Besides I've no doubt he'd rather enjoy himself in his own way."

"He must not be permitted to do it," returned his wife. "Haven't we three marriageable daughters to think of? The Major seemed quite smitten with Clara, and his ardor must not be permitted to cool."

* * * * * * * *

When Major Harrison Harley took up his mail, at his late breakfast the morning after his arrival, he found a card inscribed: "Miss Cora Lefebre, 7001 Blank street," and in the corner a telephone number. Of that name and residence he had but a hazy recollection, but he sent his memory flying back some months to the occasion of his last visit to San Francisco, and he

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I reduced my weight 70 pounds, bust 6 inches, waist 6 inches and hips 14 inches in a short time by a guaranteed harmless remedy without exercise or starving. I will tell you all about it. Enclose stamp. Address, Mrs. E. S. Richards, 226 E. 9th St., Riverside, Cal.

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

A GRAND FINALE TO A CHAPTER OF COURSES

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conjured up the vision of a young woman with the mute recommendation of a handsome face.

"Not for me," said Major Harley. "It's risky business going round to such places, especially after they know a fellow has money. If it isn't blackmail with them, it's breach of promise."

He threw the card aside and gave his attention to a dainty violet-scented missive. Its perusal seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction. When a man has succeeded in attracting the sentimental interest of a charming young matron who remembers him after a few days' acquaintance he naturally feels a glow of contented delight.

"I have never been able to forget you," wrote the fair heroine of the Major's steamboat flirtation, "and when I read of your arrival it seemed like an answer to prayer. You must come and see me—I am sorry my husband is not in town to join in my welcome."

The Major smiled.

"Sorry her husband isn't in town to join in the welcome, eh?" he soliloquized with a knowing smile on his face. "I guess I know how sorry she is. But none of that for me. I've learned to fear these gay married women that boldly assume the mask of virtue. No such entanglements for me, thank you. If women would only be satisfied to be loved for an hour and could be depended upon to forget about it, they'd be all right. Since I had that experience with that little widow on my last trip, I've been impressed with the importance of caution. I love my liberty too much to be caught napping."

The Major was still engaged in soliloquizing when a visitor made his appearance in the person of Mr. Henry Jones, who presented his wife's compliments and begged that they be permitted to entertain him during his stay in town.

The Major gladly consented and expressed his profound thanks.

That very day he took a spin in the Jones auto with Miss Clara, and he was a dinner guest at the Jones house that evening.

When he reached his hotel later on there were several messages for him, all from anxious females who wanted to be called up on the 'phone. The Major chuckled to himself and when he got into bed that night he warmly felicitated himself on his discretion in ignoring the tempting bait of designing women.

He remained in town about a week, during which time he saw a great deal of the Joneses. He enjoyed their hospitality very much and resolved, before his departure, to invite the family up to his mine. Mrs. Jones persuaded him to consent to stay in town until Thanksgiving day, and have dinner with them. The morning after this invitation was accepted the Major received a dreadful shock while reading the morning paper in the hotel. His eyes had alighted on this item:

"The attentions of the wealthy mining man, Major Harrison Harley, to a belle of the Pacific Heights set are so marked that it is confidently expected that the engagement will be formally announced at the big dinner given by the mother of the young woman on Thanksgiving day."

"Back to the mines for me!" said the Major.

He sent word to the Joneses that he was called away on imperative business.

The Smoker

BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

No wife do I possess, or friend,
Of intimate, familiar kind;
Yet when the day draws to an end
My pipe I light, and both I find.

So pass the pouch and fill the bowl,
And touch with fire, heaven born;
An august peace is on my soul—
Who smokes may hold the world in scorn!

November, 1905.

Fate of the Spinster

"Cynthia Passe has adopted a little baby."

"Shocking! Why, Cynthia was never married."

"That's nothing; it's too late now for her to enjoy the illusion of a damaged reputation."

—*The Cynic.*

About the Word "Worcestershire."

Over **seventy** years ago, **Lea & Perrins** first put on the market a table sauce known as

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RICHARD F. OUTCAULT

The "Buster Brown" Man, Who Will Be Heard in Cartoon Talks at Lyric Hall Next Week

Tuesday night at Lyric hall Richard Outcault, whose creations of Buster Brown, the Yaller Kid, the children of Hogan's Alley and the messenger boy Buddy Tucker are loved by all the children in the land, will make his debut in this city in his charming humorous Cartoon Talks, during which he tells many funny anecdotes of travel illustrated with rapid cartoon sketches. Mr. Outcault will appear Tuesday, Thursday (Thanksgiving), Saturday and Sunday. At the matinees every child will be presented with a Buster Brown souvenir and at each "talk" the cartoons drawn will be distributed among the audience. These will be autographed by Mr. Outcault. On Tuesday afternoon, December fifth, our neighbors across the bay will have the opportunity of hearing Mr. Outcault at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland. The seats for these events are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, the prices for the evenings ranging from fifty cents to one dollar, and matinees seventy-five cents and fifty cents. Children's tickets are fifty cents and twenty-five cents.

Automobile Topics

Safety Rules for Auto Transportation

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has recognized the need of transporting automobiles from one city to another, and has for this purpose provided cars of a special pattern. Recently it took up the matter of preventing any danger from fire by adding a special paragraph of instruction to shippers: "Horseless vehicles operated by electricity offered for shipment must have their terminal wires, *i. e.*, wires connecting battery with motor, disconnected. Vehicles operated by gasoline or naphtha must have tanks emptied, the tank cover or plug removed and packed separately, and the sparking wire detached."

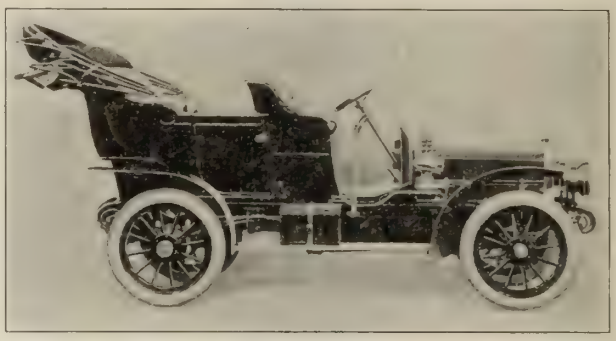
Round and About

Mrs. George A. Newhall has returned to town and is again enjoying her automobile spins. I noticed her on Sunday and several times during this week at the wheel of her Autocar accompanied by a number of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Hansen, with Mr. and Mrs. Harry

One may aid his digestion by drinking Repsold's wines with his meals. Inspection invited. 420 Pine street, San Francisco.

1906 MODEL
WINTON
"K"



The Winton Show Chassis and Demonstrating Cars are at our Salesroom. If you are interested in 1906 Models "Get Busy" and have this wonderful car demonstrated thoroughly to you as the California allotment will be sold out early.

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Expert Chauffeurs
Finest Garage in the West
Peerless Cars
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Lippman as guests, made a tour through Alameda county in their model "B" Winton last Sunday.

Mexican Auto Laws are Strict

W. H. Cole and C. B. Conklin, local automobilists, arrived in Santa Barbara last Monday, having covered the distance of 1,570 miles from the City of Mexico in eighteen days, a quick trip considering the rough condition of the roads and the steep grades that were crossed. Their trip was taken for pleasure. The two motorists left this city on October second and shipped their White steam touring car by rail and water to Mexico, leaving there October twenty-fourth. "We had intended to make a tour through the mountains," said Conlin, "but the reports of hostile Indians forced us to follow the central course northward to El Paso. We thought we were going to avoid them but one evening we ran into a large band and by a mere chance escaped with our lives, although we were followed for some distance with the sound of rifle balls whizzing around our heads." Mr. Conlin says the automobile laws of Old Mexico are very strict. It is considered murder to be connected with an automobile accident where any one is killed, and the penalties in Mexico are severe.

The Winton Road Show

Charles B. Shanks finished his transcontinental automobile exposition at Stockton last week. The exhibition car has been shipped to Oakland, where the exhibit will be transferred from the car to the Pioneer Automobile Company's garage. The exhibit was a big success in every way and large sales were the result. Twelve car-loads of Winton model K automobiles are en route for San Francisco and Los Angeles. The Pioneer Automobile Company, in summing up the business, was very much gratified. In making comparisons, the management states that the first 1905 model Winton was delivered on the twenty-fifth of March and they are now four months ahead of last year with regard to delivery. Quite a surprise awaited the Winton show car in Fresno. It was in the shape of E. B. Waterman, who drove up to meet the exhibit in his 1900 model Winton touring car, which he stated to Mr. Shanks he has been driving for the past five years, and the machine is still in good condition.

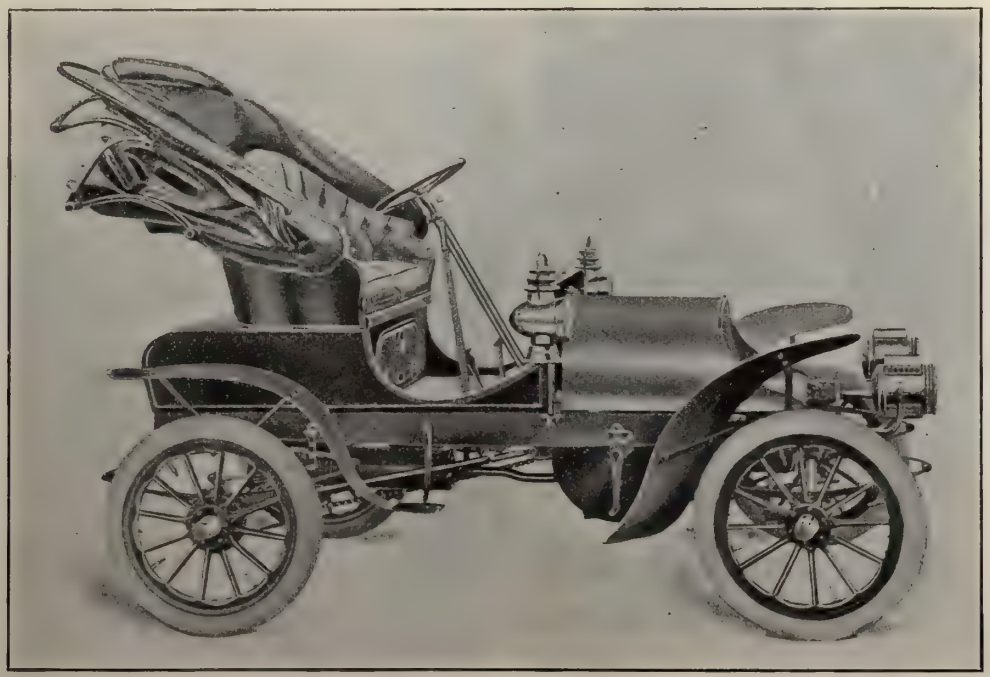
Bald Drove Them

A mayor-bridegroom, speeding away at top speed in a racing car, was the interesting finale of a Connecticut wedding recently. The bride was Agnes Garvan, daughter of Senator Garvan of Hartford, where the wedding occurred, and the groom was Mayor Cavanaugh of Norwalk. Awaiting the bridal couple outside the house was Eddie Bald, with the Columbia car in which he won a number of track races and hill-climbing events this year. After the reception Mayor Cavanaugh and his bride hurried to the car and Bald, acting under orders, made one of the quickest get-aways of his life. He drove the happy couple from Hartford to New Haven, where they took an express train for Boston.

Automobiles in Politics

"In watching the growth of automobilism," says *The Automobile* of New York, "nothing is more interesting than to note the adoption of the machine in new fields of usefulness as a necessary instrument especially by those whose interest is aroused merely by the utility of the machine. It is in this way that the automobile has come into practical politics outside the legislative halls. As an aid to the political campaigner, the automobile has become indis-

FRANKLIN CARLOAD OF 1906 MODELS HAS ARRIVED



TYPE E. Four-cylinder Runabout or Gentleman's Roadster, 1906 Model.

Telephone East 1269 FRANKLIN AUTO AGENCY G. A. BOYER, Mgr. 134 Golden Gate Avenue San Francisco

pensable, not only in the rural districts, but in the large cities also. This has been shown more markedly than ever before in the municipal campaign in New York City, just closed."

The Pioneer Automobile Company is in receipt of information and specifications for the new Oldsmobile line for the season of 1906. The Oldsmobile people will build a four-cylinder twenty-four horse-power car, factory prices of which will be $2.250. In addition to this, they will build a twenty horse-power two-cylinder, two-cycle touring car with 96-inch wheel base, the price being $1,200 f. o. b. factory. The two-cycle feature in the two-cylinder car will come as quite a surprise to Oldsmobile owners. The tonneau is detachable and so arranged as to give ample carrying space on the rear deck. It is of beautiful design. Samples of these cars will arrive here about the middle of December.

The recent decision of leading American steel makers to produce special steels for automobile construction is an encouraging sign of progress. The growth of the industry has made the builder's orders worth the serious attention of the steel maker.

M. De Motte, of St. Paul, who was in town last week, having made the trip overland from Corning to this city in his Columbia auto, returned to the small town in the northern section of the state a few days ago. Writing of the journey he says, "A valley run might be monotonous if it were not for the space one can roll up in a day." Mr. De Motte describes the roads through the Sacramento valley as fair.

Howard Huntington bought a White car, 1906 model, in New York last week. Oscar Luning is another millionaire who has invested in a White.

Leo Korbel, of the University of California and prominent in the motor world here, last week returned from a trip abroad and can be seen almost daily driving his Autocar.

E. T. Sterling, the San Jose banker, has placed his order with the Pioneer people for a model K Winton.

W. W. Hadley, a prominent motorist in the southern part of the state, earned one hundred dollars recently by driving a real estate investor in a White steamer to Santa Barbara during the night. The man had to get there before a certain hour next morning, as the option which he had on a large ranch was on the point of expiring. Hadley negotiated the trip in time for the man to close a two hundred thousand dollar deal, and got his reward forthwith.

Miss Helen Hammond is doing considerable touring in her large 50 horse-power model A Winton.

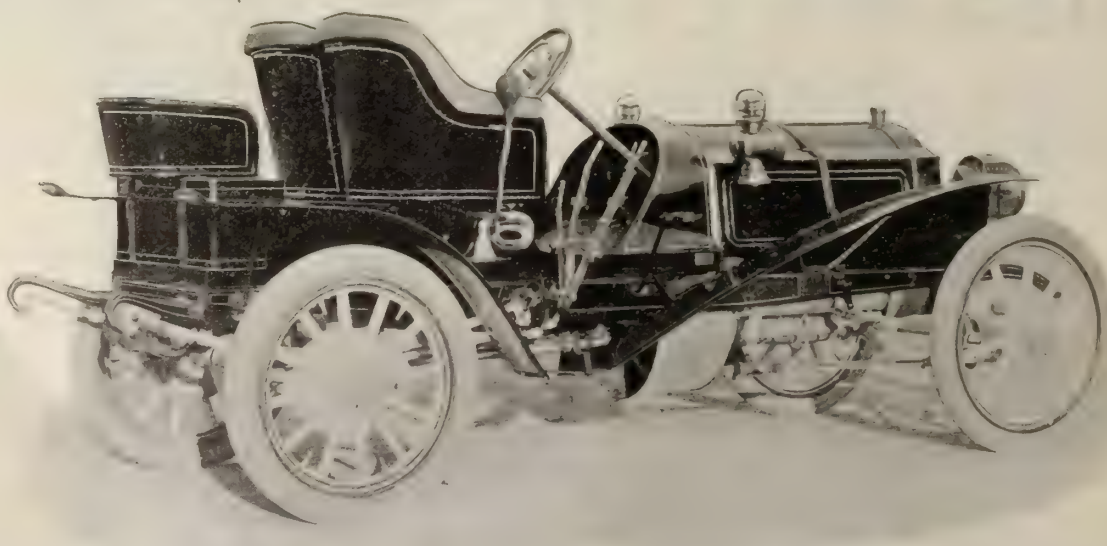
Although self-propelled carriages for use on the public highways were introduced first in England, it was not until 1896 that automobiles were allowed to run freely in England, adverse laws passed many decades earlier having been enforced without modification to meet the new development. This situation allowed France to gain a lead in the automobile industry that even now, after a lapse of nearly ten years, is very largely maintained. Before 1896 all mechanical vehicles, small or large, were classed as "traction engines" and had to be preceded on the road by a man on foot carrying a red flag. The maximum speed allowed was four miles an hour.

— —

The Four Speeds

In the course of a case in an English court the other day one of the counsel said there were four speeds at which motorists traveled. They were: (a) The speed the policeman said; (b) the speed the chauffeur told the magistrate; (c) the speed the chauffeur told his friends in a public house, and (d) the real speed.

—*The Chauffeur.*



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THE MOBILE CARRIAGE CO.

Golden Gate Avenue and Gough Street, Agents

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The Transition Woman

(Concluded from Page 7)

any—such, goes without saying. Sex is more than clothes-deep.

The term humanhood as here used is suggestive rather than definitive. Just what I would include under the head of a humanhood common to both sexes and to all classes and races, I am not now prepared to say. All I know is that I have in mind a something so called for the sake of my own convenience. In the heart of her that clamors for woman's rights; in his that clamors for the rights of labor, is the desire of it; but no more definite idea of it in the head of either than in my own. When I say that I do not know exactly what I mean by humanhood, and in the same breath that the struggle for it is the most unifying and momentous thing in all the world. I do not, I fear, make myself very intelligible. I have, however, learned from experience that heroic attempts to attain intelligibility are apt to result in disastrous misunderstandings. What would you, then?

One thing certain: out of the struggle for humanhood has come the transition woman. What the next static woman will be like, no man knows, but that she will be vastly unlike the old woman admits of no doubt. When the next stable state will be reached is haply known to the gods. Where woman is concerned, even the prescience of heaven is not unlikely to fail. Surely, it has not yet been reached. It is too soon, I think, by many a long day to speak of the new woman as of a fixed type. The modern woman is dynamic, and so far, but no farther, masculine, doing more or less violence to the natural inclination of her sex to settle down, lead the static life, be imitative, represent stability, heredity, the race; leaving the male to rustle, lead the life dynamic, invent, stand for change, represent variation, the individual. There is, to be sure, no telling whether what was "natural inclination" in the old woman will be "natural inclination" in the new. The nonsense talked in the name of Nature is no whit less than the injustice done in the name of Liberty.

Stone walls made a home for our great-grandmothers; they make a dungeon for their daughters' daughters' daughters. The home was once a woman's world. The world is now a woman's home. Here is what a transition woman said to me the other day, as it were *en passant*: "The world is my cloister; to do as I please, my religion." Ah, Thomas Paine,, is this thy handiwork? Of course, I wasn't to be outdone at my trade like that by any woman, transitional or other, so I bantered back: "The world is my oyster; to eat it my ambition." "Bah!" cried she. "You are not in it with Emerson. He talks of eating the solar system like a cake, as if 't were nothing."

Swap words with a modern woman, and you get the worst of the bargain. Now, a man does not like that. His *amour-propre* is a purse from which he is loath to lose even a cent. The ideal woman's whole life is spent in keeping it heaping-full. But she, as I have said, is of yesterday or tomorrow; and I repeat it: For a man to marry nowadays with his eyes open is *prima facie* evidence of his pluck and modesty. No; I am not unmindful of divorce.

Our great-grandmothers are dead and gone. Time shall not see their return, history repeating them. They are not for us. Not for us, either, the unborn. Beyond our reach are the wonder women. But hearten ye, bachelors. The womanly is always with us, divine, eternal, the same yesterday, today, and forever.

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THE present days of autumn and of early winter make up the best time of the year at Hotel Del Monte down by the sea, near old Monterey. The incomparable golf links were never in better condition. The oiled roads are superb for automobiling, and fishing and sailing on the bay form an ever-present delight. Del Monte is not alone for the ultra-fashionable, but is getting to be more and more the popular resort of all Californians, and tourists never pass it by. Special round trip tickets between San Francisco and Del Monte, good Friday to Monday inclusive, including two days board at the hotel, $10.00. For more details, apply Information Bureau, 613 Market street.

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Music

A Letter from Berlin

H. B. Pasmore who with his family is now located at Schluter Strasse, 28, III, Berlin, has written to Arthur Fickenscher of this city. Presuming that the letter will interest the many who know the Pasmores and are interested in their doings, I asked for the privilege of copying it: "Dear Fickenscher, I have a few minutes before breakfast to say that the girls played for members of the Scharwenka Conservatory—Xaver being present—and that they created a genuine sensation. They predict that the three will become the most famous trio in America, and will do big things here. Amen! Your pupil, Susan, received the most commendation. The directors said her finger work was 'grossartig.' In fact the whole thing was grossartig, but especially Susan's work. I know you will be glad to hear that I am one of the faculty of the Scharwenka Conservatory der Music. I begin work tomorrow, November first."

Mr. Arthur Fickenscher and his wife, by the way, are now occupying the Pasmore studio in Washington street. They go to Berkeley Fridays to teach and to Palo Alto on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Mrs. Fickenscher is soloist at Stanford Memorial and St. Paul's Episcopal church.

Mansfeldt Club Concert

It goes without saying that the young pianistes of the Mansfeldt Club are well endowed technically, but one can not fail to notice a constant gain in color and exposition. The fifth recital of the club took place November 16 before a critical audience, the executants being Ethel Duke, Selma Werner, Joan Baldwin and Helen Stocking. Miss Duke and Miss Baldwin have already attracted no little attention by the brilliant quality of their work. Miss Stocking's numbers appeared a little pale compared with those of the two young pianists just mentioned. The program throughout gave evidence of close study and reflects credit on the Mansfeldt Club as a whole and on the evening's artists in particular. The various numbers were: Chaconne D minor, Bach-Busoni, Miss Duke; Adagio, from op. 61, Chopin, Etude de Concert, op. 19, No. 2, Poldini, Wiegenlied, op. 41, No. 1, Grieg, Mazurka de Salon, op. 9, No. 3, Tschaikowsky, Miss Werner; Ballade, B minor, Liszt, Waltz, A flat, op. 42, Chopin, Miss Baldwin; Ballade, op. 10, Brahms, Barcarolle, op. 30, No. 1, Rubinstein, Cantique d'Amour, and Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6, Liszt, Miss Stocking.

Over the Bay

At the next meeting of the Adelphian Club, Mr. C. A. Rossignol, violinist, will make his first appearance before this organization of cultured Alameda women. Mrs. Laura Dray Perry will be his accompanist. A vocal quintet and a quartet, also a dramatic reader, will be on the program. Mrs. Walter Longbotham and Miss May Gilmour are among the vocalists who will appear at the next Adelphian open meeting.

Sir Henry Heyman's orchestra rendered a long and interesting program for the promenade concert that opened the Art Association's autumn exhibition. On Thursday evening of this week a musicale is to be given, and on next Wednesday evening, for which good programs have been arranged

Nice Things for Christmas

Our Holiday display is now ready for inspection and the public is cordially invited. We are absolutely headquarters for leather goods, fine stationery, Fountain Pens, playing cards, game counters, little gold clocks, jewel cases, artist materials, pyrography outfits, pictures, frames, Christmas cards and Calendars; the very best of everything at fair prices, but not foolish prices—high enough to insure reliable goods, low enough to satisfy all economical buyers. Our sales people know that every article sold must be exactly as represented or the money returned. Buying at our store insures a square deal. Sanborn, Vail & Co. 741 Market St.

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Photos by Maurer

FOUR MEMBERS OF THE MANSFELDT CLUB

Helen Stocking, Joan Baldwin, Ethel Duke, Selma Werner

The Munroe Recital

A large audience applauded with intelligent appreciation the violin-playing of little Gladys Munroe at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium last Friday night. Little Gladys is a pupil of F. J. Conrad, the same teacher who directed Kathleen Parlow's first violin lessons, that little Kathleen who is at present winning praise from London critics for her talent and technique, as displayed at her concerts. Gladys Munroe is a serious little girl who seems to understand thoroughly the difficulties that lie in the way of becoming an artist. She has already mastered the mechanical difficulties and is on the fair road to success in the finer quality of interpretation. The quality in little Gladys's work that impressed me most forcibly was its sureness. There is no nervousness, no wavering, in her bowing. Her numbers were the Saint-Saens Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, a Bruch concerto, Sarasate's Ziguener Weisen, and a Pierne Serenade. A concertante for two violins by Kalliwoda brought out another little Munroe, Audrey, who also showed decided talent. Audrey is less serious than Gladys and the difference in temperament showed in her playing. The duet was finely rendered, with accurate tempo and regard to the shades of expression involved. The final number, a Brahms trio for two violins and 'cello, was played by the three Munroes, Gladys, Audrey and Glendon. The Knickerbocker Quartet assisted in the program, rendering several selections in their usual good style.

Professor La Villa's third Mass in D will be sung on Christmas at St. Brigid's church. The composition is written for soli, chorus and organ accompaniment and a string quartet will be added for the occasion. Professor Martinez will preside at the organ.

Gordon Is Back

McKenzie Gordon, whose concert originally announced for last month had to be indefinitely postponed on account of his having contracted a severe cold, has now returned to San Francisco, and has appeared at one or two private musicales. His first public appearance will be with the Loring Club at the concert of that popular organization on Tuesday evening, December fifth, when, in addition to solo numbers, he will sing in conjunction with the club the "Cantique de Noel" of Adolphe Adam and Genee's "Italian Salad." —The Music Critic.

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Letters

The Gambler

Though "The Gambler" is avowedly a study in heredity, it is a large question whether Clodagh Asshlin's unfortunate inheritance would have made itself manifest if she had always moved in a different class of society. The Asshlins were an old Irish family of good social position, but from time immemorial they had been spendthrifts, high-tempered, improvident, taking their responsibilities lightly and hurdling over obligations of all kinds save "debts of honor." Denis Asshlin, the father of the heroine, was the typical sporting squire of fallen fortunes, living in a dilapidated mansion on a neglected estate, hunting, drinking, playing cards, and enjoying himself after his kind, and giving no thought to tomorrow for either himself or his two motherless girls. He had long since alienated all his friends, and Clodagh, aged fifteen when the story begins, and her little sister Nance, five years younger, lived a singularly isolated life. Into this household there came James Milbanke, elderly, a dry-as-dust archaeologist, a college friend of Denis Asshlin, who had been attracted to Ireland by some recent discoveries. Two years later Asshlin lay dying. He had reached the end of his tether, and had nothing to leave his children but debts. Indeed, it was only

EDITH WHARTON

Author of "The House of Mirth," a Scribner publication, and one of the most talked of novels of the year.

his mortal illness which kept the sheriff from taking possession of the house, and in his extremity he knew of no one but Milbanke to whom to confide his children. Milbanke was a bachelor with a comfortable income. Little Nance he could send to school, but, being without relatives, it was something of a problem to him what he was going to do with Clodagh, now a handsome girl of seventeen. It was Hannah, the old servant, who suggested to him that he should marry his ward, and he was nothing loath. Milbanke made a kind and indulgent husband but there was the inevitable difference of age and temperament, so they lived placidly and contentedly enough for four years, and might have continued to the end but for a necessary business trip to Venice. The visit was only for a week, but there Clodagh had her first glimpse of society, and unfortunately, it was a very fast set into which she was introduced. Lady Frances Hope was a young widow who, as one of her admirers described her, would have made a successful adventuress if she had not been born to a title, and under her auspices Clodagh speedily proved that she was a true Asshlin, possessed of the same reckless spirit, the vanity and lack of discretion which had marked her forbears. Two years

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MURINE Safe in Eyes of Infant and Adult.

later, after returning home, came the death of her husband, the inheritance of a comfortable fortune, and the renewal of her former friendship with the Lady Frances Hope set, and all that it involved—extravagant living, bridge for high stakes, entanglements and intrigues, the appropriation of funds, the borrowing from a blackleg earl, with the inevitable assumption on his part, and the all but wrecking not only of her own life but that of every one intimately connected with her. There is much of truth in Nance's summing up of the case, that, considering the inheritance, and the manner in which Clodagh's life had been passed, the wonder was not that she had been reckless and foolish but that she had not been really bad. There are times when one can see nothing to be done but let her follow her own course. It seems incredible that a girl brought up under the restrictions of extreme poverty, and knowing that poverty was the direct outcome of gambling, that the money needed to pay for food and clothing and to keep the roof from falling in upon their heads was squandered in "debts of honor," should in the first moments of her own freedom, gamble away the whole of her half-year's income of a thousand pounds, and live at a rate that six times her capital would not justify. It seems equally incredible that women do not learn that the "advances" they so lightly ask of the managers of their affairs can be supplied only by reducing their capital or by making a loan, and that when they borrow in this inconsequent manner they create an obligation which they will be, sooner or later, forced to pay in more than coin. But throughout all her follies, Clodagh Asshlin remains essentially a good woman and the inference from the concluding chapter is that she has learned her lesson, and henceforth will be content to live with less excitement, remembering the fate to which her bright young cousin was hurried by her recklessness. "The Gambler" is one of the notable books of the year. Mrs. Thurston has won her place and with two such successes to her credit as "The Masquerader" and "The Gambler," following so closely upon each other, she may be counted as one of the leading novelists of the day. Published by Harper & Brother.

"Rebecca Mary"

In "Rebecca Mary" Annie Hamilton Donnell has given us another chronicle of child life, but let no one make the mistake of imagining that this is a juvenile, to be put into the hands of the little folks. Older girls, from sixteen upwards, may be able to enjoy it, but the younger generation will be all too apt to see in it an argument why they, themselves, must be absolved from their rightful tasks. The pathos of this little girl's lot did not consist in having to hem towels, "over 'n' over," and sew patchwork, but in being set back into another generation from the one where she rightfully belonged. Had she been a veritable little Mayflower Puritan she, too, would have considered dolls frivolous, and there would have been no "Hundred and Onth." She would have presented to her nearest male relative, on her seventh birthday, the traditional linen shirt, ruffled and hemstitched by her own neat fingers, and many a surreptitious visit would she have made to her own spare room closet to pass her hand lovingly over her growing store of pieced quilts, and glibly con their names, not only the "thousand pieces," but the "nine square," the "rising-sun," the "basket of fruit," the "double-chain," the "log-cabin," the "goose chase," the "honey-comb," and a score more. Indeed, the minister's Rhoda, instead of being to put to bed sick after her first lesson in sewing, might have profited more had she been given a second square, and taught to spend some of her abundant playtime in helping her overburdened mother, instead of romping with the "Tony Trumbullses." Children are the most conservative mortals on this old earth, and to be set apart, made to wear different clothes, do different things from those about them, is the greatest hardship that can be inflicted upon them. The book is a series of short stories, rather than a connected whole, but is not to be understood as a tract against child labor or a study of morbid introspection. The illustrations are by Elizabeth Shippen Green, who deserves a word of special commendation for her costuming of the little heroine. One can wish that some good fortune would put into her hands the illustrating of the Alcotts, the Sophie May's and the "Gypsy" books, perennial delights to three generations of little girls, but with each new edition brought up to date so that where "shaker bonnets" are mentioned it is French lingerie hats which appear, and turbans become knitted stocking caps, fly-away locks supplant the braids and nets, and frocks are patterned after the latest models. Rebecca Mary's bare arms, white stockings and congress gaiters, the rag carpet, the braided mat, the little old trunk and bandbox, call up a host of recollections. —The Bookworm.

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The Tipping System

Once more has Mr. Hearst solicited the friendship of the Cooks' and Waiters' Union through his editorial columns by asserting that "As long as servants are underpaid by hotel and restaurant managers and proprietors it will be right and proper to fee them." This is the second time Mr. Hearst has endorsed the un-American tip system. At heart he does not approve of it. He is an intelligent man of culture and refinement, and his spirit rebels against a predatory system transplanted from Europe by showy snobs accustomed to the cringing servility of a despised proletariat. Mr. Hearst knows that the tip system is a species of piracy practiced by proprietors of hotels and restaurants who have taken advantage of what was once merely a silly affectation. There was a time when tipping in this country was solely a matter of choice, and then waiters were paid an amount of money sufficient for their needs. Now they are employed with the understanding that they shall depend on the voluntary contributions of the public. They are working under a recognized system by which the public is expected to pay for the service it gets, but the system involves a subterfuge and the waiter is the tool of his employer in the gouging of his patrons. If the restaurant keeper thinks that the food which he sells is worth more than he charges then he should raise his prices. The tip system is not in harmony with the spirit of democracy. It classes the American laborer with the despicable gratuity seekers of the nobility-ridden countries of Europe. "If you do not get good service," says Mr. Hearst, "you are not wise to tip the waiter at all." Then the waiter must depend on the judgment and temperament of every man he serves, and as one man may be satisfied with a kind of service that another would regard as execrable, it is evident that the tip is largely in the nature of a voluntary contribution. Many men give their tips grudgingly, and few there are that do not feel they are doing a waiter a favor when they give him a tip. If Mr. Hearst wishes to befriend both the waiters and the public let him advocate legislative enactment to compel hotel and restaurant keepers to deal frankly with their customers. If it were required of them to print on their menu cards a notice to the effect that service is charged for and to set forth the scale of charges the system would soon cease to be the source of much annoyance and humiliation. By such legislative enactment all employers of labor who promote the tipping evil could be compelled to mend their morals. If the enactment were unconstitutional, it might serve, at least, to create a sentiment. At any rate the suggestion is worthy of Mr. Hearst's consideration. Mr. Hearst has great influence with trade unions, and as he has the interest of the working man at heart he should seek to educate him up to a sense of the dignity of labor. Organized labor could devote itself to nothing more beneficent than the amelioration of the American servant who lives off tips.

Unrest of the American People

That feeling of unrest to which we have referred from time to time is rapidly becoming more pronounced, and no longer are they regarded as alarmists who think we are approaching a crisis in the affairs of the Republic. So ominous have become the outward signs of a popular sentiment against the aggressions of capital that Samuel Merwin, a magazine writer, who is not regarded as a sensationalist, is moved to ask: "What is all this agitation against the trusts and the railroads? What does it mean when the Federal Government indulges in a fruitless and somewhat undignified pursuit of James J. Hill? What does it mean when state after state threatens the railroads, the Beef Trust, or Standard Oil, or when President Roosevelt considers a special session of Congress for his railway rate bill? What does it mean when the entire country, even to a part of New York City, hums and buzzes with anti-corporation talk?" He adds that the country is blazing with anger and determination. "Let any complacent and conservative New Yorker travel about as I have done this year," he says, "keeping his ears open everywhere, on railway trains, in hotels and offices, on the streets, and wherever else men come together; in Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, and all through the great heart of the country, where the Lincolns come from, and he will hear a steady murmur which will either frighten or elate him. Perhaps he will be astonished to see that the murmurers are not socialists; he will find them good healthy Americans, who believe in private wealth, and in the idea of competition. He will find them, rich and poor alike, Republicans and Democrats. If he be an observant New Yorker, traveling with an open mind, he will return home with the startled conviction that the American people mean business." The man who is not cognizant of this widespread feeling of unrest is either asleep or dead to his environment. It remains to be seen whether John D. Rockefeller and his satellites are aware of it. They are very bright men and they know a great deal about business, but about some things they may be as ignorant as their prototypes, the Czar and his Grand Dukes. Judging from their preparations to defeat the plans of President Roosevelt, they are not familiar with history. Secretary Taft has warned them that those plans are in their interest, since President Roosevelt is intent upon doing that which will satisfy the people, and unless they are willing to submit to some restriction eventually they will be deprived of all privilege. From recent revelations of the methods of our financial kings we know that they are the real rulers of this country; that they dominate both our legislative and judicial systems

and supply us with Executives. We had previously nursed the delusion that this was a government by the people. We now know that we had been flattering ourselves. Rockefeller and his satellites occupy the same relation to us as did the despots of all ages to their subjects and to whom may be traced the ruin of empires. Volney tells us that when the art of government becomes the art of subjecting the many to the few, revolution follows. But the experience of past ages is unhappily lost for the living. The son is never instructed by the errors of his father. The earth is always seeing renewed the tremendous scenes it has forgotten. Witness the repetition of history in Russia today. We must have constantly recurring revolutions to teach mankind that the laws of nature and the precepts of wisdom and truth cannot be infringed with impunity. Fortunately, our system of government is such that we may institute reforms without resorting to the harsh measures that have been adopted in Russia, but it is worth while reflecting on the state of the public mind, and observing the heedless folly of the men in power who are blind to their own interests, victims of money-lust scornful of public resentment, insensible to that eternal circle of vicissitudes that flows from an eternal circle of passions.

Mansfield and the National Theatre

Mr. Richard Mansfield's views on the proposed National theatre are not such as to entitle him to serious consideration. He suggests, among other things, that the stage director should be "elected by the people." The purpose of a national theatre, as we understand it, is to educate the people in the dramatic and histrionic arts. To assume that the people have the ability to discriminate wisely in the selection of a stage manager is to assume that they are educated in the histrionic art. If so there is no need of a national theatre. The fact is that the people know nothing about art. A very large percentage of those that think they know something about art are flattering themselves foolishly. Mr. Mansfield is probably laboring under the delusion that, because he draws large houses wherever he plays, the people discovered his histrionic ability. The fact is that until dramatic critics pronounced him a great actor the people were not aware of his ability. Even now, so far as he is concerned, the ignorance of the people is evidenced by their applause of him when he is entitled to none, a circumstance due to the fact that he is reputed to be great and which leads the people blindly to the conclusion that there is no role beyond his capacity. Oscar Wilde has said, "The public has always, and in every age, been badly brought up. They are constantly asking art to be popular, to please their want of taste, to flatter their absurd vanity." Such is popular taste in this country today that if the people had the choice of a stage director of a national theatre they would in all probability select the man who stages George Ade's musical comedies.

The Social Pull

The "American National Theatre," which is now in process of crystallization under the direction of that distinguished commercial genius, Herr Conried, and which Mr. Mansfield takes seriously, is not to be what its name implies. The Conried scheme may be the only practical one for the creation of an institution approximating in character a national theatre, but the theatre is to be a private enterprise dominated by the New York aristocracy of wealth. Mr. Conried represents in this enterprise the persons that finance the Metropolitan Opera House, in the management of which he shows none of that devotion to art for art's sake of which he so glibly prates in voicing his sentiments regarding the purposes of the national theatre. Mr. Conried is mainly devoted to the long green for his own sake, a fact obvious to all connoisseurs of music who happen to know why such eminent artists as Schumann-Heink and Melba are not of the Metropolitan company this season, and who also know something of the limitations of the mediocrities whose talents he has boldly trumpeted for the buncoing of the mob. However, Herr Conried will probably make of the national theatre a financial if not an artistic success, and he may even elevate the stage and drama, for he will be wise enough to secure the co-operation of many competent authorities who will be glad to get such advertisement as will come from being identified with an institution of the kind proposed. But it does not augur well for the artistic success of the theatre that Herr Conried purposes, as he says, to appoint a jury of society dames to decree who shall and who shall not occupy the boxes. If there is to be a jury of vulgar society dames connected with the theatre for any purpose it will not be long before the social pull will be exerted in behalf of sycophantic playwrights and ambitious actresses with social prestige.

An Object Lesson by Socialists

Advocates of municipal ownership and demagogic proponents of government by labor unions will not find much to enthuse them in the account of the progress and purposes of the Socialistic Labor Party in Australia, written for the *Nineteenth Century* by J. W. Kirwan, of the Australian House of Parliament. Australia is now pretty well under the dominion of the trade unions. Their representatives are not in the majority in Parliament, but it is thought that they soon will be. However they dominate the industrial affairs of the country and dictate the policies of the Government. Government ownership is one of the hobbies of the Federal Labor Party, and in many cities the municipalities own and manage tramways, electric light and power works, markets, baths, etc. Railways are the property of the State and are run by it. The Government of West Australia owns two hotels. Nearly everything is being conducted in the way that the affairs of this country would be conducted were we to achieve the reforms

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so persistently urged by certain pseudo-friends of the plain people. The familiar avenues through which wealth is acquired are closed in Australia. Wealth is therefore seeking more congenial climes and a good deal of Labor is going with it. Immigration is quite brisk. The birth rate is declining and the public debts of the states exceed a billion dollars. Australia is a splendid object lesson in State government in accordance with the policy of enlightened socialism. All sincere socialists should go to Australia and grow up with the country. There they may have the opportunity to vindicate their theories and give the world a lesson in the soundness of their preachments.

The Missionary Evil

In view of the recent massacre of missionaries in China it is interesting to read the views of M. Lessar, late Russian Ambassador to Pekin, on the missionary question. "When a man becomes a missionary," says Lessar, "he should cease to belong to any nationality. Jesus Christ should be his only Consul, the Kingdom of Heaven his only country; and if he should have the misfortune to be slain, then he will become a blessed martyr, and his blood will become the seed of the Church." Christianity can never make any progress in China, says the Russian diplomat, so long as the present system continues, "in which men become missionaries as a kind of business, and women go into it as a kind of excitement and from a love of travel, knowing that if they get into trouble there is always the Consul and the gunboat." As it appears to be pretty well understood the world over that the missionary game in China is a pernicious farce it seems incredible that intelligent people can be persuaded to contribute to its prolongation. The missionaries are more successful in spreading turmoil than in making converts to Christianity. The recent massacre was the result as usual of impertinent interference. It appears that a temporary structure erected by the Chinese for the purpose of holding some celebration, encroached on, or overhung the missionary yard, and instead of ignoring so insignificant a matter, or trying, at least, to effect a compromise, one of the missionary party seized upon some sacred relics by way of getting even; hence the outbreak of the mob and the violent deaths of the intruders. There have been so many of these affairs that it is high time the missionary boards took steps to see that their envoys possess other qualifications than zeal. Common sense is valuable, the world over, but common sense is not among the attributes of the foreign missionaries. Nominally, they profess the religion of "Peace on earth, good will to men," but actually, they seem to have a special faculty for stirring up dissension. They forget that they are uninvited, and that they owe some deference to established custom. Whenever a missionary is killed the news is spread far and wide that Christians are persecuted on account of their religious belief, but investigation usually shows that religious questions were not involved. A great deal of injustice is done in the name of Christianity in China.

Stunting the Youthful Mind

A Miss Mary Macleod will very shortly have her name on the title-page of "A fuller and more accurate account of the plays of Shakespeare" than appears in the time-honored "Lamb's Tales," which is another scheme to keep children from the fountain-head and persuade them, through the rest of their lives, that they have read Shakespeare, when, instead, they have read only what some one else, without any better warrant than a desire to pose as an author, thinks should satisfy them. Miss Mary Macleod is probably actuated by the very best of intentions, but can any one give a good explanation of why the children of today cannot read Shakespeare as their fathers and grandfathers did in their time? Is all this simplifying and babifying of literature due to the assumption that the growing generation is inferior in brain power to its predecessor, and if so, to what purpose is the elaboration of our school system? What is the reason that with books made cheaper and easier of access every year, highly special inducements are required in order to "draw custom"? We have essays and editorials, sermons and speeches, and addresses before educational conventions, in which the people are implored to stop reading fiction and turn their attention to other forms of literature, yet, when it comes to the training of children, they are not only taught to prefer fiction to everything else, but every effort is put forth to prevent them from reading even their fiction as it was written. The nuts are all cracked and the meats picked out and presented on decorated dishes, lest the young generation be discouraged by long words, descriptive paragraphs, or other "unnecessary portions," and even fiction is condensed. To what end? In order that children may hasten through one book and grasp another. Nothing is digested, but reading has become a sort of quick lunch, to be bolted and the details forgotten. We have children's editions of everything worth reading, but who will dare assert that we have well informed children? A few years ago one of the literary magazines published a lengthy article made up from communications from authors and people of note in the world, on the subject of the books they best enjoyed in their childhood, and in not one single instance was a juvenile or children's edition mentioned. There is nothing so unwholesome as an overdose of pre-digested mental food. Those well intentioned busybodies who attempt to form the taste of children by feeding them with tid-bits are much more likely to weaken the mentality of the youngsters. The purpose of the modern educator appears to be to supply the youthful mind with recreation and deprive it of exercise. It would be a great blessing if all so-called juvenile literature were destroyed.

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On Marriage

BY HARRY COWELL.

It has, no doubt, been said a thousand times—if not once, it goes without saying—that the great events of life are three in number, namely, birth, marriage, and death.

Of the three, the awful mid-event is most mysterious; over and above dark qualities all its own, it partakes in varying degrees of the dim natures of the other two. To some, it is a new birth—opening up a *vita nuova*—a veritable foretaste of the second life; to others, a death-in-life, the second death anticipated. To most of us, though it occur long before we come to be sixty-three and in a year no multiple of seven at all, it is our grand climacteric.

'Tis marriage that makes one say, O that I had never been born! Would God I were dead! Here, O Reaper, is misery full white, bowed ready for the hook! or else, What a privilege to see the light of day! How glorious is life! Ah, Sickleman, keep your distance there—happiness is no proper harvest of yours!

These three, but the greatest of these is marriage. Long after a woman has ceased to make the least mention of her coming into this world, to say nothing of celebrating the great event; when, indeed, she should be giving serious thought to that other great event, her going out of it, will she spend the few precious hours left her wherein to hold her peace and make it with Heaven, in gossiping with her cronies of all that pertains to the momentous mid-event.

Not woman only, but man also, is born to be married as the sparks fly upward; or, else, but to die. Speaking of wedlock, "'Tis heaven," says one; "'Tis hell," says another; a third says, "It is purgatory"; but no man in his senses, "'Tis neither here nor there." He to whom marriage is a mere incident and not the main event, had no business ever to be born; and has never really been alive. Reincarnation is absolutely necessary for bachelors and old maids. For the married, it would be wholly superfluous. Marriage is the axis on which human life revolves.

It is as easy to be cynical at the expense of love and marriage as it is to be small-minded and shallow-hearted. To speak ironically of double-blessedness is evidence of no superlative wit. The sad and obvious truth is that marriages not a few are made in the other place. To distinguish the hand of God from the hand of Satan in this matter is harder than the happily married would have us think. And yet, of the worst mated couple that ever was, take the woman—who is sure to be the more wretched of the twain that God himself could not make one flesh—and on her death-bed she will tell you, if you know how to come at the truth, that throughout all the disenchanting years she has suckled at her breast the belief that with the right man things had been far otherwise.

The best we may hope to do is to fall in love with a fancy, marry a fact, live, with the fact before our eyes, to see our children's children, and die without discovering our mistake.

There are those that beg of us to marry sanely, with our eyes open, the man-fact, or the woman-fact, as the case may be. Love, they say, would last longer, wedlock be healthier, so. But who could have the heart to do it—or to suffer it? Ah, my scientific gentlemen, make of matrimony, if you will—and can—a something sturdy and evergreen as a live-oak in the valley of Santa Clara; but, in the name of sentiment, let romance cling to it vinewise, mingling roots therewith, or grow out of its branches like mistletoe. Were we to keep our eyes open, as Science heartlessly advises, love, far from lasting longer, would never begin at all. Inevitably with the birth of love, or before it, comes the shutting of the eyes. In Nowhere only may man ask open-eyed woman to marry him, the fact. By way of compensation, it is now given the blindness of love to see beauty such as never was on earth. Marry sanely, with open eyes, forsooth! Why, to marry with one's eyes open is madness.

Miss Jones marries the man of her choice, and lives happy with him. This man, as her husband well knows—none better—is not he, John Smith. More or less successfully, however, Smith, the fact, impersonates Smith, his wife's fancy, and unblushingly—shameless rascal that he is—obtains under false pretenses goods consigned to that other—all the wealth love lavishes, kisses beyond price, adulation such as money cannot buy, countless nothings each worth a king's ransom. It is for Science, not for Art, to say how much Smith's defection retards (or accelerates) the onward march of the social process. Let the penologist decide what is best for us to do with the Smiths of this wicked world. My word for it—though the wretch never for a moment suspects the truth (God keep him in the dark to the end)—he has married just such another rascal as himself. Time and again, both as Miss Jones and as Mrs. Smith, has she heard the unfortunate fellow say things of the beauty of her soul and body so mad, so insanely wide the mark, as to prove beyond question that he was laboring under a delusion with regard to her identity. Even more inconscionably than he did she appropriate to herself what was evidently meant for another. Your female offender is ever the worst. But, mind you, these two jail-birds are seemingly innocent as a pair of cushat doves.

The truth is, man is not satisfied with the woman God makes, but must needs improve upon her. Not a few go farther, and create their wives out of hand. The same is true of woman. No man God ever made is a patch on the one she loves. The result is that—terrible as it sounds—men marry as it were, their own daughters; women, their own sons. Those that look upon the love of man for woman as a form of idolatry have reason; for what the lover worships is always more or less the work of his own hands.

The man that has to say to his wife, "My dear, I am as God made me," is in desperate straits. As an idol,

(Continued on Page 40)

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Perspective Impressions

We are told that the "stool-pigeon" is first aid to the San Francisco detective, and that as a man cannot be an effective "stool-pigeon" without being a crook, it necessarily follows that favored thieves of high and low degree enjoy the freedom of the city. All of which we submit for the consideration of our worthy Mayor, who has promised us a highly virtuous administration. Perhaps he will conclude after looking over the situation that, since it is really the professional crook who brings the unlicensed burglar and footpad to book, our police service might be improved by employing more thieves and fewer detectives.

So much of what the American people read in the press being pure fiction, is it not surprising that there is any demand for best-sellers.

The bavarde columns minister to the conceit of certain persons who like to be known to those who do not know them. And such is notoriety.

Every paper in San Francisco reported the destruction by fire of the *Chronicle* clock, and yet everybody to this day looks up to scan the face of the departed. From this circumstance we must conclude that nobody believes what he sees in the papers.

Senator Burton having been again convicted, our legislative overlords in Washington are once more embarrassed by the question what to do with the convicts on their roll. Morally they have no standing before the country, but with arrests of judgment filed they can, if they dare, sit in their seats and hold up Presidential appointments and assist in many ways in defeating the will of the Executive. If their taste is no better than their ethics, they will surrender none of the privileges "Senatorial courtesy" may extend to them.

In these hard times when competition in letters is so mercilessly keen, one of the easiest ways for a woman of artistic temperament to get herself into immortal print is to have an *affaire d'amour* with Gabriele D'Annunzio.

Professional advice given by the late Dr. Abernethy to a love-sick calf: Go to grass—widows!

There is no species of bigotry quite so convincing of the littleness of a man's mind as that which restrains him from voting for a candidate for municipal office because he happens to be on the wrong ticket.

Envy not the man with the automobile in whose veins course the red corpuscles of speed-lust. You are a better insurance risk than he.

John D. Rockefeller footing it across his broad acres and dodging behind his own fig-trees and vines to escape an insistent process server from Missouri, is a shocking spectacle to those clerical defenders of Oily John who have so frequently acclaimed him as a fine, moral citizen. And what an awful example to his Bible class is John while thus engaged in resisting the efforts of Governor Folk to persuade him to appear and tell the truth.

It is natural that college presidents should be almost a unit in declaring that the age of the self-made man has passed and that in future men of trained minds will be the monarchs of all they survey. Were they to declare their unbelief in the universal efficacy of a college course then we should expect to hear physicians affirming the worthlessness of physic, ecclesiastics scoffing at religion, and journalists decrying the advertising column.

HEARST CASTLE ON THE McCLOUD

It is in this picturesque pile up among the pines in the shadow of Mount Shasta that the Willie Hearsts are to spend a brief season after the Examiner's proprietor learns that McClellan was elected

Out of the Shadows

I. THE FIRST FOG.

By Herman Scheffauer.

This morning when my landlady's "tapping, tapping at my chamber door" wakened me, an uncommon gloom and dampness prevailed in my room. It is not yet dawn, I said, she has made a mistake, but, no, the clock showed half-past seven. I drew up the shade and confronted a blank wall of grey—cold, dense and damp—that stared upon me stonily. The little church opposite and the trees were drowned invisibly in its depths and all "the world was without form and void." I rejoiced, for I had waited long for this, my first London fog. Yet it seemed to me little worse than some I had known in San Francisco.

"This is a white fog," they told me at breakfast, "it is nothing—you should see our black ones! They are dreadful and dangerous and when they come London lies dead. You will find much to write about our black fogs." In my chamber it is now less dark; the spectral Lapland witch-gloom of the morning has paled somewhat without. But it is still impenetrable, as though millions of ghosts, each transparent in itself as water, were massed together, making the air opaque. All sound is deadened in the streets and comes feebly from afar. Continuous and heavy cannonades break muffled through the air. These come from powerful torpedoes placed on the tracks of the district railways as signals. It seems odd enough to an American, but these English railway people are unaccountably prejudiced against risking the lives of their passengers. It is, no doubt, a pitiful waste of powder—powder which might be used for puffing out the lives of rebellious subjects in far-off lands on which England's sun never sets.

That weary English sun has now so much to shine upon that his beams have become utterly insufficient for illuming his home. They fall weaker and more wan, year after year, upon his favorite isle. Year after year, that isle grows colder and colder and has greater need of the sun. Last week while strolling through the pretty wilderness of Hampstead Heath, I saw a sun, it could not have been the same I grew up under in California—hanging like a watery eye or a dim pearl in the wasted heavens, shedding a light no stronger than the moon's—a pale, sick, puling maid of a sun, a veritable soiled soup-plate, in place of the old, vigorous, golden orb dashing his shafts of fire through the universe. It is the genial Stream from our shores, heated in the caldron of the Mexican Gulf, which warms this northern isle and on this Stream, as all know, we export to England pleasant summers and winters not severe and bluer skies than are her due, for Nature set her in the same latitude as ice-bound Labrador. But now old navigators, rushing continually to and fro across the Atlantic in their swift iron fire-junks, speak of the gradual shifting of the Gulf Stream toward the eastern coast of the United States. For New York this means additional torrefaction until the metropolis with its high human beehives will stew like one immense sauce-pan set over Tartarus. For England it means invasion and occupation by troops of snow and armies of sleet and armadas of icebergs, annexing it as a colony of the North Pole. For California, flocks of low-laden Atlantic steamers and caravans of westward-flying trains bringing immigrants desirable—or not. Therefore, it were well that this senile sun of England leave other lands to themselves and cheer his own insular chicks against the coming of that awful day. I will say to him what brave, but bloody Dick, third of the name, "the elfish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog," called gleefully to him, centuries ago, up from the gloom of London streets:

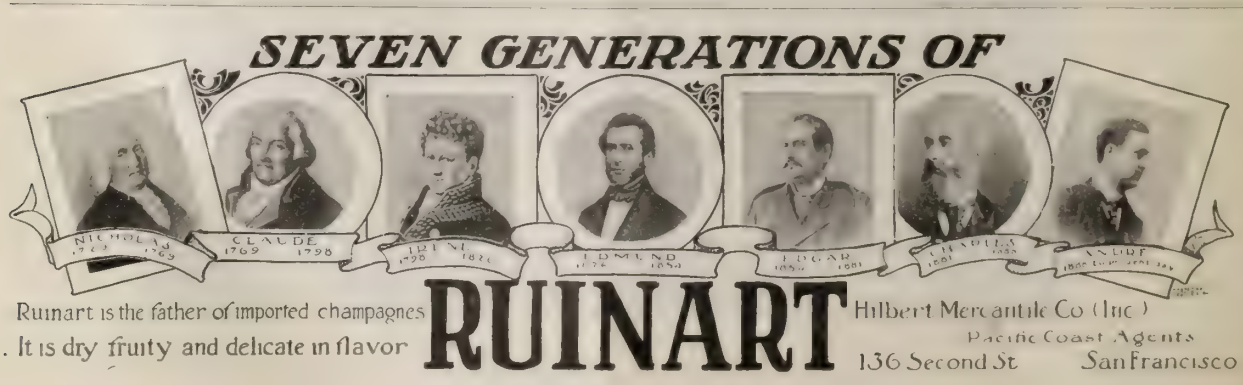
"Shine out, fair sun, till I have brought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass."

Shine out and scatter this fog. It means misery and misfortune to the Thames city. It comes like a mystery and abides like a curse and none knows why nor whence. Science cannot properly declare the origin of this Cimmerian mist. A species of land-fog, says Science, and the carboniferous products of three million fuming chimneys belched into and mingled with the atmosphere. I have evolved several explanations, each better than that one.

It is a blanket to cover an ugly corpse, a drop-curtain upon some sad scene in an everlasting tragedy, a veil to hide the leprous face of this bedlam of Civilization; it is the hem of the cloak of Mercy's angel trailing through the muck of Earth, it is a foul vapor or miasma steaming up from decayed carcases of old feudal laws and ideas cumbering England's soil, it is the tainted breath of Humanity and Ignorance made visible and choking us, it is an ocean-flood of hill-smoke submerging an infernal city and striking it blind, so that the black-garbed, bewildered demons, blundering along its obliterated streets may rush and stumble against one another, face to face and breast to breast, peer and pauper, laborer and lord, and with curses and glaring eyes of malevolence, pass on, knowing themselves for the shadows they are.

The fog lifts a little, as though it breathed. A strange, wailing dirge is heard out of the chaos, faintly from the

(Continued on Page 32)



The Saunterer

Cliff Society Agitated

The fashionable Cliff Dwellers of Sausalito are in a great state of excitement. If the fires of Mount Pelee were smoldering beneath their lofty roof-trees, or if they were threatened with a social cataclysm, they could not be further from the Vere de Vere state of repose than they are at this moment. Their agitation is due to the preposterous presumptuousness of the proletariat in the flat below. Society in Sausalito, be it known, is divided into two sets—the Cliff Dwellers and the Flat Residents. The former live along the precipitous face of the cliff that overhangs the waters of the bay, and their social status is on a level with the physical altitude of their hearthstones. They are high up socially and atmospherically. Some of them have the entree to near-exclusive circles on this side of the bay. They hold aloof from the Flat Residents socially as well as residentially. The Flat Residents are not the kind of people you would invite to a Burlingame tea. They are trades people and the principal trade on the Sausalito flat is that of the bartender. He is in society with a small s. He is without *aplomb*. He mingles with book-makers and the denizens of the pool-rooms which bring the blush of humiliation to the cheek of the Cliff Dweller. To be quite frank society on the flat keeps the tone of Sausalito down to the sea level.

Social versus Political Pull

There is only one of the fine arts in which the people of the flat are expert and that is the political art, and it is because of their more than dilettante devotion to it that they have stirred the gorge of their altitudinous neighbors. Recently their attention was directed to the fact that the term of the Postmistress of Sausalito was about to expire, and at once they coveted the job. It happens that the postmistress of Sausalito is Mrs. Thomas of the Cliff. She is a woman who has been very active in the best society of the fashionable heights. She has even the entree to the homes of some of our bavarde-boomed people, being a relative, I believe, of a much exploited family. She is an estimable woman and a fine official but she has no sympathy with the elite of the flat, and they of the flat have determined upon putting one of the plain people into the job. Confronted with the prospect of having their letters handled by a despised flatter the Cliff Dwellers have been roused to action, but alas, in this emergency a political pull is essential and theirs is purely social, whereas the bartenders below are a body of statesmen. They are the political lords of Sausalito. They name the delegates to conventions and keep the flat sacred to the activities of the book-makers. Post office jobs are included in the patronage vouchsafed Congressmen, and Mr. McKinlay, who represents the district in which Sausalito is located, has the naming of the mail director of the Cliff Dwellers and the flat push. In such cases it is customary to refer the matter to the County Committee. That is what he will do. In the county committee the Cliff Dwellers haven't even a "look in." Here is a fine opportunity for the Flatters to give the fashionables an object lesson in chivalry. It will not be to their credit to triumph over a woman, but everything goes in politics and Sausalito.

My Friend Gracey

I am pleased to learn that my young friend Wilbur T. Gracey has been rewarded at last for long waiting in the ante-room of diplomacy—that his cool heels are to be thawed in the sub-tropical atmosphere of the Consul-General's office at Hongkong, where he will do service for the state in the important function of Vice Consul-General under the unceasing eye of General Bragg. Yes, the General still lives, gnarled, rugged, crabbed, as he was when he was part of the destiny of Cuba, as he was when he faced his country's foes in rebellious array. But it is not of General Bragg that I would speak; and that reminds me that you don't know my young friend Gracey in whose good fortune I heartily rejoice. I will introduce you to young Gracey and use him for a brief text on the improvement of our consular service in China. Mr. Gracey is the son of Dr. Gracey, American Consul at Foochow for many years —an old comrade of such statesmen as George Hoar and Cabot Lodge. Wilbur T. Gracey was reared and trained in the consular service—a tall young man with a classical countenance; a low-tuned voice that speaks with the burr of the English colonial, the Hongkong drawl that is very different from the drawl of Picadilly or Regent street. I met him in Obama and the meeting is reminiscent of an August moon swinging in mid-heaven to light the threshhold of the inn off Ikkakuro, whereon sat the stately O-Kimi-san reciting the odyssey of her wanderings on the Chinese main—strange tales of love and intrigue in many ports from the bund of Shanghai to the customs hulks of Wuchang on the Great River—we, the half-believing audience, sipping our coffee at her feet while the punkah coolies fanned the breath of the hot night into the dusk of the cryptomerias where the fireflies glowed and the crickets shrieked. Then spoke the consul of Nanking—on leave for a change of air, diet and habit—and the consul told the tale of Precious Jade the Sing-Song Girl; but I will defer that; and finally Gracey made us merry with the weird, grisly legend of the Foochow Woman That Hanged Herself in the Presence of All the People to Placate the Ghost of Her Angry Daughter-in-Law—a masterly recital in the style of Mencius, blending the gruesome with the grotesque after the manner of those who tell tales in the Flower Boats of Canton and the Tea Houses of Tokio. Said I to Gracey when he had ended his story: "If you would write it out as you have told it to us some editor over there in our own country would print it in a magazine and pay you the price of a vase of cloissone for it." And he answered modestly, "Perhaps I cannot write as well as you

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have been pleased to say I talk." That was young Gracey—and the memory of that night is still vivid with me—a part of the glamor of the East, where the temple bells are calling, calling, louder and more loud, as the winds are blowing, where the tall pagodas are lonely and gray on the plains of Cathay.

What a Consul Should Be

Mr. Gracey is all that a young diplomat should be—suave, tactful, knowing in the ways of the men who come and go between the port of Singapore and the harbor of Yokohama; a Chinese linguist in the four tones of Pekin and the gutturals of Kwang-tung; conversant in the law of the provinces and the niceties of treaty clauses; at ease amid the complicated ceremonial of the vice regal yamen and familiar in the hongs of commerce redolent with the odor of pungent spices and sweet-smelling fabrics. If you would know the price of merchandise in the hinterland of Canton, for import or export, send your question to Vice-Consul-General Gracey; he can answer. If you would know the cost of sending goods to Yunnan ask Gracey; he will calculate the transit tax at each customs barrier. If you would know what the people of Hangchow and Soochow and Ningpo are likeliest to buy from your godown, send to Gracey; he will tell you with more accuracy than will the latest appointment from the fourth ward of Oshkosh or the favorite son of Kalamazoo who hoped to be a first secretary to the Legation at St. Petersburg, but was shunted to the consular office at Fatshan. And that is the moral of my story of Gracey—the unfitness of the "average" consul to China (as Mr. Peirce, Third Assistant Secretary of State, knows by personal investigation). And, furthermore, it is my purpose to inform those who have dealings with the Far East, that never will they derive all the profit of their trade with the Orient until every consular office in China is supplied with a Gracey. It is experience and training and knowledge of the East and its myriad people, that is required by our commercial interests—and this we can not have until there are more, and still more Graceys in the Chinese consular service.

A Minister in the Making

Mr. Gracey came to California on leave. He met Charles G. Yale and they became close friends. Gracey spoke of his ambition to rise in the service. He asked Secretary Metcalf to help his young friend, thereby helping our interests wherever Gracey might be placed. Secretary Metcalf had many duties and he was slow in doing this thing for his old friend and neighbor. Young Gracey returned to China and was ordered to Nanking to hold a vacancy until some gentleman arrived from one of the back districts of Indiana. When he had inducted this political protege of a Congressman into the routine of the office at Nanking, Gracey applied for leave to go to Washington and make a personal application for advancement. He was told to stay where he was until further orders. In the meantime Charley Yale had written a letter of rebuke, admonition, reproach and other things, including Saxon usually indicated by dashes, and he sent the letter to Secretary Metcalf. The Secretary read, laughed and took the letter to President Roosevelt. The President read, laughed and said to Secretary Metcalf, "This friend of yours is emphatic; he seems to know what he is talking about; and he evidently knows what he wants. Leave the letter with me. I will attend to the matter." Now I learn, with what pleasure I have already told you, that my young friend Gracey is the Vice Consul-General at Hongkong—a good post, an important post, a post in line of advancement; but a post still inadequate for my friend Gracey. However, I confidently expect to drink tea with him on the porch of his own consular bungalow before I cease to hear the temple bells calling, calling—and I know that in memory of auld lang syne he will some day extend the courtesies of his legation to my small boy as he journeys the trail his father sailed when the days were long in the Eastern sea and the nights were hot where the Manacle lights are blinking.

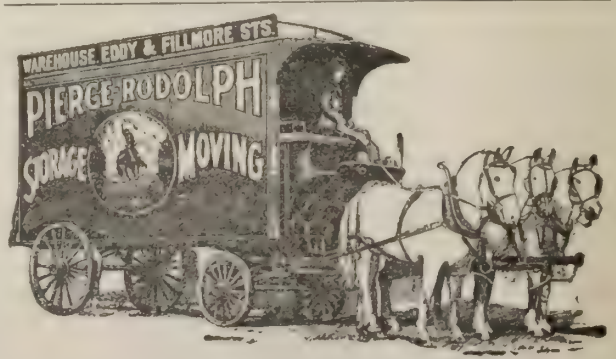
"Well, John," said the Eminent Personage who was dying, "who is it wishes to see me? My biographer?"

"No, your Excellency," said the butler, "your physician."

"Ah! very little difference. They're both at work on my life."

Another Big Industry

Add one more to the resources of California! Instead of testing the capacity of our soil by trying to find something new for it to produce, why not determine just how many of the essentials and luxuries of life it will not yield when properly urged? Within the last few years it has been demonstrated that there is no state in the Union with so many facilities for the development of electrical power as are to be found in California. During the same period our fertile fields have been spouting oil in abundance, and now comes Justin Kay Toles, a flax expert, representing Eastern capital, to inform us that in California is grown the finest flax in the world, and that before long we shall be manufacturing linen that will not be surpassed by the looms of Ireland. Mr. Toles has been experimenting near Stockton, and having satisfied himself by practical demonstration, he is soon to erect a plant of several hundred thousand spindles near the Gateway City. A great deal of land in San Joaquin county is now under cultivation and the flax crop is already contracted for by the syndicate which Mr. Toles represents. Among the farmers who have taken to flax growing is Charles Wesley Reed, who raises fruit and grain on the Sacramento river, and who has leased a large tract of land near Stockton to raise flax.



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Hurd of the Whiskers

Speaking of flax, I am reminded of John Hurd's whiskers which part in the middle. Here is an interesting character who is not always taken as seriously as he deserves to be. It was Hurd who supplied the land that is to supply the flax for the spindles that Justin Toles is to operate to produce the linen that is to make Stockton famous. Though John Hurd is one of the most picturesque looking characters in town, and though he looks like a financial king, comparatively few people know anything about his commercial activities. He has the air and the appearance of a well-groomed man of leisure, and he is seldom heard talking business. He likes to pose as a man of culture, a connoisseur of music and of wine, but this pose is a harmless conceit. John Hurd is one of our Captains of Industry, and one who has contributed much to the development of this state. He belongs in the category of men who have the instinct for fortune building. His past is as picturesque as himself.

How Hurd Got Rich

John Hurd is now handling his second fortune. His first went on the rocks in the grain market of Liverpool some twenty years ago. He was a grain-broker in England and amassed a fortune of over a million, which he lost in a most disastrous failure. After settling up his affairs he came to this city to open a new career. He had very little money, but he began operations in the financial market in which he met with many discouraging vicissitudes. In the course of time he fell in with Tom Williams, the turf king owner of Union Island in the San Joaquin river. There was a lot of fine farm land in that island, but it constantly overflowed. Hurd secured a ten years' lease of the island under a contract to reclaim the overflow lands and build a levee. He completed the work in one year, and enjoyed the revenue from the farm lands for nine years without paying any rent. Then he began operations as a reclaimer of lands in San Joaquin county. His method was to buy land at ten dollars an acre on his note, reclaim it at a cost of ten dollars an acre, and sell it for forty. He reclaimed over one hundred thousands acres of land, a great deal of which he sold for as high as ninety dollars an acre. He kept twenty-five thousand acres for himself and that tract is unsurpassed in fertility in this state. It is on this tract that a big flax crop of the longest and finest fibre in the world will be grown. Today John Hurd is one of the biggest spenders among our millionaires. Having in him none of the penurious taint that was the heritage of the scions of the founders of this Western Empire, he enjoys himself like a prince, not in club circles, for he is comparatively unknown in them, not in smart society, but in San Francisco nevertheless. For several weeks a small steamer under full steam has been awaiting the pleasure of John Hurd on the San Joaquin river, while he dawdles in this city in no hurry to make the business trip that he has contemplated. Fancy a California bred millionaire doing anything so rash!

She—Football is a cruel game. I don't think it fair for a dozen men to pile themselves on the poor fellow who has the ball. Do you?"

He—I know it isn't. There shouldn't be more than eleven men on the team.

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A Democratic Newporter

If Mrs. Peter Martin were to make San Francisco her home for a year, she would do much toward obliterating class distinctions, for this aristocratic young matron from Newport is more democratic than her mother-in-law, who is famous for the length of her visiting list. It has been remarked in Burlingame that the lady with the de Loosey blood in her veins is not distinguished for her exclusiveness, accepting as she does invitations from persons who are so far out of her set that they cannot be seen with the naked eye from Burlingame. Some of the haughtiest of our mushroom aristocracy are very much distressed over Mrs. Peter Martin's democracy, and they think it unfortunate that she does not submit to the guidance of Mrs. Walter Martin, who never gets out of the thoroughly sterilized groove of the elect. If they had such a thing as a sense of humor at Burlingame, it would probably be suggested that having familiarized herself with the brief history of San Francisco society, Mrs. Martin is sensible of the absurdity of fostering fictitious class distinctions. After all her attitude toward San Francisco's smart set is much like that of titled English folk toward all American society, that of good-natured and amused tolerance. I hear that Mrs. Martin confides to her intimate friends that it would be "a dreadful bore to confine onesself to the narrow circle in which some persons are content to move." Hence her wide circulation, her graciousness to all comers and her numer-

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ous invitations to "visit me in Newport." Of course she specifies no definite time. I hear that she will go back to New York in January, and that Mrs. Eleanor Martin is talking of going with her for a few weeks.

Her Brother's Engagement

Mrs. Peter Martin has received news from home that has not, I hear, filled her with elation. It is to the effect that her brother, Charles de Loosey Oelrichs, is going to marry Miss Marjorie Turnbull, daughter of Lieutenant Frank Turnbull, a retired naval officer. She belongs to the Morristown coterie and has never been in the Newport set, but through her aunt, Mrs. J. Appleton Hopkins, she was introduced to New York society, and she met Charley Oelrichs at a subscription dance. Charley Oelrichs was expected to capture an heiress, which he probably could have done had he desired, for he is a fine chap and is regarded as one of the bluest blooded of the younger New York society men. In addition to being the son of Charles Oelrichs, he is the grandson of Chevalier de Loosey, who was for many years the Austrian Consul-General in New York, and who came from a fine old Austrian family. That Charley Oelrichs could have married a great heiress is the opinion of many who are in touch with Newport social affairs. Indeed, it is believed that he was as good as engaged to Miss Alice Grosvenor. At any rate, certain strategists tried to make a match between them and they were thrown together a great deal, and now there is speculation as to whether she is wearing the willow for him or whether she preferred another. Charley Oelrichs is one of the very few of the younger Newport set who have gone into business. He has been identified with his father's shipping interests ever since he attained his majority.

Shakespeare's Jew

I think I have previously disclaimed all responsibility for the dramatic censorship exercised by this journal of culture; I leave that onerous task to more expert hands; let mine be the gossip of "the horseshoe," the babble of the boxes, and the flippant rejoinder of the foyer—I would, indeed, rather talk of the thing that is real than the thing that only seems to be; and art is but a seeming, a source of sardonic laughter until it comes so near to nature that only the needle-eyed critics of our local press can distinguish the difference. Yet I would say something here of Mansfield's Shylock—something historical and something in eulogy. There are few, perhaps, of those who saw "the Jew that Shakespeare drew" as personated by Mansfield, who saw more than Mansfield's interpretation. It is not in a modern audience to know more than they can read in the inscription on the thin lacquer of the obvious. How many in that assembly reflected that the gaberdine of Shylock once draped the genius of Richard Burbadge; and that three centuries have crept between Richard Burbadge and Richard Mansfield? Three centuries! Shakespeare himself was there when Burbadge played the part—and Mansfield was not even a prophecy. But who knows?—may not a sturdy ancestor of the only survivor of Burbadge's Jew have been a "clapperclawing" spectator in the pit of the Globe?

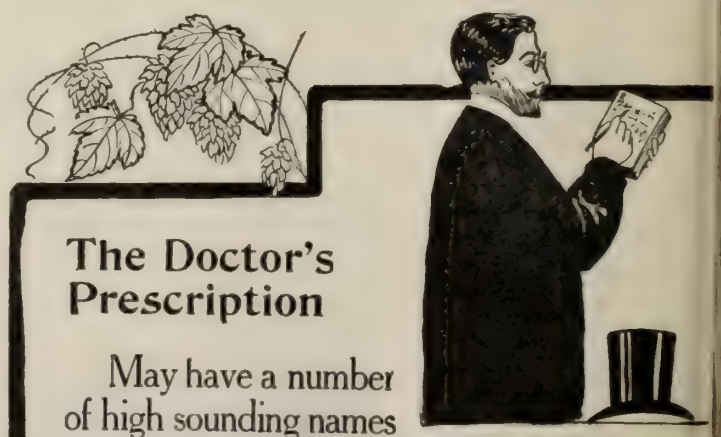
"What a wide world was in that little space,
Thyself a world—the Globe thy fittest place."

Heirs of Shylock

Shylock's gaberdine has been worn by the greatest actors of all time. It was passed from Burbadge to Doggett, who spat upon it; from Doggett it came to Macklin, who gave it the sweep of tragedy, for whom Pope wrote the famous epitaph and panegyric

"Here lies the Jew
That Shakespeare drew."

That was at the beginning of the nineteenth century—two hundred years after the red wig of Burbadge had passed the criticism of the immortal creator of the immortal character. Then came Edmund Kean to recreate what Burbadge and Macklin had shaped from the poet's fancy—and the memory of Edmund Kean lives in Shylock, for it was Shylock that gave him fame, as it was Shylock that crowned the fame of Macklin and wrote "Exit" on the prompt book of "all his yesterdays" to signify that he had strutted and fretted his brief hour on the stage and that now the path was the way to dusty death. Irony of the mimic drama! Irony of the real drama! Amid the pathos of it all—the pathos and the vanity! "I cannot play the part," were the last words of Macklin's farewell; "God help me—my memory, I am afraid, has left me." So passed the gaberdine of Shylock from Macklin, the mirror of the eighteenth century, to Kean, the first exemplar of the nineteenth—his initial essay of the role a drama in itself, as vivid, as poignant, as great as any he ever played—"a little, pale, restless, dark-eyed man," waiting, "oh how yearningly for the word that should give him permission to "get his foot before the floats"; his wife and child chill with the winter's cold, lonely and anxious in that squalid apartment in Cecil street, gnawed by a hunger that could only



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be appeased by such a triumph as came to this "little man" when he turned those dark eyes upon Bassanio to say, "Three thousand ducats?" in a tone and with a meaning that had never before been conveyed in those words. That night Edmund Kean *dined*. The gaberdine of Shylock was his.

An Immortal Gaberdine

Edmund Kean defied tradition in the playing of Shylock; as our own Mansfield, in his great roles defies many of the conventions of the stage, "By Jove!" cried a first-rater on that memorable night. "Shylock in a black wig! Well!!" For, as one of Kean's biographers tells us, "In the good old times the wig was of a *Judas color.*" Following Kean come the Shylock of Macready, the elder Booth and Booth the younger, Henry Irving, and Richard Mansfield—there have been no others; the tale is told by these—the original conception by Burbadge; the low comedy by Doggett, the first tragic rendering by Macklin, the "venerable Hebrew, the Martyr, the Avenger," by Macready, the humanity of a human soul by Kean, the pitiless monster by Booth, father and son, the dignity and sympathy that distinguished Irving's characterization, and the psychological study of Mansfield. Let us not say that the succession of Shylock ends here; for the stories upon which the masterpiece is founded are in the Gesta Romanorum and the Mahabharata—old as humanity, older than some of the hills; and ever new as we find new lights and new shadows in the infinite variety of the Master's tale.

Mistress—Did you tell the lady I was not at home?
Servant—That's phwat I told her, ma'am.
Mistress—Did she appear to have any doubts about it?
Servant—Not a doubt, ma'am. She sed she knew you were in.

Italy's Great Decadent

The love affairs of Gabriele d'Annunzio are once more supplying spicy texts for newspaper scribblers. The latest object of his affections is a daughter of the Marquis di Rudini, and the great decadent playwright and poet is said to be eager to divorce his wife to be free to wed the woman to whom he is now penning love lyrics. The young Italian is a remarkably gifted man, a wonderful master of the art of poetry, a lord of language, but unfortunately, he has prostituted his splendid talents to the production of literature that concerns itself chiefly with the hideous, the morbid, the pornographic. He first attracted the attention of literary critics in 1880 by the publication of some poetic effusions that bore evidence of fine craftsmanship. He was commended for his art, but censured for his incoherent apotheosizing of lesbian passions. He was then only sixteen years old—a decadent long before attaining his majority! He was described by an Italian writer, two years later when he appeared among the literati of Rome, as "a slender, small-sized youth, with curly hair, girlishly beautiful, innocent eyes and a girlishly soft voice—a singularly attractive youth." The doors of the noblest houses of Rome were open to him, but, as I was informed by an Italian of the diplomatic service who visited this city some time ago, he struck a fast pace and was soon known as one of the worst rakes in all Italy. At the end of his third year in Rome he complained: "I am utterly worn out. Wild passions have done their work." Before reaching his twenty-third year he published his shockingly salacious poems entitled "Intermezzo di Rime." The book was disgustingly obscene, but it was written with rare elegance. Next came his plays, in which he pitilessly dissects the moral shortcomings of fashionable society, and finally his "Il Fouoco," which has been generally regarded as an autobiography dealing with Duse's infatuation for the author. When he wrote a few years ago his "La Figlia di Jorio," the critics hailed it with delight as evidence of the redemption of the decadent.

The Popular Hamiltons

At the last dance of the Saturday Night Club Alexandra Hamilton was chosen to lead the German with Eyre Pinckard, and she is regarded as the belle of the club. Miss Hamilton will be a bud next year, and these dances are just in the way of caviare before the feast of formal society affairs. She is the daughter of the Alexander Hamiltons and her beauty and social position insure her a successful debut. Her sister Clara, Mrs. George Martin, is also a beauty, and Edna and Laura Hamilton are great favorites in the conventional set to which they belong.

They Butted In

Quite an amusing incident happened at one of the late Saturday Night Club dances, I am told, and one which ruffled the feelings of some young aristocrats to a grievous extent. Those with a sense of humor thought it a jolly joke well worth telling on themselves. It seems that a dancing teacher hires the hall on the evening when society has not pre-empted it, and on his evenings any one can come and dance who has the price. On this particular evening the swagger young things who are learning how to comport themselves in the giddy whirl before they are formally launched were much startled when a crowd of strangers entered the ball-room. The newcomers were laboring under the delusion that it was one of the dancing teacher's "open nights." When they were told it was a private dance one of them said: "Well, probably it will make no difference. We are all fine dancers, you know."

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A House Party Jest

Among the Russell Cools' guests at their Thanksgiving house party at "Dottswood" is Mrs. Lucie May Hayes, who is one of the most sought after guests at these jolly affairs. Mrs. Hayes is a clever woman, quick at repartee and an adept at all sorts of amusing games for the banishment of dull care. Consequently, a house party where she is of the company is always a success. They still tell a story of a house party at the George Sperrys', some years ago, in which Mrs. Hayes figures as the star. The Sperrys were just then in need of an abigail and Mrs. Hayes thought it would be a great joke to get herself up in a Merely-Mary-Ann disguise for the deception of Mr. Sperry. Mrs. Sperry, who has a sense of humor herself, decided to have some fun with her new slavey. She ordered her to do all the heavy work, and there was quite a lot of it. At the end of four or five hours, Mrs. Hayes, thoroughly exhausted, was obliged to call quits.

Back To The Farm

The smartest set are shedding tears because Mrs. Will Tevis has decided to remain most of the winter in Bakersfield. Whenever Mrs. Tevis is in town she adds much to the gaiety of her little world by giving frequent entertainments. However, her determination to remain at her ranch near Bakersfield means that there will be a great number of week-end parties at her house. She and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase divide honors as house party hostesses. I hear that Mrs. Tevis did not reduce her weight at all during her recent sojourn in Europe; in fact, it is said, she has grown stouter. It is reported that her mother, Mrs. Pacheco, is doing some literary work, but whether it is a play or a novel her friends have been unable to ascertain.

Mistaken Identity

Now that Mansfield is in town again the Bohemian Club story-tellers are gleefully resurrecting one of Dick Hotaling's mots. It goes: A man was going along the street, and happening to bump into the actor exclaimed: "Christ!" Whereupon the other turned and said: "I beg pardon, I am Richard Mansfield."

An Engagement Ruse

Mary Marriner's engagement came as a complete surprise to all but two of her most intimate friends. She feared that some society reporter would get hold of the news before she announced it, and she and her fiance contrived to outwit the gossips. It was decided that she should receive a bracelet instead of the conventional solitaire, for no sooner does a girl sport a solitaire than her friends at once begin looking around for the lucky man. It was thought that Mary Marriner would wed an army man, as she was much identified with the army set. She had the reputation of being the best dancer at the Presidio, and the fame of her terpsichorean talent had spread from Governor's Island to Vancouver Barracks. Ensign Bertholf, her fiance, I hear, is a favorite in navy circles.

Margaret Foulke, whose engagement with Winthrop Estabrook was announced last week, is not a relative of May Foulkes as one of the papers stated. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Foulke of Gazelle, where she makes her home, coming to San Francisco frequently during the winter. Mr. Estabrook comes of an old Boston family and, I hear, is a man of wealth. Beside his mining interests in this state, he has big investments in Mexico.

Disgraced Army Officers

Perhaps the greatest task which now lies before the War Department is the weeding out of disreputable officers who drifted into the army during its sudden expansion after the Spanish War. Hardly a week passes without an exhibition of ungentlemanly conduct on the part of some officer, but the record was broken one day last week when the press despatches of one day recorded the disgrace of no less than four men of rank. Captain R. W. Rose, of the Twenty-first Infantry, was placed on trial before a court-martial for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman; Lieutenant R. W. Adams, Ninth Infantry, was arrested for insulting a woman while under the influence of liquor; Lieutenant D. C. McClelland, Tenth Infantry, was charged with financial irregularities, and Lieutenant Hugh Kirkman, Eighth Cavalry, was arrested in Manila for forgery. This is indeed a shocking record, and one that may well cause the old-school officers to feel that the army is going to the demnition bow bows. Of course, the West Pointers find consolation in the reflection that none of the offenders came from the Academy, but received their commissions from civil life in the ranks. However, it has been shown that it is not impossible for a West Pointer to fall from grace.

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Mrs. Laurance Scott

One of the victims of the automobile accident which resulted in the death of Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison.

The General Board of the Navy, in its recommendations for new construction to be authorized at the coming session of Congress, has taken precisely the view that I have expressed in this paper for months past, namely, that the chief and imperative need of the Navy is for battleships of great power. The Russo-Japanese war fully confirmed this opinion, and the General Board so attests in urging that at least three battleships of not less than eighteen thousand tons displacement each, be added to the Navy.

McLaren's Tenure

Apropos the report that a Ruef henchman was an aspirant for the job which has long been adorned by John McLaren, I am reminded that there was a time when there was some uneasiness regarding that gentleman's tenure. Prominent San Francisco citizens used to lie awake nights speculating in their minds as to how they could circumvent the villains who were scheming to jeopardize the future of our glorious Golden Gate Park by depriving it of the valuable services of John McLaren. I have never been able to learn the source of their misgivings, but I am only one of many who have been amused at their agitation, knowing full well that "Mac," as he is popularly called, had long since become as remote from removal as Strawberry Hill and far more secure on his base than the statue of Garfield. However, on the occasion of every political upheaval in this city during the past twenty years the friends of John McLaren have been apprehensive. They have discussed what they considered an impending catastrophe, with bated breath and with that degree of anxiety that would be exhibited if a tidal wave had been reported from the Farallones. To hear them talk you would be convinced that if John McLaren were removed every tree in the park would wither, every flower in the conservatory would fade, every bit of sculptured junk would crumble, every blade of grass would cease to grow and Huntington Falls would dry up, not to speak of Tilden's ball-player being put out at his own base. And when there was no talk of John's being fired there would come a bid for his services from some Eastern city *a la* the call which a beloved pastor receives to pastures new and which often brings a raise of salary.

The Joke On Dingee

Of course there was never any likelihood of McLaren's being lured away from his fat salary and gray granite home (rent free), more charmingly situated than the abode of any millionaire in America, but the friends of the Park have been apprehensive nevertheless. Naturally these sporadic alarms have improved the prestige of our head gardener, and the consequence is that today he is more highly prized by the citizens of San Francisco than was ever the faithful servant of any other community Yet we were told the other day that some south-of-Market street grass-cutter was after McLaren's job! To secure it he would have to persuade Mayor Schmitz to remove the whole Park Commission. I remember that when Bill Dingee was to be appointed Park Commissioner, and it was so reported in the dailies, he was asked about it by a friend one day. The friend was one who, like myself, had often been amused by the fearful misgivings of Golden Gate Park lovers.

"Well," said Dingee, with a very grave expression on his face, "I should like to be a Park Commissioner, but I've heard something about putting in a new Superintendent, and I'll be — if they can get me to accept the position if McLaren is to be removed."

Mr. Dingee's friend almost exploded with laughter, and the millionaire wondered what the joke was.

What Mrs. Huntington May Do

It would certainly be a calamity if John McLaren were removed from the superintendency of Golden Gate Park. He is famous all over the world as a horticultur-

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ist, and he has done much for the development of the park in which he has always taken great pride. His has been the guiding hand in all that has been done to increase its manifold beauties. But John McLaren's job is not in jeopardy. Like "Monarch" he has become one of the features of the park. He is almost as enduring as the Francis Scott Key monument, and he hopes to live to see the park more beautiful than it is. A magnificent new gateway to be erected with the two hundred thousand dollars donated by Mrs. Sharp is one of the new features that will soon be contracted for, and I heard that Mrs. Collis P. Huntington is going to bequeath five hundred thousand dollars to the park for a memorial gateway. When Bill Stow was Park Commissioner he persuaded Huntington to give twenty-five thousand for the falls which bear his name, but it has been suggested to Mrs. Huntington that in view of what Stanford and other millionaires did for California, the name of Huntington should be linked with something more pretentious than a trickling stream.

Mansfield in Bohemia

All the tuft-hunters of the Bohemian Club were on hand last Tuesday night on the occasion of the lionizing of Richard Mansfield. The brightest minds of the club illumined the occasion, the profoundest thinkers exuded happy sentiments, the readiest wits emitted sparks of felicitous humor, and a steady stream of persiflage flowed, sparkled and bubbled. It was a great night in Bohemia and Mr. Mansfield was properly edified. The "foremost actor" came out of his shell for the occasion and was positively genial and more than convivial. The keynote of Bohemian hospitality for this occasion was suggested by the tone of certain critics of the press toward Mansfield. The mummer was commiserated in satirical vein for not being able to act up to the standards of journalistic sticklers for high art. It was evident that the stock wits of the club thought it incumbent on them to placate the great actor by letting him know that they do not take the critics seriously, and that they appreciate his incomparable achievements. But Mansfield was not in a mood to encourage that sort of thing. The proud thespian prefers to have it understood that he is not to be nettled by criticism. He told the Bohemians that no actor of sense would resent the suggestions of men who have been trained in the niceties of the histrionic art. He said that he had received many a good suggestion from newspaper critics and had availed himself thereof. He was in a very amiable frame of mind, was Mr. Mansfield, and he made a deep impression by the manliness of his sentiments. There was a touch of humor in much that he said, as for instance when he acknowledged that before becoming an actor he was a dramatic critic, and added that he had suffered as an actor retribution for his offenses as a critic. He said that in his early career he was a painter; "not of houses," he explained, "but of pictures. I painted them to sell to my friends and soon found out that I had no friends!"

His Serviceable Hide

Mansfield took occasion to repudiate much that has been said of him in the press, but he did not intimate that he held the press responsible. He said that some years ago he moved from one hotel to another in Chicago because he wanted better quarters. The following day a reporter questioned the hotel proprietor about the loss of his guest. "Oh, he threw a mutton chop at one of the waiters and we requested him to move," was the hotel man's explanation. The reporter published the story, and a little later the incident was located in Cincinnati by a reporter of that city. "But he wrote that it was pork chops that I threw at the waiter," said Mansfield. The actor informed the Bohemians that he considered it absurd for a man in public life to expect nothing but the truth to be uttered concerning him at all times, and he added that in time repeated volleys of untruth develop for the victim the hide of a rhinoceros. Incidentally, he succeeded in exciting sympathy by saying that while he did not resent misrepresentation in the press, his wife did not read unjust criticism of him with the stoicism of her husband. He then related that he had enjoyed very friendly relations with President Benjamin Harrison and that the latter once told him that the most sorrowful moments of his life were experienced shortly after his wife's death, when he found among some of her papers a package of newspaper clippings in which he was most bitterly abused.

Some of the Jolliers

Among the speakers who "jollied" the foremost actor were James D. Phelan, Dr. Arnold, Peter Robertson and Dr. Shiels, who, by the bye, has written a one-act tragedy which, McKee Rankin tells me, is a little gem. Mr. Phelan was scholarly, as usual, Dr. Arnold was unusual, being quite humorous and Peter Robertson was reminiscent and amusing. The *Chronicle's* critic confessed that he made his living as a critic, and remarked that until the stage produced perfect actors there would be work for the critics to do. He related that years ago, on the occasion of Mansfield's first visit he had a long talk with the actor one evening during which he convinced him that his conception of Baron Chevrial was not correct. He was constrained to admit, however, that when Mansfield played Chevrial some nights ago he played it just as he had done before that interview.

His Superb Impudence

The most coolly impudent lawyer in San Francisco is George D. Collins, as was proved during the trial of

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George D. Howe for using the U. S. mails to promote a fraud—a crime for which he was convicted, by the way, and sentenced to eighteen months in San Quentin, despite the hard fight Collins made for him. The Government prosecutor was Ben McKinley, who, though a good lawyer, is not any too quick of wit. During the examination by McKinley of the first witness Collins objected to every question asked—as he did with all the witnesses, in fact. In his opinion nothing was competent, relevant, in line with the indictment, or capable of being construed as having the remotest bearing on any phase of the case. McKinley and Judge De Haven took it patiently, then the witness was turned over to Collins for cross-examination. He began a rapid patter of questions, to one of which McKinley objected, but not until after the witness had answered. The words "I object" had not more than fallen from McKinley's lips when Collins turned to him and in his blandest manner said: "Mr. McKinley, the witness has already answered. Anyway, these objections confuse him and seriously delay the trial." Before McKinley could collect his wits, Collins had hurled half a dozen damaging questions at the witness.

The Crockers in Mourning

Another death in the Crocker family! Nearly every branch of the family is now in mourning. All the Clark Crockers are wearing black for Henry Crocker's child and for Mrs. Buckbee. The Will Crockers went into mourning because of Mrs. Sperry's death, and then came the shocking news of the tragic ending of the career of Mrs. Harrison. The grim reaper has been more than unkind to the Crocker family. Colonel Fred Crocker was taken from life before he had passed middle age. His wife preceded him to the grave by a few years, and to her parents, the Eastons, was given the care of the three children. George Crocker lost his wife a little over a year ago after a lingering illness that defied the skill of the greatest specialists of Europe.

The purpose of Laurance Scott's visit to New York was to confer with his sister Alice, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, about the sale of their father's art collection. The late Irving Scott owned some very valuable paintings, among them Toby Rosenthal's big canvas, "The Immolation of Constance de Beverly" which the artist did to order, from the motif furnished him by Mr. Scott.

This Saturday afternoon, from four to six o'clock, Dr. Humphrey J. Stewart will be the host at a reception at which he will introduce his daughter, Frances, to society. The tea will be given at the Stewart residence and studio, 1105 Bush street. Miss Stewart is a very sweet and charming girl of the English type of beauty, and she is highly accomplished. She resembles her mother somewhat in feature. Mrs. Stewart died some years ago, but she is still well remembered here. She was a gracious, cultured woman, possessed of remarkable musical gifts.

A Commercial Clash

So murky and so heavily charged with electricity has the commercial atmosphere of Oakland become since the recent formation of a Chamber of Commerce in that city that a violent storm may be expected to break forth there at any moment. The situation was strained enough before, with the Merchants' Exchange and the Board of Trade jealously fighting each other either covertly or openly, but with the advent of another commercial body across the bay affairs have been greatly complicated. For a number of years some of Oakland's more prominent merchants have been advocating the disbanding of both the Merchants' Exchange and the Board of Trade and the reorganization of the business men in one body. They argued that there would thus be both a saving in expenses and a gain in efficiency of effort for the upbuilding of the city. But while Secretary Edwin Stearns and most of the members of the Board of Trade looked favorably upon the scheme, Secretary Wilbur Walker and a number of members of the Merchants' Exchange grew pale at the mention of it. Of course there were those who said that Secretary Stearns, who is a much younger man than Secretary Walker, saw himself in his mind's eye drawing down a handsome salary as secretary of the new organization. But however that may be, the sentiment for a larger and more representative commercial body grew stronger and finally crystallized in the foundation of the Chamber of Commerce several weeks ago. Mayor Frank Mott was elected temporary president and Bernard Miller, who is closely related to Mr. F. M. Smith by marriage, was elected temporary secretary. Since then overtures have been made to the two older organizations to merge their identity in the new one.

Walker's Activity

Secretary Stearns and the Board of Trade contemplate the proposed union as in the nature of a benevolent assimilation. But Secretary Walker and a number of members of the Merchants' Exchange look upon it as a proposal for their malevolent destruction. In the event of the merger the Board of Trade would immediately and voluntarily cease its existence, but it cannot stand the idea of dying while its ancient enemy lives on. In the meantime a very strong effort is being made to pull away from the Merchants' Exchange its foremost members in the hope that it will then perish of inanition. Secretary Walker is making a desperate effort to checkmate this move as he has a very vigorous objection to being detached from his present position of honor and profit. Every day he can be seen along Broadway and Washington streets, in Oakland, busily engaged in gladhanding the apathetic or lukewarm members of his organization in an effort to hold them in line. But the advocates of the union of the older organizations with the new one are waxing more strenuous as Secretary Walker increases his activity, and as the situation nears a critical stage the spectators are looking on with bated breath for the breaking of the storm.

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Anna Strunsky

Who has gone to Geneva, Switzerland, where she was summoned by the Propagandists to write socialistic literature, designed for the United States. Miss Strunsky is a brilliant young woman with a heart as large as her brain. Her first literary work of note was her collaboration in "The Kempton-Wace Letters" with Jack London. Since then she has written two novels with socialism as the motif. A few days before starting on her trip, Miss Strunsky entertained at her Sutter street home a number of her Bohemian friends. Xavier Martinez was of the party. By some it was believed that the picturesque artist was smitten with the fair socialist, but I am told that if there is any sentimental yearning in his heart, it is for her sister, whose portrait bearing the brief title of "Rose" is among his pictures in his exhibition this week. It is one of the best he ever did. Rose Strunsky accompanied her sister to Europe, and she will also write and study while there.

The Western Pacific

Great interest is being taken these days in the Western Pacific Railway project, which has at length assumed palpable form and which is destined to give tremendous impetus to the industrial development of California. So far the projectors of this big transportation enterprise have not trumpeted their doings to the world and there has been much curiosity regarding the progress that was being made. This curiosity is in a measure assuaged by a discussion of the enterprise on another page, dealing as it does with the purposes of the Captains of Industry to whom the state will be indebted for the great stimulus to be given to the growth of the state.

The New Street Car Deal

Mr. Leopold Michel, who has a finger in most financial pies, is suspected of being interested in the recent deal whereby the United Railroads went out of the control of the Brown Brothers into that of Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. Mr. Michel was amiably surprised at the fuss the daily papers made about the resignation of President Holland and the change in ownership. "Why," said he, "I have known that Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. have had the control for some time and who cares who owns the property?" Mr. Thalmann is expected on a visit to the coast. It is said that Ladenburg, Thalmann & Co. is backed by the famous Bleichroder of Berlin. Mrs. Ladenburg, I understand, is one of the few Jewish women who are conspicuous in the most exclusive circles of London and New York. She is a widow and her wealth is in the several millions.

Kearns and His Home

Ex-Senator Kearns of Utah, who has been spending the past few weeks in the city, is as delighted as a boy with his new toy—the big rancho in the mountains close to the

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Mrs. Lou Mersfelder

One of the artists represented in the Sequoia Club's art exhibition now under way. Mrs. Mersfelder excels in the depiction of child character. She is the wife of Jules Mersfelder, also an artist.

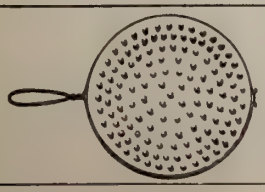
town of Santa Rosa. It was once a part of the old Hood place and is one of the most beautiful in this part of the state. Mr. Kearns says that he is going to make the gardens around the house as beautiful as those of Del Monte, and the object of his recent visit to the city is the buying of ornamental trees and shrubs for the beautifying of the grounds. There are some eighteen hundred acres in the rancho and Mr. Kearns, in order never to run short of water, intends to put in an immense reservoir. He is also going to have some fine blooded stock on the rancho. Next year the place will be in fine shape to entertain and Mr. Kearns being the soul of generosity is already planning to have a number of people up there.

A Culture Boom in Stockton

Culture is looking up in Stockton, according to my correspondent, who has written to me of the efforts of Mrs. Langdon, formerly Miss Root of Oakland, to dissipate the commercial atmosphere of the Gateway City where dried beans are a drug in the market. Partly because she was inspired by the thought that beans and culture go hand-in-hand on American soil, and partly because the intellectual impetus which was given her at Berkeley is still felt, Mrs. Langdon resolved to do something for Stockton in an intellectual way. And what greater boon could she give her fellow-citizens than a straight talk from the prophet of Western culture, Professor Gayley of "California"? As an excursion to the seat of learning was impracticable she hit upon the plan of bringing Mahomet to the plains. To make it worth his while she set about securing subscriptions at five dollars per for a series of lectures. As she is one of the socially elect of Stockton she had no difficulty in rounding up the swells, but Stockton is not a big city and the swells are not sufficiently numerous to make up a fund of three hundred dollars at five per, so Mrs. Langdon kindly vouchsafed some of the second-raters the glittering opportunity to enter into cheek-by-jowl contact with the big guns. The subscription list was thrown open to the wage-earners of the school department, and though they thought five dollars a little steep still the combination of Society with a capital S and culture with a capital C was a strong lure, and the sordid appeal to the great exponent of culture was duly perfected. Mrs. Langdon tried to get a prominent cit to introduce Professor Gayley, but when it comes to a culture fest the private cits are a little shy, so Mrs. Langdon had to shoulder the responsibility of presenting the man from Berkeley to the audience and she did so felicitously. My correspondent says that Stockton has already abandoned the best-sellers and taken to the classics.

The Tale of an Ibsen Club

"But let it not be supposed," says my correspondent, "that there was no culture in Stockton before the visit of Professor Gayley. We have the Philomathean Club with its history section and art section and Shakespeare sec-



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tion, each of which meets weekly. Then we have the Critics' Club—the club that Jack London made famous by flouting it for knowing nothing about socialism. This club is hammering away at live topics with masculine vigor and stoicism. Then there is the—or rather there was—the Ibsen Club. What has become of the Ibsen Club of which Johannes Reimers was the prophet? It hasn't been heard of this season, but perhaps it will soon come to life to discuss 'When We Dead Awaken.' The Ibsen Club was a well-meant effort to stimulate the democratic spirit of Stockton's citizenry but even in this small town snobbery flourishes. One day when Mr. Reimers assigned a small part in an Ibsen drama to a society pet she tore it up before his eyes. After that he gave all the 'fat' parts to the 'best people,' and the lean parts to the school teachers. Then the club went into decline."

The Sequoia Club Artists

Art exhibitions are on now in earnest, and it keeps those who would be in touch with what the artists are doing busy jumping from one exhibition to another. The Sequoia Club artists may preen themselves upon the success of their showing, which largely explains why there are so few wonders at the Art Association's fall exhibition. Maynard Dixon has a small sketch of an Indian woman that I should call a masterpiece in miniature. There is all the history of the ages drawn into the stoic pose and features. The secret of why Latimer did not send one of his Mill Valley sketches to the Hopkins is given away—he shows the one he did not part with to a purchaser at the Sequoia. It is an exquisite thing, with the sunlight peeping through the feathery trees. Greenbaum shows two of his completed portrait sketches, some of the best work San Francisco has seen of his, both from the same model, a beautiful, luscious French girl. May Mott Smith Bird has a number of good things, among them an odd conceit, a rather austere blonde in a yellow kimona. Lillie V. O'Bryan shows her large portrait (unfinished) of Laura Bride Powers, the sketch of which hangs at the Hopkins. Another portrait claiming attention is Miss O'Ryan's back view of "Mrs. E. P. L." with the subject's blonde hair drawing the central light. Miss O'Ryan also shows her study of Elsie Sperry's miniature. As a portrait, however, this scarcely realizes the peculiar beauty of the subject. Perhaps there is something illusive in Miss Sperry's expression that cannot be transferred to canvas so easily as her features. Bertha Stringer Lee never did a finer thing than her Monterey sand dunes, a large canvas. Gamble also has some fine sand dunes, done in his new style. Alice Chittenden, Lou Mersfelder, Martinez, Sparks, Lucia Wores, Neilson, Anne Frances Briggs, and Grace Wishaar are all represented in the Sequoia Club showing.

The third annual entertainment of the Arts and Crafts will take place in the Red Room of the St. Francis on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth of December. Mr. F. Meyer is president of the Arts and Crafts, Miss O. D. Holden, vice-president; Mrs. Henry Meyer, treasurer; Miss S. Russell, secretary.

Latimer's pupils will hold their annual exhibition in the Maple Room of the Palace hotel on the afternoons and evenings beginning December fourth and ending Saturday evening, December ninth.

Landsberger's Tribute to Sauret

Nathan Landsberger, who studied under Emil Sauret, the violinist, writes me, apropos his master's visit to San Francisco: "Sauret's reputation all over Europe, and in

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fact, all over the world, is so well known that praise from me would be supererogatory. He combines the brilliant virtuoso style of playing with the broad classic, and it is said he has the greatest repertoire of any violinist alive. There is nothing written for the violin of any value that he has not in his memory. At a concert which I had the honor to attend, I saw Hans von Bulow embrace Sauret after a miraculous performance of a suite for violin and orchestra, composed by Sauret himself. The concert took place in the Philharmonic, the great concert hall of Berlin. The people fairly went wild over Sauret's playing, and it was after he had responded with two encores, the Hungarian Air of Ernst and the sextet from 'Lucia' for violin alone, by Leon de St. Lubin, that von Bulow embraced this wonderful violinist before all present. Although this occurred some years ago, I can never forget that night. Sauret is a splendid teacher, and has turned out many pupils of note."

The Colburn Tea

Maye Colburn's tea in honor of her guest, Marguerite Gros, was a big crush in spite of the rain. The rumor had gone abroad that Mrs. Peter Martin was to materialize and that is always enough to warrant the putting of the S. R. O. sign out. Mrs. Peter, however, did not appear. Count de la Rocca was there though, and the grief of some was assuaged. Consul Kasakevitch, who has not been so prominent in society of late as of yore, was there, too, and indulged in airy persiflage with the members of the fair sex who surrounded him. Miss Gros, I hear, is to spend the entire winter at the Colburns'.

Mrs. Hamilton Smith (Elena Roeckel) has just concluded a visit with her father's brother, Colonel Ferdinand Roeckel, in France. The Smiths intend to remain abroad some time yet.

There was an informal jinks dinner at the Bohemian Club last Friday evening, at which Theodor Vogt presided. At its conclusion Dr. Jack Shiels produced his one-act tragedy for the members' entertainment.

One of the most charming dinners of the season was that given by Raphael Weill at the Bohemian Club last Thursday. Mostly married people were the guests, and the affair was delightfully genial and informal.

Jack London's Fad

Jack London has been elected first president of the Intercollegiate Society for the study of Sociaism. This is an organization on a new basis, for it is not designed for the propagation of the cult nor the making of converts, though both may follow in natural course. Any graduate of a college, any student in an educational institution of collegiate rank, and any one connected with an educational system, as an instructor, is eligible to membership for the purpose of investigation, study and discussion. Among the members are Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Robert Hunter, Upton Sinclair, Oscar Lovell Triggs, B. O. Flower, J. G. Phelps-Stokes and Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The scene at the St. Francis in the white and gold room on Sunday evenings since the new table d'hote dinner was instituted reminds one of Sherry's when smart New York is dining there. Huber's orchestra plays during the progress of the meal. Table reservations have to made no later than Thursday with the *maitre d'hotel* for these Sunday dinners.

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May Be Asked to Resign

My Hawaiian correspondent writes: "When the Rev. Dr. William Morris Kincaid returns from a visit he has just been making to New England, he may be asked for his resignation as pastor of the Central Union church, the great missionary stronghold in these islands. If he is it will be because he made a speech at the Mohonk Conference a few weeks ago, in which he said things which some of his rich and influential parishioners disapprove. Dr. Kincaid has never bowed the knee to either the missionary or the sugar-planting Baal. He has been both independent and outspoken in his political views, and these have not always been the political views held by the missionary descendants and the sugar barons who make up such an important element of the financial support and the membership of Central Union church. It is only fair to say, however, that there has been a very tolerant spirit displayed in the matter among his parishioners, except among the element which seeks to control the politics of the Territory. In his speech at Mohonk he did not say anything that has not been said right in Honolulu, publicly and openly, many times during the past year. Most of what he said is very generally admitted here, and as to the rest, probably his own church membership is divided thereon; but it was something that his political enemies could take hold of, and they seem to have been able to create a strong sentiment against him. The most interesting feature of the present political situation in the Islands is Governor Carter's attitude toward Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson's term of office as Circuit Judge expires early next year. The Bar Association has unanimously endorsed him for re-appointment. Every newspaper in the Islands has urged his re-appointment. There is a practically universal sentiment in favor of his re-appointment. But Governor Carter does not like him, and as President Roosevelt has practically said that he has given Governor Carter control of all Hawaiian appointments it is believed that he cannot be re-appointed without Governor Carter's approval, and the question is whether the Governor will fly in the face of the wishes of the community or yield his personal objections to the Judge. Judge Robinson came hither about five years ago from California. About a year later he was appointed Judge. He holds the record for being sustained by the Supreme Court. But Governor Carter says this is because he lacks backbone; that instead of deciding things as they ought to be decided or as he believes they ought to be, he figures out how the Supreme Court will decide them and decides that way. Then he is indeed a wise judge."

Arthur Elder and Charles J. Fellger gave a reception at their Larkin street studio last Saturday, to open their exhibition of oil paintings, water colors, etchings and wood cuts. The exhibition will remain open until December ninth. Mrs. Elder is a medalist and member of the Poster Academy, London, and of the Art Workers' Guild, and an exhibitor in the New Gallery. Mr. Fellger, after studying at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, went to Munich and later to Paris, studying under Callot and Dellance. At their studio, 2614 1-2 Larkin street, they are showing some water colors of Chelsea and English country scenes that are especially fine, and some dry point etchings of rare merit. There are fire screens, cushions, bags, etc., designed by Mr. Elder that are original and beautiful. The entire exhibit deserves the attention of those interested in fine English art.

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The Stage

Mansfield as the Misanthrope

Perhaps Mr. Mansfield was not so irreverent as we accused him of being for slashing Schiller's masterpiece. After seeing a performance of Moliere's masterpiece I am inclined to think that much depends on the point of view and the capacity of the company to whose hands the play is intrusted. Perhaps Mr. Mansfield considers the misinterpretation of a playwright a more serious offense than the excision of essential lines and scenes. This second thought came to me last Monday night while sitting through that delightful scene between Celimene, the flirt, and Arsinoe, the prude. That scene is one of the most delicious comedic morsels in all Moliere. It is here that the great French satirist deals in exquisitely humorous vein with the feminine predisposition to dissemble, to cloak envy and hatred under the mantle of friendship, to employ language to conceal thought, to inflict pain under pretense of doing an act of charity. He presents two women who despise each other, one envious, the other contemptuous, engaged in a verbal duel, affecting the deepest solicitude for each other, discharging the venom of their souls with a gracious air. These two women were of the grand, polite, cultured court of Versailles, they were gentlewomen who knew the importance of repose and the vulgarity of tempestuous emotion. They were all, I should judge from the text and atmosphere of the play, what Eleanor Barry, the Celimene, and Miss Prahar, the Arsinoe of the cast, were not. Miss Barry and Miss Prahar do not dissemble in manner as in word. They go at each other in a manner suggestive of a hair-pulling climax. Repression should be the key-note of the scene, but Miss Barry and Miss Prahar almost come to blows even before they reach the point where polite irony ends and Hatred unmasks. The purpose of the playwright was obviously to caricature what is popularly regarded as a distinctively feminine trait, an elemental blemish of womanly character, and to serve his purpose the mimes are expected to be malevolent with an undercurrent of sweetness. In this connection, too, Mr. Mansfield should be taken to task for execrable stage management in permitting the conversation between the two women to be carried on while seated on chairs close together, near the footlights, and facing the audience. They reminded me of a brace of vaudeville artists. The attitude is, perhaps, traditional, but it is not realistic, nor is it natural. Women do not come together in that fashion to pick each other to pieces. If that is what Celimene and Arsinoe did in Moliere's day Mr. Mansfield should remember that he is not the Ben Greet of the drama of Louis XIV. Mr. Mansfield himself gives a fine reading of the Frenchman's lines. He utters the noble thoughts of Alceste as Moliere himself, perhaps, uttered them, and if we are to believe the gossip of the period the brilliant playwright and thespian must have put a great deal of feeling into the portrayal of the misanthrope, for we are told that he endured the pangs of jealousy when he wrote the play, and intended it as an expression of his feelings toward those who were the cause of his mental anguish. Mr. Mansfield's Celeste will be one of our most vivid memories of the stage. There is in the role, as he portrays it, a subtle development of character, a fine appreciation of the motive and purpose of the playwright, and a dignity and sincerity that harmonize well with the noble and universal truths that have been so gracefully expressed by the great moralist. It is greatly to Mr. Mansfield's credit that he has revived this classic of French belles lettres and thereby given the American public the opportunity to show that their taste is not so perverted as illiterate managers seem to believe. At the same time it is to be regretted that he does not employ men and women able to give him adequate assistance in the presentation of the plays in his repertoire.

Theodore Bonnet.

As To The Foremost Actor

Richard Mansfield must soon be looking to his laurels. A few more fizzles like his Shylock and he will not be taken seriously, even by his friend, Willie Winter, in his pose as the foremost actor of America. There are so many good actors in America that for one to be acclaimed the fore-

Emile Sauret

The great French violinist, who will appear with Arthur Speed, pianist, in Lyric hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, December 12-14, and Saturday matinee, December 16th. An appreciation of Sauret by one of his former pupils, Nathan Landsberger of this city, appears in the *Saunterer* columns.

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most he must achieve some remarkable triumphs. Mr. Mansfield has given us some fine samples of his art, but he is not a good self-critic, and he has made the mistake of attempting roles, as I remarked last week, beyond the range of his genius. It is a fatal mistake, because in such roles he is unable to sustain the illusion which is the purpose of the histrionic art, and his audience being released from the spell of his magnetism, becomes sensible of the method by which he strives for the desired effect. The actor's method having been once revealed, thereafter it becomes much more difficult of concealment from those who have observed it. Unfortunately for Mr. Mansfield, the public rate an actor according to the measure of his ability in Shakespearean roles, for having been told that the Shakespearean drama is the classic drama, they believe that it is necessary for an actor to excel in it before he can become really great. Not only have they degraded the classics into authorities, using them to check the progress of art, but they have perverted Shakespearean actors, whom they have been told were great, into a standard of measurement. Now Mr. Mansfield is great as Baron Chevrial, as Beau Brummel, as Ivan the Terrible, as Jekyl and Hyde, and as Alceste, but he has not yet discovered the Shakespearean roles suitable to his temperament. Meanwhile, E. H. Sothern is winning laurels in Shakespeare and so is Robert Mantell, who lately compelled the admiration of New York in Richard III., in Macbeth and Othello, and now he is scoring in King Lear. So it is evident that it behooves Mr. Mansfield to be up and doing if he wishes to retain his prestige as the foremost, etc. There are many people whom he will find it difficult to convince that he is vastly superior to E. H. Sothern, and should Mantell triumph through the provinces as he has triumphed in New York, Richard will have to educate the benighted up to a knowledge of the fact that Moliere is also a classic in order to hold his own.

An operatic concert for the benefit of the Tenth Avenue Christian church will be given this Saturday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium by Gertrude Caldwell, Cecilia Driscoll, Sarita Madero, Iris Clare, Andrea Mojica, Eric and Elizabeth Davis, Alfred Neuberger, Maria and Mario Roeckel and Madame Coursen-Roeckel.

Robert Peralta Galindo, of Oakland, a youth of famous lineage, has written a playlet which was given a successful tryout over the bay.

Louis James in a Shakespearean repertory, "Virginius" and other legitimate dramas, comes to the Columbia in January. Crane in "An American Lord" will be here in December.

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Conried And His Fat Ladies

New York critics are slowly awakening to the fact that Herr Conried is giving the public a mediocre quality of grand opera at the Metropolitan Theatre. The New York critics are slow. A year ago I took occasion to point out that all of the principal Conried singers had outlived their usefulness and when the Metropolitan Company came to town I took a few whacks at the critics and the public for enthusing over the fading tones of Sembrich and the stentorian shouts of Nordica and, for not being able to discriminate between art and quackery in the lesser vocalists of the organization. Now some of the critics of New York are scoffing at the Conried company, but they do not explain why they were so late in catching on to the obvious. Have they taken a tip from the provinces? One critic who heard Alice Nielsen sing in "Don Pasquale," and who says that she has improved wonderfully, suggests that Conried should seek to persuade her to join his forces, and that he should quit giving grand opera "with elderly women of mature figure and much honest adipose to rob them of every illusion of youth." "Why one should listen," he adds, "to these fat old ladies in girlish roles, to which Miss Neilsen would bring not only an absolutely adequate vocal richness, but an added wealth of youth, beauty, and far more dramatic talent and training than ever these Sembrichs and Nordicas have considered it worth while to develop, only Herr Conried himself knows—and he won't tell." From the same critic I learn that Caruso and Scotti are Alice Neilsen's press-agents in America. They have been singing her praises ever since they heard her at Covent Garden.

Melodrama in the Home of Music

Where Sousa and Creatore have directed their noble bands; where Melba, Eames, Sembrich, Nordica and Gadski have concertized; where Kocian wooed us to love him by the magic of his bow; where many marvelous pianists have played for us; where Mascagni roused vast audiences to enthusiasm—in that temple of music, the Alhambra, melodrama now holds sway. The magic of its memories may move the mummers to accomplish great things—who knows? At any rate Belasco and Mayer's new playhouse promises to be one of the most popular homes of melodrama the city has ever had. The opening this week was a gala event, a packed house attesting to the favor in which the Central company—moved from its former stage—is held. "The Millionaire Detective" gives Mayall a strong part and the others of the company are all well placed. The stage is larger than the Central's and when the scenic and mechanical artists have measured its possibilities there are going to be great doings at the Alhambra, I feel sure, in the scenic line.

At the Alcazar

"My Friend From India" was a good choice for Thanksgiving week by the Alcazar's management. Of course we've seen it lots of times but it is one of those perennial laugh-inspirers that is ever acceptable. Maher as the masquerading barber is as funny as one could wish, and Butler gives the artistic touch of humor to the pork packer. The female comedy roles are allotted to Miss Crosby, as the German maid, and Miss Rosa as the affinity-seeking widow. Miss Kerwin introduces a charming Irish song in the first act. Miss Evelyn and Waldron are given small roles in this week's play but they contribute largely to the artistic finish of the production.

At the Orpheum

There are two tragic notes to the bright tones of the Orpheum bill this week. Charles Leonard Fletcher gives a monologue adapted from a tragic French story which once went the newspaper rounds. It tells of how a man, at the 'phone, his wife miles away at home, hears her being murdered, but cannot rush to her rescue. Eva Westcott starts her playlet of which she is the author, "An Episode of Modern Life," with comedy but ends it tragically in the husband's death. The sketch is well adapted to show Miss Westcott's range of emotional expression. Tom Brown, the siffleur, is as popular as ever. The Esmeralda sisters are as attractive as their press agent claimed they were, and their dance with the four flower girls is an artistic turn with colored light effects

Next Week's Bills

The theme of George Ade's comedy "The College Widow," which opens at the Columbia Monday night, deals with the rivalry between two inland colleges, which finds its vent in the annual football game on Thanksgiving day. Bingham has provided Bolton, a famous halfback, with a scholarship, for the purpose of getting him on her team, but through the machinations of "The College Widow," at Atwater, Bolton is persuaded to remain there, and wins the all important game, as well as the "Widow's" hand. The company is headed by Dorothy Tennant

The Alcazar next week gives the first local production of "The Sword of the King," the brilliant comedy of romance which Henrietta rosman found so popular a successor to dashing "Mistress Nell." It will afford the lead-

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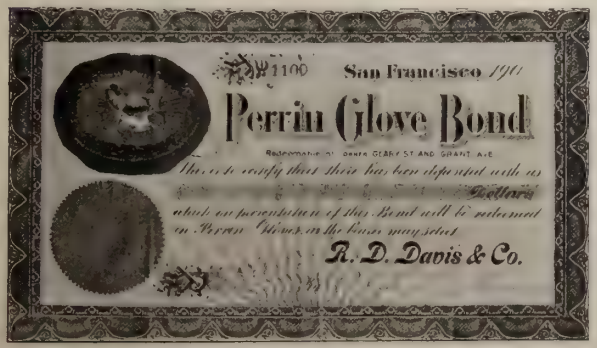

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ing players their first opportunity in a costume play. Miss Evelyn will have the role of Philippa Brayton who dons boyish garb and fights a duel. George Osbourne returns on December eleventh in Pierre Wolf's comedy "The Secret of Polichinelle," new to San Francisco, but an immense success in France, Germany and Italy, and played all last season in New York, first at the Manhattan and then at the Garden. An early Alcazar offering will be Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper."

Arthur C. Aiston's production of the comedy drama, "Shadows on the Hearth," will be presented for the first time in this city at the Grand Opera House tomorrow (Sunday) matinee, and will remain the attraction for one week only. This play was presented one hundred and fifty times in New York, one hundred times in Boston and one hundred times in Philadelphia. Its period is that of the civil war, but its picturesque scenes are not those of battle or bloodshed. It will be given a capable cast of twenty people, headed by Estha Williams and James M. Brophy, both of whom are natives of San Francisco, and return to us after a lengthy absence in the East. Nance O'Neil, who arrives next Monday from Australia, will open at the Grand Opera House Monday night, December eleventh, in "The Fires of St. John," by Sudermann, author of "Magda."

De Koven and Smith's romantic comic opera, "Rob Roy," will be revived at the Tivoli Monday evening. It will be remembered as one of this theatre's greatest successes and as having been withdrawn at the height of its popularity. Helena Frederick will appear as Janet and Cora Tracy as Flora MacDonald. Eunice Drake will make her first appearance at this theatre and play the role of Captain Ralph Sheridan. Barron Berthald, who has returned from the East, will make his appearance at the Prince. Arthur Cunningham will be cordially welcomed as the bold outlaw, Rob Roy. Teddy Webb will, of course, be the turncoat Mayor of Perth. George Kunkel will appear for the first time as Sandy MacSherry.

Belasco and Mayer have made the Alhambra theatre one of the prettiest houses in the city. For next week, the Alhambra will have a big scenic production of the well-known melodrama, "After Midnight," which will give fine opportunities to the company for acting and also to the managers for some sensational scenic representations.

Salerno, a juggler famed on two continents, will make his first appearance in this city at the Orpheum. The Hengler Sisters, singers and dancers, reappear after a long absence. The Pekin Zouaves, sixteen men and a drill master, will present one of the best military acts ever seen on any stage, concluding with a wall scaling exhibition. Charley Case, the black-face monologist who tells stories about his father, returns after six years' absence.

"Princess Fan Tan," the Japanese musical extravaganza, participated in by nearly three hundred clever children, will receive its final presentations at the Chutes Sunday afternoon and evening, and at the Monday matinee the specialty performances will be resumed. Princess Trixie, the educated horse, will reappear, Henderson and Ross, singers and dancers, will make their initial bow here and "Bob Fitzsimmons," the boxing kangaroo from Australia, will indulge in three round goes with his trainer.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE FAMOUS PEKIN ZOUAVES
Who will give their Lightning Drill at the Orpheum Next Week

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ELSA PAYNE

FLORENCE CAMERON
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IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW" AT THE COLUMBIA THEATRE

Automobile Topics

The first 1906 White runabout will arrive in San Francisco the early part of next week. This new type of the widely-known steam automobile has the identical chassis of the new model touring car and also the same wheel base, 114 inches. The car with its two comfortable seats is a very natty looking one. Only a few White runabouts could be obtained for this coast last year, but these proved speedy driving cars and attracted much attention among the auto owners in general throughout the state. Oscar Luning, the Oakland capitalist, has in his stable of three White steam cars a runabout which he received last year.

A Good Road Tour

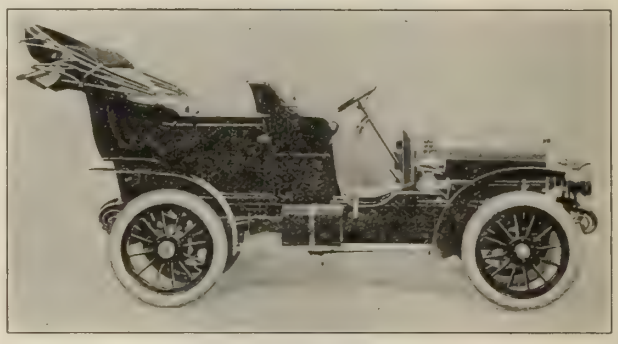
Megargel and Fassett, the transcontinental tourists and good roads enthusiasts, who have spent four days in San Francisco, left Tuesday afternoon for Los Angeles and the East. They will attempt to cross the Great American desert, following the Santa Fe railroad. Up to date, the desert, so far as the automobile is concerned, remains unconquered. They have with them special sand tires, that strap over the ordinary pneumatics, and which carry them over any sand that is dry. The tourists have had many and wonderful experiences on their trip thus far; particularly trying was the crossing of the Cascades in Oregon. It was there that they covered one hundred miles of road that had been closed for six weeks to traffic of any sort, and fully fifty trees had to be either chopped, dragged from the road or bridged over. The mountain streams were in some cases raging torrents, and very deep. It took them six days to get over this road, the last two of which they were without food, yet they feel confident that the Reo Mountaineer will carry them safely anywhere that it is possible for a team to go and pull a load. Machine and men leave San Francisco in good condition. A number of enthusiastic motorists and newspaper men in automobiles formed an escort to see them out of town and well on their journey. Megargel is taking his time on this trip, so that data and useful information as to roads and routes can be obtained. Instruments for determining altitude, grades and climatic conditions are among the equipment. I believe the project of the American Motor League, under whose auspices Mr. Megargel is making the trip, is a commendable one. They want a government road from coast to coast, not a path nor a trail, but a good roadbed with good bridges and easy grades, where speed with comfort can be made, and suitable watering stations established, etc. These things may seem like a dream to people at the present day, but it is a fact that a government that readily gives large tracts of lands to railroads and spends vast sums of money for irrigation projects, and the opening of waterways, can well afford to build such a road, and that road a model of its kind.

A photo of Mr. C. M. Schwab, the steel magnate, is on exhibition in the Pioneer Automobile Company's salesroom. Mr. Schwab recently spent three weeks touring the mining districts of Nevada, using a model A Winton. The picture was taken in Bullfrog, after a record run from Goldfield.

John Breuner has placed his order with the Pioneer Company for a 1905 model K Winton touring car. Mr. Breuner was one of the very earliest automobile enthusiasts in the state and believes in the automobile not only for

POODLE DOG RESTAURANT, Cor. Eddy and Mason Sts., S. F. Private dining and banquet rooms. Phone 479. A. B. BLANCO, Prop.

1906 MODEL
WINTON
"K"



The Winton Show Chassis and Demonstrating Cars are at our Salesroom. If you are interested in 1906 Models "Get Busy" and have this wonderful car demonstrated thoroughly to you as the California allotment will be sold out early.

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901-925 Golden Gate Avenue
Phone Private 1000
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Commercial and Pleasure Vehicles
The Mobile Carriage Co. has accepted the Agency for this Car.
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MOBILE CARRIAGE COMPANY
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pleasure, but for business purposes. His first purchase was a steam car in 1901. In 1902 he purchased a two-cylinder Winton touring car and has since been a continual user of Winton cars, buying a new model each year. He will probably use several automobiles in his establishment during the coming season, but is buying the Winton for his own personal use.

Tyler Henshaw has purchased a 1905 Packard car which he expects to take to his ranch in Sonoma county.

Dr. Clark's Trip

Dr. W. A. Clark of San Leandro returned last week from a record-breaking trip in his Autocar to the Yosemits. Summing up the tour the doctor said: "We left on a Monday morning and returned on Friday night. Absolutely nothing aside from filling and oiling, with the exception of mending the fan belt and tightening up the hub brakes at Priest's, was done to the auto. The machine was not prepared for the trip, having been used up to eleven p. m. on the night previous to leaving and also immediately put to use after our arrival. Good time was made at Priest's Hill and the best time made into the Valley, two days from Stockton being the previous record, and above all the machine did the whole trip without any assistance." Dr. Clark first drove his machine to the Curtain ranch at Cloudman before it was decided to pilot the auto into the Valley. The journey from Crocker's to the floor of the Valley was made at night, something which no motorist has heretofore attempted. The nine miles to the summit was weird and beautiful. The ascent of the heart-breaking hill up to Priest's hotel, where it reaches an elevation of over 1,400 feet from its base, was successfully made. After Gin Flat the summit of the grade 7,047 above the sea level was reached, the autoists felt sure that with care the descent to the Valley could be made. Though this was Dr. Clark's second trip in an auto to the Yosemite and both were most successful, the medico remarked upon his return that at present automobiles are not made for this kind of work and not to expect too much of them. He further advises all motorists who take this trip to remember that hospitality is the guiding light of the mountain people, and if their good will be abused they can make the going of the invading automobile in the future quite a disagreeable undertaking.

Frank M. Greenwood, president of the Century Electric Corporation, was one of the first to own an automobile in this city. Some time ago he gave up motoring but has re-entered the ranks of chug-wagon enthusiasts and seems to be even more fond of automobiling than before. Mr. Greenwood goes out for a short spin in his Columbia car almost every day. He particularly likes to take trips into the country and crosses the bay with his machine at every opportunity.

At Swain's

To dine at Swain's, 209 Post street, in the Dutch Room, with its quaint, artistic setting, is to dine cosily, delightfully, being assured of a perfect menu and perfect service. Forty-four can be easily accommodated in this charming dining-room.

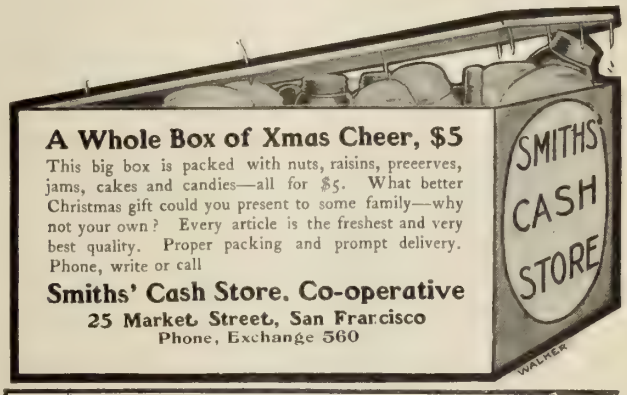
Remember Christmas is coming—with crowded stores and busy salespeople. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

Dr. J. Laurençon Chiropodist and Manicure Parlor
708 Market Street, Mutual Sav. Bank Bldg., Room 601, 6th Floor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maier, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Maier, Mr. and Mrs. Forve, Mr. and Mrs. Stagmeyer, Captain C. W. Jargstorff, Mr. and Mrs. S. Guasti and Miss Avillo made up a party of Los Angeles people who last week went on a trip from the Southern metropolis to the Guasti ranch in three White steam touring cars. They left Los Angeles Saturday, making the run through Pomona to the little town of Ontario. The return trip was made on Sunday.

Mrs. Lulu Doe last week purchased a model K Winton and on Sunday drove it to San Mateo and return.

—The Chauffeur



A Whole Box of Xmas Cheer, $5

This big box is packed with nuts, raisins, preeerves, jams, cakes and candies—all for $5. What better Christmas gift could you present to some family—why not your own? Every article is the freshest and very best quality. Proper packing and prompt delivery. Phone, write or call

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Stage

(Continued from Page 26)

Sauret's Programs

The programs of Emile Sauret, at his three concerts to be given December twelfth, fourteenth and sixteenth in Lyric hall, will be as fine as any ever presented in this country and the ensemble playing with Mr. Speed, with whom he has been associated for some time, will be of the order we recently had a taste of with Bauer and Heermann. Among the great works to be given are Beethoven's sonata in C minor, the D minor sonata of Schumann, suites by Gotlieb-Noren and Schutte, beside such important solos as the Dvorak concerto, Saint-Saens Concerto and the Ernst Concerto. The seats will be $1.50, $1.00 and 75c, and will be ready next Thursday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Eunice Gilman

Who is playing the title role in "Princess Fan Tan" at the Chutes, is a sister of Mabelle Gilman, who scored such a hit in Europe and the Eastern cities. Little Eunice, like her sister, was born in Sacramento, and will be twelve years old next April. The Sacramento and Portland papers, and those of the other cities where Eunice has appeared have all spoken in high terms of her talent. One of her first parts in this city was Cupid in "Ixion" at the Tivoli, and she also appeared as Suza in the prologue of "The Rastlebender." As Princess Fan Tan she has made a very sincere success.

Monna Vanna To Be Interpreted

Margaret Barry, the dramatic reader who recently appeared at the University of California and whose dramatic impersonations have been honored with renditions at universities such as Princeton and Cornell, will give two of her interesting performances at Lyric hall, under Will Greenbaum's management. The first will be on Monday night, December 11th, when she will give "Monna Vanna"

ESTHA WILLIAMS

JAMES M. BROPHY

Who will begin a week's engagement tomorrow (Sunday matinee) at the Grand Opera House in Arthur Aiston's "SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH"

by Maurice Maeterlinck, a work that is now being read and discussed throughout the world, and the second on Wednesday afternoon, December 13th, when the program will be a powerful dramatic version of "Les Miserables." Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the price of admission is 50c and reserved seats $1.00.

Outcault's Buster Brown Cartoon Talks

Richard Outcault, the famous humorist and cartoonist, will give his last two illustrated talks at Lyric hall this Saturday and Sunday afternoons. No more charming entertainment for the young folks can be imagined and the old folks enjoy it fully as much as their younger friends. Mr. Outcault tells funny stories and yarns and anecdotes of travel, illustrating them with rapid cartoon drawings which are afterwards distributed amongst the audience. Besides this every child will get a Buster Brown souvenir postal card set on Saturday and on Sunday a splendid Buster Brown puzzle worth more than the price of admission. Seats for adults are 75c and 50c, and for children 50c and 25c, and can be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at Lyric hall on Sunday after ten o'clock.

We carry the finest line of Souvenir Goods suitable for prizes for card parties and Dances. Also Cloissonne, Satsuma, Bronzes, Ivory Carved Goods, Ebony Furniture, Silk Embroideries, Etc., for Wedding and Birthday Gifts.

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Pollock's Record

Channing Pollock, the young dramatic critic whom Ed Price of the Alcazar piloted into the theatrical profession, is looming big as a playwright. He has not yet done anything great. He has the dramatization of Frank Norris's novel, "The Pit," to his discredit, but his plays are financially successful and managers have taken him in tow and given him contracts for several plays. How substantial already is his success in this line may be gleaned from the fact that he has no misgiving in resigning as press representative to the Shuberts, a post that returns more than five thousand dollars a year. Pollock is little more than a boy in years, but he is a veteran in experience. He is only twenty-five years old, and has six plays drawing royalties. All the elements of success seem to be combined in him. He has a rich imagination, a restless energy, and a towering ambition. At fifteen the death of his father gave him the care of a large family. He went from school into a Washington newspaper office, and in three years was easing his mind in caustic comments on the current affairs of the stage. He prospered greatly, until three years ago, when he fell under the ban of the theatrical Huns. His employers, placing a higher premium on their own profit than on their duty to their readers, dropped Pollock from their service when an ultimatum was sent that they had the choice between his discharge or the withdrawal of certain advertising. Pollock's head was delivered on a salver, and the Huns held high revelry, not so much over Pollock's decapitation as over the success of the plot to bring a daily publication into servile subjection. Pollock found hosts of sympathizers. He gave ear to advice to come to New York, and the day after his arrival there he found double remuneration over his newspaper wages in the position of publicity agent to William A. Brady, a position secured for him by Mr. Price. Pollock's greatest success so far is his dramatization of Miriam Michelson's "In a Bishop's Carriage," but his most pretentious work is "The Little Grey Lady," in which Annie Russell made a hit. Two original plays and two dramatizations in nine months constitute Pollock's record, which is going some for a man of twenty-five.

Blanche Bates' Latest Triumph

This is what a New York critic says of Blanche Bates in "The Girl of the Golden West": Have we not had a plethora of women in our plays? They have been thrust into all kinds of offerings on the slightest pretext, and here we have evidence that one good actress like Miss Bates in herself is worth a hundred of the creatures long on beauty and short on intellect. Too much value has been put on good looks. Miss Bates has gone far in turning playgoers against beauty shows. Her dress is rough and ill fitting, there is not a decorative effect about her. The Girl has some vanity, but when she attempts to invite it she makes herself ridiculous in her contrast of white gloves, white slippers, and her stained, red bag of a skirt. Miss Bates's one asset is her acting, and it is enough. She is commanding in every situation, and holds herself free from the temptation to throw herself around in melodramatic frenzy.

Calve is meeting with tremendous success on her concert tour. All the critics agree that her voice is in marvelous condition and her arias with flute obligato simply set the audiences wild with enthusiasm. Calve is due here late in January.

—*The Playgoer.*

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The Peerless Seasoning

Some appetites need to be tempted. Dishes which are ordinarily flat and tasteless, may be made just the reverse by proper seasoning. Soups, Fish, Roasts, Gravies, Salads, etc., are given a delicious flavor by adding

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Beware of Imitations! There is no other near as good.

Remember, Lea & Perrins' Sauce was in universal use a generation before any other so-called Worcestershire Sauce was ever heard of.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

Out of the Shadows

(Concluded from Page 8)

distance. I know that sound. It is the mournful song of the unemployed crying their woe and want through the city. I do not know what they sing, but the tone is most pathetic. I do not see them, but their voices draw nearer. Up this crescent-shaped street they come, very often, some ten or twelve stretched across the road. Almost every day they wander past my windows with their hoarse, lugubrious chant, incessantly and monotonously maintained as they turn from side to side, stand still and gaze up at the windows for the expected penny of alms. They all look alike—a rope or strap confines their rough corduroy trousers about the knees, a dirty kerchief is knotted around the neck and on every head, close-cropped, is pressed the little cloth cap which has become the distinctive badge of the lower classes here. Their heavy faces are red and swollen and sullen with a brutal, abject bitterness that is characteristic because born of the general drunkenness. Who would not fling a copper or two to the poor wretches, though he knows the public house may get the coppers and the hungry wife at home, perhaps, a beating? *Lazzaroni* of Naples, lazy, dirty, hungry, half-naked and homeless, I say, you are as happy as the gamboling dolphins in your own blue Gulf—compared to one of these.

They loom out of the thinning fog, a line of discordant spectres, shadowy spots in the street below, leaving a space in their centre for the elegant motors and aristocratic carriages with pompous coachmen and footmen haughtier than lords, to pass through in these West End "gardens." The phantoms appear and pass, their doleful voices rise and fall strangely through the mists and then they fade away into gray glooms again and soon their plaintive song grows still. Aloft the pointed spire of the church across the way raises its iron cross out of the nebulous drifts.

Today and for many a winter day, in a thousand streets of these interminable stretches of brick and mortar, beneath the bleak pall of the all-enveloping fog, flooding all the cheerless thoroughfares, shall creep many fraternities of misery, minstrels of sorrow, all singing their great Passion of Poverty in tones that come from their hearts—such music as may arise from shattered bells or broken stones and iron jangling in cold, dark pits.

Today, too, ten thousand poor women are to march to Guildhall and present the Lord Mayor with a petition.

But, tomorrow!—through streets festooned with flowers and walled with flags, the Lord Mayor of London, in rich robes and massive chain, in his gorgeous golden suncoach, with ponderous, jeweled mace leaning from the window, with six caparisoned horses and brave outriders, with resplendent blazonry and melodious music-making by mounted bands, with white-wigged grooms and lackeys, with much gold braid, plush and showy soldier-men, will be driven from Guildhall to the Embankment and back again amidst huzzaing shoals of people. So, shine out, fair sun.

November, 1905.

Are you going to be married—See Tom Dillon, opp. Palace Hotel.

The superiority of **Repsold's** vintages was unanimously acclaimed over all other wines at the Portland Exposition. Inspection invited. 420 Pine street, San Francisco.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

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$2.50 PER PLATE HUBER'S ORCHESTRA

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The Western Pacific Railway

The breaking of ground at several points in this State for the construction of the Western Pacific Railway, says the "Real Estate Record," with the official announcement that it has acquired 130 acres of land near Islais creek for terminal purposes, has brought that great transcontinental project to the attention of the California public in concrete and practical form. Our people now fully realize for the first time that the Western Pacific is a fact, and that the completion of the girdling of the continent by the Goulds is only a matter of comparatively short time. They can begin to appreciate in vague fashion some of the advantages that will accrue to San Francisco from a new, and this time a direct, railway line from the Pacific to the Atlantic, with the opening of the trade of this city with the great Southwestern country covered by a net of iron rails under the control of the same management as the owners of the Western Pacific. They are also coming with less definiteness to understand that the construction of the remaining gap in the transcontinental road will have its effect on our Oriental commerce by the placing of new and large steamers on the Pacific between this port and the principal ports of both continental and insular Asia. The importance of all this to the growth of the business, wealth and population of San Francisco will all become more apparent in the minds of our people as time advances, and it will only be a few years, perhaps less even than that, when the realization will be forced upon them that the inception and construction of the Western Pacific mark the starting point of a new era in the history of this city and port. We have spoken of the Western Pacific as a direct line from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In itself this would be a trunk line of 3,200 miles in length, but it is much more than a simple trunk line road. Through the many ramifications of the Gould system, of which the iron rails from Salt Lake City to San Francisco will form a part, five times the distance across the continent will be covered, or 16,000 miles in all. As yet neither the merchant, nor the farmer, nor the lumberman, nor the horticulturist can comprehend the benefits of the simultaneous opening of the Mississippi valley, the Gulf States, and the central Atlantic seaboard will have for San Francisco and California in the growth of trade with two-thirds of the Union. On the one hand our fruits, wines and timber will find new markets, and on the other hand this city will be made the port of shipment of cotton and other products of the South to the Orient. In the conduct of this business the Western Pacific and its connections will have many advantages, one of which, and that not the least, is the fact that it will not be burdened by profits in construction which have to be met, principal and interest, by higher freight and passenger rates in order to meet fixed charges. The Gould system, radiating throughout the Southwest, extending to the Gulf of Mexico on the south and to the great lakes on the north, and with its termini at Baltimore and San Francisco, will be in better condition to make and meet competition than any railroad system in the United States, and San Francisco will derive more advantage therefrom than any city in the country.

What San Franciscans do not generally know, and what they may never fully appreciate, are the genius, the labors, the determination, the courage to overcome obstacles, both moral and material, required on the part of a few men to conceive and execute the idea which is now taking practical shape. Their work has been done quietly, unostentatiously, and effectively. It has required years of irremittant work, and now, that success has been obtained, their modesty would have them remain unnoticed in the background. Without violating this desire by entering into the details of their work or delving too far into their personality, we feel that the public should know that the credit for the enterprise on this coast is due to three men—to Walter J. Bartnett, John Treadwell and J. Dalzell Brown. Apart from their work in common each is prominently and favorably known in his especial field of work. The name of Walter J. Bartnett was first associated with those of his partners in the former law firm of Gunnison, Booth & Bartnett. As a lawyer he came into prominence by his successful care for the interests of Mrs. Florence Blythe Hinckley-Moore in the final disposition of her principal real estate in this city. Simultaneously Mr. Bartnett devoted much time to the development of several industrial projects, and it was in connection with these that he, Mr. Brown and Mr. Treadwell conceived the idea of the railroad, and have given it its practical shape. Mr. Bartnett is one of the vice-presidents of the Western Pacific, counsel of the company, and among other positions holds that of second vice-president of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. Yet he is a young man, a native of this State. Of the trio John Treadwell is best known to the general public from his connection with the discovery and development of the great Treadwell mine off Juneau in Alaska. J. Dalzell Brown is a Scotchman in the early forties. He had his earlier banking training in the National Bank of Scotland and afterwards served for four years with a Canadian bank. He came to California eighteen years ago and at once became identified with the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company and has been for the past eight years its vice-president and manager and a member of its Board of Directors. Under Mr. Brown's management the company has had a steady growth. Its assets have increased from two million to over ten million dollars and the company is regarded as one of the strongest financial institutions of San Francisco. Mr. Brown is also the treasurer of the Western Pacific and a director of that company. The California Safe Deposit and Trust Company is the agent of the Western Pacific on the Pacific Coast and has all the banking business of the railway company in San Francisco.

These three men, J. Dalzell Brown, John Treadwell and Walter J. Bartnett, have stood hand in hand for years in all of the industrial, financial and railroad business in which they are engaged. They are a trio, each with his special aptitudes, so closely knit together that they cannot be separated in the work which they have performed for California. It has been their strength, and one of the chief factors in their success. As a Pacific coast organization the Western Pacific Railway, with all that it means for the future prosperity of San Francisco, is due to John Treadwell, Walter J. Bartnett and J. Dalzell Brown.

In a broader sense the people of California are under obligation to George J. Gould and his fidus achates, Edward T. Jeffery, that San Francisco is to become something more than the terminus of another transcontinental line. For some years it has been an unwritten law in railway and financial circles that no Atlantic coast road should be extended beyond Chicago, that no Chicago line should be extended into the Eastern field, and, what is of more importance to us on the Pacific coast, that no new railroads should be constructed west of the Rockies. This law has been obeyed by most of the railroad magnates of the country and by the men of Wall street who finance great operations. There was no urgent reason why George J. Gould should not have acquiesced in this arrangement. He is the possessor of one of the greatest fortunes in the United States, so that more money was no object to him. He is, however, young and energetic; he loves the problem of transportation. For these reasons, and with the advice of Mr. Jeffery, he broke through the unwritten law of which mention has been made. By so doing he excited opposition from other powerful financial and railroad interests, but he was not daunted. Together George J. Gould and Edward T. Jeffery stood firm. They acquired control of the Western Pacific organization, and are now building the new road into the Western territory, which is to open to San Francisco larger markets for the products of California and greatly increase the commerce of this port with the Orient.

Saturnien's Outing

Englished for Town Talk by Beatrice Hastings.

Monsieur Saturnien awoke a little later on this particular morning; stretching himself lazily, he yawned, stepped out of bed and languidly drew back the heavy yellow curtains, letting in the bright June sunshine.

"What a glorious day for fishing!" he lamented. "And to think that I shall have to pass it nailed to a desk in Paris!"

"Don't go to Paris," counseled Madame Saturnien. "Write to the head of your department that you are ill."

"Tempt me not, daughter of Eve," responded Saturnien, reproachfully.

"Or better still," suggested the pretty Juliette, ignoring the tone of reproach in her husband's voice, "I will write a note myself to Monsieur Aperasse—that will surely convince him of the gravity of your condition."

"But, I decidedly object," said Saturnien. "It would be highly imprudent. Suppose Monsieur Aperasse should send the administration's doctor to see me?"

"What? Here—at Varenne—today? Impossible! Oh, the cowardice of men!" retorted the daughter of Eve contemptuously.

"Well, perhaps it is a little improbable," acquiesced Saturnien, after a moment's hesitation.

"You agree then to my writing?"

Saturnien nodded assent and the two hastily dressing withdrew to the morning room, where Juliette at once began to consult a ponderous book of medicine belonging to Doctor de Salolles, their tenant and neighbor. For Saturnien was a property holder, and his picturesque little maisonette situated on the banks of the Marne consisted of two pavilions, built precisely alike, adjoined after the fashion of the Siamese twins. The Saturniens occupied one division and Doctor Salolles the other.

In a few moments Juliette had finished her note, which read: "To Monsieur Aperasse, Chief of Bureau,—Dear Sir: My husband, after suffering all night with excruciating pains in his left foot, discovered this morning that his great toe was swollen to an enormous size; notwithstanding his grave condition however he determined to go to the office as usual, but on making an attempt to walk found it quite impossible to do so. He therefore begs me to express to you his deep regret at being obliged to absent himself today and sincerely hopes that his disability may be of short duration. Very truly yours, Juliette Saturnien."

"Simple, and in good taste," declared Saturnien enthusiastically, "neither compromising in the present nor binding in the future. Come, sweetheart, and give hubby a kiss. Now, put on your hat, my dear secretary, and hurry off with this touching missive to my friend Darblaiouse, whom you will find in the station awaiting the Paris train which we always take together. In this way I shall be in accord with the sacred regulations of the office, if not with my conscience, for the trusting Aperasse will receive the earliest possible notice. Meanwhile," he added laughingly, "the opening of the fishing-season for us, my sweet Juliette, will coincide precisely with the opening of the office."

* * * * * * * * *

Monsieur Aperasse, on reading Juliette's note, contracted his great shaggy brows into an ominous frown, for he well knew the ruling passion of his young subordinate, and concluded at once that the note was most decidedly fishy. Then he hurried away to the office of the chief clerk, and could the truant Saturnien have overheard the conversation which transpired there he would instantly have been cured.

* * * * * * * * *

Meanwhile, seated in his flat-bottomed fishing boat close to the shore and under the very shadow of his own vine and fig tree, Saturnien was as happy as a god. His catch was prodigious. The Marne, sunny and tranquil, flowed past him, the hours sped delightfully by. At noon as the Angelus rang out from the church spire, Juliette, pretty as a wood-nymph, in rose-colored linen, her delicate oval face shaded by a flower-laden hat, her gloved hands holding a dainty basket, descended lightly the stone steps of the embankment.

"Your sandwiches are delicious," declared Saturnien; then pouring out a glass of wine, he drank gaily to the health of the gullible Aperasse.

Suddenly the shadow of a man fell on the water. The truant clerk was just about to turn around to look when the little bell attached to one of his fishing-poles began to tinkle. Dismissing all thoughts of the intruder Saturnien seized the pole at the psychological moment and drew up an enormous pike.

"Bravo!" cried a voice behind him.

The "bravo," however, was soon followed by a cry of distress and the splash of a heavy body falling into the water, almost inundating the small boat and covering its occupants with spray. Saturnien gallantly sprang to the rescue of the drowning man and after a short struggle seized him by the coat-tails and with Juliette's assistance dragged him into the boat.

"We must get him quickly to the house," said the sympathetic little woman. "Ah! what a pity," she added regretfully, "that Doctor Salolles is in Paris today."

Abandoning his fishing-poles and luncheon and leaving Juliette to moor the little craft, Saturnien, carrying his unconscious burden, mounted the stone steps leading to the bank above, crossed his small garden, and entering the house put the stranger to bed. As soon as Juliette arrived, she kindled a roaring fire in the open grate and began at once to spread the wet garments before the blazing logs. From one of the coat pockets fell an unenclosed letter, which opened as it dropped to the floor. Picking it up Madame Juliette scanned the contents with a startled ex-

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pression, then in a panic-stricken voice called her husband and handed him the letter:

"To Doctor Bonenfant—Dear Sir: Please go at once to Varenne, and call on one of our clerks, Monsieur Louis Saturnien, residing at 106 Rue du Colombier, who notified us this morning that a painful swelling of the great toe prevents his reporting at the office today. Kindly make an examination and send us at your earliest convenience the diagnosis of this most extraordinary case. Very truly yours, P. APERASSE."

"Heavens!" cried Saturnien aghast, "a special messenger from the office must have carried this note. Oh! why didn't he break his neck before delivering it? Well—" he added sternly, turning towards the trembling Juliette, "this all comes from following your advice—let a man take a woman's advice and he is bound to be ruined."

"But Louis," interposed Juliette tearfully, "I really didn't mean—"

"My dear, this isn't the time to discuss what you meant. The reality is simply this—there on the bed lies the unconscious Doctor Bonenfant, sent from Paris to examine my great toe, and here are we, the culprits, who concocted the lie. Now what are we going to do to get out of it?"

Juliette humbly lowered her eyes; the question was perplexing.

"The probability is," suggested Saturnien, recovering somewhat his self-possession, "that as the Doctor's identity was unknown to me mine is unknown to him, so I shall simply personate the role of Doctor Salolles, who is fortunately in Paris today."

"But suppose the Doctor should suddenly return?" queried Juliette.

"My dear, the die is cast—we have crossed the Rubicon. Go, disguise yourself as a bonne, while I put on dry clothes."

"And the unconscious Doctor Bonenfant?"

"Just leave him to me," said Saturnien.

* * * * * * * *

When Doctor Bonenfant recovered consciousness, he found Saturnien, like a good Samaritan, bending over him.

"Ah! it is you who have saved my life," said he gratefully. "How can I ever sufficiently thank you?"

"Don't mention it," responded Saturnien carelessly, "it is always the duty of a physician to save life."

Doctor Bonenfant raised himself on his pillows. "You are a physician, then?" he said delightedly.

"Doctor Salolles, of Varenne, at your service," responded Saturnien, making a low, solemn bow.

"And I am Doctor Bonenfant, of Paris, who was awkward enough to fall into the river."

A gentle knock interrupted the conversation, and Juliette, in the guise of a demure bonne, entered. Doctor Bonenfant accepted gratefully the cup of hot chocolate which she brought, and as soon as she had closed the door after her, he stepped out of bed and began to dress.

"By the way," said he, turning to Saturnien, "can you direct me to 106 Rue du Colombier?"

"Rue du Colombier," repeated Saturnien, unblushingly, "is at the extreme end of town. It is a new street, recently cut through—and would be quite difficult for a stranger to find; in your weak condition the long walk would be absolute folly."

"But, my dear colleague, duty compels me to make the journey. I have been sent from Paris, to visit a certain Louis Saturnien, who under the plea of illness is stealing a holiday; my report to Monsieur Aperasse must be turned in tomorrow morning."

"Leave the affair in my hands," urged Saturnien, "I know the fellow well, and shall take pleasure in fulfilling your mission; you shall have my diagnosis early tomorrow morning."

Bonenfant, satisfied and delighted, was profuse in his thanks. "Here is Monsieur Aperasse's letter," said he, handing it to Saturnien. "Be firm with the fellow, show him no quarter. He is a rascal, a rogue, a knave, a cheat. A swollen great toe!"

And the Doctor's small dark eyes twinkled with merriment as he cordially shook Saturnien's hand and departed.

"A triumph, a decided triumph," thought Saturnien gleefully, as he stood at the open window, watching the rotund figure of the Doctor, as the latter walked briskly down the garden path. "Saved!" he called to Juliette.

"Yes, I know, dear, answered a sweet voice, "and the illusion was quite complete, for he actually gave me a franc piece as I opened the front door for him."

* * * * * * * *

There was quite a hubbub at the Varenne depot when Doctor Bonenfant reached there, the Paris train having just arrived. In the midst of the confusion and bustle, and the coming and going of travelers, the guileless Doctor Bonenfant was quite startled when a slim, trim little man, standing near him, who was no other than the real Doctor Salolles, returning to Varenne, said to a baggage man in a clear, distinct voice: "You know my address, Pavilion Louis Saturnien, 106 Rue du Colombier."

Lifting his hat politely, he said: "Pardon the question, Monsieur, but did I understand you to say Louis Saturnien, 106 Rue du Colombier?"

"You undoubtedly did," was the prompt reply.

"Then the swelling in your great toe has gone down," observed Doctor Bonenfant sarcastically. "Paris will rejoice to hear of your sudden recovery. I shall make my report at once."

"Sir!" ejaculated the surprised Doctor Salolles—but before he had time to complete the sentence, the conductor shouted: "All aboard for Paris!" and Bonenfant, with a sarcastic smile on his face and a menacing wave of the hand, rushed for the train.

"An escaped lunatic!" thought Doctor Salolles, as he turned and walked out of the depot. That very night, before Saturnien had retired, he received by special messenger the following communication from Monsieur Aperasse:

"To Monsieur Louis Saturnien—Dear Sir: Doctor Bonenfant's report has completely enlightened us as to your little comedy. The Doctor was fortunate indeed to have encountered you at the Varenne depot and lost no time in communicating with us. Morning fishing excursions and afternoon promenading on the Parisian Boulevards are not precisely the way in which a government clerk is expected to spend his time; therefore the head of our department sentences you to three months' suspension of salary. Very truly yours, P. APERASSE."

Saturnien tremblingly dropped the letter.

"But I never went near the Varenne depot," said he to the tearful Juliette.

"Certainly not, dear," responded the latter. Then she added, with a woman's intuition: "Doctor Bonenfant was no other than Doctor Salolle's lunatic. I understand it all, dear—the whole affair is quite clear."

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Music

Miss Sheuerman's Program

Hugo Mansfeldt's pupil, Carrie Sheuerman, gave a piano recital—Chopin-Liszt—in the Maple Room of the Palace on Tuesday evening, too late to be reviewed in this issue. The program was: Chopin—Etude, E minor, Mazurka, F Sharp minor, op. 59, No. 3, Etude, G flat major, op. 10, No. 5, Etude, A flat major, op. 10, No. 10, Etude, A flat major, op. No. 25, No. 1, Polonaise, A flat major. Liszt—Heroide-Elegiaque, Gondoliera, Srlkoenig (Schubert), Der Wanderer (Schubert), Horch, horch die Lerch' (Schubert), Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8.

At the Hopkins

The musicale at the Hopkins last Thursday evening, under Sir Henry Heyman's direction, had the following excellent program, contributed by Mrs. E. K. Schaffter, soprano; Miss Grace Ewing, contralto; Charles A. Neale, flutist; Mrs. Charles A. Neale, pianist; F. Dellepiane, organist: Organ, Marche Pontificale, Gounod, Mr. Dellepiane; vocal, "Persian Love Song," De Koven, "Song of the Highlands," Jensen, Miss Ewing; flute, "La Pensee," Briccialdi, "Reproche," Terschak, Mr. Neale; duet, "How Gentle God's Commands," Dellepiane, Mrs. Schaffter and Miss Ewing; organ, "Romance Sans Paroles," Thalberg; vocal, "Synnoves Song," Kjerulf, "May Morning," Manney, Mrs. Schaffter; flute, "Concertstuck," Popp, "Air Russe," Vogelin; duet, "Fly Away Birdling," Abt, Mrs. Schaffter and Miss Ewing; organ, March in D, Dellepiane. On Wednesday evening of this week the second and last musicale occurred, the program rendered by Miss May Lippitt, soprano, Miss Charlotte Hucks, soprano, Miss Grace Roberts, contralto, Miss Frances H. Wertheimer, pianist (violin accompanist), Sir Henry Heyman, violinist, F. Dellepiane, organist. The program was: Organ, overture, "Nabucco," Verdi, Mr. Dellepiane; duet, "Contentment," Goring-Thomas, Miss Hucks and Miss Roberts; violin, Romanze, op. 262, Carl Reinecke (dedicated to Sir Henry Heyman), Sir Henry Heyman; air, "Barber of Seville," Rossini, Miss Hucks; organ, "Pastorale," Batiste; songs, "The Rose," Johnson, "Come, Sweet Morning," Old French, Miss Roberts; violin, "Melody," op. 44, Arthur Foote, "Humoreske," op. 101, No. 7, Dvorak (transcription by Henry Heyman), Sir Henry Heyman; vocal, "Madrigal," Harris, "Spring," White, Miss Lippitt; organ, "The Lost Chord," Sullivan; trio, "Rest Thee on This Mossy Pillow," Smart, Misses Lippitt, Hucks and Roberts; organ, "Recessional March," Thome.

The Biggerstaff Recital

The Chopin recital given by Frederick M. Biggerstaff last Thursday evening attracted an audience that comfortably filled Lyric hall in spite of the insistent rain. Mr. Biggerstaff opened his program with that beautiful work, the Sonate in B minor, a composition that has been heard here so often that his rendition of it challenged comparison with that of the great artists who have visited San Francisco from time to time within the last few years. That his playing called forth comparisons with any of the big virtuosi might well be considered a great compliment to a man of Mr. Biggerstaff's years. Beginning with the big work, which he interpreted with notable intelligence and extraordinary technical skill, he played a group of the familiar compositions of the master, comprising ballades, impromptus, nocturnes, etudes and preludes. He was probably at his best in the nocturnes which he rendered with no small amount of sentiment, without descending to the pitfall of mawkishness. The Scherzo in B flat minor he played with brilliancy. Mr. Biggerstaff is a pianist who impresses me with his modesty and his almost reverential attitude toward the classics he interprets. He has an unusually facile technique and a sensitive touch that stands him in good stead in bringing out the delicately shaded dynamics of Chopin's compositions. He has an ear for tonal values and a nicety of feeling for phrasing. He is heard to best advantage in the compositions requiring delicacy and brilliancy. Where he fails to satisfy is in the emotional requirements; his playing lacking the fire, the impetuosity that the ideal Chopin interpreter should possess. Mr. Biggerstaff was assisted by Mrs. Edward T. Schneider, a singer that is heard too seldom. She is billed as a mezzo-soprano on the programs but her voice is more contralto than the many

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so-called contraltos on the concert stage. She was in good voice and sang feelingly. Her numbers were by Brahms, Hugo Wolff, Richard Strauss and Chadwick. She also sang a creditable composition of her husband's called "To the Moon."

The Perry Recital

It was a mystery to all of those who attended the Edward Baxter Perry lecture-recital last Friday evening that there was not a crowded house. Mr. Perry is a musician of national reputation and his lectures have been for years the most popular of their kind in all the Eastern cities. He is a man of broad learning, a pianist of extraordinary skill (wonderful when you consider his blindness), a composer of recognized ability and a lecturer of noteworthy charm. His playing has none of the tentativeness of the usual blind pianist. In the most intricate passages his touch was always sure, and in the more brilliant numbers, such as the Staccato Etude of Rubinstein, he played with a bravura that many a virtuoso might envy. Like most blind people he has the sensitive fingers that enable him to interpret the delicate passages with infinite skill. This was shown in Rubinstein's Barcarolle which he performed in the most exquisite manner. His word analyses of the different compositions he performed were lucid and entertaining and they added much to the interest of the recital. In the "Melusine Suite" Mr. Perry proved himself a composer to be reckoned with. Taking a French fairy story of the middle ages he has woven about it a tone picture descriptive of the different characters and their environment. The composition is delightfully imaginative.

The Chevalier Recital

Notwistanding the first rain of the season a large house greeted Edith Chevalier Peters on the occasion of her violin recital last Thursday evening. The young girl handled her difficult program in such a way as to justify fully the confidence of her friends and of her teacher, Karl Schernstein. She has evidently the student temperament, and her work throughout gave evidence of strict training, close application, and attention to detail. Some nervousness marked her first number, the "Norwegian Theme," nevertheless she showed that she could produce a large, full tone. The "Bohemian Fantasy" of Sevcik, fairly bristling with difficulties and rarely attempted by young students, showed her agility with the bow and command over difficult positions. Miss Peters gained in confidence as her program advanced, and she soon had her audience quite at her command, being given a recall after nearly every number. In the matter of technic she is well furnished, and no one could fail to remark her left hand work, the fourth finger being unusually strong and supple. Her staccato is excellent and her scales smooth and even. Altogether she made a most favorable impression. Time and experience will of course add to the artistry of her interpretations. She was understandingly accompanied by Mrs. Emma White. An event of the evening was the first public appearance here of Madame Carolla, a pupil of Marchesi and Panzanni. Her voice is a mezzo-soprano of good range and remarkable power, and her sustained tones are not marred by tremolo. A slight hardness marred the opening recitative from "Rinaldo" but in the more melodious aria this wore off and her high notes proved to be soft and mellow.

Thanksgiving week was appropriately ushered in by the presentation of Mendelssohn's famous choral work, "The Hymn of Praise," at the First Congregational church, Oakland, last Sunday evening. The work is one of such difficulty as to debar its production by most choruses excepting those of regularly organized oratorio societies. It contains some of Mendelssohn's greatest chorus work and was given in its entirety by the chorus choir of sixty voices, under the direction of Alexander Stewart, and the regular soloists of the church.

Mrs. Mignon Judson McDonald arranged and directed the program given last week by the Century Minstrel Club before a very large and friendly audience. Mrs. McDonald rendered a contralto solo during the second part of the program, in which Miss Vive Hickey also took part, giving the brilliant "Carmena Waltz."

This Friday evening, December first, the violin pupils of Charles H. Blank are giving a violin recital in Emanuel Baptist church, Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup's pupil, Irene Meussdorffer, assisting.

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Music in Alameda

Cantor E. J. Stark of Temple Emanu-El arranged the program for the concert given by the Unitarian Club in Alameda on the evening of November twenty-second, the club's ninth anniversary. Those taking part were Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano, Charles Couture, tenor, E. J. Stark, baritone; Fred Maurer, accompanist. A string quartet—Miss Valesca Schorcht, first violin, Miss L. Mordhorst, second violin, Mrs. Bellman, viola, Miss M. A. Lewis, 'cello, Mrs. M. K. Fitzsimmons, harp—assisted in the program, which was as follows: Hungarian Fantasia, Tobani string quintet; aria, Un Ballo Maschera, Verdi, Mr. Stark; Caprice de Concert, Musin, Miss Schorcht; aria, Les Huguenots, Meyerbeer, Miss Cohn; A Dream at Twilight, Wirz, string quintet; Die Uhr, Loewe, Mr. Stark; arioso, Pagliacci, Leoncavallo, Mr. Couture; Serenade (duet), Schubert, Miss Cohn and Mr. Stark; The Evening Star (Tannhauser), Wagner, string quintet; Terzettino, Donizetti, Miss Cohn, Mr. Couture, Mr. Stark, and string quintet. Miss Cohn's fine phrasing and coloratura work in the Huguenots aria received the appreciative tribute of warm applause, and Mr. Couture, the tenor, also made a very favorable impression. Cantor Stark, as usual, made a great impression in his Italian, German and French selections. His big resonant baritone also came out most artistically in the duets with Miss Cohn, in which her clear soprano shaded so perfectly into his deeper tones that it seemed as if one voice were singing. Miss Schorcht's violin solos were marked by an admirable technic and large, full tone. The string quintet played with precision and careful shading. Mr. Maurer accompanied with his usual artistry.

—The Music Critic.

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On Marriage

(Concluded from Page 6)

his day is over. Some scientific idiot or other, some fool fact, has cured the woman of her adorable blindness. The darling work of her imagination has crumbled to dust before her very eyes. "You knew what I was when you married me," he says and lies, her marrying him being abundant proof to the contrary. The *sine qua non* of every marriage is the woman's not knowing what the man is. We honest ones of course tell her what we are and warn her against us, and that is very good of us and of great use to her, the idea of us thus come by being so much potter's clay out of which to form an image to idolize. In the god my lady made her of the stuff I supplied her with, I cannot see the least trace of my own pet sin, though I have her dear word for it that she worked it all in, every whit. I looked for it to leave its fatal mark upon the face of the transfigured being she assures me is my very self. But no, not a hint. Fool that I am, I expostulate. All to no purpose. She sees it there. At times, even, it horrifies her. Not for worlds would she have left out the weeniest fault (the few that are not mine I had put in for good measure). Here is what my lady did, with only a boy to help her—that is to say, must have done, for she swears she used no magic, no alchemy. What little gold was in the clay she got together at much pains; at much pains, beat out incredibly fine for skin; then she gave the residual clay—vile stuff—a godlike form, fitted thereon the delicate skin; and, sure as I'm a living sinner, the finished work seems gold all through. "That me," I say to myself, rapturously, almost on my knees to the thing. Ah, but my lady knows a woman's business well!

Yes, indeed, marriage is as awesome a mystery as either birth or death. Love makes the vilest clay over into something very beautiful. The work is wonderful, and awes us; it is pathetic, and moves us to tears. Neither in this world nor in the next is any hope for him that does not long to be, strive to be, the man of his lady's imagination. One may have his own ideal of what a man ought to be, so unrealizable, so distant that the march of a lifetime in its direction will, to all seeming, bring him no nearer to it; yet what his lady believes him to be already will beggar that. In all the world there is only one thing more wonderful than the love of a man for a woman, and that is the love of a woman for a man. No matter how thick or noxious the weeds it bears, one cannot but have a good word to say for a planet that has brought forth a flower so exquisite as that is, of such surpassing fragrance.

Many a lover deserves the woman he gets, but none the woman he thinks he's getting. (This way of putting what I wanted to say is a second thought and one that sounds much better—does it not, ladies?—than if I had begun, as I came very near doing, "Many a loving woman deserves.") More than one loving and lovely widow has asked me if I thought she would recognize her husband in the world to come. Not, if there a man looks as he is. That, dear disconsolate madam, is my candid opinion; though I have never had the heart to say it to your face. Indeed, were men suddenly to look as they are, no one less than a Sherlock Holmes would be able to recognize himself. I have heard of men finding themselves in marriage. Poor devils! The man that marries happily is lost.

Yes, yes, my gossips, birth, marriage, death, these three, are worthy the nicest tongue, but the greatest of these is marriage.

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Letters

By Quiller-Couch

Interest in "The Mayor of Troy" deepens from page to page. It begins in rather a comic opera vein, but as we read we perceive that the fates are busy playing an Olympian joke on the conceited, vainglorious Solomon Hymen, Mayor of Troy. He is taken by a press-gang (the tale is of Napoleon's time), and after ten years of wandering and imprisonment comes back to his native town. But he is supposed to be dead and his townsmen have canonized him as a patriot and public benefactor, nor in the person of the poor scarred sailor with his wooden leg do they recognize their former Mayor. Poor Hymen realizes that there is no place for him and finds a berth in a cook's galley, "so narra' that with a wooden leg in dirty weather you can prop yourself tight when she rolls and stir the soup with it between-times." The story is told in Mr. Quiller-Couch's most whimsical manner. His invention is

ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH

endless, and the book is a succession of surprises. Yet the fortunes of Solomon Hymen are pathetic, tragical even,—and withal it was no man's fault. "A jocose and blundering finger had flipped him, as a man might flip a beetle, into the night." There is much humor in the depiction of the minor characters Mr. and Mrs. Basket, and their garden are inimitable. The Baskets are partial to statuary—"Cupid and Fisky in the nude"—but provided with petticoats of pink wool in crochet work, partly to humor Mrs. Basket's views of propriety and partly to keep off the birds. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Paul Elder and Company have just issued number six of their famous "Epicurean Thrills." This time it is in the guise of "101 Entrees." The arrangement is classified, embracing oysters, meat, fish, vegetables, game, fowl, mushrooms, eggs, cheese, and sweet, with an appendix for manuscript notes. The compilation has been done by May E. Southworth, and the little book is a worthy successor to the five previous "101's." In form it is an attractive oblong, rubricated throughout, with cover design by Spencer Wright.

The new edition of Lippincott's Gazeteer is just ready for distribution. It represents four years of work in the line of revisions, additions and other alterations, and the specimens of page and galley revisions are proofs conclusive that the time has not been wasted. It is too often the case that so-called new editions and revisions are not genuine alterations, but the date on the title page is changed, and some new matter inserted, to make room for which an equal portion of old matter is removed. The old plates are cut, and a comparison of one of the early pages with one of the latest will reveal the curious fact that although apparently there have been important additions, the first and

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last lines of page and column are in each case identical. Lippincott's Gazeteer has long been recognized as the standard and this latest revision will keep it well in the front of competitors for years to come

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Tile Club Papers

Away back in the late seventies W. Mackay-Laffen contributed to "Scribner's Magazine" one or two papers in which he described the doings of the Tile Club, a coterie of congenial spirits including such men as Winslow Homer, E. A. Abbey, Arthur Quartley, C. S. Reinhart, W. M. Chase, F. Hopkinson Smith, and half a dozen others better known in art circles today than they were at that time. Mr. Smith has himself made frequent references to the same aggregation as the Stone Mugs. "There are studios," says Mr. Mackay-Laffan, "which are never so gay as at night. . . . These are where the right men meet each other; where the 'motive' of the occasion is stimulating and inspiring, and where the moral attrition takes off the rust and reveals quickly what there may be in one; they are wholesome associations which have in them no element of merely social emulation or ambition, but which afford the opportunities of constant and profitable discussion, and the interchange of opinions which are new and valuable; they are places where one may learn." And such, unquestionably, was the place, and such the men who congregated around "The Wood Fire in No. 3." No. 3 was the studio of Alexander MacWhirter, on the top floor of a building occupied by artists, and so far from being supplied with an open fireplace, when MacWhirter took possession it had not even a chimney. But MacWhirter's earliest memories were entwined about an open fireplace with a glowing wood fire, and an architect, a kindred spirit who also hungered for blazing logs, contrived and carried out the plan by which a dream was made to come true. The other artists in the "Old Building," and a few outside friends soon made it their practice to gather about the hearth, to tell stories, chaff each other good-naturedly, talk shop, indulge in reminiscences, criticise their own work and each others', and discuss future plans over their pipes and tobacco. It is just the informal chats, the wandering from one topic to another, the "good time" which is so delightful because so unpremeditated, which Mr. Smith has with rare good fortune managed to catch and hold. Those who recall the Tile Club papers will be glad to be reminded again of "Uncle Jesse Conklin," and if they have preserved their old magazines, as they should have done, they will find not only a portrait of the genial old gentleman but the pictures wherewith the Tilers adorned his walls. The illustrations, in color, nine of them by Alonzo Kimball, are all that they ought to be, and the whole volume, contents and cover, is a delight. It is one of the most attractive of the season's books. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Womanhood in Art" is the title of a book of essays by Phebe Estelle Spalding. Six of the masterpieces of painting and sculpture are chosen to represent types of the eternal feminine. The Venus de Milo, Eve, Monna Lisa, Beatrice, Cenci, and Raphael's two most celebrated Madonnas are the exemplars selected, and each one is made the subject of a brief study. The treatment is disappointing. "Womanhood in Art" is a large and pretentious title, and would lead one to expect more than six brief studies in a strongly personal style and chosen more at random than from any comprehensive view of the subject. Moreover, they resemble nothing so much as a club paper; while entertaining and well worded they lack depth and research and can hardly be considered as very serious efforts. They are by no means worthy of the noble setting which Paul Elder and Company have given them. The book is large in size (ten and one-half by seven and three-fourths inches), printed in great primer type on heavy Cheltenham paper and bound in boards. Each study is accompanied by a large plate of the subject. As an example of distinction in book-making it is all that could be desired, and would form a sumptuous holiday gift. —The Bookworm.

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TOWN TALK

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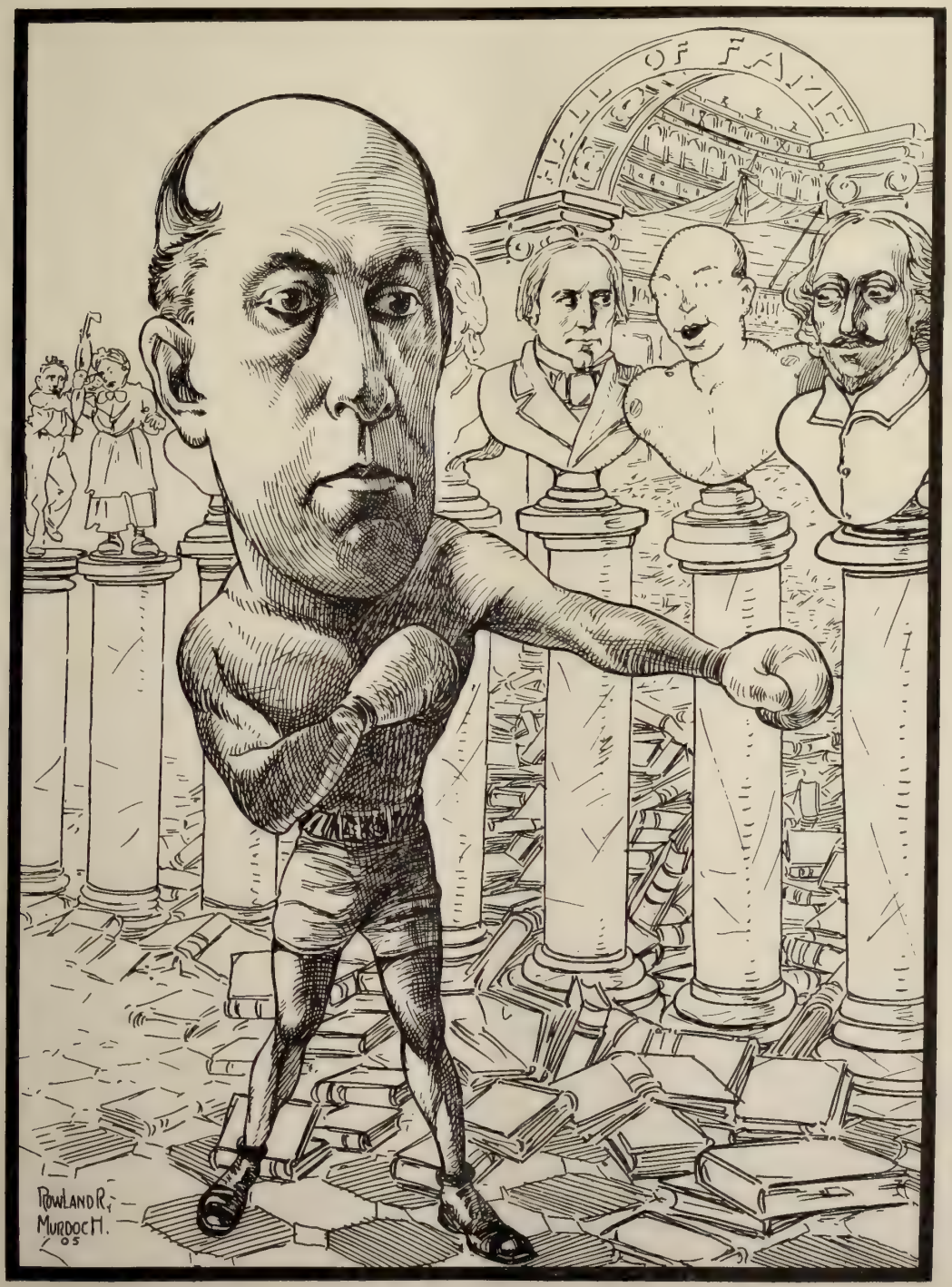

No. 16 *Samuel M. Shortridge*

The artist here depicts a distinguished orator in a hardware shop, sparring evidently for a pedestal. It is said of Mr. Shortridge that he handles his gloves as deftly as his tongue, and that he hasn't quite decided yet whether to take his place in the Hall of Fame as a boxer or as an orator. The artist has assigned him to a pedestal alongside of his friend Henry Clay, thereby implying that Mr. Shortridge is already dead, for according to the etiquette of the Hall of Fame nobody is vouchsafed a niche there until his mortal part has been ten years untenanted. For this aspersion of Mr. Shortridge's status the editor is in no way responsible.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The President's Message

Now that we have read President Roosevelt's message to the Fifty-ninth Congress we are more confident than ever that opposition to his railroad rebate policy will prove disastrous to those who undertake to perpetuate the vicious system which he purposes to reform. President Roosevelt has made himself perfectly clear in a luminous and philosophical disquisition on industrial conditions that call for wholesome legislative enactment. The message is in Roosevelt's characteristic style, but it is evident that he winnowed and sifted his phraseology, intent upon eliminating every suggestion of appeal to popular prejudice. It is the message of a man sensible of the influence of his lofty and determined character, of a man who loves his country as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown, of a statesman who has convinced himself of the dangers that beset the commonwealth but who is optimistic because he knows what the resources of his country can affect when vigorously employed. The tone of the message is most conciliatory, but it leaves no doubt as to the issue. The President says that the Government must be given some effective power of supervision over corporations, especially over those engaged in interstate commerce. He says that he is not opposed to corporations; he believes in them as he believes in labor unions, but they must not be permitted to debauch business and politics. To curb their vicious influence a complete stop must be put to the rebate practice. The power to regulate rates should rest in some administrative body created by Congress. That body should be given the power to decide whether a given rate is reasonable or just, and if it is found unreasonable and unjust, to establish the limit of rate beyond which it shall not be lawful to go. If a favored shipper is given too low a rate then the commission should have the right to fix the minimum rate as the maximum. In the opinion of the President it would require only one or two such decisions to cure the railroad companies of the practice of giving improper rates. All this, he says, should be done in no spirit of rancor or hysteria: "If we of the American body politic are true to the traditions we have inherited we shall always scorn any effort to make us hate any man because he is rich, just as much as we should scorn any effort to make us look down upon or treat contemptuously any man because he is poor." He tells us further that his policy touching railroad regulation is in the interest of the best type of railroad man and the best type of shipper. Nobody doubts the truth of this assertion, and the American people will have no doubt regarding the type of railroad man and type of shipper whom those Senators are allied with who enter into a combination to defeat the efforts of the President to curb the aggressions of the giant trust. The people are with the President. They endorse the sentiment, "We desire to set up a moral standard." They agree with him that "There can be no delusion more fatal to the nation than the delusion that the standard of profits of business prosperity is sufficient in judging any business or political question—from rate legislation to municipal government." They rejoice in having a President of whose sincerity they are convinced when he says: "Business success whether for the individual or for the nation is a good thing only so far as it is accompanied by and develops a high standard of conduct—honor, integrity and civic courage." Perhaps the Roosevelt policy is to be seriously opposed by his own party, but perhaps his own party is wise enough to take a tip from recent upheavals in American politics.

Brewer's Queer Book

Mr. Justice Brewer of the Supreme Court of the United States recently wrote a book that has provoked a great deal of discussion. The book is entitled "The United States a Christian Nation," and that is what the author believes this country to be, but exception has been taken to this conclusion, which, according to one critic, is clearly inconsistent with Justice Brewer's admission that "the Government as a legal organization is independent of all religions." The distinguished jurist is at least paradoxical if nothing more, but he probably means that the United States is a Christian nation in about the same sense in which France is considered a Catholic country. The writing of this book, however, was a consummation devoutly to be wished by the jurist's enemies, for it is marked neither by discretion nor sound logic, both of which are believed by the mob which worships a judge, especially a judge so exalted as Brewer, to be essential to successful performance on the bench. Why Justice Brewer should have gone to so much trouble and sophistry to prove this a Christian country, in view of our proud boast of religious freedom, it is difficult to surmise. We are getting along very nicely despite the multitude of jarring sects, and having discordant notes a-plenty Justice Brewer should have spared the jangling dissonance of his volume, containing as it does the statement that Judaism is unrecognized except "by way of toleration," which is a most indiscreet phrase and also an inaccurate one in view of Article I of the Amendments to the Constitution: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." Under that section Judaism is not only tolerated but respected and encouraged. That it is no easy matter to vindicate the Christianity of the United States is evident from the bungling effort of so learned a man as Brewer. It is sufficient to point out that he places a great deal of reliance on the negative proposition that "In no charter or constitution is there anything to even suggest that any other than the Christian is the religion of this country." This he joyously accepts as affirmative proof that Christianity is the religion of the country in the face of the Constitution which guarantees life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to all, irrespective of religious affiliation. In our opinion it is far easier to prove that the Constitution follows the flag, or even that this is a government of the people who happen to be on the mainland, than to demonstrate that the country is essentially Christian. A country whose educational system is more conducive to the spread of agnosticism than to any form of Christianity can scarcely be considered Christian. A country in which it was possible to bring the black man into bondage after

Christianity had been pointing with pride for several centuries to its achievement in abolishing slavery to comply with the teachings of St. Paul, may be Christian, but it is lacking in some of the ear-marks of that religion. And finally, a country in which the marital relation is so lightly regarded as it is in the United States confers no favor on Christianity in pretending to be under the guidance of Christian doctrine. The more we reflect on Justice Brewer's literary performance the more surprised are we that he ever undertook such a work, and we can account for it on no other theory than that the learned gentleman wished to exhibit his deftness in paradox. He tells us, among other things, that the separation of Church and State is a most satisfactory testimonial that Christianity is the religion of this country, "for a peculiar thought of Christianity is of a personal relation between man and his Maker, uncontrolled by and independent of human government." By the same token, then, England is not a Christian nation, a conclusion to which the head of the Established Church will no doubt take indignant exception.

Suicide

Once more attention has been directed to the fact that suicide is becoming more frequent in this country, and Tom Watson, having much sympathy for his fellow man and certain theories regarding the cause of the despondency that leads to self-slaughter, purposes doing something toward making life more endurable. The socialistic millionaire is entitled to great credit for his worthy ambition. He may not become a second Saviour but he can at least give good example to other rich men. Moreover much good may come from investigation of the causes of suicide, for they will probably be traced to religious apathy and to the skepticism promoted by the near-intellectuals of the pulpit who have brought about a weakness of respect for the moral law. The Church has temporarily lost its hold on the people, for the man of simple faith has been shaken in his belief. Pessimistic preachers have impressed him with the vanity of human affairs, with the fruitlessness of human endeavor and the uselessness of material wealth. It is natural for the pessimist to put a low value on life in which he can see no hope, no light. The men who are throwing off the fardels of pain and despair are not sincere Christians. To them all religion is a delusion. They have been led so to believe by pulpit philosophers who have spent much time in trying to solve the riddle of the universe with shadowy theories, vague surmises and sublimated sophistry. Suicide is becoming more frequent because of the weakening of the moral fibre. It is an act of moral cowardice, for it is not courageous to shrink from the responsibilities and the cares of life or from the consequences of our own misdeeds. Moral cowardice is born of skepticism, the antidote for which is faith in God. No man loses faith in himself until he has first lost faith in the Eternal Master who placed us in this world to discharge our assigned duties, be they humble or exalted, and to stick to our post until our allotted time has expired.

Some War Figures

Dr. John R. Van Hoff, colonel in the Medical Department of the United States Army, recently returned from Mukden and presented his report to the authorities at Washington by whom the publication of portions of it has been authorized. The report is interesting for two reasons: it shows that the medical corps of the Russian army was not less efficient than that of Japan, the achievements of which astonished the incompetent military medicos of this country; also that the war was far from being such a bloody affair as the sensational correspondents of our boastful magazines led the unsophisticated to believe. According to Colonel Van Hoff, 37,642 men in the Russian army in Manchuria were shot to death or died of wounds, and only 18,830 died of disease. These statistics are exclusive of the casualties at Port Arthur, and show almost twice as many killed by bullets as by disease, thus completely reversing what was generally accepted in this country as the usual proportion between men lost in battle and the victims of the diseases that afflict soldiers in time of war. In view of Colonel Van Hoff's authoritative report historians will not be likely to credit the Japanese with being such terribly dangerous foes as they were pictured by the war correspondents at the rearfront, who took many photographs of reserves far from the sound of cannon, and sent them over as evidence that the journals whose readers were bunkoed by them were represented in the thick of the carnage. Now that we know that the Japs succeeded in killing only 37,642 Russians during all those fierce engagements in Manchuria we cannot but marvel at the richness of the imagination of those correspondents who described the vast hecatombs of men that marked the progress of the Mikado's army and the retreat of the Romanoff generals. With all their fine shooting and unprecedented courage the Japs were not more destructive during months of continuous battle than were the American troops in one or two brief engagements of the Rebellion. When Lee turned back from Gettysburg with his shattered legions he left thirty thousand dead on the field of battle, and the Federal loss was over twenty-three thousand. At Chickamauga Creek the Federal army lost over fourteen thousand men in a single day and at Chancellorsville the loss was seventeen thousand. When the true story of the Russo-Japanese war is told we shall probably learn that compared with our own civil war it was a very tame affair.

To Preserve Niagara

Now that President Roosevelt has resolved to do something toward the preservation of Niagara Falls the probability is that strong influence will be brought to bear to prevent the diversion of all the waters to commercial and industrial uses. Five companies are now developing power from the falls and five more have authority to do so. In

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the judgment of competent engineers, when these ten companies are in operation the American falls will be destroyed. President Roosevelt considers it a great national duty to preserve for posterity Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon of Colorado, the big trees of California and the buffalo, and as the existence of the falls is threatened he purposes invoking the aid of Congress to protect them. It was the American Civic Association that drew the attention of President Roosevelt to the shameful diversion of the waters of Niagara and the gradual obliteration of that magnificent scenic wonder, and steps are to be taken to arouse the Canadian Government to the importance of cooperating with this country in safeguarding the falls from the ruthless hand of commerce.

Church Strife

A New York pastor is being acclaimed for asserting that there are too many churches in America, too many divisions and subdivisions of sects and too many denominational meeting houses, each struggling along, with empty pews, small congregations and heavy debts. Some twenty years ago Dr. Washington Gladden called attention to this very condition, and, in the form of fiction, he outlined a plan by which the church buildings could be put to good use and the congregations and Sunday-schools united to good purpose. Most people are aware of the futility of these poor, struggling church bodies, and admit that it would be better to unite several under one head, but when it comes to the practical working out of schemes of consolidation each congregation stands firmly on its own feet and demands that the others come over to it. Some people appear to be afflicted with a mania for splitting up whatever bodies they are admitted to, whether they be congregations, fraternal organizations or clubs. No sooner are they well within the doors than they begin to form factions and head revolts. Most of the bankrupt parishes owe their existence not to the needs of people nor to any irreconcilable differences in belief which would preclude neighbors from attending the same service, but to the vanity of some individual and his immediate friends. Feeling disgruntled because he was not elected or appointed to some position of dignity, the disorganizer straightway secedes, and adopts another name for what he calls his creed, but which is in reality only his egotism; he manages to separate many of the people from the original body and has the gratification of posing as deacon or trustee, though he does have to go down into his pocket pretty deeply to support the new honor. Nearly all of the rural churches have begun in a union service held at the district school house once a month, or once a quarter, when some town preacher could make time in his itinerary. At first the people attend without giving any heed to denominationalism, and as long as there is no effort at organization there is peace, but just as soon as there arises a question of regular establishment then comes the clash of creeds, and men who have not given a thought for years to the subject immediately begin to clamor for this or that designation; friendships are disrupted, families alienated, business dealings interrupted, and a goodly proportion of the erstwhile attendants decide to stay at home rather than be identified with factional strife. When it comes to an era of ill-feeling, there is nothing like religion to start the ball rolling. There is no other subject on which every individual is so firmly convinced that he is right, and usually each individual feels that the eternal welfare of his immortal soul depends on his maintaining his position. It is manifestly absurd for a town of a few hundred inhabitants to have half a dozen churches, but if any one has the hardihood to attempt to eliminate any of them the chances are that, instead, he will split each of them into still smaller fragments, while, by taking no heed at all, there is some reason to expect that one or two will die of inanition.

Ill Advised Solicitude

A short while ago the students of a Chicago medical college engaged in a riot. A number of arrests were made, but when the cases came up for trial the other day, the kind-hearted judge dismissed the culprits with a lecture, saying that conviction was inevitable and under the laws of the state of Illinois the offenders would be forever debarred from practicing medicine within her borders. The court had no desire to be instrumental in "ruining the careers" of these young gentlemen, hence they went unwhipt of justice, an example to their juniors and a precedent for future quotation. The theory on which all these institutions are justified is that the community at large reaps a benefit that is greater in proportion than the money expended. This would be true were students selected from those most fit to profit by special advantages, but as a matter of fact fitness to enter upon a professional career is the last question to be brought up. The ability to "slip through" on the entrance examination, if the candidate will prove an addition to the athletic team, is the only requirement, and the result is that every college community is a sort of Donnybrook Fair. Not a day passes that we do not have some report of a lawless outbreak. It probably has not suggested itself to the Chicago judiciary that in the course of a little while these playful students will be graduated and that the health, even the lives of people will be trusted to their hands. If the Illinois statute declares conviction in a court to be a bar to the practice of medicine it is the business of the medical students to see that they do nothing of which they might be convicted, not that of the judges to devise expedients whereby the laws can be evaded. There is no law which does not work hardship somewhere. The point is whether the general advantage is not of more moment than the individual hardship, whether it is not better to keep the whole medical profession on a high plane than it is to lower the standard for the sake of saving a few young scamps from the merited consequences of their own acts.

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

Some writers are skilled in the art of employing grammar to make themselves misunderstood. They are prolific producers of illiterature.

Richard Mansfield confesses that he was once a dramatic critic himself and that he accepts all criticism of his own acting as a just retribution. If Mr. Mansfield thinks he can disarm the local critics with this subtle riposte he will find himself in error when he has recovered his guard. Our critics, Mr. Mansfield, are impervious to your irony; suppose you try them with dynamite.

The "tempestuous petticoat" breezes through San Francisco journalism like a cyclone in Kansas. No daily newspaper print shop is now complete without its blue stocking. All the signed articles are of the feminine gender. Lillian Ferguson writes of "human interest"; Blanche Partington writes around the drama; Helen Dare writes of men; Frances Jolliffe writes of other men; and Jane Carr writes.. Verily my habitation is a salon and the place where I dwelt is filled with Sevignes who scribble for glory at so much per column.

This is the season when we buy books for their bindings.

In Turkey they have a saying: "The Sultan is the Shadow of Allah." What will they say if Allah returns to Mecca? For "the wolf-tail sweeps the paling East to leave a deeper gloom behind," and within the temple where the sacred Kaaba lies Allah casts no shadow.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to the devil, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, eh, my pretty maid?"
"You'll have to step lively, then, sir," she said.

Korea's cabinet has been japanned and will hereafter serve the Mikado as a commode.

What a blessing the woman's club would be if the club women would confine all their effort to the emancipation of woman from woman's foibles.

It may be said with literal accuracy that the chauffeur "takes his life in his hand." Death no longer rides a pale horse.

One of the very best men I ever knew told me on his dying bed that, after vainly trying for a lifetime to be a model Christian, he at last succeeded in loving as himself his neighbor's wife.

The session of Congress this winter will partially determine whether this is a government of the people, by the people and for the people. It will be the first hand-to-hand skirmish between the people and the corporate trusts. The Man on Horseback will try to ride down the Man of the Hour, and he may succeed; but woe to him when the bugles sound recall. If Louis XV had been a wise and politic monarch there would have been no deluge.

A Tamm'ny tiger-cub he asked his nurse:
"Taft rhymes with—what—in fact as well as verse?"

The Tyrannosaurus rex has been unearthed in Montana. I was sure that a monster with a name like that could not long elude the detectives of science; but I am puzzled to understand why he buried himself in Montana when he could have disguised himself as a scion of the oldest families, assumed a title of ancient nobility, and effaced himself effectually by marrying into one of our millionaire tribes whose remotest ancestors were the daily food of epicurean Tyrannasourae rex in the Jurassic epoch.

When Passes the Flame

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Today you are most kind,
But kindness, now, seems only anger's cloak;
Your looks are gentle yet I fail to find
That joy they once awoke.

Today you clasp my hand
And speak soft nothings in my passive ear;
I listen but I do not understand;
My heart has failed to hear.

True love will not abide
Where inclination has to custom grown,
And now when thus you linger at my side
I am as one alone.

The ember, lying gray,
May be revived although its flame be sped,
But who of mortal man can find the way
To fire the spark that's dead?

December, 1905.

Various Appraisements

By Calvin Allerton.

By way of the lips of the sportive young women who make their rendezvous in the subterranean recesses of the Belvedere a strange morsel of news has percolated into the very antithesis of that environment. It is the kind of news which will not be disseminated by the sporting page or the the police court, and has, therefore, been somewhat incredulously received during its progress from one crust of society to the other—from saloon to salon. When it came to my own ears, across a table in a certain club, it was offered as a jest, and seemed, on that occasion, deserving of its motley. I am by no means sure, even now, that its vindication as a fact will render it less provocative of merriment. Indeed, I have been laughing all the while I penned this paragraph. But I am laughing on only one side of my face.

The news thus introduced comes in the form of an announcement that one James W. Coffroth, locally celebrated as a prizefight promoter and manipulator of Supervisors, has returned from his visit to New York with the right to produce in San Francisco that conspicuous masterpiece of dramatic art known as "Mrs. Warren's Profession." Mr. Coffroth is also prepared, continues the oracle, to give us "Salome" and "The Wife Without a Smile." No information is vouchsafed regarding the theatre in which we shall be permitted to witness these delights. Possibly they will be sandwiched among the feverish stunts which already keep the audiences at the Belvedere gulping solace in continuous beer. Possibly they will be put on at Colma during the dull season in fistic entertainment. Perhaps, should Mr. Coffroth kindly persuade the Supervisors to be more generous toward Mr. Levy in the matter of permits, there will be a new brand of pleasure available at Woodward's Pavilion. Or it may be that in the dearth of better facilities these ventures will find a home in some part of the City Hall, a favor which even the Mayor—who calls Mr. Coffroth "Jimmy," and by whom he is called "'Gene"—might second the Supervisors in granting. Nothing definite can be said in this connection, at present. Of course Mr. Coffroth, and the Supervisors, and a few, a very few, other persons know where the trick is really to be turned, as well as just what talent will be engaged in turning it. But they won't tell the rest of us, thinking, with what propriety I refrain from judging, that it is none of our business.

I can only theorize, moreover, in considering the motives likely to have prompted Mr. Coffroth in his selection of the three plays here listed. He scarcely could have been moved by a love of art for the sake of art. Nothing that he has ever done in the past has displayed any symptom of willingness for that sort of sacrifice. Nor is it probable that he was actuated by a thirst for notoriety, since the doings at Colma and the Belvedere already afford him super-sufficient drafts of that exhilarator. And if the process of reasoning so far followed is correct we are left with only one leg to stand on. Mr. Coffroth must have believed that he saw a good chance to make some more money.

II. CONCERNING "YVETTE."

I hope that it will not be inferred that because I disapprove of Mr. Coffroth in his rumored role of theatrical panderer I personally consider all the items of his promised repertoire either a menace or a nuisance. For "The Wife Without a Smile," with or without the salacious antics of its dancing doll, I have, it is true, nothing but a yawn. I saw this play in both London and New York and admired it in either. But for "Salome" and "Mrs. Warren's Profession," whether as literature or acting plays, I have a keen enthusiasm. I was present at two private performances of the former and at one of the latter and wondered, on each occasion, why the privacy was necessary. But I understand the necessity now. I suspect, too, that Mr. Wilde would understand it, if he were alive, and that Mr. Shaw would understand it, if he were not—Mr. Shaw. In short, the attraction of either play, again produced for all comers, would not spring from its intrinsic worth but rather from a magnetizing of the morbid and sordid. Which is why I think Mr. Coffroth, and, in view of his other employments, especially Mr. Coffroth, should let well enough alone. And it is for reasons germane to all these that I look askance at another theatrical project, rumor of which has since come climbing into the porches of my ears; namely, that Mr. Bishop intends to produce "Yvette" at the Majestic.

Mr. Bishop is a shining example as a wholesome and capable theatre manager, and he thoroughly deserves the praise and prosperity that his alliance with the Shuberts is going to yield him. But if the tale of his plans regarding "Yvette" is founded on fact he is going to run the risk of stepping so heavily on his own foot that it will hurt him. The theme of "Yvette" is practically identical with that of "Mrs. Warren's Profession." It is a better play, as a play, and when it was produced in Paris in the language of its original dramatist was tremendously successful. But after being Englished, even with the utmost perspicacity, it is a pretty doubtful quantity. The profession of Yvette's mother is the same as that of Mrs. Warren, she defends it with equal emphasis and logic, she is portrayed in the midst of its rewards, and, what is worse, she reproaches her daughter for shrinking from a like career. I once prepared a version of this play for Miss Julia Marlowe, at her request. For three weeks I was practically a prisoner in the Hotel Touraine, in Boston, hammering day and night at my typewriter while Miss Marlowe stood over me to seize every completed sheet and send it out for duplication. We wasted fully half of our precious time in heated argument, she waving De Maupassant's story, from which the play

(Continued on Page 43)

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Are caught in Hymen's nuptial noose,
And each a selfish path pursues
With independent carriage;
When neither gives, when both would take;
When one's a flirt and one's a rake;
Be sure they do not lighter make
The Handicap of Marriage!

When "sport" with one is always "off,"
Whilst one is wholly gone on golf;
Whilst one will "mote" and one will scoff
The very name of "garage"—
If both each other's tastes despise
You'll hear, without the least surprise,
That neither of the two denies
The Handicap of Marriage!

Of course their efforts will be vain
The "Happy Marriage Stakes" to gain,
If they, with infinite disdain,
Their every chance disparage;
Of course defeat must be their fate
If both agree to swell the weight
Which tends, as 'tis, to make so great
The Handicap of Marriage!

Happy are they who, when they wed,
With efforts of the heart and head
Combine, 'gainst tides of woe that spread,
To institute a barrage;
For surely when they thus unite
In doing what is kind and right,
They cannot fail to make more light
The Handicap of Marriage!

—*The Sage.*

The Saunterer

Why Oelrichs Resigned

When Hermann Oelrichs resigned from the Olympic Club, some months ago, great was the surprise of the officers of that organization, and curious were the friends of the popular club man to know why he had severed his connection with an institution in which he had taken a great deal of interest as a patron of sport and a promoter of athletic rivalry. No explanation was given at the time, but it was felt that Mr. Oelrichs must have had some very good reason for withdrawing from membership, and that it was not, as suggested, that he had ceased to take an interest in athletics. I was quite sure that nothing short of the provocation of his displeasure would have led to his resignation, and at length, in a roundabout way, but from authoritative source, has come the explanation. Mr. Oelrichs was on the nominating committee which selected the ticket for the last club election, and as he was not familiar with club politics he relied greatly on what was told him by his confreres. From later developments he came to the conclusion that he had been grossly misled regarding the personality of one of the candidates and of the character of the men who had proposed him. He sent in his resignation on the day of the election and before the ballots were counted, feeling that the representatives of the club Administration had not dealt squarely with him as a member of the nominating committee.

It Was Rather Odd

A good joke on Raphael Weill is going the rounds. Mr. Weill, as everybody knows, prides himself on being a fine chef. He ranks with Hermann Oelrichs as an epicure and his hobby is the Sunday Morning Breakfast Club which meets weekly in the Bohemian Club, on which occasions the menu is always prepared by Mr. Weill. Last Sunday the club entertained an army officer who was introduced by Colonel Hawes. The chesterfieldian Colonel presented his friend to the several members, Uncle George Bromley, Ryland Wallace, Newton Tharp, Dr. Chismore, and finally to Raphael Weill, to whom he referred as "our chef." The army officer enjoyed himself, entering into the genial spirit of the occasion. A few days later he met a Bohemian Club friend on the street who asked him how he enjoyed the breakfast. "Immensely, sir," he replied, "immensely. Great fellows you Bohemians—so informal and all that. Struck me as rather odd at first to have the chef join us at the table but he seemed to be quite a gentleman."

Schmitz's Prospects

Mayor Schmitz has announced that he will not be a candidate for a fourth term in the municipal Executive office. It is inferred that he has determined to broaden his sphere of political activity and that his ambition is to become the Governor of the state, but the politicians who are not connected with his machine are not alarmed at the prospect. Despite the fact that he has upset their calculations on more than one occasion they do not look forward to a contest over the state office with great anxiety, the reason being that they think it impossible for him to dominate the Republican State Convention and believe he would not become a candidate except as the standard bearer of the

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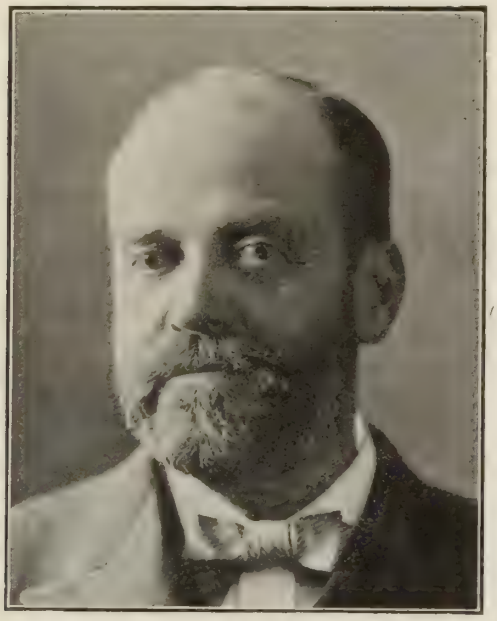
Republican party. He could not go on the ticket as the candidate of the Labor party except by petition, and to seek the gubernatorial chair in that way would necessitate the organization of every county in the state. He would find that not only a difficult task but a most expensive one, so expensive, in fact, that the politicians are quite sure he would not run for Governor except as the Republican candidate. But politicians are notoriously poor guessers. They seldom predict developments accurately. Mayor Schmitz is going to have a tremendously strong machine in this city, he has powerful friends in more than one interior county, and he will have in the Republican State Convention a pretty compact delegation for trading purposes.



Senator George C. Perkins.

The man with the pardon record, who devotes some of his time to rescuing street waifs.

Perkins the Pardoner

The latest scandal at San Quentin was under discussion and Senator George C. Perkins became reminiscent. In reminiscent mood there is not a more interesting man in the country than Senator Perkins, a circumstance due to the varied activities of his career and his intimate association with events that have marked the progress of this state's political and industrial development. Apropos the San Quentin scandal he remarked that he still held the record for the number of pardons granted when he was governor of California, and he said that he was very proud of the record because of all the men liberated by him only one that he knew of was ever again convicted of crime. "I made it a practice," said the Senator, "to visit the penitentiary and talk with the prisoners, and I always managed to get pretty well acquainted with a man before pardoning him. One day at San Quentin I came across a man in solitary confinement, and the warden told me that he was the most vicious and troublesome man in the place. I said I would like to talk to him. The warden warned me that he was a very dangerous individual, but I insisted on having the talk. It has always been my firm conviction that there is some good in every man. Well, I had a chat with that dangerous prisoner and I gave him a little advice, telling him that he would do me a great favor if he would turn over a new leaf. I promised to visit him again in a few weeks and did so, and the warden told me that his vicious prisoner had become the most tractable man in the jail. At my request he was put into a more comfortable cell. I called on him at regular intervals for nearly a year, receiving good reports of him all the while, and one day I pardoned him. He told me that whisky was the cause of his downfall and I made him promise me that he would never drink again. I brought him to my house and employed him as a gardener. He worked for me nearly three years and was one of the most faithful men I ever knew. One day he quit his job, and years afterward I heard that he was sent back to San Quentin from Napa. He pleaded guilty, saying that he wanted to get back to jail as quickly as possible, and he explained to the sheriff that he did not want me to know about his relapse. He was the only man pardoned by me who returned to crime."

How He Lost Merritt's Friendship

Senator Perkins, by the way, is probably connected with more charitable enterprises than any other individual in the state. His pet charity is the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society of which he has been president since it was organized, thirty-one years ago. This is the institution which rescues the homeless, neglected and abused children of California. Its purposes are akin to those of Father Crowley's Youths' Directory, and though it owns no farm it has long been the practice of the Society to take to the country for a six weeks' outing, every summer, all the children under its care. In recent years camps have been established for the boys and they have been able to earn money picking fruit. Senator Perkins was one of the founders of the Old Ladies' Home of Oakland, and he tells an amusing story about how he persuaded that thrifty old millionaire, Dr. Samuel Merritt, to contribute one thousand dollars to the fund with which the institution was started. It was at a meeting of citizens of Oakland. Plans for raising

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money were being discussed when Perkins arose and said that he would be one of ten citizens to contribute one thousand dollars each. "I am sure that Dr. Merritt will be one of the ten," he added, and everybody looked at Merritt, who made reply that he would. Of course the old doctor was quite sure that Perkins wouldn't be able to find eight other citizens of Oakland willing to put up, but he did and one day he called on the millionaire to make good. Merritt was incredulous at first, but when shown the list of contributors he handed over a check to Perkins, but never forgave him.

Is Jimmy Getting Ready?

Almost as soon as Mr. James D. Phelan returned from Europe he procured the publication of an affidavit relative to his attitude toward the members of the Teamsters' Union at the time of the big strike which occurred during his administration of the municipal government and which the police brought to a close by giving aid and comfort to employers. The purpose of the affidavit was to show that Mr. Phelan had been seriously misrepresented and that union labor had been deceived by his enemies who were eager to injure him politically. It now appears that the ex-Mayor suffered himself to be the target, through several years, of a great deal of abuse; but having at length seen fit to set himself right before the workingmen of the city, politicians infer that he is getting ready to run for office again, and as the gubernatorial campaign is approaching they suspect that his tardy straightening out of the record is by way of preparation for that event. For, they ask, why should he bother himself at this late day about something that happened five years ago, unless he feels that if the false impression were not removed it would prove disastrous to plans which are now in process of crystallization? And, by the way, the politicians feel that Mr. Phelan is far from being a dead one. In the present popular state of mind personalities of the Phelan type must be reckoned with. In almost every state in the country there is revolt against boss rule, and as it was believed that the agents of the corporate powers would lock horns with President Roosevelt on the railroad rebate bill, wise politicians have been looking forward to an uprising against the transportation octopus and it has been predicted that in such an event no sensible Republican could be found in this state to take the nomination for Governor. Hence the prospect of good times for the Democracy and of the availability of such a man as James D. Phelan.

Pardee's Futile Strategy

It is believed in Alameda county, I am advised, that Governor Pardee is destined to lament the miscarriage of another choice bit of political strategy. In this connection, it was explained to me why His Excellency went poking around in the District Attorney's office in quest of judicial timber to fill the vacancy on the Superior bench. It appears that young Mr. Harris was chosen to adorn the bench with a view to dividing the forces of Judge Harry Melvin, which have long disturbed the slumbers of the Governor. Melvin, it will be remembered, was for many years a vociferous Pardee man. He led the first Pardee delegation to the State Convention the year that Gage won the nomination. In that same convention Judge Harris, who was then plain Mr. Harris, was a member of the contesting delegation which was turned down. Melvin was again to the front when Pardee was nominated and he was rewarded with a job on the Superior bench. A little later he wanted to move up to the Appellate Court, and there is a robust rumor in circulation to the effect that Pardee promised to give him the necessary impetus. If so he forgot the promise and incurred the enmity of the Judge and provoked the displeasure of his dear friend, Senator Lukens. Then came the report that Melvin would become an aspirant before the next convention for the nomination for Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. Pardee was alarmed. If Harry Melvin, the most popular man in Alameda county, an alumnus of California, and the biggest Elk in the Oakland pasture, should announce his candidacy, he would split the Alameda county delegation wide open, and the doctor's chances of renomination would "skedoo." So it became of the utmost importance to spike Judge Harry's political wheel. Pardee went into executive session with Charley Spear and between them it was decided to divide Melvin's forces by appointing Harris to the bench. It looked like a fine bit of strategy, but now Judge Harris's friends are saying that he would be very indignant if he felt that he was given the judicial job for a sinister purpose. So, after all, it doesn't look as though Melvin's forces are divided.

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The Booming of California

California is getting no end of advertising these days. Judging from the mass of printed matter that comes to my office from the Passenger Traffic Department of the Southern Pacific Company descriptive of the numerous places of interest in the state and containing information of value not only to tourists but to settlers and calculated to lure people hither, the supposition is warranted that a few printing presses devoted to the promotion of publicity are constantly in operation. Traffic Manager Fee is a great hustler, and he is deserving of much credit for the judgment displayed in the selection of material for the beguiling of strangers. His latest contribution to boom literature is a little pamphlet entitled "The Yosemite Valley and the Big Trees," crammed with descriptive information and containing two maps. The California Promotion Committee is also doing good work. Mr. Jennings of this organization is something of a hustler himself, and it is said of him that he claims most of the credit for whatever advantage the state has enjoyed since the Promotion Committee came into existence. This claim has been indignantly disputed, and as a consequence there is considerable beneficent rivalry among the promoters of publicity. When the colonist rate was put into effect by Mr. E. O. McCormick of the Southern Pacific Company, Mr. Jennings claimed the credit and Mr. McCormick immediately went into a white heat. Some time ago Mr. Jennings gave a dinner to three prominent educators who came hither from Los Angeles to find some land. He is said to have taken the credit of having rounded them up whereas it was James Horsburgh Jr. of the Southern Pacific Company who went to Los Angeles and persuaded the three gentlemen to accompany him through the state. However, Jennings is doing his best to earn his salary and keep the Promotion Committee in the public eye, and the state is getting the benefit of the rivalry between her respective boomers.

Honor for Mrs. Lovell White

At the Unitarian Club banquet last week Mrs. Lovell White was made the guest of honor and it is the first time, I believe, that a lady has been asked to one of these functions. The members of the Unitarian Club are all grave and reverend seigneurs, and there is nothing light and airy about them or their feasts. Everything is of a solid nature and the speeches are said by some to be heavy. This may or may not be the case. At all events, Mrs. Lovell White was invited and was also asked to speak on civic improvements. According to her friends she was a trifle nervous at the start but she has the gift of expression and her hearers say that she read one of the best papers that was ever presented before that august body. Mrs. White's subject was the work women have done in the way of beautifying the city.

Court Adjourns for Weddings

Two weddings that occurred on the same day last week were notable for the richness and number of the presents received by the happy couples. The first was the Pillsbury-Kohl wedding at which there was a fortune in jewels received by the bride. Her mother's gift was a regal stomacher that cost fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Pillsbury gave her a string of pearls that rival those of Mrs. Will Tevis and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels in beauty and size. She was also given a tiara, and there was a goodly number of paintings in the display. The McNab-Kerrigan wedding which took place in the evening was a brilliant affair, distinguished for the generous hospitality of the bride's father which was dispensed in the manner for which California is famous. The collection of presents was the largest, perhaps, that has been seen at a wedding in this city for many a year. By the way, the two weddings broke the continuity of the big Davis will contest which has been in progress for many weeks before Judge Kerrigan. Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is the leading attorney for the proponents of the will and as he wanted about ten days off for a treaclemoon trip he made it convenient for Judge Kerrigan to adjourn court and have a little wedding of his own.

Is a Millionaire's Son

Arthur Judd Ryan, who married Beatrice Bromfield of San Mateo last week, is the son of a multi-millionaire of New York. The Ryans own a handsome town-house as well as a country-place. Young Ryan is a college man, a Yale graduate and a D. K. E. He has a literary bent. He wrote the libretto for his class opera, and some of his songs and poems are still recited and sung at Yale. Beatrice Bromfield is a good specimen of California beauty to represent her state in the East, for she is really a beautiful girl with a strong individuality, and she carries herself with uncommon grace. She made a charming bride and wore a lace gown that was stunning. Her sole ornament was the diamond cross that was her bridegroom's gift.

A New Engagement

An engagement that will come as a surprise is that of Margaret Walker of San Mateo and David Belmour. Miss

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Walker is now in school in the East, but the engagement, I am told, will be announced when she comes home for the Christmas holidays.

It's the Mode

I am assured that it was not through inadvertence that Mr. Peter Martin appeared at the Mansfield performances in high-water trousers; that it is *en regle* to wear them short, and that the mode has been adopted by the young men of Burlingame, many of whom have taken reefs in their suspenders to be in the fashion. John Lawson, the six-foot polo player, has made concession to the dictates of fashion and has pulled his tweeds up as far as modesty will permit. The proper height, I hear, is such as will permit a tantalizing half inch of hosiery to be seen when the legs are in motion. This is considered very fetching.

The Sincerest Form of Flattery

Now the gossips are declaring that Mrs. Gus Taylor is imitating the dress patterns of Mrs. Peter Martin. It is said that she has copied several of the most distinctive cuts of the Newport matron's Parisian frocks to set off to advantage her not dissimilar form. Mrs. Martin is regarded in the Hopkins set as the *ne plus ultra* of modishness. The Gus Taylors, by the way, have taken the Jimmy Robinson house for the winter, and the Fred McNears have joined the swarm of society people at the St. Dunstan.

Newhall on Rollers

Now that Mrs. Eleanor Martin has given her royal sanction to roller skating, one can glide over the polished floor at the Mechanics' Pavilion without feeling that he is putting his social status in jeopardy. It is a great relief to feel, when you are in San Francisco, that you are doing as Mrs. Martin does. You see some strange sights at the Pavilion when society is disporting itself. One of the most fascinating is that afforded by George Newhall, and the singular thing about it is that it gives no two persons the same impression. To one person he seems to glide over the floor like a young gazelle and to another he suggests a grand piano. So great is his skill that other less experienced skaters fall upon him whenever they lose their equilibrium, a circumstance that suggested the comparison between him and a moving refuge station.

Social Progress of the Carolans

The latest news from the Francis Carolans is to the effect that they have deserted London for Paris where they will remain until the spring. Mrs. Carolan is reported to have had fair social success in London. She was honored by a dinner invitation from Mrs. Potter Palmer, and she met some of the celebrities of the literary and art worlds who are recognized in the British metropolis as of the aristocracy of talent and who are gushed over by the titled fashionables. Mrs. Carolan has been affecting black in London and is accentuating more than ever her resemblance to Mrs. "Pat" Campbell.

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Grace Wilson, who will make her bow at a matinee reception this Saturday, is the daughter of the J. K. Wilsons, and a sister of Marie Wilson, one of the champion equestriennes in society. The Wilson girls are identified with the set in which move Hazel and Genevieve King and the Huntington girls, and Grace is a graduate of Vassar.

Wallace Irwin's Fight for Fortune

The best photograph of Wallace Irwin that has ever come this way appears in the current issue of the *Critic*, used as an illustration in an article on "The Coming of a Humorist" by Randall Blackshaw. The article tells a good many things that will likely be news to Irwin's acquaintances out here, though to his friends he never made any secret of the fact that he won his present place of financial security after a series of hard luck episodes. Still it is possible that even his intimates did not know how terribly strapped the young scholar was when he graduated from Stanford University in 1899. His worldly possessions then, recites Mr. Blackshaw, "consisted of a handful of small change and a wardrobe that could have been tied up in a handkerchief. When night overtook him at the fashionable suburb of Burlingame, he crept into a haystack behind Prince Poniatowski's house, and slept like a moujik." After he reached San Francisco he found his road to fame an easy one, but fortune smiled more genially upon him after he went to New York. I hear that he commands his own price now in the humor market. Like Eleanor Gates, Irwin herded cattle in his tender years and, like her, his opportunity for education came to him later than to city-bred children. But he certainly made good use of his chance when he got it.

They Want a Country Club

The advisability of organizing a Country Club for residents of Santa Clara county is being discussed by some of the wealthy citizens of San Jose. There is quite a bunch of wealthy people in San Jose and they have long felt the need of a country club. Many of them frequent

the golf links at Linda Vista, which are among the finest in the state. Mayor Worswick is one of the most enthusiastic of the golfers, and Colonel Hersey is also an ardent exponent of the game. The Colonel has announced his willingness to contribute ten thousand dollars towards a fund for the equipment of a country club.

Soul Transference

Professor Howison excited a mild controversy by affirming that animals reflect and are therefore as competent for immortality as are human beings. I am willing to agree that most animals are as worthy of immortality as are some men; but that is probably beside the question. My own ideas regarding the immortality of the soul are of no more consequence than are the ideas of Professor Howison on that impenetrable subject, but I will bet my manuscript volume on "Some Thoughts on Why We Think" against his "Brief Excursion Into the Unknowable," that my theory of mind, matter, and immortality will stand the test of logic or ordinary sense as bravely as his. Professor Howison starts from the premiss: I don't know; so do I. Professor Howison argues from this premiss that the faculty of thought and reflection on thought predicates the existence of a soul in things that possess that faculty; thus far I follow Professor Howison as his shadow. Professor Howison deduces that because each animate reflective thing has a soul it is necessarily an individual, personal soul. Here is the parting of the ways between Professor Howison and me. I believe that the soul of all things is in common—that there is but one energy in the universe acting and reacting on millions, billions and countless trillions of atoms, producing in each instance a different manifestation. I believe that Professor Howison's intelligence, for example, is one manifestation of this energy, and that my lack of intelligence is another. I believe that if what Professor Howison thinks is his soul could be transferred to me, and that if what I call my manifestation of the universal energy could be given to Professor Howison, nobody would know that we had exchanged spiritual personalities. Professor Howison would still be Professor Howison, I would still be the fool that presumes to dispute the infallible dictum of a wise man.

Howison and Socrates

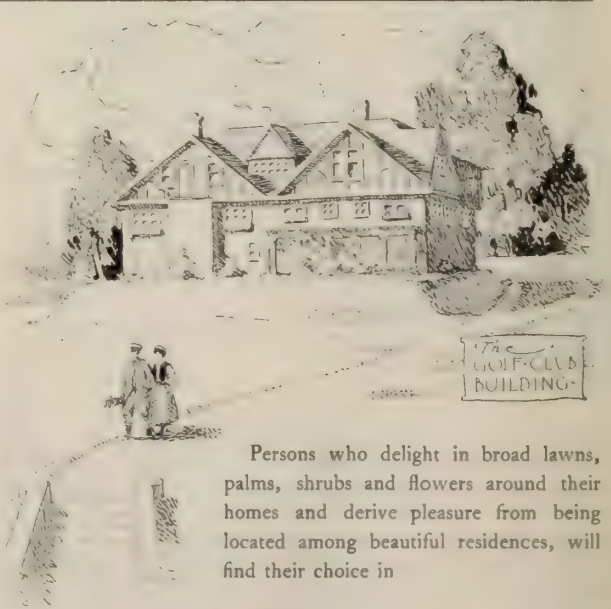
Once upon a time Professor Howison owned a little dog which the students at the State University used to call Socrates—a solemn little beast with whiskers and a bad temper, albeit a philosopher as dogs do. Everybody at the University respected Socrates—nobody ever belittled him by curtailing his name to the diminutive Soc. It was a source of constant wonderment that Socrates condescended to walk on four feet when he might have walked with more dignity on his hind feet. In the classes Socrates always sat upright between his friend's divided legs gazing gravely out over the assembled ignorance as if contemplating in his mind's eye the futility of wasting so much breath on such raw material. Gradually the students came to regard Socrates with more reverence than they bestowed on the great philosopher towering over him, and imperceptibly the boys and girls learned to concentrate their thoughts on Socrates rather than on what their preceptor was expounding to them. That is why so few philosophers of the Howison cult have graduated from Berkeley—they are all Socratists. My intention, however, in this reminiscence, is to reiterate my argument by illustration: If the "soul" of Socrates had exchanged with the "soul" of Professor Howison in that classroom none of the class would have noticed the transference—the philosophy would have flowed as glibly from the Howison lips, the haunting eyes of Socrates would have stared as steadily down into the "souls" of those unreceptive, shallow sub consciences.

Harps and Hearts

The brain of man or animal is nothing more than a machine. My "universal energy" operates on this machinery as electricity operates on a dynamo, or as steam on an engine. When the machine breaks down the energy no longer operates; the machine is dead; the energy is immortal; the personality only persists as long as the energy can play on the machine. Nobody would say that an aeolian harp had a soul, yet the parallel between an aeolian harp and the human or animal machine is exact, for the wind that plays upon the wailing strings is the soul of the instrument—break the strings and the harp is silent; let the wind increase in violence and the wailing of the harp changes its key as sorrow sweeping the strings of the human heart utters a cry of distress, as joy evokes laughter, as hatred produces angry discords. Yet the harp is not immortal.

He Knew His Master's Voice

I believe with Professor Howison that animals reflect. Dr. E. H. Woolsey of Oakland owns a dog of the pug variety—Frank Woolsey by name. All Oakland knows Frank Woolsey and his "human intelligence" is a household word



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in Athens. It was the evening of the day on which Professor Howison had delivered himself of his opinion on the soul of things. Dr. Woolsey was enthusiastic in commendation of the learned Theban's discourse. "Of course," he said, "Professor Howison is right about the reflective faculty of animals, and I can prove it." The rest of us laughed in the manner of skeptics the world over. "You may laugh," the doctor retorted, "but I will convince you," saying which he took up the transmitter of the telephone. "Give me the Metropole," he ordered; then, "Is Frank there?" A reply in the affirmative and the order, "Bring him to the 'phone. Is that you, Frank; good dog; hello, Frank!" "Does he answer?" one of us asked, laughing sarcastically. "Listen," and the doctor handed the receiver to one of the company. Sure enough, over the wire came the low, plaintive whine of a dog. "Now let me convince you that dogs think and understand." Once more he placed the transmitter to his lips and called: "Frank, come down to the *Examiner* office—come right along; that's a nice, good little dog." And then we sat around jibing the doctor and offering all sorts of bets that Frank would never come, when suddenly in he rushed, panting with his exertion and crazy with delight when he heard his master's voice in praise and felt his master's hand in fond caress. There was only one voice of doubt after this. "I say, doctor," one of the company asked, "How many places does Frank have to visit before he trails you to the *Examiner* office?"

Happy Howison

I am unable to determine from the meager reports in the newspapers whether Professor Howison is a Christian or a Buddhist. It doesn't matter, however; he is probably a composite of both, accepting the immortality theory of Christianity and rejecting the re-incarnation theory of Buddhism; preferring to believe that his own soul is important enough to be preserved through all eternity as an individual Howison soul, as the soul of his little dog will also persist as the individual soul of Socrates; and refusing to believe that the soul of Sacrates could ever manifest itself again as a Howison or that the soul of a Howison could animate the corporeal insignificance of a Socrates. All of which recalls the Good Brahmin of Voltaire who complained that he had been studying forty years to find that it had been so much time lost; that while he was teaching others he knew nothing himself; that he had been born and that he existed in time without knowing what time is; that he was placed in the confines between two eternities, yet he had no idea of eternity; that he was composed of matter, so-called, but had never been able to satisfy himself what it is that produces thought; that he was even ignorant whether his understanding was a simple faculty like that of walking and digesting, or if he thought with his head in the same manner that he took hold of a thing with his hands. The Good Brahmin was very unhappy because he had attained to the wisdom that teaches the truth that man knows absolutely nothing, regretting that he had studied so hard to learn so little, and envying with a bitter envy the happiness of the clodpate who imagined that if he were wiser he would be happier. I have never heard that Professor Howison is an unhappy man.

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Quacks of Yesteryear

Sir Walter Besant, in his "London in the Eighteenth Century," devotes a chapter to medicine that is amusing through comparison with present-day conditions—in some instances because things have changed so much; in others because they have changed so little. Really, the gullible seem to be as plentiful in these days as they were in the middle of the eighteenth century. Even then cures by electricity were advertised, and the forerunners of the present-day electric belt (which would be all right if it had electricity in it) were the "metallic tractors." These were two pieces of metal which, rubbed over the parts affected, Fellger, after studying at the Philadelphia Academy of cured gout, pleurisy, lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica and other ills within an hour. Dr. Perkins was the inventor of this cure, and sold the tractors for two guineas. He also guaranteed to "restore wasted colors to pristine vigor within a few days." I believe the beauty doctors of today perform the same miracle, although they do not publicly make such anatomically specified promises to females who are thin or old—or both—as Dr. Perkins did.

His Celestial Bed

The star quack of those days was Dr. Graham, who made his first appearance in London in 1780. He took a house on Adelphi Terrace, and on the front he emblazoned a great gilt sun, together with the legend, "Templum Aesculapio Sacrum." He furnished the house with great splendor, laid expensive rugs upon the floor, and lined the walls with mirrors. He lectured every night, and even at two guineas a head his house was crowded nightly. And no wonder. For the wise but naughty doctor, in illustrating what could be done for the health through the medium of electricity, used as an example a most beautiful and perfectly formed young woman, who stood, every night, clothed in the matchless health and vigor for which the doctor said his health cure was responsible. But the public tired at last of even this exemplification of the naked truth, and the doctor moved to Schomburg House, on the Pall Mall. Here his admission fee dropped by gradations to a shilling, and later it was merely a promenade place for people who came to hear the doctor's lecture without any living picture adjunct. The doctor had one unique attraction in Schomburg House in the shape of "The Celestial Bed"—a great four-poster with glass legs. This was leased to people who wished their children to be perfect and had not enough faith in heredity to proceed without the help of outside influences. It is recorded by Besant that Graham sometimes charged as high as five hundred pounds for the use of this bed, but whether he gave a guarantee and a return privilege with the receipt is not stated.

Some Familiar Methods

A writer of that time relates that it was one of Graham's devices, while on the street, to stop before any mother and child whom he met, and, assuming a concerned expression, to say: "Ah, sweet babe, what a pity it should be lost for want of looking after." Then he would hasten on, leaving the mother half frightened to death. A confederate would follow immediately after him, and, having ascertained the cause of her grief, would say that he knew the gentleman who had uttered the warning as one of the ablest physicians in London. Then, says the chronicler, "Away troops she next morning and purchases not only a dose for the child but something for herself, too—for I never yet knew a female but ailed something when she came in the presence of a doctor." This method of Dr. Graham's is not much different from that adopted by quacks who operate in San Francisco today. They have stool-pigeons who hang around the streets and look out for people (sojourners from the country preferred) who appear to be ill. They engage them in conversation, steer the conversation around to the victim's ailments, then tell of a doctor who cures just such troubles. "I ought to know," says the stool-pigeon, "for he cured me." He never knows the doctor's address, but always thinks he can find his office, which he does with the victim in tow—and receives half the amount the quack extorts from him. And when we consider the enormous amount of worthless patent medicine sold now, the public of today doesn't appear any wiser than did that eighteenth century public that bought "Elixir of Life," "Baum de Vie," "Tea for Prolonging Life," and other nostrums sold by Graham, Perkins, and the rest of them.

The Beauty Cult Of Oakland

The ladies of the fashinable Ebell Club of Oakland are not concentrating all their attention on the study of the art of fiction as expounded by that distinguished authority, Mr. W. C. Morrow. They are also hearkening to the message of Professor W. E. Flynn of the Hundred Year Club of Los Angeles. He is an apostle of the Beauty Cult. In his recent lecture he urged that a woman's first duty lay in the development of external grace and in the creating of external beauty, which, he explained, was within the capacity of all. Some say that Mr. Flynn, by a single lecture, has spoiled all the plans of these aspiring club-members, who, eight or ten hours daily, were making the pen fly over delicately tinted paper. A cynical Oakland clubman made the remark recently that a woman will make any sacrifice for the sake of personal appearance. "Beauty comes high," he declared, "when its votaries work like day laborers for suppleness, and endure the tortures of the inquisition for a creamy complexion, but foolish femininity is always willing to pay the price." I have heard the price was cheerfully paid, some years ago, when Madame Yale stirred up society on both sides of the bay by her lectures on beauty. Professor W. E. Flynn is a thoroughly up-to-date teacher of the same cult. After his lecture of Monday afternoon he gave an illustration of the methods he employs in his class work. The ladies present, removing their hats and jackets, bravely essayed to follow him in all his movements.

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Watching the Pony Races.

This group was "snapped" on Thanksgiving Day at Ingleside. In the foreground are Mr. M. H. de Young and his daughter, Phyllis. The young man in the white hat intently studying his program is Thomas A. Driscoll.

Society on Rollers

The announcement that Mrs. J. Downey Harvey had organized a monster skating club of three hundred or more came as a refreshing zephyr from a cool meadow after the news that Mrs. Astor had arbitrarily decided that there were only seventy-nine persons in all New York who were of sufficiently aristocratic standing to attend her reception to Prince Louis of Battenberg. The democracy of San Francisco's leaders of provincial fashion might well be emulated in New York by the queen of Gotham society by the divine right of wampum which the son of a German butcher saved while trading with the Indians for hides. It was Mrs. Eleanor Martin, I hear, who evolved the idea of setting all society on rollers. She commissioned her daughter-in-law to organize the skating club, and desirable members were selected from her 500 list and from the Shorb-White and Greenway lists. Mrs. Martin does more to safeguard society against ennui than any dozen women in the swim. And society is duly grateful. There have been some accidents among the 300 since they took to rollers but there were no serious injuries received. Maud Payne fell on her chin and was severely bruised but she rounded to in a few days. Ethyl Hager, she of the hand made famous by Genthe, took a long time to break a pair of spirited skates to harness but now they are tame enough to stand without tying.

The Opening Skate

Skating, we are told, is an art whereby a man or a woman can grow graceful. There is a calumny about this statement which few will have the hardihood to deny. Of course there are some skaters who look bewitching, and the man with the most adamantine heart would fairly fall in love with one or two of the girls who skated at the initial meeting of Mrs. Harvey's club. It is invidious to draw comparisons but certainly the two Misses Harvey were among the best skaters on the floor. Miss Marvin was much envied by the many who floundered over the floor, but there were some who thought that Miss Joliffe was one of the most expert on rollers. Mrs. Will Taylor presents a very captivating spectacle on skates. She seems to be skimming over the floor like some pretty dragon fly over the bosom of a limpid pool. Miss Martin of Santa Cruz made her debut on rollers Monday night and though she had the assistance of Mr. Phelan and Mr. Bee she seemed not at all at home on the treacherous wheels. Peter Martin was of course there. He skated for a time with his hat on and then suddenly finding that he was alone in this fashion tossed his hat on to a chair. Mr. Martin had been too busy keeping his balance to worry over a trifle like a hat.

Miss Wilson's Clipping Gait

Miss Wilson made a rather striking hit at the close of the evening. She came down the speedway at a two-forty clip and made a dash for the entrance. She shot down the entrance and carried three men with her—one of them was a stalwart police officer. He held an aching side for fully half an hour afterward. Miss Florence Cole was there skating as if there was something very serious in the air. The Parrotts were there. Pere Parrott, who is of a tall and a graceful build, did not essay any evolutions on the gliding wheels. He remained on the outside and watched the skaters with an amused and a contemptuous air. Mrs. Eleanor Martin was there in the receiving row. She had the assistance of Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and the other

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dames who are the patrons of the affair. Mrs. Peter Martin did not skate. Mrs. Brooke, who was pretty Miss Ruth Holladay, was among the spectators. She certainly grows better looking as time rolls on. There was a variety of costuming. Many of the men were in dinner jackets, which seem the only nice thing to wear, while others were in their office clothes. There were lots of pretty shirt waists and light skirts. It was decidedly a democratic gathering in more ways than one, though the ultra-exclusives were so well entrenched by their own people that they had no reason to call on outsiders for assistance when they sprawled on the floor. There were some pretty tumbles and Miss Gros of Paris, who is one of the experts, got into a jam and there was a piling of human forms which looked like a train wreck for a few moments.

Greenway's New Rule

Though the bars are constantly being lowered by the Martin clan Ned Greenway is trying hard to keep them up against all sorts of pressure. He has no desire to promote jealousies, rivalries, heart-burning and heart-breaking but he must preserve the prestige of his club even though it become necessary to wield a sceptre as uncompromising as the one which was fashioned out of pelts for the lady who purged the rolls of the anointed in New York. He is striving for no irreducible minimum, but he wishes to keep out the pikers, and he has adopted a new rule rendering eligible to the Friday Night Club only those whose parents have been or are members of the club. In this way he will establish a Friday Night caste involving the hereditary element, but as he doesn't compel anybody to prove up the possession of a grandparent it cannot be said that his decree is ruthlessly prohibitive. The rule became imperative because of the clamoring for admission to the club of a horde of small fry climbers from the cheap boarding house contingent. Greenway, I hear, has been terribly harassed this season, and he has had to resort to heroic measures to keep up the tone of his club. That he has bravely succeeded there is not the slightest doubt. At the dance last week Ned danced so much that the more solicitous of his friends worried about him. They said it was folly for a man of his age and weight to be so kind to the debutantes. The presence of the two other dancing club leaders, Mrs. White and Mrs. Voorhies, caused a little covert merriment, it being understood that there is a feeling of rivalry between them, and it is said that Mrs. Voorhies was not at all pleased when Mrs. White started her club.

The Presidio Hop

Major Stephenson is keeping up his reputation as the Ned Greenway of the Presidio. The last Presidio hop was in honor of Marguerite Gros and was a very smart affair. Mary Marriner had her fiance, Ensign Bertholf, with her and he permitted himself to be shown off to her girl friends. Mrs. Shorb-White lent eclat to the occasion by her presence. She is a prime favorite with the army set. Her late husband was an army officer and her sister married Dr. Murtagh of the army.

Bachelors Shaking in Their Shoes

Since Tuesday, Horace Platt, James D. Phelan and Dr. Harry Tevis have been quaking in their boots, and threatening to betake themselves to monkeries. And why? Simply because "Billy" Sproule deserted bachelordom. Mr. Sproule and Horace Platt were the Damon and Pythias bachelors who were so wise and wary that no maid, widow or divorcee could hope to get more than a second glance from them. Sproule has always been noted for his epi-

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grams and he has a stock of them to fit matrimonial occasions. For instance, when Donald Y. Campbell was married, Sproule admonished him, "Be polite, but firm." Marie Baird Baldwin has eschewed society ever since the death of her husband, Barry Baldwin, whom she married when she was very young. It was thought that she had resolved to devote the remainder of her life to the care of her children. It was believed by some that she would never again take any sentimental interest in men.

A Strict Secret

So when the news of the issuance of the marriage license reached the friends of Mrs. Baldwin and Mr. Sproule they were incredulous. The rumor of the engagement spread through society and the bavardes tried in vain to verify it. Those to whom they went for information laughed at them. Reporters camped in the office of the Baird estate, on Mrs. Baldwin's doorstep, in the offices of the S. P. Company, and the ante-room of the Pacific-Union Club, but they were baffled until the last moment. The couple interested had agreed that the wedding should be quiet, and it was. Horace Platt labored under the delusion that he was going to an ordinary dejeuner when he was taken to the wedding. And all this privacy was to avoid a deluge of presents.

It is considered a very brilliant marriage; the bride is clever and *chic* and is possessed of considerable wealth with another fortune in prospect. She is of the slight, nervous type of beauty, with red hair and a fair skin, and reminds one of the portraits of some famous French court beauties. Mr. Sproule is considered the wittiest man in the Bohemian and Pacific-Union clubs, and is a high-salaried railroad man, recognized as one of the most expert freight traffic men in the country.

The Borels Gone Abroad

Alice Borel's engagement ring is very odd. It holds a locket with her own and her fiance's (Aylett Cotton) pictures as the contents. Sophie Borel sports a huge solitaire that makes the rings of the other engaged girls pale into insignificance. The Borels, by the way, have betaken themselves to their Swiss castle and will not return here, so they say, until next summer. M. and Madame Bovet are in the family party, and this is the former's first visit in many years to his old home.

The Joe Reddings

Mrs. Joe Redding is at the St. Dunstan with her daughter, Josephine, and Mr. Redding will join them when he returns from his business trip to New York. Mrs. Redding is very much the *grande dame,* and has all of the hauteur that distinguished her in the days when she was Myra Cowles. Miss Redding is rather like her father in manner. She is an attractive girl with the air we call "New York," but which is rather European in her case, as she has lived abroad a good deal. The Reddings will be identified with the smartest set, but Joe has a way of mingling ultra-Bohemia with the dull society people and harmonizing what would be discordant elements in less practiced hands. Perhaps it is his musical ability that aids him as a society harmonizer. The Redding brothers are of the "old families" of California, and their father, the late B. B. Redding, was prominently identified with the early history of our state.

NOT once in our expansion plans have we adequately estimated the growth of business that has come with the increased facilities. When the Waists and Petticoats were moved to the first floor we thought: "Surely now we will have enough room," but we were soon crowded again. We quickly acquired and fitted up the Annex, and now we have a Department, in elegance and equipment, not surpassed in any store. The stocks have been increased with the facilities and we can offer you exclusive assortments in high-grade Lingerie, Wool, Silk, or Lace Waists and Silk Petticoats. We know you will appreciate our efforts in this case as you have heretofore.

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Miss Jennie Blair,

One of the most active of the Doctor's Daughters, and the originator of most of their charitable plans. This is not Miss Blair's latest portrait, but it is the one her friends like the best.

"The Merchant of Venice"

The Doctor's Daughters hold the championship for successful and original entertainments to swell their exchequer. It was they who instituted the popular doll shows, and it was they who first gave a society amateur "Florodora" sextet to the stage. Their last success was a society circus, in which fearless riders showed what they could do in the ring. Next week the Doctor's Daughters will give their annual benefit entertainment, this time taking the form of an amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice," with Dick Hotaling as Shylock, and a cast of the cleverest amateurs in society. The sale of tickets already insures a crowded house when the play is given at the Majestic. Jimmie Phelan bought fifty tickets, and the boxholders, each having paid a hundred dollars for a box, are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Emery Winship, Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Mrs. Ella K. Hotaling, Thomas Williams, Thomas Magee, John D. Spreckels, Adolph Spreckels, John Breuner, Raphael Weill, John Martin and George Newhall.

No Reservations

There are to be two performances of "The Merchant of Venice," the first on the evening of December eighteenth and the second on the afternoon of the nineteenth. Tickets may now be purchased from any member of the society or at Sherman & Clay's, but there will be no reservations until the fourteenth of December. It is believed that many people from the interior will attend the matinee performance, at which there will be raffled a talking-machine and a doll's house.

Who the "Daughters" Are

Very few people seem able to retain in their memories the story of how the Doctor's Daughters got their name. It was in '88, at the suggestion of Dr. Robert Mackenzie, at that time pastor of the First Presbyterian church in Van Ness avenue, that the thirteen original members of the organization went in the minister's study to discuss their future plans and decide upon a suitable name. The outcome of that meeting was that the girls called themselves the Doctor's Daughters as a compliment to the reverend gentleman who fathered the society. Those thirteen original Daughters were Fannie Crocker (Mrs. Robert McCreary), Alice Owen, Sallie Stetson (Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow), Mrs. Louis Monteagle, Susanne McEwen, Ermentine Poole (Mrs. Louis Long), Minnie Horton (Mrs. Matthew Brown), Jessie Wright (Mrs. E. H. Horton), Miss Elliott, Nellie Stetson (Mrs. Robert Oxnard), Miss Stone, Frances Raymond (Mrs. Morgan), and the late Mrs. P. B. Horton, a sister of Miss McEwen. Later, Jennie Blair, Tessie Fair (Mrs. Oelrichs), and their friend, Gertrude Severance interested themselves in the little society of charitable workers. The present membership includes, besides most of the original workers, Mrs. D. E. Allison, Jennie Blair, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. Linda Bryan, Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle, Mrs. Matthew Brown, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. G. D. Cooper, Miss Persis Coleman, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. Charles Peters, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. Frank N. Griffin, Mrs. Marshall P. Hale, Mrs. I. N. Hibberd, Mrs. Harry M. Holbrook, Mrs. Philip A. Lansdale, Miss McMillan, Mrs. J. D. McKee, Mrs. D. T. Murphy, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Pollok, Mrs. Hor-

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A Busy Actress

Mrs. Mark Gerstle, I am told, feels like a lightning change artist at the Orpheum these days. In addition to her energetic social life she rushes from her Doctor's Daughters' rehearsal to the Spinners' rehearsal. The Spinners Club will next Tuesday afternoon produce a play by Margaret Cameron Lewis in the theatre in the de Youngs' house. Mrs. de Young and Helen are both Spinners, and Mrs. Lewis, the playwright, is also a member of the club.

She Was Wooed By a Siamese Prince

A very inconspicuous despatch on Tuesday chronicled the news that William Ellis Corey, president of the United States Steel Corporation, is to obtain a divorce from his wife for the purpose of wedding Mabelle Gilman, the Californian prima donna, who met with considerable success during the early years of her stage career. A few years ago she got some fine advertising out of the publication of love letters written to her by the Crown Prince of Siam. I took occasion to comment on her action in giving the letters out for publication, and then it was explained that they were stolen from her dressing-room by a press-agent, a very naughty thing for a press-agent to do. The Crown Prince of Siam is an educated young man, and from the tone of his letters it appeared that he was a very ardent wooer, and also a passionate odesmith, as he proved by the following, which I published at the time the letters came out:

"Shall I forget the hour when in thy eyes,
I read the great secret which written lies?
And when thy lips met mine in fond caress
I knew the long-lost joy of paradise."

She Is Jealously Guarded

During her stage career Miss Gilman has been chaperoned by her mother, and hence there was surprise among her friends when the story was published of the wooing of the slant-eyed heathen. I recall that a story once drifted this way of the experience of Mr. James D. Phelan when he called on the pretty Californian singer in London. It was said that Mrs. Gilman vouchsafed him permission to accompany her daughter to the theatre, taking occasion to remark: "I am going to let you accompany Mabelle in a carriage and *alone*. It will be the first time she was ever alone with a man." Which shows not only that the prima donna was most jealously guarded, but that Mr. Phelan is a bachelor whose reputation is such that a fond mother did not hesitate to repose absolute confidence in him. He might have abused that confidence by proposing marriage and bringing Miss Gilman's stage career to an untimely close, but he didn't. It remained, if we are to believe the press despatch, for another and older millionaire to lure the young woman from her vocation, and to install her, perhaps, in some marble mansion where there will be none to appreciate her vocal art save her aged husband and a staff of common servants. Let us hope that no such terrible fate awaits her. Who knows but that the same naughty press-agent who stole the love-letters of a Prince has been purloining those of the millionaire and jumping to a hasty conclusion! If so, Miss Gilman should discharge him, for it is not pleasant to be written up as engaged to a man who is already burdened with a wife.

A Mills' College Graduate

Mabelle Gilman graduated from Mills' College and when Augustin Daly was out here he heard her sing and was so pleased with her he had her come on to New York and gave her a chorus part in "The Geisha." Later he made her prima donna of "The Runaway Girl," but, as May Irwin had done before her at Daly's, she tried to improve upon the stage management and lost her job. Lederer then engaged her for the leading role in "The Rounders," and it was with Lederer's company that she went to London. Just as the steamer was on the point of sailing Miss Gilman put in a bid for a raise of salary which, of course, in the circumstances, had to be granted. Since "The Rounders," Miss Gilman has appeared in "The Hall of Fame," "The Mocking Bird," and other New York productions. She is uncommonly pretty and graceful, with an average voice, but on the stage she is not magnetic.

Engagement Announcement Expected

Concerning Miss Evelyn Aronson, President of the Jewish Women's Council, who is shortly going to Chicago to attend a national convention of delegates from the several councils of the organization, there is a pleasant rumor in circulation to the effect that she has awakened the sentimental interest of Professor Margolis, late of the University of California. Miss Aronson is a graduate of California, where she studied Semitic literature under Professor Margolis, who is now chief of the Hebrew Department of the Hebrew Theological Seminary of Cincinnati. It is believed that while Miss Aronson is in the East the announcement of her engagement will come West.

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Roosevelt's Coming Triumph

The appointment of Franklin K. Lane to the Interstate Commerce Commission, apparently with the consent of Senators Perkins and Flint, is of great significance, occurring as it did about the time that the Democrats of Congress began flocking to the standard of Theodore Roosevelt. In the history of American politics there is nothing more remarkable than the chapter written this week in Washington. It is a chapter that tells the story of the sudden response of the nation's statesmen to the voice of the people. It is a chapter dealing with the birth of an epoch, the epoch in which shall occur the denouement that must follow in logical sequence from the events that have been moving with tremendous energy during the gradual revelation of the iniquities of the long intrenched promoters of frenzied finance. For several months the statesmen and journalists of Europe have been looking forward to the heroic effort to be made by President Roosevelt to free this country from the sordid domination of United States Senators. They looked for a titanic struggle, and by many it was predicted that however successfully Mr. Roosevelt may manage the affairs of the world at large he was about to find before him in Washington a job that would prove a tax upon his prodigious capacity. Many predicted that he would fail, but now it looks as though he is to have a walkover. Senators of both parties who wrote letters last summer denouncing the President's policy are now acquiescing in his views. So discouraging was the situation last week to the followers of Foraker that they could not muster a quorum of the Interstate Commerce Committee. Then came the news that the Presidents of two great railroad systems—Mr. Mellen of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, and Mr. Cassatt of the Pennsylvania, had expressed a willingness to stand with the President even to the extent of agreeing to confer rate making powers on the Interstate Commerce Commission. And now, since the publication of his message, it is said he has receded from his position, that there is nothing radical in his suggestions and that he was expected to go further. It would be nearer the truth to say that the railroad Senators have receded from their position.

Lane's Good Fortune

It is clear that the leaders of the Republican party have read the handwriting on the wall; they have read it on every rock and tree and freight car since the political upheaval of November seventh, and so have many of our financial kings. In President Roosevelt they recognize not a foe, but a patriot, who, in a great crisis, scorns party lines, and whose policy is the only prophylactic against the hysteria which may arise in the event of the repudiation of his judgment. However, they should not be criticized for objecting to the appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission of Franklin K. Lane, a Bryan Democrat whom Mr. Roosevelt believes to be a patriot after his own heart. Some of us in California who know him more intimately than does the President have been impressed neither with his patriotism nor his ability, but perhaps we have been inclined to judge him mainly by his shortcomings. That is often the result of close association. It is in perspective that our statesmen appear to advantage, and so viewed Mr. Lane may assume impressive proportions. He has many friends in this state who will rejoice in his appointment, and mindful of his many unfortunate reverses, I cannot but feel a glow of satisfaction not only in his accession to high office, but in the proof that has been given of the esteem in which he is held by Theodore Roosevelt. At this writing (Wednesday morning) it is far from certain that his appointment will be confirmed, but it is to be hoped that he will win out.

Wheeler Was His Sponsor

The appointment of Lane, by the way, does not meet with the approval of Mr. Roosevelt's old college chum, Fairfax Wheelan, the gentleman in whose judgment, it was thought, the President reposed absolute confidence. Wheelan boosted William R. Wheeler for the job, but Lane had a more powerful pull, that of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, President of the University of California. Mr. Wheeler returned from Washington several days ago and he knew that Lane was to be appointed. He was Lane's chief sponsor, and the President usually gives ear to Wheeler.

His Powerful Pull

One thing must be said in behalf of young McNulty of Oakland, whose overcoat involved him in a nasty mess; he perfected the finest system for gagging newspapers that was ever known in this state. As soon as he became involved in the trouble growing out of his amatory assault he started the wheels of his system, and not a line in reference to the case appeared in a single Oakland or San Francisco paper. Every reporter in Oakland knew of the occurrence but the

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news was suppressed. The correspondents of the San Francisco newspapers knew all about the scandal but no hint to it did they send to the journals on this side of the bay. I am told that the pressure brought to bear on them was the strongest that was ever exerted in this state for any purpose. It was fraternal, political and social; it was for old friendship's sake, among other things, and it was based on charity, sympathy and numerous other sentiments. Every precaution was taken to prevent the news from reaching a linotype; or, rather, almost every precaution was taken. There's an obscure paper published somewhere on the outskirts of Alameda county into which a small item about the man and his overcoat found its way. As from little acorns tall oak trees grow, so from that brief paragraph sprung the big, sensational story that shrieked from the front page of the *Examiner* one pleasant morning. An eagle-eyed journalist who reads everything he can lay his hands on, from country newspapers to Walter Pater, was responsible for the quick evolution of the story. And great was the disturbance that followed in the offices of the *Call* and *Chronicle*. Those journals had been scooped by their contemporary and they demanded to know the reason why. They were not long in learning and immediately their Oakland correspondents were out of a job. The *Call's* correspondent was Paul Goldsmith who has been sending news over the bay ever since Oakland was large enough to be worthy of note. I believe the *Examiner's* correspondent has been called to this side of the bay, where reporters are not subjected to irresistible pressure.

He Scrambled the Eggs

In every volume in which an English nobleman figures there is usually a satire on his uselessness and general worthlessness, but future novelists may find new material in the Hon. Neill Primrose, Lord Rosebery's younger son, who has been visiting the McKinstrys. The Hon. Neill is a good-looking chap who went about everywhere and appeared to enjoy everything with the zest of a lad just out of school. His father will not visit America because of his aversion to reporters, but the Hon. Neill was delighted when a San Francisco newspaper man invited him to a supper party in his bachelor quarters. Several theatrical and artistic girls were invited and when the chafing-dishes were brought out they were asked to scramble the eggs. They sadly confessed the stunt was not in their line. Then stepped forward the supposedly useless son of a peer, though with a modesty that might have come from his name, and offered his services. He scrambled the eggs so that even Hermann Oelrichs would have approved the dish.

St. Dominic's Concert

A benefit concert is to be given at Golden Gate Hall on the evening of December fourteenth, under the auspices of the Sunday-school of St. Dominic's church. A fine program has been arranged for the occasion by Rev. F. S. Welch, O. P., of the Dominican Order. Among those who have volunteered for the occasion are Mr. Nathan Landsberger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Heggerty, Mrs. Theodore Bonnet, Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell, Mr. Alphonse Hirsch, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Knight, Mrs. Alice B. May Sexton, Miss Estelle Rouleau, Miss Blanche Rouleau and Donald Forbes. One of the features of this concert will be the first public appearance at the piano of Mrs. Charles J. Heggerty, who as an artist ranks among the top-notchers in local musical circles.

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Captain Burns's Birthday

"The Ancient Mariner would like you to join him in celebrating his eighteenth birthday on the evening of December twenty-fourth. The gang-way will be out at eight-thirty. Will splice the main-brace at ten-thirty." So read the invitations issued by Captain Burns for his birthday celebration at his home in Washington street on Christmas Eve. In one corner of the card is the "cherub that sits up aloft" with the date 1825, and in the other corner an old sailor with the date 1905. I believe the invitations were designed by Mrs. Louis Long, who is the Captain's step-daughter. Captain Burns is one of the few of the old guard sea-captains left. He can tell all manner of interesting stories about the early days here, when the visits of side-wheelers and clippers were the main topic of conversation on the water front. He belonged to a quartet of jolly fellows, including John Sanborn, George Bromley, and George Bird. Only the Captain's old friends have been invited to his birthday party, with the addition of some of the calling list of his wife and Mrs. Long.

Wedded a Princess

Hubert Vos, the Dutch artist who arrived in town this week, is better known in Honolulu than here. He was sent by his government some years ago on a tour of the west, including the Orient, to paint forty-five types of beauty for the Paris Exposition. In Honolulu he met the Princess Kaikulani and became her second husband. Her first husband, I believe, was "Jack" Graham of New York, well known in the inner circles of Gotham and Washington, D. C.

With the Artists

The exhibition of oils and water colors by Latimer and his pupils, in the Maple room of the Palace, is attracting a great many visitors. This exhibition is an annual affair, but this year the works shown are of a higher degree of excellence than usual. Latimer himself shows seven works, one a large oil, "The Bottom of the Canyon," and the others water-colors of Russian river and Mill Valley scenes. Some of the pupils show redwoods scenes also, but these are by no means the best of their showing. It generally happens that when a pupil paints the same scenes as those in which his master excels that slavish imitation is a characteristic. In the space at my disposal I can mention critically but a few of the pupils' sketches. Among the sketches—atmospheric studies, I might call them—which draw the eye with insistence are a "Hillside" by O. H. Hanson; a "Woodland Path," "Path in the Redwoods," and "River Bottom" by Ada Sattler; some exquisite studies of the Chain of Lakes, all cool and shaded greens, by Edith Whitefield; "Hazy Day on the Bay," "Along the Russian River" and "Dutch Windmill by the Cliff" by Alice V. Meyers; "Land's End" by Addie L. Hughes; "Madrone Trees" by Winnie Chamberlain; "Shasta" and "Hillside Avenue, Ben Lomond," by Mrs. Anne F. Dearborn; "On the Pacific Shore," by Mrs. R. V. Davise; "Chain of Lakes," by Mrs. Elizabeth Pennington West; "The Incoming Tide" and "Sunset at the Beach," two of the strongest sketches Norma L. Castle has yet done; a "Sand Dunes" by J. E. Wilson, and "As the Fog Lifts" and "October Marsh" by Eda St. John Smitten. Miss Smitten's work, by the way, is worth watching. There is more than promise in it.

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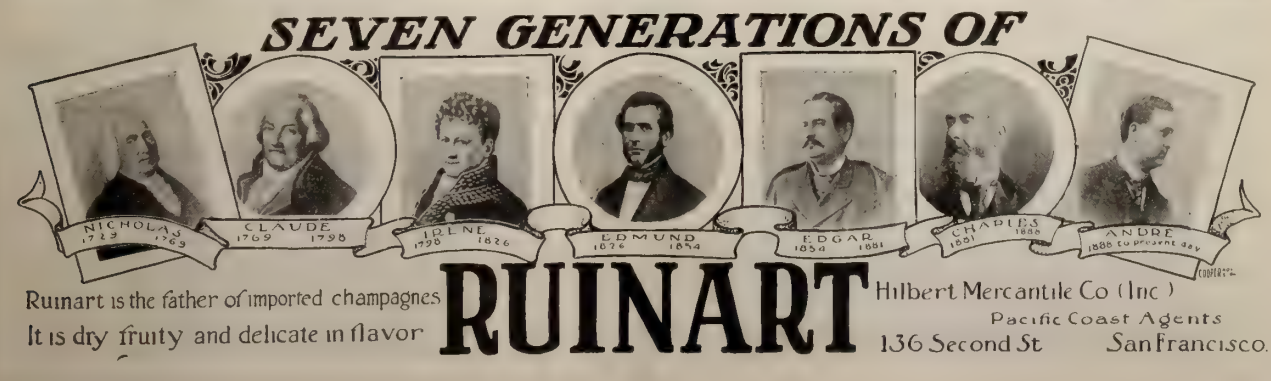
The revival of interest in early Japanese art gives a special significance to the exhibition and sale of classic Japanese prints of Dr. Orlof N. Orlow at the United Crafts and Arts, 147 Presidio avenue, from now until the first of the year. These rare prints, which comprise the best work of the old masters of Nippon, possess those delicate tone qualities and seities of composition that distinguish the early from the later school. Among the collection now offered to connoisseurs are types of the best Japanese art of all periods, collected by Dr. Orlof N. Orlow during his researches in the Far East. All who are interested in Oriental art and the comparison of different periods of its development in Japan are invited to take advantage of this opportunity to inspect the world-famous Orlow collection.

Miss Frederick Is Sick

The Tivoli's new prima donna, Helena Frederick, has been very unfortunate ever since her arrival. She caught cold just before the opening night of her engagement, and she was obliged to retire and go under the care of a throat specialist. She will join the company again for the Christmas attraction.

"The Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoo," that brotherhood of lumbermen who made things lively last summer when they passed through San Francisco on their return from the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, has adopted a practical idea which might as well serve as an inspiration to other organizations. Every member is asked to plant at least one tree each year, not only as an offset to the natural depletion of the timber in connection with the occupation of the lumbermen, but as an educational example and for moral effect. It is not necessary, or even, for that matter, advisable, for every member of every association to engage in tree planting, but if fraternal organizations were identified with some purpose, in a public way, other than that of indulging in monkey shines and adding heft to a political canvass, no harm would result.



A Week of Engagements

The announcement of the engagements of Elizabeth Huntington, Elizabeth Allen and Margaret Wilson did not wholly surprise their little circle. The three girls became suspiciously quiet before the season had well begun, and when a society girl sends her regrets to all the dancing clubs, to say nothing of the frequent teas, luncheons and other functions, her wideawake friends at once suspect that there is something doing. The Allen girls have always been conspicuous at the more exclusive affairs and their sudden retirement from the whirl caused no little comment. Margaret Wilson, who is a close friend of Miss Allen and Miss Huntington, has been out two seasons and is a charming and sensible girl. She comes of what the word-painters of the social columns call "our best families," being a granddaughter of the late General Burnett and a daughter of Major Wilson of the army. Grace Llewellyn Jones is her cousin. "Beth" Allen is a niece of Colonel and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Kirkpatrick being sisters.

A Carefully Reared Heiress

Fully two seasons ago Miss Huntington's engagement with Brockway Metcalf was rumored, and I hinted a few weeks ago that it was on the point of announcement. Mr. Metcalf was at one time quite attentive to Susie Blanding, but theirs was a merely platonic affair. It seems but natural that Mr. Metcalf should wed Miss Huntington for he has been a friend of the family for years. He is a beau who had been given up as hopeless by managing mammas, by whom he was regarded as an "eligible" in spite of his slim fortune. Elizabeth Huntington has been carefully reared and has not been restricted in her social life to the narrow circles of the anointed. Mrs. Huntington is rich enough to like whom she pleases, and she does. She is fond of the literary and artistic sets, not the culturined but the real thing, and is one of the few society mothers who will not permit their daughters to attend the Greenway dances.

The Huntingtons have all married according to the dictates of their hearts and none of them has sought a rich alliance. Both Howard and Elizabeth went to Berkeley for their mates, and hereafter it is expected that those desirous of annexing multimillionaire life-partners will move over to the college town.

Society at Dinner

Society has taken very kindly to the Sunday night Table d'Hote which has long been fashionable in New York. There was a fine sprinkling of society people at the St. Francis, last Sunday night, on the occasion of the gastronomic innovation, and the feast of color afforded by the sartorial display was as refreshing as the other feast served by the hotel management. I saw at some of the tables Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil M. Bogue, Mr. W. E. Osborne, Mr. T. A. Pettis, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ehrman, Mr. and Mrs. L. Michels and Mr. and Mrs. Trageser.

Mrs. Joe Crockett is visiting Mrs. Will Tevis at the Tevis ranch near Bakersfield.

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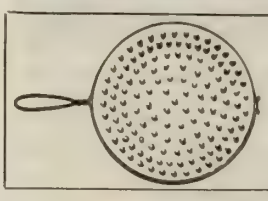

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The Stork

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anthony are congratulating them on the arrival of a daughter. Mrs. Anthony was Miss Mary Casey, daughter of Hugh Casey, the Sacramento banker. I hear that she is planning to give a reception at her home, 2121 Devisadero, in the near future.

Margaret Barry Will Read

Margaret Barry, an Oakland girl, who has the distinction of being the only interpreter of the classics to appear at Princeton, Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Smith, and all of the great educational institutions of the country, beside having been president of Kee Mar College for women, at Hagerstown, Maryland, will present Maurice Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," at Lyric hall on Monday night, December 11th, and Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" at the same hall, Wednesday afternoon, December 13th.

The Financial Field

The week's business shows a tolerably fair volume of Bond transactions. Trading in Shares shows a marked decline. Dealings in Bonds aggregate $389,000, in Shares, 3936, divided as follows: 1560 Lighting, 1121 Water, 615 Miscellaneous, 130 Banks, and 510 Sugars. Business was devoid of interest and fluctuations insignificant. United Railroad bonds showed weakness, declining to 87 1-4, presumably on the attacks made by the press. The absentee landlord, the overcrowding of the cars and the determination of the company to adhere to the overhead system were dished up in order. The stock of the Associated Oil Company was listed during the week but no transactions have been made thus far. Sugar stocks failed to attract any attention and trading in them was unusually light. The plantations have commenced grinding and another good season is confidently looked for. —*The Financier.*

Christmas Sunset

It is pleasant to report that one of the best of the Christmas magazines is *Sunset,* a Californian production. Its artistic and literary features are not excelled by any of the publications that have come from the East. John H. Williams has written a very interesting article for this number on the "Treasures of the Bancroft Library." He says that this library, which has become the property of the state, contains the most valuable collection in the world of manuscripts, maps, books and newspapers relating to Western America. He predicts that a century hence it will be recognized as the greatest achievement in American bibliography and as the greatest contribution ever made by one man (Hubert Howe Bancroft) to the cause of history. Among the other contributors to *Sunset* are Charles Warren Stoddard, Mabel Craft Deering, Ednah Aiken, Cyrus Townsend Brady, and Charles K. Field.

Spend the Christmas holidays at Hotel del Monte. Four days, $18.00.

Enjoy the glass-bottom boats, hot salt water swimming, riding, driving, tennis, and golf on the finest course in California. Special round trip tickets, good leaving San Francisco any train from Friday, December 22d, returning by any train Tuesday, Dec. 26th. Or for the New Year holiday, leave San Francisco by any train from Friday, Dec. 29th, returning by any train Tuesday, Jan. 2d. ROUND TRIP RATE for either of these holiday outings, including FOUR DAYS' accommodations at DEL MONTE, only $18.00. Through train, with parlor car, leaves Third and Townsend streets daily at 3 o'clock; returning leaves Del Monte at 8:30 a. m. For further details, apply Information Bureau, Southern Pacific, 613 Market St., San Francisco, or address GEO. P. SNELL, manager, Hotel del Monte, Del Monte, California.

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The Stage

Ade's Great Comedy

George Ade's "College Widow" is such fine comedy that it moves one to regret its hopelessly ephemeral character. George Ade is a contemporary dramatist in more than one sense; he deals with contemporary themes that in the course of a few years will pass beyond the comprehension of theatregoers. This is unfortunate. Mr. Ade's works of art are as worthy of preservation for posterity as those of other great geniuses. This is a sentiment that will probably provoke the contemptuous smiles of the intellectuals who worship the classics, and who regard George Ade as merely a vulgar creator of slang. Having seen "The County Chairman" and "The College Widow" I have come to regard him as something more than a fun-maker for the *polloi*. "The College Widow" reveals faithful observation of life, truthful analysis of character, and some of the other qualities that may distinguish a playwright. The play is a clever satire on college education, but the motif unfortunately is of current and evanescent interest. The play is a scenic transcript of life on the campus, but it deals with the present football craze, which is a transitory phenomenon and which has reached its apogee. Already the reaction has set in. College presidents have begun to revolt against the apotheosis of muscle and are demanding greater reverence for scholastics. A few years more and perhaps we shall have forgotten that the half-back was king, that pig-skin was more precious than parchment, that for a time the lamp of knowledge had lost its significance and that the football symbolized higher education. But meanwhile we can enjoy "The College Widow" and permit our risibles to be dissolved in tears in the full enjoyment of the excruciating satire which is the essence of Ade's delightful comedy. This play is not the work of a mushroom dramatist. I read somewhere that, before attempting to write his first play, George Ade devoted himself sedulously to the study of the dramatic art, that he familiarized himself with works on the technique of the drama, and read the early British playwrights and French classics religiously. The effect of his labor is to be seen in the little comedy at the Columbia, for it is in strict accordance with the best canons of the author's art. His ingenuity of plot is the reverse of striking; his craftsmanship is not particularly neat, but he trifles not with the principles of the drama, and he makes it clear that he knows the ways of the campus, and out of the knowledge he has contrived a novel and altogether charming ambiency for his characters. The play owes its interest and entrancement to its fine familiarity with the every day life of the modern college. The stage presents a series of impressionistic sketches of students, of professors and of others who contribute to the social life of the up-to-date academic grove. It shows us the old-fashioned president of the obscure denominational college, who feebly protests against subordinating brains to brawn. It puts before us the evolution of the yokel who is whipped into shape by his fellow students. It introduces to us the town constable who flatters himself that he can put a stop-cock on the exuberance of youth. Incidentally Mr. Ade shows us that he can limn and color a girl athlete that men will travel far to see. It is as a creator of types that Mr. Ade is most successful, and "The College Widow" abounds in them, and each contributes something, if not to the development of the plot, to the density of the atmosphere or the pointing of the satire. And with that same skill with which he worked up the element of suspense in "The Coun-

SCENE FROM "THE SECRET OF POLICHINELLE" AT THE ALCAZAR

ty Chairman," which had its climax in the election returns, he leads us through the feverish moments of the great contest on the gridiron, playing so successfully on our emotions that we become partisans of Atwater and almost shout with joy when Bolton snatches victory from defeat. It is a great play and it is well played though no member of the company wins distinction. Dorothy Tennant, as the winsome widow, looks the part and misses none of the significance of the role. Adeline Dunlap impersonates the athletic girl like one of the most strenuous of her sex. She looks hard as nails and fit for a scrimmage. Frederick Truesdell, who plays Billy Bolton, the half-back, appears to have some difficulty in overcoming the same physical conditions that made Mansfield an anachronism in "Old Heidelberg." He has none of the buoyancy of Laurence Wheat who plays "Stub" Talmadge as though he had been trained to the minute. Perhaps the most amusing characterization in the piece is that of Flora Wiggins, the saucy waitress impersonated by Katherine Nugent with the aid of a bang and some chewing gum. Miss Nugent has some of Ade's sense of humor. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Mansfield and His Cheap Players

Having been taken to task for hypercriticism in my discussion of the methods of Richard Mansfield, it pleases me to call attention to an editorial in the New York *Press* apropos the false report that the actor had discharged several members of his company who had aroused his jealousy in Denver. I cite the editorial with pleasure because it appeared in a New York paper and makes it evident that it was not presumptuous for a critic of the Far West to find fault with the quality of Mr. Mansfield's support, since it is well known in the metropolis that he never employs competent talent. The *Press* says that it must have been a great shock to Mr. Mansfield to discover "that there was an actress with possibly an actor in his company, who could act." We are told by this metropolitan journal that such a thing had never happened before "and had always been guarded against with much watchfulness." Furthermore it is stated that the great man cannot suffer a competent company with him. If the actors in spite of themselves show improvement, sheerly through association with genius, they must go. It is recognized as the most sacred of Mansfield's eccentricities, the right to suppress all talent but his own. He is always considerate of his audiences and does not mean to give any one an apoplectic fit by engaging a band of really first-class players. Mr. Mansfield took occasion while in this city to pose as something of a martyr and explained that he is frequently the victim of misrepresentation. I have no doubt that many stories told of him in the newspapers are as far from the truth as the one that was wired from Denver about the extraordinary talent in his company; neither have I any doubt that most of the fake stories are paid for by him, being the work of his press-agent. Mr. Mansfield is more of a mountebank than a martyr, and more of an artist, perhaps, than either, but his love of himself is greater than his love of his art. Newspaper men and members of the theatrical profession who know Mr. Mansfield, not from what they have read of him but from actual experience, are not inclined, like the tuft-hunters of Bohemia, to commiserate him on the injustice that has been done him either by critics or reporters. No criticism is just criticism that does not censure him for accentuating the mischief of the star system by employing mediocrities for the principal roles in the plays of his repertoire. So far as art is concerned this is an age of low standards and small performances, and it is the duty of the critic to demand their elevation and improvement. If the idols which the enthusiastic acclaim are clay it is best to point out the truth, and the critic who does that should be encouraged. *Theodore Bonnet.*

FREDERICK TRUESDELL
as Billy Bolton in "The College Widow" at the Columbia

A Moral French Comedy

While in Paris last spring George Osbourne saw at the Gymnase the original French version of "The Secret of Polichinelle" and fell in love with the charming role of Grandfather Jouvenal. He was amazed and delighted when informed that this play was selected for his Alcazar return next week, the management having no idea of his preference but choosing it merely because of his peculiar fitness for the part. This play was considered the most moral comedy ever seen on the boulevards and the French Academy is about to award it the prize of virtue. The pivot upon which the plot of "The Secret of Polichinelle"

swings is a peculiar French law making illegal a man's marriage, without the consent of both parents, until he reaches the age of twenty-five. This law cannot be evaded by marriage in another country.

Our Love of Claptrap

It is a significant commentary on the artistic taste of this community that the receipts for the "Jekyll and Hyde" performance exceeded those of any other night of the Mansfield engagement, by about three hundred dollars. Thus do we vindicate that fine critical judgment which would aid us to discriminate intelligently in the selection of a stage director of the proposed National Theatre if we were permitted to do so as urged by Mr. Mansfield.

Miss Evelyn Can Fence

"The Sword of the King" was written for a lady star, Henrietta Crosman; therefore the star part, that of Philippa Drayton, makes all the others shrink in importance. It gives Miss Evelyn a chance to show how well she can do a romantic role and it fits her as well as the tights she wears during one act. Miss Evelyn can fence as gracefully as Olive Oliver or White Whittlesey and the manliness of her carriage when she appears in masculine attire reminds one forcibly of Jessie Bartlett Davis as Alan a-Dale. Waldron as Royston, Byers as Sir Michael, Homans as William of Orange, Maher as de Rondiniacque, Glendenning as Christopher Kidd, Miss Belgarde as Lady Mary and Miss Kirwin as Prudence make their roles of interest. The play is delightfully romantic and the scenery is something to wonder at, for the scenic artist has outdone himself at the Alcazar this week.

Next Week's Bills

"The College Widow" begins its second week on Sunday night at the Columbia. Crane in "An American Lord" comes next, opening on Christmas night.

"The Secret of Polichinelle" will be the Alcazar's attraction. The play's motif is given elsewhere. This comedy is still running at the Gymnase, Paris, and has proved a great success in Germany, Spain and Italy. "Brown's in Town" comes next.

Next week will positively be the last of "Rob Roy" at the Tivoli. Great preparations are being made for the holiday attraction, which will be the New York Casino operatic extravaganza, "Orpheus in Hades," which promises unusual spectacular effects.

John T. Thorne and Grace Carleton, "The American Jesters," headline the Orpheum bill. Others who are new are Raymond Findlay and Lottie Burke in "Stageland Satire," Paulo and Marlow in "A French Frappe," the Bellclaire brothers in feats of strength and skill.

A splendid production of "The Resurrection," the play dramatized from Tolstoi's famous novel, will be given at the Alhambra with Mayall and Shumer in the roles in

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Coming—Alice Nielsen

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Reappears after a year's absence.
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which they appeared in the original Central production. This was one of the most important productions ever given at the Central and on the Alhambra stage should be twice as effective.

"Princess Fan Tan," Bothwell Browne's musical extravaganza, will be revived at the Chutes, beginning Sunday matinee, with Eunice Gilman in the title role and the usual bunch of clever specialties in song and dance.

Mario and George Majeroni, who are recent additions to the Nance O'Neil company, are grand nephews of the famous Ristori. Their parents were celebrated on the Italian and English dramatic stage.

Sauret's Return

Next Tuesday night Emile Sauret will make his reappearance in this city after an absence of twenty-five years. He is now in the prime of life and one of the most remarkable violinists the world has ever known. Associated with him on this tour is Arthur Speed, a young English pianist of reputation. At the opening concert the two artists will play the beautiful Schumann D minor sonata, Sauret's solo numbers will be the concerto in F sharp minor, by Ernst, Max Bruch's Romanze, the Saint-Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso and a Scherzino of his own composition. At the Thursday concert two great ensemble works will be played, Rubinstein's Sonata in A minor and a Suite by Gottlieb-Noren, never before heard in this city. Sauret will give the Saint-Saens' Concerto and a work of his own. At the Saturday matinee the two great attractions will be Beethoven's Sonata in C minor and the Dvorak Concerto. By special request M. Sauret has consented to play the Ernst Hungarian Airs. The concerts will be given at Lyric hall and seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s, the prices ranging from 75 to $1.50, including reserved seat.

President Ben Ide Wheeler is to lecture on the "Home Life and Environment of the Ancient Greeks," with special reference to their art, at the Hopkins on Friday evening of this week.

Alice Nielsen will appear with her own opera company at the Tivoli, Tuesday evening, December 26th, and Sunday matinee, December 31st, in "Don Pasquale."

Mark Twain made his own dramatization of "The Prince and the Pauper," soon to be done at the Alcazar, and it was revised by the adroit dramatist, Abby Sage Richardson. Elsie Leslie played the dual role in the original production.

Modjeska and Louis James will each have a week at the Columbia in January.

Olga Nethersole is to come to San Francisco early next year. It will be the first visit of the English actress. Her engagement will cover a month and she will appear in four or five plays.

At Swain's

The Dutch dining-room at Swain's has become one of the most popular places for society to give its luncheons and dinners. Forty-four are easily accommodated, and the service and table appointments are all that could be desired by the most fastidious.

Remember Christmas is coming—with crowded stores and busy salespeople. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

GRACE CARLETON
Who Will Appear With John T. Thorne at the Orpheum Next Week

The novelties on the Orpheum bill this week are Salerno, who does all sorts of clever things in the way of juggling champagne bottles, cigars and glasses; the Hengler sisters, whose singing and dancing turn is the essence of refinement; Charley Case, the favorite monologist, and the Pekin Zouaves.

At the Alhambra

The Central's patrons are evidently well satisfied with the change to the Alhambra, and have been crowding the theatre ever since it was opened under the new management. "After Midnight," this week's bill, is a genuine melodrama and is full of startling scenes and sensational happenings.

At the Tivoli

"Rob Roy," though one can scarcely term it a novelty, is still a good drawing card. It is *almost* equal to "Robin Hood" and "The Serenade" in point of melody, the costumes are picturesque and the scenery equally so. Barron Berthald, the returned tenor, was warmly welcomed, and Gertrude Zimmer, the newcomer, made a very favorable impression. Cora Tracy introduces "Oh Promise Me" and as usual the De Kovan love song wins more than one encore. Kunkel is a quaint and clever comedian, and Cunningham is as big a favorite as ever. "Rob Roy" can easily enjoy a little run.

A Famous Quartet of Beauties

Pauline Markham, who is said to be dying in the East, came to this country in 1868 with Lydia Thompson, Ada Harland and Liza Weber. Pauline was a very beautiful woman then and played Venus to Miss Thompson's Ixion in the Burnand burlesque "Ixion." Grace Logan and Sol Smith Russell were also in the cast of the burlesque which was produced at Wood's Museum, now Daly's theatre. The beautiful girls, who introduced fleshings to the American stage, were called the British Blondes, though they were not all blondes by any means. I have met a few old-timers who remember having seen Pauline Markham and Lydia Thompson in the zenith of their stage successes. They produced all sorts of burlesques and spectacular pieces. Lydia Thompson married her manager, Alexander Henderson, and Ada Harland became the wife of Brander Matthews, the author and critic.

Nance O'Neil's Engagement

Nance O'Neil will make her reappearance in this city, after three years' absence, at the Grand Opera House next Monday night. The program for the first week of her season will be "The Fires of St. John," a drama by Sudermann, the author of "Magda," which has created a furore wherever it has been presented, and in which Miss O'Neil achieved one of the greatest successes of her career. In Australia, from which Miss O'Neil has just returned after a triumphant tour, the audiences went fairly wild over her performance of the heroine, Marie, and the press pronounced her the greatest English-speaking actress of the day. "The Fires of St. John" will be most picturesquely staged, and will be performed by what I am told is an exceptionally strong company. Among the people in the cast are McKee Rankin, Andrew Robson, John Glendenning, George Friend, Clara Thompson, Jane Marbury, Ricca Allen and Peg Bloodgood. Tomorrow (Sunday) matinee and night only, Estha Williams and James M. Brophy will appear in the drama, "At the Old Cross Roads." —*The Playgoer.*

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Automobile Topics

Bald Still Holds Record

For the three years past, a leading event of the fall has been the effort to lower the Chicago-New York road record. Several trials have been made for it this year, but without success. Only last week a party of Windy City motorists in a powerful foreign car set out to smash the existing mark, but rain and muddy roads forced them to abandon the attempt for the time being. Holcomb, Duffie and Eddie Bald, the present holders of the record, made in September last year with "Old Betsy," a 35-horse-power Columbia, state that they will not go after it unless some other team should lower their time of 58 hours and 35 minutes between the two cities.

Dr. W. A. Clark.

Of San Leandro, in his Autocar at New Inspiration Point, on his recent record-breaking trip to the Yosemite Valley. Here one obtains the first general view of the valley where it bursts upon you as you swing around the bend. Bridal Falls are to the right and the Domes in the distance. From this point one can see the floor of the valley laid out like a carpet with the Merced river stretched its length like a bridal ribbon.

Autos At Del Monte

An automobile party enjoying an outing at Hotel Del Monte consists of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Jr., of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Starr, Miss Marion Goodfellow, and Stanley Moore, of Oakland; W. H. Cole and daughter and Miss E. R. Mavis, of Duluth, Minn., arrived in their auto. Another automobile party spending a few days at Del Monte consists of Mrs. Sophia Alther, Mrs. E. Murray, Mrs. M. Lallibird, Harry Rhodes, and A. J. Hechtman, of San Francisco.

A Miner's Trip

W. E. Hendry, manager of the Esperanza mine of Mexico, arrived in San Francisco Saturday, having driven up the coast from Los Angeles in a White steamer. He reports the roads in very poor condition and says he is greatly surprised that his car came through without any trouble, for he had not believed an automobile capable of successfully negotiating a trip which was accompanied by as many hardships as the one just ended. Mr. Hendry toured about considerably on the run to this city, stopping

Olds
—4—
Cylinder

Mr. Chapin, of the Olds Motor Works writes Manager Brinegar as follows:

Replying to your telegram of the 20th, we wired you "Are due to get you sample shipment two-cycle about December 26th". These cars are being rushed through with as much expedition as possible, but we cannot tell as much about delivery on these cars as on the four-cylinder. Your four-cylinder should be ready to go from here about the 10th to 15th of December.

I wish that you could have been on here for the convention and seen the enthusiasm of the agents on the cars. The four-cylinder car runs like a dream and a mighty pleasant dream at that. It is exceedingly quiet, very powerful and a beautiful creation. I have never waxed quite so enthusiastic over any Oldsmobile as over this line, and "we are certainly going to show" every other builder of light four-cylinder cars this next spring.

The two-cycle car is out and running and one of them pulled 26 H.-P. on the testing stand yesterday. It is really a shame to sell this car for the money, and the demand for it is going to be somewhat enormous. If you ever make any money out of the Oldsmobile line, the season of 1906 should be that time, and I hope you are prepared for the most aggressive campaign you have ever opened up. You sold a bunch of goods for us last year, and shall certainly endeavor to get your sample two-cylinder car out among the very first. None of them have been delivered yet, but you will be down on the first row when it comes to shipments, and I think the latter part of December will see the goods going out. Yours very truly,

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over a day at Santa Barbara, and various other towns and several days in Monterey.

Will Tour Our State

H. K. Gilbert, a motor car owner of Chicago, is in San Francisco. Mr. Gilbert came West to spend several months touring California in his four-cylinder Autocar, which he shipped out her ahead. The visitor has already commenced his sight-seeing and has visited San Jose and Santa Cruz, having made two trips down to the Garden City, one by way of San Mateo, and again on the other side of the bay, where he found by far the better roads.

Autos On the Way

Photographs of the new two-cycle twenty-horse-power Oldsmobile runabout are now on exhibition at the Pioneer Automobile Company's store. From reports of different persons who have visited the Oldsmobile factory this two-cycle Oldsmobile will be the sensation of the season in the small car class. Samples of this machine will arrive here about the twentieth of December.

The new White runabout will arrive in San Francisco the early part of this week.

W. F. Hunt, vice-president of the Pioneer Automobile Company, who is now in the East looking over the automobile situation, writes that the Winton model A is finished and is fully equal to most of the higher priced cars he has seen.

Round And About

J. H. Heffman, of Bullfrog, Nevada, last week purchased a model K Winton touring car from the Pioneer Automobile Company.

Howard E. Huntington's 1906 White steam touring car, finished in a beautiful maroon and black with maroon upholstering, which he ordered in New York recently, has been delivered to him in Los Angeles.

Charles C. Moore and family made a trip around the bay last Sunday in Mr. Moore's model B Winton.

William Letts Oliver is one of the most enthusiastic automobilists in Oakland. For several seasons he has owned White steam machines, each year purchasing a car of the latest design, and last week he received delivery of his 1906 side-entrance White.

Mrs. Louis Roenitz, of Chicago, promoter of the Women's Automobile Club which was formed some time ago among the society women of the Windy City who drive their own cars, has had a new White car built for her which has the speed of that company's famous racer. Mr. and Mrs. Roenitz left on Monday last week for a six weeks' tour of the northern states in the car.

—*The Chauffeur.*

Among the prominent arrivals at Byron Hot Springs the past week were: Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Henley, Miss Henley accompanied by Miss Ricks, Dr. H. Ohrwald and Dr. A. O. Lindstrom of San Francisco, Dr. St. D. C. Walters and Mrs. E. F. Bishop of Honolulu.

One That Will Hold It

"I am selling," said the polite individual at the door, "an automatic attachment for pianos."

"Don't want it," said the lady. "There's a legal one on it now that will hold it for awhile!"

—*The Butler.*

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On the Mary Ann

BY G. M. LEONARD.

"I see there is only one thing for you to do, Reginald; or, perhaps, I should say there is only one thing that you can do with credit to yourself and family."

"And what is that, mother?" Reginald Fairfax asked in a languid tone, looking up from the latest copy of the *Rialto Magazine,* from the pages of which beamed the property smiles of numerous types of voluptuous chorus girls.

"The bestowal of thy hand on some young woman worthy of the honor of entering the family of the Fairfaxes of Virginia."

Reginald threw aside the magazine and sat up to take notice.

"Has it become as desperate as that?" he asked.

"I can think of nothing else to suggest," said Mrs. Fairfax. "You know, Reginald, that before your father died he lost nearly everything but his Southern blood; now we can hardly sustain our position in society unless I take to giving subscription dances for the climbers of San Francisco's new rich, a business that has been almost worked to death by the best blood of Kentucky."

"Then the situation is desperate," said Reginald, "but isn't there some profession that I can enter?"

"Is there any that you haven't tried?" asked Mrs. Fairfax.

Reginald was silent.

"Your father's fondest hope was to see you enter Annapolis and keep alive family tradition, but in a competitive examination you were badly beaten. Then you decided to be a soldier, but failed to get into West Point owing to the severity of the physical examination. Next you tried the law, but the Supreme Court rejected you. The medical profession you couldn't enter because you haven't the nerve to dissect the dead. Nothing remains but matrimony."

Reginald sighed effeminately.

"There are several girls with money in our set," resumed Mrs. Fairfax.

"Mother! do you wish me to sell myself?"

"Do not put it so harshly, my son. I wish you to enter into a matrimonial partnership. You can supply your share of the capital in blood."

"That means I must wed a girl with nothing but money," he moaned.

"If that be her only defect," said Mrs. Fairfax solemnly, "you will have no reason to complain."

"Well," said Reginald, resignedly, "whom do you suggest?"

"Your father's ward, Nancy Martin."

"But——"

"She's just the girl—if you can win her," said Mrs. Fairfax. "She's getting into the bachelor girl class, and I feel it my duty as the life long friend of her mother to reclaim her, so with all her wealth you may feel that by wedding her you are entitled to some gratitude."

"That's a nice way to put it, mother, but our tastes are so different. She doesn't care for music or poetry. She goes in for tennis, riding, scorching in motors and doing all sorts of things to develop her muscle. Mother, she's more manly than——"

"Than some men we know," interrupted Mrs. Fairfax.

"I'm afraid she would think I wasn't of congenial temperament."

"Leave that to me, Reggie. With all her strenuous ways she is full of sentiment, and I've told her that it was

The Cecil

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the fondest wish of her dear old mother that she should marry my son."

* * * * *

Among other things, yachting was a favorite pastime of Nancy Martin, and when, a few days after the foregoing conversation, Mrs. Fairfax began pressing her son's suit, Nancy said that she would be pleased to meet him the following morning on her yacht, as she purposed taking a run down the coast. She added that she had not seen Reginald in several years and was curious to know if he had changed in temperament.

Mrs. Fairfax accepted the invitation for the yachting trip, and at the appointed hour mother and son made their appearance at the club-house in Sausalito, near which the *Mary Ann* was anchored. Nancy Martin met them, introduced them to her skipper, a tall, lank Swede with whom they entered the small boat to be rowed to the yacht. Just as they boarded the *Mary Ann* it occurred to Reginald Fairfax that it was the first time in his life he had set foot on a yacht. He experienced a strange sensation as soon as he entered the cockpit. He reassured himself that it would pass off, but it didn't. The yacht was riding gracefully at anchor and there was very little swell on the bay, but Reginald was quite convinced that he was getting pale.

"Do you like yachting?" asked Miss Martin, addressing Reginald.

"I used to like it very much some years ago," he replied, "but I haven't been on a yacht for a long time. Isn't the bay a little rough today?"

"I've seldom seen it as smooth as it is today," said Miss Martin.

An hour later the *Mary Ann* was skimming through the Golden Gate with a spanking breeze behind, and Reginald felt more comfortable than when she was riding at anchor. Just as they passed Fort Point the wind commenced to whistle shrilly through the rigging. Suddenly the yacht gave a lurch and Reginald almost fell down the companion-way. When he recovered his equilibrium he felt somewhat dizzy. The spray coming over the sides drove Mrs. Fairfax into the cabin, much to the amusement of Nancy Martin at the wheel with her skipper by her side. Her face was all aglow and she asked Reginald if it wasn't just delightful. He stammered affirmatively, but looked awe-struck as he noticed that the sea was rising higher and higher, and that the wind was blowing, in his opinion, a hurricane. The curling waves flung themselves with wild fury at the graceful, white-winged beauty till she fairly pranced in ecstacy.

Reginald had become quite nervous. Presently he dropped into the cabin and into a heap on a couch, just as the *Mary Ann* took a flying leap and then seemed to burrow her nose into the depths of the ocean. By this time Mrs. Fairfax was in a state-room going through an audible contortion act.

Miss Martin came down to see why her guests were not availing themselves of the bracing, exhilarating air.

She found Reginald in a state of collapse with a greenish tinge in his complexion.

"Are you sick, Mr. Fairfax?" she asked in a tone of deep solicitude.

With a great effort he pulled himself together. "I'm afraid I don't like yachting any more," he said. "Are we going back to port?"

"No," she said. "We are going straight out to sea."

Reginald gasped. "Must we go farther from land to get out of the storm?" he asked.

Nancy Martin smiled inwardly. For the first time

(Continued on Page 40)

THE CHRISTMAS COVER

The most appropriate and inexpensive present you could make as a Christmas gift to any of your Eastern friends would be a year's subscription to SUNSET—the California Magazine

Ask us to send you one of our Christmas subscripton cards and mail it to the person for whom you subscribe

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Good Old Stories

By the Club Story-Teller.

My recent resurrected stories were so well received that I shall continue drawing upon the storehouse of my memory until it shows signs of paresis. My third tale deals with a well-known man in his college days, and I will call it

THE PLACE WAS SOFT.

"Ah, I have an impression," exclaimed Dr. McCosh, president of Princeton University, at the period when various later distinguished men attended it. "Now," he continued to the mental philosophy class, touching his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What, no one knows? No one can define impression?"

He looked up and down the class.

"Mr Arthur, can't you tell me what an impression is?"

"It's a dent in a soft place," blurted out Arthur.

The doctor hastily removed his forefinger from his brow.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "the class is excused for the day."

A DUMAS STORY.

Dumas, the elder, loved to laugh at the expense of English stiffness. One of his stories was this:

"One day Victor Hugo and I were invited to dine with the Duke of Decazes. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Palmerston—of course this happened before the February revolution. At midnight tea was handed around. Victor Hugo and I were sitting side by side, chatting merrily. Lord and Lady Palmerston had arrived very late, and there had consequently been no opportunity to introduce us before dinner; after dinner it seems it was forgotten. English custom, consequently, did not allow us to be addressed by the illustrious couple. All at once young Decazes comes up to us and says: 'My dear Dumas, Lord Palmerston begs you will leave a chair free between you and Victor Hugo.' I hastened to do as he wished. We moved away from each other, and placed a chair between us. Thereupon enters Lord Palmerston, holding the hand of his wife, leads her up to us, and invites her to sit down on the empty chair—this without saying a word. 'My lady,' he said to his wife, 'what time have you?' She looked at her watch, and answered: 'Thirty-five past twelve.' 'Well, then,' said the great minister, 'remember well, that this day, at thirty-five minutes past twelve, you were sitting between Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo, an honor which you probably never will enjoy again in your lifetime.' Then he offered his arm again to his wife, and took her back to her seat without saying a word to us—because we had not been presented!"

On Smoking

"A coquette is for the trivial moments of life; a cigar for its fulfillments, its pleasant, comfortable retrospection; but in real distress—in the solving of question, the fighting of difficulty—a pipe is man's eternal solace." From Mrs. Thurston's "The Masquerader."

"Do you not use tobacco? Of all the needs grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary." Addison in "Henry Esmond."

"Hallam has brought me from London that which makes my memories of you still more fragrant," wrote Sir Alfred Tennyson, "i. e., the Durham. Whenever the smoke of your Durham descends to Heaven from my pipe, I shall remember the giver and wish him health and happiness."

December, 1905. —*The Gleaner.*

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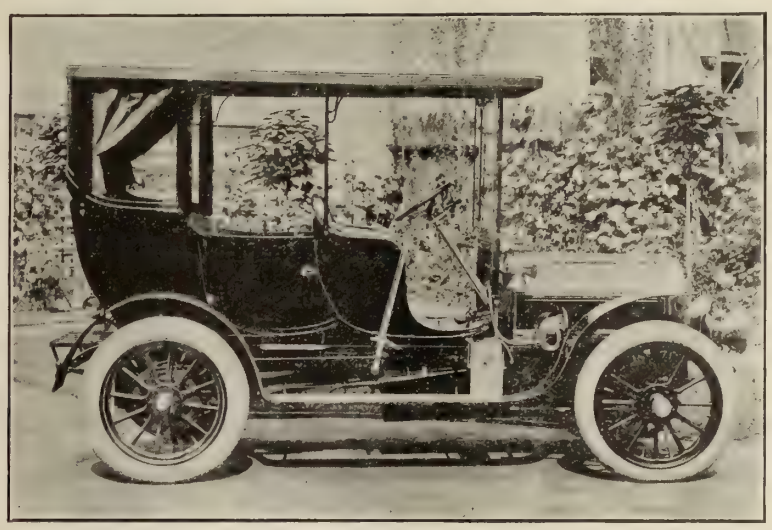

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Number of Cylinders, 4.

Diameter and Stroke, 5 x 5½.

Revolutions per Minute, 1,100 to 1,500.

Ignition, Jump Spark. 5 Individual Unit Autocoil.

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Transmission, Sliding Gear, Direct on High Speed. Bevel Gear Drive.

Speeds, 3 Forward and Reverse.

Bearings, Ball Bearings all over except Motor. Hess-Bright Bearings in Transmission.

Frame, Pressed Special Carbon Steel, Channel Section, 4½-in. to 2⅞-in. deep.

Approximate Weight, 3,100 pounds.

Wheel Base, 109 inches.

Wheel Tread, 56 inches.

Wheels, Wood Artillery, 36-in.

Regular Tires, Goodrich 4½-in. Front, 5-in. Rear. Goodrich-Bailey Non-Skid on Rear.

Body Type, Side Entrance Tonneau.

Regular Color, Dark Brewster Green Body and Running Gear. Light Green Striping.

Material, Cast Aluminum.

Equipment: 2 Side Oil Lamps. 1 Tail Oil Lamp. 2 Head Gas Lamps and Generator. Horn and Full Set of Tools. Gasoline Tank Gauge. Veeder's Odometer. 4 Shock Absorbers. Extra Tire Carrier. Trunk Rack.

Brakes, Foot Brakes on Inside of Drums on Hubs, both rear Wheels. Hand Brakes on Outside of Drum on Hubs, both rear Wheels.

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On the Mary Ann

(Concluded from Page 37)

she realized that Reginald was laboring under the delusion that the yacht was in great danger. So she resolved to have some fun with him. "No," she said. "We don't have to go farther out. The captain wants to put back to the shelter of the harbor, but I like this sort of thing too much to bring the trip to a close so soon!"

Just then the yacht gave another lurch, and Reginald jumped to his feet in affright.

"But you are risking my mother's life," he exclaimed. "For God's sake, Miss Nancy, let us turn back before it is too late."

The wind shrieked, Reginald shuddered, and groans came from the room occupied by Mrs. Fairfax.

Pretending to be oblivious to his nervous state Miss Martin asked, "Is it true, as your mother has said, that you have been pining for love of me?"

At that moment Reginald felt a peculiar sensation in the region of the solar plexus, and he rushed on deck.

Not long after his exit Miss Martin emerged from the cabin and found Reginald pleading to the tall Swede to be taken back to Sausalito. The *Nancy Ann* was gallantly breasting the waves, the water was washing the decks and the rigging was moaning as though in distress. The yacht was in quite a little storm and Nancy Martin was joyous in her element, but Reginald Fairfax was in terrible distress. He felt that they were likely to go to the bottom at any moment.

"You appear to be frightened," said the yachtswoman, to her timid guest.

"I'm not frightened," he returned tremulously, "but I never could see any sense in risking one's life in this fashion."

At this moment Mrs. Fairfax came rushing up the companion-way.

"Oh save me, save me!" she cried. "The water is coming down the stairs into the cabin. I couldn't stay there to be drowned like a rat in a hole. Let me die with my boy—with my darling Reginald."

She threw herself into her son's arms.

"For God's sake," said Reginald, turning to Miss Martin, "if you are not a mad woman, order the captain to take us home."

"As soon as I get from your mother an answer to one question."

"What is it?" feebly asked Mrs. Fairfax.

"Did my mother say that she wished me to marry that?" Miss Martin pointed to Reginald. "Remember," she added, with mock solemnity, "we may never get back to port."

"That wasn't exactly what she said," Mrs. Fairfax confessed. "She expressed the hope that you would get for a husband a young man as carefully reared as Reginald had been."

A few moments later the *Mary Ann* was bounding over the waves in the direction of the Golden Gate, and under a good stiff breeze she made quick time to anchorage, much to the relief of mother and son.

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Music

Miss Sheuerman's Recital

A large and fashionable audience attended the Chopin and Liszt recital by Carrie Sheuerman, one of the Mansfeldt Club members, in the Maple room of the Palace on the evening of the twenty-eighth. Miss Sheuerman herself is a Personality with her abrupt little mannerisms, and she imparts to her playing a strong individual color. Several of her Chopin numbers lay outside the beaten track of the average pianist, among them the Etude in E minor (op. 25, No. 5) and that in A flat major (op. 10, No. 10). Among the more familiar ones was the "Black Key" Etude and the big A flat major Polonaise, op. 53, the "Heroique." The Liszt division comprised the "Erlkonig," the "Wanderer" and "Hark, Hark the Lark"—all Schumann transcriptions, one of the Rhapsodies, and the less familiar "Heroide" and "Gondoliera." Miss Sheuerman's shading and tone quality are good, and she excels in a certain neat, crisp staccato. She was the recipient of a number of beautiful floral offerings.

The Beringer Concert

The eighth annual concert of the Beringer Conservatory of Music took place on Tuesday evening of last week. The program was a lengthy one of eighteen numbers, and comprised both vocal and instrumental selections by the more advanced pupils. Notwithstanding its length it passed off without a hitch, and the individual participants acquitted themselves admirably. Much interest was taken in the opening and closing numbers, the "Valse entrainante" and "Mignon Polonaise" arranged for two pianos by Joseph Beringer, and played by the composer and Miss Alta Yocom, who has already met with signal success in a recital of her own. Some of the selections had the interest of novelty as well as being intelligently and well rendered. The vocal numbers brought out some voices of uncommon excellence, which showed the effects of Madame Beringer's careful training. In full the program was: Valse entrainante (for two pianos), Jos. Beringer, Miss Yocom and Prof. Beringer; Melodie, op. 8, No. 3, Paderewski, Impromptu, op. 142, No. 4, N. v. Wilm, Irene de Martini; vocal, A Song of Dawn, Allitsen, A May Morning, Denza, Annie Gillam; duets, Norwegian Bridal Procession, Grieg, Toreador et Andalouse, Rubinstein, Amabelle Mecchi and Louise Cuenin; vocal, Fiore che Langue, Rotoli, Where the Bee Sucks, Arne, Viola Jurgens; Melodie, op. 142, No. 6, N. v. Wilm, Fabl au op. 75, No. 2, Raff, Gertrude Devine; vocal, La Fiorja (The Flower Girl), Bevignani, Vainka's Song, Wishaw, Regina Walshe; Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 5, Liszt, Sadie Bultman; vocal, Grand Valse, Venzano, Una voce poco fa (Il Barbiere), Rossini, Estelle Seldner; Carnival (for two pianos), Schytte, Alice Maxwell and Prof. Beringer; vocal, The Lass With the Delicate Air, Arne, Il Bacio, Arditi, Irene Flannery; Cavatina, op. 41, No. 1, Ad. Ruthardt, Clara I. Dillon; vocal, Little One a' Cryin, Oley Speaks, Roberto, o tu che adoro (Roberto il Diavolo), Meyerbeer, Mamie Shemanski; Paraphrase on the Waltz, Geschichten aus dem Weiner Wald, Strauss-Schuet, Frances Westington; vocal, Si tu m'amais, Denza, Bid Me Discourse, Bishop, Mrs. Agnes Burrell; The Wanderer, Fantaisie, Schubert-Liszt, Alice Maxwell; vocal, La Serenata, Tosti, Stride la vampa (Trovatore), Verdi, Barbara Wolpman; Polonaise de l'Opera "Mignon," (arranged for two pianos), Jos. Beringer, Miss Yocom and Prof. Beringer.

An Operatic Concert

One of the best attended concerts of the week was that given last Friday evening in Y. M. C. A. Auditorium by Gertrude Caldwell, Cecilia Driscoll, Iris Clare, Andrea Mojica, Sarita Madero and Alfred Neuberger, assisted by Madame Coursen-Roeckel, the Roeckel twins and Eric and Elizabeth Davis, as a supplementary benefit for the Tenth avenue Christian church. The program was: Aria, "L'altra notte" (Mephistopheles), Boito, Madame Roeckel; romance, "Connais tu le Pays," recit. et duo, "Legeres Hirondelles" (Mignon), Thomas, Maria and Mario Roeckel (in costume); sacred song, "O, Divine Redeemer," Gounod, Iris Clare; sacred duet, "Gentle, Holy Redeemer," Gounod, Eric and Elizabeth Davis; two songs, "O fair, and sweet and holy," Rubinstein, "The Rose in the Garden," Neidlinger, Cecilia Driscoll; song, "Life's Lullaby," Lane, Alfred Neuberger; two songs, "The Saviour's Command," Chipman, "Angels Serenade," Braga (violin obligato by Elizabeth Davis), Gertrude Caldwell; two songs, vocal waltz, "Diletto," Luckstone, "The Cuckoo," Liza Lehmann, Sarita Madero; laughing quartet, "Vadasi via di qua," Martini-Roeckel, Maria and Mario Roeckel, Elizabeth and Eric Davis (in costume); "Voices of the Woods," Rubinstein, The Daisy Polka, Arditi, Senorita Mojica, contralto; song, "Two Loves," De Koven, Miss Dris-

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PETER BACIGALUPI

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coll; aria, "La Donne e mobile" (Rigoletto), Verdi, Master Neuberger (in costume); "May-day Morn," Slater, "The Blue-bell," McDowell, Miss Clare; recitative et aria, "Tacea la notte placida" (Il Trovatore), Verdi (in costume), Leonora, Senorita Madero, Inez, Miss Caldwell; trio, "There was an old woman," Pratt, Elizabeth and Eric Davis and Mario Roeckel; duets, "El Deschidado" (Bolero), Saint-Saens, "The Jolly Students," Lacome, Madame Roeckel and Senorita Mojica.

The Blank Pupil Recital

The following interesting program was rendered in the parlors of the Emanuel Baptist church last Friday evening by the violin pupils of Charles Blank, who were assisted by Irene Meussdorffer, a vocal pupil of Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup: March, Ely Riley, "The Brook," Myrtle Marshall; "The Bohemian Girl," Balfe, Earl Clifford; Cavatine, Schmidt, Miss E. Blazin; Concerto in G major, Seitz, Stanley Hermann; Theme and Variations, Papini, Harold Dupont; Spring Song, Hille, P. Keiser; Introduction et Polonaise, Allen, W. J. Herkenham; vocal, Spring, Henschel, Miss Meussdorffer; violin duo, Dancla, Mr. Blank. The accompanists were: for vocal, Miss E. Fisher; for violin pupils, Alta Hawley, Ruth Marshall.

In the Greek Theatre

Walter Longbotham arranged the program for the concert in the Greek theatre, Berkeley, last Sunday, and it was one of the most successful events ever given in the classical temple. Mrs. Longbotham sang, and made a fine impression. Mr. C. A. Rossignol, concert violinist, accompanied by Mrs. Laura Dray Perry, scored a big success, being applauded to the echo. Not since the recital given by the Pasmore children was there such enthusiasm, even the final number being encored, which is unusual at concerts given by local musicians.

—The Music Critic.

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Various Appraisements.

(Continued from Page 8)

was made, in one hand, and the French copy of the play in the other; while I rebelled at both. Nevertheless, we managed to get on more or less steadily, and each scene went into rehearsal as soon as it was finished. But the nearer we came to the end, the faster my confidence in Miss Marlowe's experiment diminished. And when at last every detail of the production had been arranged and the final rehearsals were numbered, I traveled post haste to Pittsburg to protest yet once again. We had a battle royal, Miss Marlowe and I, from dawn to midnight of a long Sunday—and "Yvette" was abandoned. Naturally, therefore, I feel that in speaking of "Yvette" I can speak by the cards.

Everybody, I suppose, has read that famous dialogue between Mrs. Warren and her daughter. Here is the corresponding scene between Yvette and her mother, known as the Marquise Chardi:

The Marquise: * * * What I have said is true. I am an adventuress. All France knows that I am an adventuress. You prate glibly to me of good women! They are not fit to tie my shoes!

Yvette: Oh, mother, don't, don't.

Marquise: And if I were not what I am—do you know what you would be? Do you know what you would be, you who sit here in your flounces and furbelows and gabble to me of good women? You would be a kitchen maid, as I was. And you'd be slaving for ten francs a week, and washing dishes, and eating broken victuals, and wearing one petticoat all the year round, and sleeping in a dark hole of a garret without any window, on a mattress of husks—as I did. And your mistress would strike you across the face if you dawdled at your work because your feet and hands and heart and brain ached, ached, ached with an ache that might have wrung pity from even a God of stone. And then you would be turned into the street, once more—as I was. Good women! My God!

Yvette: Mother—please!

Marquise: You want to know the truth, do you? Well, you shall have it. You shall have it all. I am not the Marquise Chardi. I am not the Marquise anything. My name is Octavie Bardin. My father was guillotined for murder. My mother was—worse than I am. I was reared in rags and wretchedness and filth and crime. When I was younger than you are today I was a servant out of place, with fifty francs that I had saved by robbing my body and soul of nourishment and warmth. That was all the money I had in the world. I went from door to door begging for work. The doors were slammed against me. Good women! Oh, my God! what chance had I to be a good woman? Hungry, cold, lonely, helpless—with a pretty face. It was the pretty face that saved me. Your father saw my pretty face—and fancied it. He took me out of the gutter.

Yvette (pitifully): But it was not being a bad woman to marry him—

Marquise: I did not marry him, little fool. He did not ask me to marry him. Oh, he was no worse than the others. You don't know what cowards they are, yet. By and by you will know it better than you know anything else. They hunt down purity, if its face be lovely; hunt and hunt and hunt, till it falls breathless in the snare, or lies helpless and pitiful, struck down by the bullet of circumstance. They have no mercy. They are the wolves that tear the throats of lambs. Do you suppose I did not want to be a good woman? Do you suppose I did not resist the lure of comfort and delight as long as I could? Are you surprised that I grew tired at last of pinning rags to a skeleton body, of trudging dizzy and sick through the mud? And now your good women, standing between the husbands they have bought and the lovers they have chosen, sweep their skirts away from me, and point their white fingers at me, and cry 'Shame! Shame!' I am not ashamed! Where was the reward for me while I wept and suffered and starved? God knows the shame is not with me . . . Make the best of life as you find it. Be the hunter, not the hunted. Begin the battle with your pretty face, while you have it. Wipe the tears from your eyes. No man cares for us in the hour of misery. And—and you must make men care for you.

That—as the man in the street would say—is going some, isn't it? Yet it is only a mild sample of the feast of reason which this play sets forth in its entirety. Believe me,

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Mr. Bishop, if you have the courage to put on "Yvette" at the Majestic you will thereby dive into a sea of troubles.

III. PRATTLE OF THE TRENCHER.

In the wake of my latest thanksgiving dinner—and I spell thanksgiving without a capital because it stands not only for the last Thursday in November, but for every day in the year that leaves me pleasantly fed—in the wake of my latest thanksgiving dinner I was struck by the thought that to the man of literary genius there yet remains an unlocked door to isolated fame. Nobody has written, unless my memory betrays me, the epic of polished, sufficient, comprehensive gormandizing. The more I think of it, the greater the theme becomes. For nothing else, absolutely nothing else, wine or woman, song or gaming, wealth or war, has played so great a part in shaping human destinies. Neither arrows nor bullets, catapults nor gatlings, have taken half so many cities as starvation, which is due to the lack of eating. The coveting of richer food has always been one of the chiefest springs behind the bitterer crimes, murder and treachery, theft and bartered virtue. And to bounteous feasting must go most of the credit for all the marvelous diplomacies, bloodless victories on sea and shore, triumphs in love and commerce and science. Opportunity, O poet, taps thee on the shoulder.

The task thus outlined is, however, too tremendous for any curtailed screed. Even the downfall of the first recorded man begins with a mouthful, and during all the myriad years through which man has continued to tumble since that unhappy earliest indulgence there is scarcely one brief day in which the stomach and the palate have not left their memory with the hours. The chroniclers of mankind in the making must stand appalled and hungry in a vortex of chewing and swallowing, rattling crockery, clinking glasses and savory odors. Happily much has already been written on the scrolls of which we still possess the texture and the key concerning delectable preferences in food among the moraled great, and it is thither that the interested student must turn for pertinent details, the ingredients of the great stew. For instance, we may thus hear in substantiated imagination the women of Athens, eighteen hundred years ago, calling in the market place their "melitutes sweetened with the delicious honey of Mount Hymettus, and tyrontes made of flour baked with cheese"; or we may read in bafflement of the mysterious "arto laganos" and "escarites," over which the epicures of that day and date raved soulfully. Then, as a result of the introduction into Greece and Rome of Asiatic luxury, we may consult Mithaceus on hotchpotch, Hegesippus on black pudding, Crito on soused mackeral, Agis on pickled broom duds, Diocles on sweetbreads, Hecius on potted pigeons. Later there was Lamb on roast pig and Swift on boiled babies. And who has forgotten Milo of Crotona, "who ate an ox," or Trimalchio, smacking his lips at a sow and her twelve young ones on a single platter, or Apicius, with his dish of sea-eels and lampreys fattened on man, or Vitellius, emptying his huge shield of its brains of pheasants and peacocks, tongues of flamingoes and livers of scarus? The list is endless.

We are told that Lucullus, who first brought cherries into Italy, paid no less than 50,000 denarii, or about $2,000,000, for a single banquet in the Hall of Apollo; that Paulus Emilius declared there was equal skill to be displayed in bringing an army into the field and the setting forth of a feast. We learn that Charlemagne's cook led his master's armies; that Patrocles, governor of Syria, peeled onions; that mighty Ulysses roasted a sirloin of beef; that the peerless Achilles did not disdain the washing of cabbages; that Conde fried pancakes; and that Curius Dentatus delighted to cook pease in an earthen pot. But what was the difference between artos (bread) and agumos (biscuit), regarding which scholars have brandished fists? Who was the brave man who dared to eat the first oyster? Who—but why go on? I am hungry again.

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Letters

"A Chorus of Leaves" is a book of verse by Charles G. Blanden. The highest praise must be accorded to the outside of the volume, which is in the tip-top style of book-making. It is in Cheltenham old-style, printed on deckel-edged paper, bound in flexible parchment, with designs by Spencer Wright. The frontispiece is after a painting by William Keith. By contrast the contents seem rather inconsequential, though the verse is light and graceful, and is always in good taste and form. Dainty verse, to be sure, without thrill or stirring note. The volume belongs to the class of holiday books and as a gift would be just the thing for a girl as dainty as itself. Published by Paul Elder and Company.

Some Artistic Holiday Productions

Most of the special publications for the Christmas holidays are now ready, and a comparison with previous years makes it evident that those houses which make a specialty of bibelots have surpassed all their previous efforts. The H. M. Caldwell Company of Boston has a large number of new books on the market, new volumes, and new additions to series which have already made themselves familiar to the lovers of artistic trifles. One of their new departure is shaped booklets, and a very handsome example is "Automobilia," by Charles Welch, a collection of verses, anecdotes, stories, and solid information about the horseless carriage, with border designs by Iorio, the front cover representing a very luxurious auto, in colors. They have added to their Remarque Edition of literary masterpieces nearly a dozen new volumes, making fifty titles to select from, and including such classics as Poe's "Gold Bug," St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," Daudet's "L'Arlesienne," Longfellow's "Evangeline," Napoleon's addresses and anecdotes, Macaulay's "Essay on Milton," selections from Browning, Marcus Aurelius, Walt Whitman and others. These are printed on fine hand-made paper, with ribbon markers, and boxed. There are four styles of binding from which to make choice. By a special arrangement with the Scotch publishers, the Caldwell Company has secured the American rights for the "Red Letter Library." This includes about thirty-five titles, the contents of the volumes being made up of selected poems, or essays which have become classic, each volume accompanied by an introduction, biographical and critical, by some such acknowledged authority as Mrs. Alice Meynell, Gilbert K. Chesterton, Arthur Symonds, Frederick Harrison, the Bishop of Ripon, or the Archbishop of Armagh. This is truly a book-lovers' edition, for the volumes, bound in leather and boxed, with ribbon markers, are not only beautiful enough for ornament, but substantial enough for use. The size, four inches by six, makes them admirable for pocket-editions, and the paper, fine and thin enough to reduce bulk to a minimum, is not of the flimsy variety which is so transparent that the print on both sides it visible at once, and thus reading made impossible. The page-titles, in red, give a bright and tasteful touch. Two more books of carefully culled selections have also been issued, "The Value of Simplicity" and "The Value of Courage." These, too, are handsome specimens of the bookmakers' art, and will add to the growing popularity of choice extracts. These are pre-eminently designed for gift books, and very handsome ones they will make. There are three styles of binding from which to select, with decorated pages, by Iorio. The selections cover a wide range, and include extracts from all sources, from Marcus Aurelius down to the "Self-Made Merchant." The "Simplicity" has, by way of introduction, an essay on the subject from the octogenarian, Julia Ward Howe. The Caldwell Company is also issuing a number of juveniles, designed to meet the requirements of the little folks in the nursery as well as their big brothers and sisters who are studying history. The company has added another volume to what may be called its "Tobacco Series." As the old text books on rhetoric used to remind us that the most satisfactory description of anything was a presentation of the article itself, so the only way to get an adequate idea of these books is to see them. The special edition which includes Barrie's "My Lady Nicotine," "Tobacco in Song and Story," and "Tobacco Leaves," is bound in Havana colored ooze calf, with a cedar box the exact imitation of a genuine cigar box. The new volume for this year, "With Pipe and Pouch," a collection of verse on the subject of smoking, is enclosed in a

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pouch of leather instead of the box. Even those who are loudest in their denunciation of the "vice" must be forced to acknowledge the artistic appropriateness of the idea.

Books for Children

The holiday catalogues are beginning to make their appearance, and the publishers are evidently bent on surpassing all former efforts. Many old favorites are appearing in new dress, and a surprisingly large number of expensive children's books are being brought out. With all due deference to the idea that children must be early accustomed to fine art if they are to appreciate the best by and by, it does seem a mistake to bring out fairy tales, children's poems, and other classics such as ought to be familiar companions, in a style of binding that will not survive the inevitable handling which favorites ought to receive. By all means, get the children good print, and good print is impossible on poor paper; let the pictures be real pictures, not caricatures; better none at all than the wrong ones, and let the binding be substantial enough to hold together for a few years; but it seems to me editions de luxe are a mistake, unless they are to be hoarded like precious gems, and never taken in hand until the little owner has either outgrown his childhood or else has satisfied himself elsewhere. The books which children learn to love are those that can be carried out of doors, read under the trees, and slipped into that capacious maw, the bosom of a boy's blouse, when he starts on his excursions, "because," as one eight year old explained when he was discovered stowing his "Swiss Family Robinson" in the "bottomless bag" when going to a picnic, "I might get a chance to read a few pages." It is the banged and battered volume, as much as its contents, which remains in the memory, and the warped covers which recall the involuntary tumble into the brook, the blackberry stains on some page even the dog-ears and dirty finger marks which awaken recollection and enable us to re-live our past, rather than the highest art in illustration. If children are to love books they must live familiarly with them, otherwise they are no more likely to become enlightened than the colored janitors of the public libraries, who see thousands of volumes at all hours of the day, yet know no more of their contents than if they were bricks. A child should never be permitted to be wantonly destructive of even a patent medicine almanac, but he should have free access to his own, and learn to give them proper care. He cannot do this if they are kept out of his reach, laid away behind glazed doors or used as parlor ornaments, but he cannot enjoy his text if his mind is continually diverted from what he is reading by the necessity for extreme care in handling his book. By all means let the children have good books and well made ones, but let the publishers exercise common sense in the selection of their books for special treatment, and the parents bear in mind that the first use of a book is to be read.

Copa de Oro

With a view to preserving in the archives in permanent form the masterpieces of its members, and the laudable desire to add substantially to the contents of its treasury, the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association has issued a beautiful volume entitled "Copa de Oro." The index enumerates about two score of titles coupled with the names of Ina Coolbrith, Ella M. Sexton, Anna Morrison Reed, Nellie Blessing Eyster, Grace Hibberd, Madge Morris, Harriet M. Skidmore, and others equally as well known. There are poems, stories, bits of description, letters from abroad, and some interesting biographical notes of the members of the association. Hester A. Benedict's poem, "Under," is almost as widely known as Markham's "Man With the Hoe," which inspired it. The illustrations are beautifully executed, and the book will make an appropriate holiday gift either to friends at home who are interested in the association or to those elsewhere who have yet to learn of our state. The mechanical perfection is due to the press of George Spaulding, the illustrations are the work of George F. Manuel, but the conception and contents are to be credited to the association under the direction of its president, Abbie E. Krebs.

—The Bookworm.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

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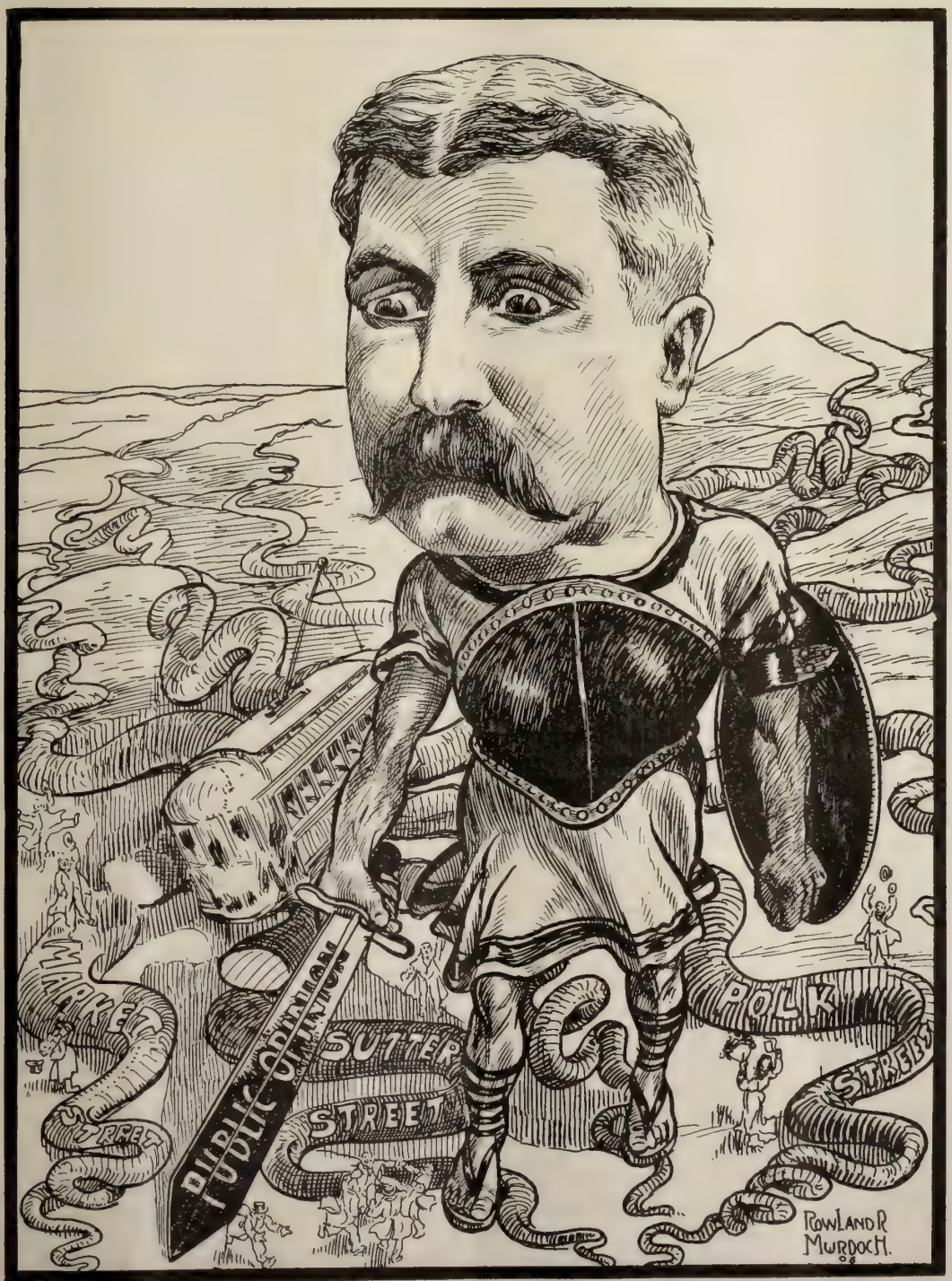

No. 17 ***Frank J. Sullivan***

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TOWN TALK

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The Plea for the Female Murderer

It has been said that even the devil can quote Scripture for his own purpose; so can Mr. Hearst's freak editorial writer. He (not the devil) has been quoting St. John to prove that Christ disapproved the infliction of capital punishment on the skirted sex, but of course the Biblical incident to which the quoted text refers bears not the remotest analogy to the hanging of Mary Rogers, the theme that evoked the reprobation of Mr. Hearst's builder of public opinion. When Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her," He spoke by way of rebuke, not to constituted civil authority, but to the scribes and Pharisees who had taken a woman in adultery and who asked Him for the purpose of getting Him into trouble whether she should be stoned in accordance with the Mosaic law. Unfortunately, Christ was never asked whether the right of self-defense confers upon society that of taking away life. It should be obvious, even to the writer who quoted from St. John in the Hearst papers, that there is some difference between murder and adultery. It should also be obvious that there is some difference between the decree of the mob and the decree of constituted civil authority which is believed by many learned Christian theologians to emanate from God. Indeed, one of the most learned of them, James Balmes, contends that the right of life and death, a universal tradition founded on Scriptural authority, comes from God, and it is from the fact that it could come from no other source that he deduces the conclusion that it is absurd to argue that civil authority is based on a human pact. The right to inflict capital punishment is a right that from time immemorial has been believed to be essential to the preservation of society, yet we are told by Mr. Hearst's hysterical polemist that when the State hangs a murderer it commits murder. Is it not to be presumed that if God wills the preservation of a being he will bestow upon it all things necessary for such preservation? And if it is just for the individual to kill in self-defense, it follows that it is just for an assemblage of individuals to do so. There is nothing in the language of Christ to support an argument against the right of the State to inflict capital punishment, nor can we distort His language into a plea in behalf of the fiendish female murderer of the Mary Rogers type. The plea that appeared in the Hearst papers was based on nothing but the maudlin sentimentality of somebody connected with the Dorothy Dix school of journalism. We do not believe Mr. Arthur Brisbane was the author of it because his sophistry is usually specious. The writer asked among other things: "Will others be deterred from murder by her death? Will not the morbid, brooding creature say: 'If the State may take human life why may not I?'" Mr. Brisbane would not have asked those questions. He knows that the morbid, brooding creature is more likely to argue thus: "If the State hangs people for murder, I had better refrain from shedding human blood." We are glad that Mr. Brisbane did not write the editorial in condemnation of the hanging of Mary Rogers because a more plausible plea in behalf of women with murder in their souls would be terribly mischievous. It is a terrible thing to hang a man. It is more terrible to hang a woman. Women are usually more impulsive than men and they are of morbid temperament, and much can be urged in extenuation of their imperfections which, even in very bad women, are less reprehensible than those of the best of men. But there are some women utterly depraved, hopelessly vicious and utterly devoid of all the softer qualities that are characteristic of the sex. And to that class, we believe, Mary Rogers belonged, and to that class the editorial which we reprehend addresses a most unwholesome message.

Our Street Railroads

The Eastern owners of the street railroads of San Francisco are being very severely criticised for the poor quality of the service they are giving, and they are apologizing and solemnly assuring us that they mean to do better. At the same time they are trying to persuade us that it will be impracticable to give us the service that we desire unless we grant them the privilege of putting into operation a uniform system of electric roads, but the particular system favored by them is more suitable for suburban than for metropolitan use. With the characteristic greed of public utility corporations the United Railroads Company request permission to construct and operate the cheapest kind of electric system, one that will insure the stockholders large dividends and disfigure the principal streets of San Francisco. Fortunately the citizens of San Francisco have become more vigilant than they were some years ago when public utility corporations could get almost any old thing they wanted for the asking. They are not quite so benighted and provincial as they were in the days when they threw away valuable franchises and safeguarded corporations against competition that might benefit the city. They have learned something of the deference due the sovereign people from the corporations that deal in public utilities, and they are disposed to be more exacting. They not only want better street railroad service but they intend to have it, and if they cannot get it from the corporation that enjoys almost a monopoly of the surface of our thoroughfares, the probability is that ere long steps will be taken to improve transportation facilities either by an overhead or an underground route.

Our Special Police

The *Examiner* having made such good use of our hint to the police to quit harboring thieves, we have been doing a little more thinking in the interest of the community. We have been thinking that as the patrolmen of the police department are not sufficiently numerous to guard all the homes of the city, and as there are numerous special policemen hired by private citizens, it would be well if they were utilized as an auxiliary corps of the department. They are vested with certain powers by the Police Commission, but in the performance of their duties they are subject to no authority. Some of them render pretty faithful service to their employers, but there is nothing to deter some of

them from being unfaithful. They are under no supervision while on duty, nor are they constrained to remain awake while their employers are asleep. Indeed it is a pretty well established fact that some of our special policemen keep very good hours at home. Moreover there are many citizens contributing to the maintenance of special policemen, not for the faith they have in them, but because they have a vague notion that it is good policy to be on friendly terms with them. Now we submit that as the special policeman is subject to the will of the Police Commission, and as by reason of the prerogative granted by that commission he is justified in soliciting compensation from private citizens, effort should be made to compel him to render the service for which he is paid. We believe that it would be to the advantage of the special policeman to be required to report to a police sergeant at certain intervals each night, for then residents in his district who are now distrustful would be inclined to contribute to his support. The city is in need of better police protection and no available means of securing it should be neglected.

Our Inexhaustible Gold Supply

The resources of California are growing so varied and the newer products of the state are becoming so abundant that we have almost completely lost sight of the fact that there is no diminution to the state's yield of gold. Most of the residents of this state think that it no longer ranks with the great gold-producing centres, whereas California's output of the precious metals is greater than that of any other state in the Union. According to the latest report of the Washington Geological Survey the production of gold in the United States in 1904 amounted to $80,835,648, an increase of $7,243,948 over the production of 1903. Colorado added nearly two million to her production of 1903, most of this amount coming from the mines of Cripple Creek. Nevada's output increased about the same amount, chiefly by reason of the phenomenal yields of the Goldfield mines. Alaska and Arizona show increased yields amounting respectively to $476,983 and $748,708, and California shows the largest increase, the amount being $2,300,000, which is attributed to the strong development of the quartz mining industry, and in a less degree to the activity of the dredgers. This state also added considerably to her silver production in 1904.

The Rebuking of London

The women's clubs of Iowa have taken a practical step to voice their disapproval of Jack London and his works. A few weeks ago he was the brightest star in their lecture firmament, but now, none so poor as to do him honor. Mrs. A. F. Mitchell, speaking for the sisterhood of clubland, has published her sentiments thus: "It is in the name of honor and the sanctity of the marriage relation that we enter our protest against the personal recognition of London. He has insulted and discarded his first wife, and his children and broken home in California are thrust in the background." If the club-women of Iowa are devoting themselves to the task of evoking public prejudice against the divorce evil they are justified in their attitude toward Mr. London, but it is unfortunate that they had not clearly stated their position before the distinguished Californian socialist made his appearance among them. If he had been duly apprised of their sentiments he would probably have cut Iowa out of his itinerary. And if the club ladies of Iowa are sincerely resolved to make divorce unpopular by turning their backs on divorced persons it is to be hoped there will be no compromise and no partiality. To be consistent they must refuse to give their countenance to plays written by playwrights who have trifled with the marital relation; they must scorn to attend any theatrical performances by a company containing divorced actors or divorced actresses; indeed, they must ostracize themselves from all personalities that have gone through the divorce mill. If they do not do so they will be accused of being both illogical and unjust, and no respectable club woman would invite such awful aspersion on her character. In repudiating the divorced London the good women of Iowa are but acting in accord with a sentiment that is being rapidly propagated in this country. It is a very good sentiment, too, but we have not much faith in the efficacy of the cure for the shameful evil. You cannot improve ethics by sentimental treatment. A system of morals founded on human philosophy may be perfect in its way but human ideas change, and what may be regarded as reprehensible today may be viewed in quite a different light tomorrow. It is possible that this generation shall witness the strengthening of the marital tie, but who knows that the next generation will not favor polygamy? A reform to be enduring must have a religious background.

Compulsory Reading

Andrew Lang would be placed in the pillory of the culturined were he any one but himself, for he has been guilty of a most dreadful heresy in stating that in his opinion "every boy should stop reading a book as soon as he finds he does not like it." And so he should. Reading which is done under compulsion is profitable to no one. One reason why boys enjoy dime novels is because they are not obliged to read them, and the inscription one finds in library copies of "Ivanhoe" and "The Talisman"—*I hate this book*—is to be explained on the theory that the unfortunate scribbler was put under a course of reading and had the romances of Scott offered him like pills—to do him good. Mr. Lang presupposes that reading is taken up as a pleasure. He says a boy should stop *reading,* not studying. There are a good many preachy editorials written on the subject of "reading merely for pleasure," but why, else, should any one care to read? Pleasure is not necessarily divorced from profit and instruction, and the instruction which is unwillingly imbibed will not long remain with the recipient. Children of school age are not

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capable of deciding for themselves and must often be compelled to perform their necessary tasks, but why should a boy be made to read fairy tales if he does not enjoy them? Even when reading for the purpose of gaining instruction one may have choice. It does not follow that because one does not like a book one craves only the light, superficial and flippant. It may be good mental discipline to wade through words and untangle the meaning of involved sentences, but the time could be spent to better advantage in learning the construction of some foreign language. A volume in which the text is liberally besprinkled with marks of reference, and each page garnished with footnotes in type too minute for decipherment without a microscope may be the essence of most profound wisdom, but one does not necessarily *like* it, and if the same information is to be found elsewhere with less expenditure of eyesight, it would be folly to persevere. Adults are by no means the best judges of books for the young, and when boys and girls set their faces against some much-praised author it would be as well to credit their aversion to something other than natural depravity. Children whose tastes have not been "formed" according to the prescriptions of culture clubs seldom are in accord with the "Thus saith the Lord" of the self-appointed censors, and the adults who resent dictation for themselves should learn to put themselves in the place of the young.

A Rake-Off for the Clergy

At a ministerial meeting in New York a few weeks ago a sensation was created when one of the clergymen produced a letter from a firm of undertakers in which he was offered a hundred dollars' credit and a liberal discount on the funeral expenses of any member of his family who should die within the next five years in consideration of his recommendation of the firm whenever opportunity presented itself. Another minister capped this experience by reporting that he had been offered a lot by a cemetery association if he would use his influence to promote business. Of course there was precipitated a discussion of gruesome graft, but the sequel was not altogether to the credit of the ministerial body, for, naturally, inquiry was made among the funeral directors and they, too, had a story to tell. It was a story of ministers who favor graft and who always look for their "rake-off" as a matter of right. One firm, the head of which says he is always willing to make as much of a reduction as possible in worthy cases, is reported as leaving the disposition of the rebate to the clergyman, and there is reason to believe that the ministers profit as often as the families. It is not a bad custom which sanctions "discounts to the clergy" in some things, for they do much good in the world, but the clergyman who is most in need of help, the poor preacher of small towns and frontier settlements, is the one who gets the least. It is the well-paid rector of the fashionable city church who has vast opportunities for improving each shining hour, and who does not neglect them. A few years ago some of the prominent book publishers met in convention and discussed the drain on the review department. It was stated that if all requests for books "for review" were granted, every edition would be exhausted before the trade was supplied. A great many of the requests come from clergymen who are intent upon stocking private libraries.

A Corrupt Judiciary

In view of the widespread corruption in the social, commercial and political life of New York, with which we have been made quite familiar during the past few months, it is not surprising to learn of the general pollution of the judiciary. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to expect an honest judiciary in a state so flagrantly immoral as New York. Judges spring from the bar and the bar of New York sets the pace in debauchery for the legal fraternity of the whole country. Almost every trick known to the profession for the perversion of justice and for the evasion of the consequences of evil-doing in politics and in business was coined by the conscienceless shysters of New York. The potentialities for graft in the double role of attorney and public servant were discovered by the lawyers of Gotham, the lawyers who have shown the McCalls, the McCurdys and the Rockefeller satellites how to commit larceny and keep out of jail. It is more important for lawyers who make a specialty of making a farce of justice, to keep in foul touch with the judiciary than to be grounded in the fundamentals of the science of law. So none but the unsophisticated should have imagined that the judiciary of New York was above suspicion. And yet we are told that William Travers Jerome created a big sensation the other day when he had the splendid courage to declare that tainted judges are the rule, not the exception on the New York bench. Following Jerome came Mr. Fox, one of the foremost though one of the reputable members of the bar, with the information that in his hunt for a judge who would execute the spirit and letter of the election law and was not almost surely predetermined to vindicate the ballot-box stuffers and the thugs, he was almost as badly baffled as the man with the lantern in the Diogenes search. The judiciary of the Empire State is in urgent need of reformation. We are told by Mr. Jerome that he did not drive Canfield, the gambler, to trial because a judge had packed a jury panel against the prosecution. It is now known that it was the boast of the New York Life Insurance Company that it had a man on the Supreme Court bench, and the newspapers have discovered that it is customary for Supreme Court Justices to be in daily communication with the bosses who put them on the bench, and to take orders from them as meekly and execute them as faithfully as the most abjectly servile district leader. Assuredly California has much to be thankful for. We have not been altogether free from the baneful influence of a corrupt judiciary, but we have a great distance to go to reach the depths to which the bench of New York has fallen.

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Man as Men Know Him

BY HARRY COWELL.

Curiosity, far from being woman's pet sin, is her saving grace; and yet, what she fails to find out about man would fill a tome or two, as the saying is. I am sure that every girl who has made a deep study of Gautier's "golden book of spirit and sense, the Holy Writ of Beauty," or so much as dipped into it, has burned with a desire to outdo the bold de Maupin; bent, as was she, upon knowing man as men know him.

No novel ever written tells woman how man thinks of her, talks of her. Nor am I going to tell her here. But this much I will say—no news to her, of course—that between the man of the salon and the man of the saloon, there is—O, the difference! "How long can a lot of men be together without talking gamesomely of woman?" In his "Tommy and Grisel" Barrie asks some such question. How long, O Lord, how long?

There is not the least doubt in my mind that the man men know is the man as he really is, or as nearly that as can be; and that the man women know is the sham, the man as he really and truly is not. Hope to die, ladies dear, if it isn't so.

This many a year have I thirsted to have my say on the matter; to tell the whole truth. That, however, I may not have, may not do. A word, a very small part of the truth, must suffice me. "See to it, then, that the small part is nothing but the truth." Rest assured of that, what though the boys should never again invite me smilingly to have a smile with them. This word of mine, so far as it goes, shall be true every whit. I cross my heart. Virtue is its own smile.

Could woman but hear men's gamesome talk, and I verily believe that—there would not be one bachelor the more in the world.

That said, I will say on the other hand that if men were to think more and talk less of woman, there would not be one benedict the less. I have known a man to think so much—with such awe—of a woman that his heart was in his mouth; and no one a bit the wiser. He kept his mouth shut.

There is a game that men and women the world over play. It is ever the go, never for an instant out of fashion. Its name, love. The rules it takes a lifetime to learn. No one keeps them. In it is more cheating done than in all other games together. Of course, the onlooker sees the most of it; and, if he has any heart at all, any head, and sense of humor, much to make him think and laugh and weep. Not once, but time and again, have I heard a man make his gamesome boasts aloud over the bar, and then, after an hour or two, seen him make love ever so low to a woman that we both thought much and well of, but talked of not at all. None save she could hear what he said, but the whole room could see how he said it, and that's the thing that tells the tale. 'Twas a sight that set me to musing. A man has but one pair of lips with which to tell gamesome stories, or make love; to kiss wanton, or wife; to lie, or speak the truth; to bless, or curse; pray, or blaspheme.

To be sure, it doesn't make a cynic of you, but, all the same, it gives you a thing or two to think about, to see twelve sit in judgment upon one guilty of being found out—if you happen to know the jury as a man knows men.

To tell the truth (I have sworn a brave oath to do it), and shame the devils (no chance of that), men are a bad lot. Of the many I have met in my day, there is but one that I should dream of letting a woman I loved marry—namely, myself. And, were I of a sudden to become a woman—good, bad, or indifferent—I shouldn't dream of letting myself marry him.

Does the woman women know differ as much from the woman men know as the man men know from the man women know? Often have I asked myself that question. Never have I answered, "Heaven knows." By the time I have done with puzzling it out, I am in no humor to pay Heaven any such compliment as that. Certain, if Heaven does know, it keeps the secret well.

Is my ignorance better for me, more blissful, than knowledge would be? Answers from my fair correspondents are in order. Is woman's? My answer is (I sit humbly on the floor to make it, let any one should accuse me of speaking from the chair): The idea of man that woman now has, false as it is, is yet nearer to the truth than would be her idea, could she see and hear such things as I have seen and heard. But I said a little while ago that the man woman knows is the sham. I repeat it.

Some day, perhaps, man will cease to be multiple—that is to say, as men see him, as women see him, as the world at large sees him, as he sees himself, etc., etc.,—and become one, the man as God sees him. Now each of us is many, and will be for a long time to come. We live, all, slaves of the lie. From age to age, God sends his truth to set us free. Doubtless, in the end, man, having earned liberty, will have it for wage.

Not as de Maupins, in male attire, but in the disguise of workers, many women are nowadays gaining here and there an inkling of man's knowledge of men. The mart, the workshop, have but little leisure, and no humor, for minding such p's and q's as the presence of woman calls for. As yet, the knowledge thus gained seems strangely inoperative. What use women will put it to by and by is not for me to say. To making marriage over? No. To modifying it a little? Perhaps.

Were it the duty of the recording-angel to send down to every woman in the least danger of marrying a man, a

(Continued on Page 40)

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Perspective Impressions

By the Staff

A new edition of Fitzgerald's version of the Tent Maker has been "launched" de luxe from a local bookyard. It is illustrated with Joaquin Miller, George Sterling and Charles Keeler. Whereupon he whose dust is re-created in the roses of Naishapur breathing fragrance like incense at the shrine of Beauty, whispers in the zephyr: "'Tis as I said; when the Flagon is drained they'll make Flagons of my clay."

Here, child, is how men play the game
(Just Heaven, do they play it fair?);
They halve the bliss, bear all the blame—
Here, child, is how men play the game.
But we, we shoulder all the shame,
Alone the scarlet letter wear.
Here, child, is how men play the game.
Just Heaven, do they play it fair?

All forms of immorality are not tolerated by the Steel Trust. Charles M. Schwab was removed from the presidency for gambling at Monte Carlo, and now President Corey is to be fired for falling in love with a woman who is not his wife. Perhaps after awhile the ex-presidents of the company will get together and rebuke the corporation for being over-capitalized.

We are constantly admonished not to borrow trouble, but there are some of us who can get credit for nothing else.

Some of our society folks are now doing their climbing on skates.

Those great exponents of the Simple Life, the Babists of Persia, teach that one should dress according to the color of one's soul. Many persons in this country follow the Babist doctrine instinctively. Think of all our predatory financiers who affect black.

It sometimes happens that a man grows very vehement in defense of his reputation for veracity in order to create the impression that he has a reputation worth preserving. Henry M. Whitney of Boston, who provoked the wrath of President Roosevelt in the matter of Canadian reciprocity, is such a man. This is the Whitney described by Tom Lawson some months ago as the star "fixer" of legislatures and whom Lawson accused of being a "welcher" and a very contemptible crook. Mr. Whitney never sued Lawson for libel, but he won't permit any man to say that he trifles with the truth.

With life's best wine one filled the bowl,
And raised it to a roue's lips.
Therefrom he took two satiate sips.
Upon the ground she spilled her soul.

College presidents are showing good team work in their crusade against football. They have long been jealous of the hero of the gridiron and patiently did they wait for the psychological moment to get him off his feet. But if the game is to be wiped off the athletic curriculum where are the college faculties going to find material to practice higher education on?

An Oxford don, who passed a year in the United States, says that American women do nothing but read novels. British critics are myopic when they come to America. If the Oxford don had been a keen observer he would have seen that American women do nothing but write novels.

For Love of the Burden

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Should some bright ray of kindly fortune shine
To guide me from this long-familiar way
And fill my cup of gall with sweetest wine—
Should I be shown the victor's shining crown.
Yet sadly would I turn me from today
And with reluctance lay the burden down.

'Tis not possession but pursuit that gives
The charm to conquest, and in distance lies
The beck'ning hope of every soul that lives.
Who turns his face to'ard light that gleams afar
Feels naught of storms that fret the nearer skies
And knows no darkness seeing but the star.

Heights gained but furnish leisure to look back
On mist-enshrouded wrecks that strew the night.
Oh, let me strive along the tortuous track,
The task before me ever to be done;
Oh, let me ever know some luring light
And have some goal forever to be won

The Saunterer

Her Generosity to the Church

The heirs of the late Mrs. F. S. Wensinger are not going to abide by the provisions of her will, for they feel that her religious enthusiasm prompted her to become too generous to the Catholic Church. Mrs. Wensinger inherited a very large estate from her husband, a pioneer real estate agent of this city, and it is said that if she had not conveyed some of her property away by deed she would have had about three-quarters of a million to dispose of by will. To her heirs, six in number, she bequeathed only a ranch near Santa Rosa valued at about sixty thousand dollars. The bulk of the remainder went to church and charity, but as the law inhibits a person from bequeathing more than one-third of an estate to charity Mrs. Wensinger deeded away much valuable property during her lifetime, and the deed was promptly recorded after her death. Her heirs are consequently very much dissatisfied and threaten to make a very sensational contest based on undue influence. Two of her heirs are her nephews, Louis and John O'Farrell, sons of the late Jasper O'Farrell, a Californian pioneer. He was an Irishman, a civil engineer, and the man who made some of the first surveys on this peninsula. O'Farrell street derived its name from him. He amassed quite a large fortune and established a home near Santa Rosa which became as famous for the hospitality dispensed there as some of the old Spanish ranches of early days. O'Farrell brought several of his relatives out from Ireland among them his sister, who became the wife of F. S. Wensinger, and who bequeathed to his sons nothing but the old ranch which belonged to their father. When O'Farrell died his estate was in a tangled condition. Wensinger took charge of it and in the course of time became the owner of the ranch. Mrs. Wensinger was a very devout Catholic. In her religious devotions she occupied a great deal of priestly attention, and to facilitate spiritual matters she had an altar erected in her Santa Rosa home. The exact value of her estate is not known, for not long before her death she converted much realty into personal property. Somebody persuaded her to invest in a mine owned by Senator Kearnes of Utah.

A Twenty Thousand Dollar Episode

Henry Butters, the Oakland capitalist, is mildly lamenting the loss of twenty thousand dollars, which sum is no mere bagatelle, even to a man who made a fortune in South Africa. It is an interesting story, that of the separation of the head of the Butters' household and his money. It brings into the foreground once more that soiled statesman, Howard Wright, who emerged in a very groggy condition from the Speakership of the Assembly the year that General Grant's son grew his political pin feathers under difficulties at Sacramento. It will be remembered that Wright voted on the first ballot for Grant and that Colonel Dan Burns, who thought he had a mortgage on him, threw a conniption fit. Wright explained that he had borrowed money from Grant, but on the next ballot he voted for Burns, and then it was R. N. Beulah's turn to have a spasm, for Beulah had claims on him from the beginning. After that memorable session Wright evanished. It was reported that he had gone to New York, but his old acquaintances lost track of him, and it was not until the other day that I learned of the nature of his activities in the East. Wright had some pretty good social connections in Oakland, and through them he secured a commission from Henry Butters to go East to promote the stock of a company organized to float a patent device. He was authorized, I am told, to sell the preferred stock, and to agree that purchasers thereof should be presented later on with a certain amount of the common stock, for which a market would be created. Under this arrangement he sold a good deal of stock and one of the purchasers was Mark Twain. Through the humorist's deal with Wright he became entitled to twenty thousand dollars worth of common stock, but when the demand was made for it, Mr. Butters, so the story goes, learned that it had been sidetracked along the route. It was certain, at any rate, that it had never reached Mark Twain's hands, and Mr. Butters had to put up the money.

A Squabble Over the University Farm

After three years' experience as the Chief Magistrate of a great state Governor Pardee has come to the conclusion that the anxieties of office are principally due to the problems that concern the political ambition of the jobholder. The statesman whose ambition makes it important for him to keep his political fences in good order loses a great deal of sleep. Governor Pardee has not had many moments free from dull care during his administration, but none of the problems that confronted him since his election occasioned quite so much uneasiness as the one now under consideration involving the selection of a site for the University Farm for which the last Legislature appropriated two hundred thousand dollars. The commissioners appointed to select the site are Governor Pardee, Speaker of the Assembly Prescott, Lieutenant Governor Alden Anderson, President Wheeler of the University and Professor Wickson of the Agricultural Department. The commissioners have held many meetings and discussed many sites, but have not approached a decision. When the bill providing for the farm was passed it was with the understanding that a site in Yolo county would be selected; at least that was the understanding of the politicians, who felt that as the majority of the commissioners were state officers, the Yolo people had a cinch, but President Wheeler, who is considered in academic circles a great politician and in political circles a great nuisance, exerted his pull on Governor Pardee and advised that gentleman that the university authorities felt that if the farm were not located within an hour's ride of Berkeley it would be of no benefit to the institution.

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The Importance of Procrastination

President Wheeler undoubtedly spoke the truth, and he did more; with that cunning for which he is familiar he persuaded the commission to solicit advice on the subject from Professor Liberty Hyde Bailey, the eminent agricultural expert from Cornell with whom he was once associated. Professor Bailey emphatically concurred with the university authorities, and went so far as to recommend Haywards, in Alameda county, as the place for the farm. Behind this suggestion one can see the fine Hellenic hand of Ben Wheeler, who, knowing that Alameda is Pardee's county, felt the strategic importance of having it weighed in the balance against Yolo or any other county. And now it it not hard to apprehend Pardee's dilemma, a dilemma that grows more troublesome as time runs on, for with the procrastination of the commission come other counties into the fight for the farm, just like candidates for office. Yolo expects Pardee to vote with Prescott and Anderson, but on the other hand Pardee's alma mater expects him to vote for Haywards, and the eyes of Alameda county are upon him. But whichever way Pardee votes he is going to do himself political injury and it is now for him to determine which is the easiest way out of the dilemma. I hear that Charley Spear has advised him to defer action until after the next State Campaign.

After Wheeler's Scalp

The Republican politicians of the state are out for the scalp of President Benjamin Ide Wheeler. As soon as it became generally known that he had journeyed to Washington to urge President Roosevelt to appoint Franklin K. Lane to the Interstate Commerce Commission they flew into a great passion, and they have been asking ever since why the state of California should import a pedagogue from the East and pay him a big salary to act as the agent for the President of the United States in the distribution of political patronage. Mr. Wheeler is not believed to be exceptionally well qualified to pass judgment on the fitness of men for public office. Politicians who have met him say that as he probably measures men by standards similar to those which pedagogues employ to judge boys, he cannot be depended upon to reflect credit on this state as a patronage guide. By his activity in politics Mr. Wheeler has made many powerful enemies and it would not be surprising if they were to try to persuade the University Regents that they should find another president. It is not likely, however, that such a shrewd politician as Wheeler has neglected to take care of his private interests. The University President is a man with a good deal of magnetism, and he has a subtle way of winning the favor of the rich and powerful, for his ideals are not those of the impracticable order, and he has no prejudice against exponents of frenzied finance. He is as friendly with the men whom Mr. Roosevelt lectured on the evils of commercial corruption as he is with the President himself. He cultivates the friendship of those men and if the provincial politicians of California undertook to oust him from office they would be amazed to see the pull that he would bring to bear in his own behalf. But whatever may be the opinion of politicians the Regents of California think well of Wheeler. The university has made great progress of late years and the Regents credit Wheeler with its advancement.

His Democratic Affiliation

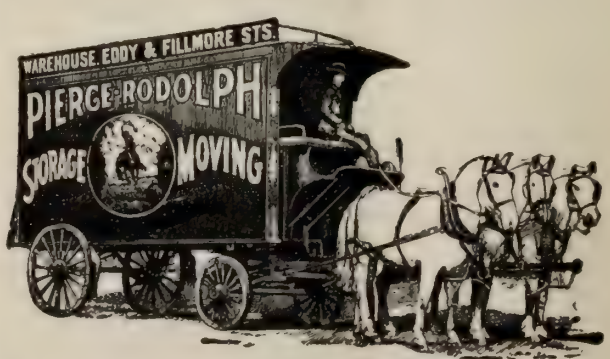
On the other hand, the politicians say that the advancement of the university has been due to the fact that Wheeler gives most of his time to politics. They have ascertained, by the way, that in politics he is strictly non-partison. In addition to being the warm personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt, he is also the warm personal friend of Dave Hill, the Democratic boss of New York, and by reason of his intimacy with the latter, he took considerable interest in Judge Parker's Presidential campaign. From all this it is evident that the politicians are on the Wheeler trail and that they purpose keeping him busy.

Lane to be Beaten

After all, Franklin K. Lane is not to become Interstate Commerce Commissioner. That is the latest tip from a private source in Washington. The refusal of the Senate to confirm his appointment would be a terrible blow to the young statesman, who has already suffered so many disappointments that he is rapidly getting into the late Morris Estee's class. However, I am authoritatively informed that Lane's confirmation is to be opposed by five of the most powerful statesmen in the Senate. They are Aldrich, Foraker, Gallinger, Keane, and Fulton. They are opposed to Lane's appointment because the Interstate Commerce Commission is destined to handle matters of great political importance; and they feel that it would be wretched policy to assist in making capital for the Democracy. Senator Fulton is from Oregon and he has already had a row with President Roosevelt over patronage on account of the recommendations of Francis Heney. Foraker is a member of the committee to which Lane's appointment was referred and he is expected to attend to the smothering of it. It is significant that none of Roosevelt's close friends in the Senate have come to the defense of Mr. Lane. Cabot Lodge and the others have assumed an attitude similar to that in which they figured in relation to the President's San Domingo policy.

The Report Smasher

Frank J. Sullivan, the man by whom the report of Frank J. Symmes's engineer was perforated, is one of the public spirited citizens of this city who should be encouraged to take a more active interest in civic affairs. Mr.



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Sullivan is a man of wealth, with large property interests, who has managed to hold himself aloof from the corporations of a quasi-public character. Though a lawyer by profession, and an able one, he does not chain himself to the wheel of litigation, preferring to spend some of his time in the cultivation of his mind, and as he has traveled extensively and observed the character of public utilities abroad, he is splendidly qualified to support the position that he assumed on the question of street railroad transportation. Mr. Sullivan was the most active member of the first nonpartisan convention that rendered a valuable service to this city. He has shown his mettle on several public occasions but never more forcefully than when he smashed that street railroad report.

Why the Ball Was Impossible

By her decision to give only a small dance in honor of her granddaughters, Mrs. Eleanor Martin disappointed hundreds of people, for not fewer than a thousand counted on an invitation to the much talked of ball. I hear that Mrs. Martin had at first decided on giving a grand blow-out and was dissuaded only after looking over her calling list which had grown very long and which is still growing. She found that unless she rented Mechanics' Pavilion it would be impossible for her to accommodate all her friends. Besides, not to invite all her friends to a big ball would be to inflict much mental anguish, and Mrs. Martin is one of the most tender hearted of women. So she compromised on a dance for debutantes only, to which, of course, she will be able to invite the whole Harvey set. Preceding the dance there will be a dinner in Mrs. Martin's red dining-room, her pride. Mrs. Downey Harvey made out the list of guests, and it includes only the intimate friends of the family.

The Dearth of Men

The Gaiety Club, which prides itself on being the only genuinely exclusive club in San Francisco, has decided to give another series of balls this season. Toward the beginning of the season it looked as though the club would have to be discontinued on account of the falling off in membership, many members having resigned to enter the matrimonial state. The more energetic members, however, made violent efforts to keep the club intact and filled up the vacancies by electing new girls. An engagement announcement of last Sunday caused some uneasiness in the club until it was learned that Madame Bavarde was in error. At a recent meeting of the club the subject of "men" was discussed. The consensus of opinion was that there had never been such a dearth of men in the history of the club, nevertheless the young ladies declared they would not go into the highways and byways for the necessary supply of male persons. They decided that it would be better to recruit the ranks of the dancers from the hitherto despised younger men of good families, beardless youths just out of their teens, callow but vigorous of limb, and ready to shake a leg when called on.

An Almost Fatal Blow

Mary Marriner is now being rushed by society and will be entertained up to the very date of her marriage. I was told an amusing story the other day of her experience with an amiable army officer, whom she met at one of the Presidio hops. The captain is a very inquisitive chap, and not being familiar with the history of Californian families, whenever he meets a representatve of one of them he proceeds to dig for information. Miss Marriner, being a girl of considerable wit, resolved to have some fun with the captain. He began his cross-examination of her by inquiring whether she attended the Fortnightlies. "The Fortnightlies!" she exclaimed; "what are they?" The captain was taken aback, but determined to find out more about the young lady, who in spite of her ignorance about a fashionable dancing club seemed to know all the swells present. Presently the officer led up to the matter of the occupation of the young lady's father, a matter about which he appeared to be politely curious. She told him that her father was a butcher. This was the blow that almost killed the officer. When he recovered he went to some of his brother officers and demanded to know why they had asked a butcher's daughter to the dance. Then they gave him the laugh.

Job Lot Philosophy

Professor Howison is up and at 'em again. There are more things in heaven and earth dreamed of in Professor Howison's philosophy than he could tell us in a lecture a lifetime long. It is too bad that he could not live two lives so that he need not talk in such a rush. He knows that his time is short, and he is so eager to tell all he knows in the brief interval of time and eternity that he barely touches one subject before he is darting upon another—like a hummingbird probing a honeysuckle one instant and darting headlong into a convolvulvus the next; or if we would find comparison for the superficiality of the great moralist's sermons we might liken his preaching to the swallow skimming the surface of a placid lake, rippling the still waters with the corner of his wing and then away to catch a gadfly for his breakfast. From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step for Professor Howison—from an analysis of the evidences of the existence of the

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human soul to secular contemplation of the frivolous club woman is, for this many-sided philosopher, but the sleight of a prestidigitateur or the somersault of an acrobat in a three-ring circus; in the breath of yesterday he expounds in words of learned length and esoteric meaning of the immanence of God, and with the voice of today he accuses our women of "passing tobacco around at their functions to smoke." There are few philosophers as versatile as Professor Howison. I doubt if even Socrates the elder could out-talk him or think of so many things to talk about—and around. Professor Howison is a wonder. Of course I am presumptuous to laugh at him, but I can't help it. Moreover, I feel that I have as much right to laugh as he has to talk; and I feel that I have the same privilege to criticise him in my way as he has to gossip about people in his way. It is much my business to mind Professor Howison's business as it is Professor Howison's business to mind the business of other people. I wish, however, that Professor Howison would confine himself exclusively to things celestial, immaterial and impalpable, and leave things terrestrial, tangible and temporary to those who are competent to speak of them. A philosopher should preserve his dignity at any hazard, and it is certainly not dignified to gossip on the rostrum about women.

Warring Financiers

Behind the scenes in the theatre of insurance graft investigation there is an exciting struggle between the great men of American finance, but the sounds of strife that reach the public ear are very faint. The men who have been smirched by the investigation seem to feel that they should have been protected, and as it is known that they are eager for revenge on all who contributed or seemed to have contributed to their downfall, the newspapers are alert at all times for new and sensational disclosures. There is hardly one of the big Captains of Industry identified with the Wall street market who hasn't been singed during the course of this investigation, but the one for whom there has been the most gunning is Mr. Edward Henry Harriman, President of the Southern Pacific Company, organizer and manipulator of gigantic deals, the dominant figure today in the transportation field. He is not only the chief of the Union, Southern and Central Pacific roads, but he is a strong minority force in some of the Vanderbilt roads and in the Alton, Northwestern and Santa Fe companies. It is acknowledged that his is the Napoleonic mind in the battle for supremacy in the railroad world. His power is really autocratic, but those who know him intimately say that he does not exercise it autocratically. At times, however, he has made some pretty stiff fights, one of the most notable of which was against J. P. Morgan and Jim Hill, and they have been longing for an opportunity to injure him. From behind cover fire has been concentrated on him in the insurance investigation, but without effect. He was instrumental in bringing President Hyde's disgraceful career to a close, and since then his enemies have used both Hyde and Ryan to throw discredit on him, but so far they have not been able to put him into the group of the besmirched. When Ryan refused to testify last week in reference to his interview with Harriman after purchasing control of the Equitable, he was merely playing a part. His motive was to lend importance to what he intended to relate under pressure. He put all Harriman's enemies on the qui vive and then went on the stand and merely told of the railroad magnate's effort to get some of the stock which he felt that he was entitled to, having assisted in bringing about the situation that enabled Ryan to break in. Ryan's gallery play was a fluke.

Thrifty Jack the "Seller"

These Sunday supplement fellows are ruthless Goths; they respect nothing; they regard nothing as sacred. Here is one of them earning four greasy dollars a column by "writing up" Jack London's latest love affair—the one that culminated in marriage. Not content with the "dramatic details" of a story that was fully exploited in the press despatches, including Jack's melodramatic threat to marry the woman he had learned to love in every state in the Union, this ghoul of journalism "pads out" with a description of the author of "The God of His Fathers" in love, telling us that the thrifty Jack "studied" the woman whom he was learning to love and that whenever he found a "good point" in her he hurried home to put it into the novel he was writing. This beats Brutus by a neck, and Brutus, you remember, offered to coin his heart and drop his blood for drachmas. I hope Jack indemnified his lady love, after they were married, for her trousseau—she was certainly entitled to her proportion of "The Sea Wolf" royalty.

When Wolle of Bethlehem Gets Busy

Berkeley is to be the musical centre of the West, for Dr. J. Frederick Wolle, Professor of Music in the University of California, has resolved to give it that distinction. We are to have symphony concerts in the Greek theatre, and there is not going to be any trouble about deficits as

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there usually is when culture promoters engage in the symphony luxury. Mr. F. M. Smith, the Oakland millionaire, has come to the front, I am told, to aid in making Berkeley a musical centre. Professor Wolle will supply the music and Mr. Smith will take care of the deficits, so if the professor doesn't make good it won't be for lack of financial backing. Professor Wolle is an interesting chap with all the enthusiasm of the exuberant musician. He came hither from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, which is nothing if not musical. It is a quaint town, the inhabitants of which cherish many old traditions and live as though they were one hundred years behind the times in everything but music. They have a six-days' musical festival every year in Bethlehem which was formerly conducted by Professor Wolle, who gave symphonies in the Moravian church, built one hundred and fifty years ago. People journeyed from the remotest corners of Pennsylvania to attend these festivals and through them Professor Wolle won fame abroad. In time President Wheeler heard of Wolle of Bethlehem and hired him to come to California and make Berkeley the Bethlehem of the West. The first symphony concert under the direction of Professor Wolle will take place in the Greek theatre, February fifteenth, at three-thirty, and will be repeated every second Thursday until April. A professional orchestra of fifty musicians will be engaged and the first symphony will be one of Haydn's.

With Society on Rollers

The dancing clubs are turning a pale pink before the popularity of Mrs. Downey Harvey's skating club. Everybody who is anybody was at the rink last Monday night. Society was on rollers and society was on the benches. Those on the benches were furnished as much amusement as those on rollers. Mr. Phelan was there in his dinner jacket, skating with the ardor of a small boy. He glided over the floor with pretty Miss Genevieve Harvey, who is a very graceful skater, and who shares with Mrs. Follis the honors of the rink. Many glances of admiration are bestowed on Miss Paine, a tall and graceful girl who can skate with the best. Little Miss Marvin, who was for a time conceded to be the best skater in society, is being surpassed and will have to do some extraordinary stunts to hold first place. Mrs. Cutter was there looking as handsome as in the days of yore and her daughter, Mrs. Downey Harvey, was looking as fresh and vivacious as a debutante. Hubert Mee had for a partner most of the evening Miss Jones, swathed in a long and queer looking grey coat. Paul Jones of the railroad does some express speed work on rollers in contrast to that of the grave and reverend seigneur, Captain Payson, who never threatens to burn up the floor with the revolutions of his wheels. Mrs. Martin came in late and took a back seat. Mrs. Ynez Shorb White was also among the benchers. Mrs. Walter Hobart makes a very pretty showing on skates, her tall, willowy form looking taller and more willowy as she glides along. I have noticed a peculiar phenomenon at the rink; though the tall girl looks about six inches taller on the skates, the short man looks shorter, and as for the short and stout girl, no matter how expertly she skates, she is nothing but short and stout.

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Alice Roosevelt's Engagement

Now that it is known that Alice Roosevelt and Congressman Nick Longworth are engaged, I am inclined to strike an attitude and point with pride to the fact that Town Talk was the first paper in this country to give publicity to the report that they were drifting toward the altar. The dailies tried hard to discredit the story, but the intimate friends of Miss Roosevelt were never in doubt as to the sentimental relationship between the President's daughter and the Congressman. It is believed there was some opposition to the match from the President, but Alice Roosevelt is too much like her father to brook opposition.

Joaquin in His Kissing Stunt

Joaquin Miller was right in his element last Thursday night at the reception to literary folks at the Sequoia Club. His osculatory performance on that occasion rivaled some of the best triumphs of Kisser Hobson. The Poet of the Sierras, however, did not go in for the Hobson style of osculation. His was the kiss of reverence applied to the hand only, after the manner of the courtly cavalier of minstrel song and story. The venerable poet was the lion of the occasion. There is nothing that he appreciates more than feminine admiration. The lady Sequoians encircled him three or four deep and as they were presented he pressed his bearded lips to their lily white hands. Though the grand old man of the Sierras has reached a pretty ripe age he seems to be as vigorous as ever. Not long ago some hunters accidentally sent a few shot into his home on the Heights and the poet put them to flight. He pursued them quite a distance but they made their escape and he had to content himself with the discharge of a few volleys of rip-snorting invectives. A few days later an Oakland divine called on the poet and found him still fuming. "You should not go on in that way, Miller," said the clergyman; "instead of denouncing the man who did the shooting you should pray for him." "Pray for him!" exclaimed the poet; "damn him, I'll kill him, and pray for him afterwards."

Moliere is Caviare

It is my candid opinion that the San Francisco theatre-goer is not as pleased with Moliere as she should be. (Mark the gender of my pronoun.) And it is pitiful with near a whole city full of cultured and supercultured clubwomen! After the great Celemene-Arsinoe encounter in the third act of "The Misanthrope" there were repeated calls from the audience. (I am speaking of the last performance.) The compliment was, of course, to Mansfield, but he permitted Miss Barry and Miss Prahar to receive the first "ovations." Behind where I sat was a group of club women. I know they were club women because they said so in every curtain interval, and because they discussed Marcus Aurelius and Miriam Michelson in adjoining paragraphs of their converse. When Miss Barry appeared one of these women remarked, "It's not her they want, it's him." When Miss Prahar smirked over the footlights another of these women said: "They don't want her; they want him." Which was true if not grammatically or rhetorically accurate. Mansfield was the object of this insistent demand—not Moliere. That audience had decided (justly) that Miss Barry and Miss Prahar had acted their parts execrably. It was nothing to those groundlings that they had read the lines of Moliere. All the audience cared for was Mansfield, the hero of the occasion—not for Moliere whom he had interpreted. The only actor whom they understood was Mansfield—yet the entire play was the work of Moliere. Wherefore I say: Unless the play of a master like Moliere is acted by great actors acknowledged as such by a discriminating and infallible press, it will fall flat because our San Francisco audiences do not possess the Elizabethan faculty of interpreting for themselves the work of the master without the aid of diagrams furnished by each personage in the cast.

Miss Murison's Book

San Francisco women are striving hard to keep the printing press busy these days. Some are writing literature and some are merely writing. Of the former there is Agnes Tobin, and she has lately been joined by Elizabeth Murison, to whom is to be credited the authorized translation from the Italian of "The Soul of an Artist," a book of literary value and done into English in a way that impels the hope that Miss Murison will attempt something original. "The Soul of an Artist" is not a book for many, and not to be classed with any of the numerous "revelations of herself," from Marie Bashkirtseff to Mary Maclane. Instead of the almost indecent exposure of the majority of these journals and diaries, "The Soul of an Artist" is characterized by an admirable restraint and the sympathetic reader will find more suggested than is written. There is none of the peevish fretfulness of the spoiled child, not the laud, raucous outcry of the egotist intent on attracting attention in the market place. It purports to be the intimate revelation of a great actress of the Italian stage, and it has been somewhat gratuitously assumed, for this reason, that Eleanora Duse is the prototype. There is nothing in the text, however, either for or against the supposition. The outpourings are those of a mature woman who recalls episodes and incidents of her life, not a connected narrative, but sketches, thoughts, feelings. When a little girl she was a lonely soul, inarticulate, living her life in uncongenial surroundings and with people whom she believed to be blood relatives, but with whom she could find no affinity. Their ways, their speech, jarred on her, yet she could not explain why, even to herself in words. They were of coarse fibre, sordid, gross.

The Woman's Soul

"Everything said and done about me, the subjects of discourse, the material interests, the manner of judging, the pleasures, the sorrows, the pastimes, the annoyances, the good and the evil, all left me so indifferent that many people pronounced me stupid, others heartless, and others, again, proud. And I was self-reproachful. Since all agreed to blame me, they must have been right; and at the same time I was sure I was not wholly in the wrong; but my emotions were like objects shut up within a box to which there was no key. I knew they were there, but how to get them out?" Being, as she says, not gifted with the power of independent expression, she chose the career of an actress in order that the words of others might express her own emotions. The illusion that this is the veritable outpouring of a soul to its mate is admirably sustained. Never once is a false note struck, and the loathsome picnics in which the food was the main object of the excursion, the religious observances which were all outward form, the peo-

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ple who carefully crammed on guide books and reviews before visiting a picture gallery lest by inadvertence they should be beguiled into admiring something unauthorized become as real to the reader as they were to her who suffered from the boredom. Miss Murison, in her foreword, has disarmed any possible criticism by the humble attitude which she assumes toward her work, but this very attitude is in itself an assurance of the sympathetic painstakingness with which she has approached her task. Translations from the Italian have not been numerous in our literature heretofore, but within the last few years they have been making steady headway. Miss Murison would be conferring a favor if she would give us her version of other works by this same author, "Neera," (Signora Anna Zuccari). The book is from the press of the Paul Elder Company, and the soft blue-gray boards in which it is bound are admirably suited to the text.

Richard Hotaling.

Here is another "foremost" actor—the foremost in San Francisco. It is clear from his "make-up" that Mr. Hotaling will at least look the Jew that William drew. So far as make-up is concerned he shows a proper respect for tradition and it is safe to predict that his conception will not be further from that suggested by the lines than was Mansfield's. Mr. Hotaling showed unusual histrionic power in his youth and he has quite a large repertoire in which he has won much applause. His friends say that he can play anything from a chorus girl to a typewriter.

Those Monotonous Massacres

I wonder if it wouldn't be a relief to everybody should our enterprising dailies agree to be a bit less enterprising in their tally of contemporary casualties among the Jews in Russia? The snickersnee and bomb, the knout and knife of the Slav, engaged in his peripatetic pastime of Semitic extermination, have been weaving a crimson stripe in the warp and woof of news for nearly two months. We have, so to speak, had these lethal weapons rammed down our own throats until our patience is pretty well exhausted. Every newspaper editor whom you can corral in confidential chat will admit that none of the massacres flaunted on his front page since Togo left the lime light has been a substantiated fact as there presented. Indeed, they will cheerfully acknowledge, these editors, that if as many Jews had been slain in reality as recently have been slain by cable the supply for potential killings in the sullen years to come would be running rather short. Why, then, is the incredible total already reached so energetically inflated from hour to hour? I can't supply the answer to this conundrum. I don't believe anybody can, in sober earnest. I merely know that I myself have counted more than a hundred thousand dead Jews during the progress of this sanguinary epidemic, which probably is ninety thousand too many for historical accuracy.

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Genthe, Photo

Miss H. Clough

The Portia of the cast for the amateur production of "The Merchant of Venice" to be given for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters.

A Weird Explanation

It may be taken for granted, of course, that to be a Jew in Russia in these turbulent times is to be in a decid-

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edly ticklish environment. But anybody who is at all conversant with sociological conditions as they exist in that unhappy empire is aware that the Jews are as active in the present revolutionary rampage as the other Russians are. Knowing this, and knowing further that not one of the alleged dispatches which the newspapers are printing with a Russian date line is even hypothetically authentic, that every dispatch thus ascribed is, in fact, a garbled, swollen, purposeful incentive to sensation, why do we have to continue gaping with astonishment and horror every morning? Perhaps, though, the secret of the journalistic motive in this persistence really lies in the explanation offered my criticism by a man on the inside. "We play this stuff up," said he, "because everybody who hates the Jews will yell 'hurray!' whenever he sees that so many more have got curtains, while everybody that likes the Jews will enjoy crying about it, just as he enjoys a lump in the throat at the theatre." Which is interesting, but not altogether satisfactory.

Another Tragic Drama

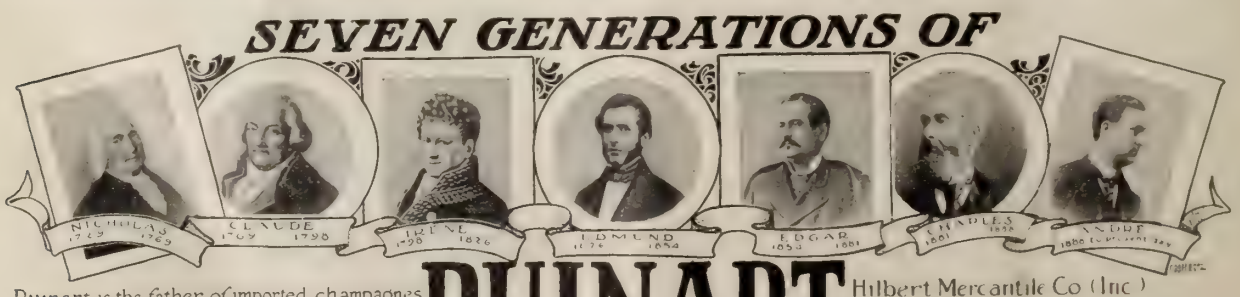
This example of how we are led by the nose in the matter of choosing important news becomes still more inexplicable when we realize that during the very apogee of this Russian extravagance both India and England were setting forth a drama of just as much appeal and considerably greater realism. Yet the newspapers have practically ignored the action on these stages, where what went on had only to be related truthfully to become utterly absorbing, and have driven most of us to the magazines for enlightenment. How many people know, for intance, that the Prince of Wales has been junketing in India of late, to the tune of a billion rupees squandered on dinners and dances, parades, gifts, triumphal arches and banners? How many people, having learned even so much from some obscure paragraph in their favorite daily, realize that while all this splendor was under way millions of India's population were dying of starvation, and that one of the most terrible visitations remembered in the chronicle of the plague has been filling tens of thousands of shrouds? And what have the newspapers, especially our local newspapers, done to give us an adequate picture of the pitiable distress that prevails among England's poor in the pressure of her hard times? What was the lack of inspiration for our celebrated special writers in that monster procession of hungry women who tottered across London to beg of Balfour that he would give their husbands work? Let us have a little less discrimination, ye tattlers of tidings from the world's ends!

A Reporter And His Achievements

Aboard the *Manchuria* when last she nosed her way into this port there was a large, important looking traveler concerning whom his fellow-passengers were agreed that he must be a very important somebody from somewhere, judging by his name, from Germany. This august personage was pointed out to the young man representing the *Examiner* in a hunt for seagoing gossip. The reporter glanced at the passenger list, decided for himself that his prospective victim was a foreigner, and then proceeded to business. "Mr. B—," said he urbanely, "do you speak English?" "I speak," pompously replied the one addressed, "a few." Whereupon the interviewer promptly bowed himself away to smile without offense, while the gentleman who spoke English "a few" glared after him in puzzled dudgeon. But this was not all the merriment on the reporter's trail that day; though in the second instance the laughter was scarcely his. For he went, after a while, to the door of the captain's room and there asked a small and moon-faced Chinese boy concerning his master's whereabouts. He did it thus: "John, you savee me? Me reporter man. Allee samee write newspaper. Where captain gonee?" The Celestial regarded his questioner with frank curiosity a moment, then made suave reply: "He is out, just at present. But if you care to wait for him I will interpret for you when he returns."

"Why, doesn't he speak English?" spluttered the reporter, struggling with two amazements.

"Yes," answered the other; "but——do you?" It was this same reporter, by the way, who is accredited in his own circle with one of the choicest bulls which has crept into the *Examiner* in many months. This bull occurred in the first paragraph of a front page story printed during the recent milk crusade, and ran as follows: "No longer shall death and disease, disguised in liquid form, steal up



the stairways of San Francisco to gnaw at the tissues of infants in their cradles." It may be impossible to make water run up hill, but this stunt of death and disease, mounting the stairs "in liquid form" and "gnawing" after arrival, seems to have aroused no incredulity at the copy-desk.

Imitating the Hen

When Mark Twain was dined at Delmonico's last week, in celebration of his seventieth birthday, he permitted himself to be more unrestrainedly facetious than we have found him in most of his later forensics. But I beg leave to point out that at least one of those amusing and characteristic rules for long life laid down by him on that occasion was worthy consideration for other reasons than laughter. "Since forty," he said, "I have been regular about getting to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed where there was nobody left to sit up with; and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to." Now, it sems to me that this utterance may be taken quite seriously. Of all the axioms which have hounded mankind since the first glib gabbler invented axioms, none has caused so much unnecessary discomfort and rebellion as that condemning us to poverty, folly and bad health unless we make a practice of beating the sun into the bathroom. It isn't what time you get up that matters at all; it's what you do afterward. Think about it a moment. Isn't it true that the people you know, who have to leave their slumbers with a wrench at half-past milk or thereabouts, are all of them people at the bottom of the ladder of success—any kind of success? Isn't it the "healthy, wealthy and wise" people who make the most of pleasuring late into the night? If man was ordained to "rise with the lark," why, in the name of everybody outside religious fiction, does he hate to do it with such an everlasting hate? To get up when you have to get up, as Mr. Clemens phrases it, is sensible and comprehensible. Getting up even then is quite bad enough—unless you happen to feel like it. There isn't any real difference between sunrises, whether you see them as you crawl out of bed, or as you crawl into it. It's simply a matter of temperament. I sincerely believe that the nervous disorders so prevalent among us are largely an inheritance resulting from nothing else than the fatuous conviction of our forefathers that because the hens went to roost at twilight they must do likewise. To act like a hen ought to get on anybody's nerves. The chase of the dollar may be just as wearing, as a habit, but it certainly is far more intelligent. And it can't be claimed that our ancestry made such oodles of money by their imitations of a hen, either. We have a good many more dollars than they had—or anyway some of us have—and we do our aping elsewhere. Get up at cock-crow, if you must. Let a brainless biped in feathers drive you yawning from your couch, if so it pleases you. But please—oh, please!—permit the rest of us to be human. For heaven," murmured Sancho Panza, "helps us more than early rising."

The Social Pace

The busiest girls in society are Maye Colburn and her striking friend, Miss Gros of Paris. They receive more invitations to teas and receptions than any girls in society. The pace which Miss Colburn sets for Miss Gros is such that the gossips are predicting that when Lent comes Miss Gros will have to take the rest cure. They feel no alarm for the health of Miss Colburn because she has stood the test in more than one season.

Who Is the Lucky Chap?

It is predicted that the next engagement announcement will concern Miss Louise Redington. The rumored fiance is a young man who has always been identified with the Huntington clique and whose devotion to the prettiest blonde in the younger set has always been pronounced. Miss Redington is Elizabeth Huntington's intimate friend, and she attended school with the latter and her sister Marion. She made her debut the same year that the Allen girls and Katherine Herrin were buds.

I hear that Miss Huntington has breathed discouragement upon the hospitable desires of most of her friends. When her engagement was announced last week she was immediately besieged with invitations, and all sorts of nice affairs were planned in her honor. But Miss Huntington has never cared for the ceaseless whirl and is too sensible to permit herself to be feted to the rest cure just before her marriage. One of the few invitations she accepted was from her friend Louise Redington, who entertained for her this week.

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Genthe, Photo

Mrs. Mark Gerstle

Society's leading amateur actress who will play Jessica for the Doctor's Daughters.

Local Society Classified

The chroniclers of social doings and boosters of the climbers in San Francisco think they know all about the heterogenous social push of the metropolis of the Golden West, its history, its divisions, its cliques, and its factions, but they have much to learn. There is information for them in the current issue of Colonel Mann's *Town Topics* of New York in which appear pictures of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mrs. Ynez Shorb White. The most startling piece of information contained therein is that Mrs. Martin is one of the old Southern set of which Mrs. A. H. Voorhies is the leader. Now I should like to know of what does it avail a woman to become the mother-in-law of a Newport matron, and hostess a reception in honor of the President's daughter? It would also be interesting to know the age of the Southern set to which Mrs. Martin belongs and whether it came from the south of Ireland or the south of somewhere else. However, Mrs. Martin is in the new Southern set and she is a Daughter of the Confederacy, a circumstance that is regarded very much as a joke since she qualified for admission by becoming the widow of Mr. Harvey, her first husband. The amiable and big-hearted woman whom everybody loves belongs to the Southern set because she is an inveterate joiner. She is in all sets. She plays no favorites, and as a matter of fact she follows no leaders, not even the estimable Mrs. Voorhies. If she isn't a Daughter of the Revolution, it is probably because she hasn't had time to join. In the same paragraph in which we are told that Mrs. Martin is a follower of Mrs. Voorhies we are also advised that it is only in Ross Valley, among the Allens, the Dibblees, the Coffins, the Kittles, and the Eells that "family still counts"; nevertheless "Burlingame, where the new-rich element, including the Crockers, Carolans, Hopkins, Scotts and Taylors find shelter, has steadily gained ground and may now fairly be said to lead." And as for the Parrotts—their names are not even mentioned. Such is fame!

An Air Tight Hop

The ball to be given at the Presidio on the nineteenth instant will be the finest of the season. It is also to be the most exclusive, and I hear that the invitational list has been very carefully scrutinized and pruned. Our army officers, indifferent though they are to the cannon's mouth, are dreadfully afraid of going up against somebody without the pale of the elect. The members of the floor committee eye everybody suspiciously in the hop-room. They appear to be terribly fearful that somebody will butt in. There has been a scare on ever since last season, when three man attended an Assembly dance without an invitation. They know some of the girls present and danced with them. They partook of the supper and drank the champagne and afterwards boasted of their achievement. This year the dancing clubs employ door-keepers who require every person to show a membership card. Some of our society girls are quite indignant over this rule. It pains them to have anybody imply that they are unknown.

Del Monte is as popular as a winter resort as it is during the summer, and every week one sees a lot of soci-

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Baldwin & Howell 25 Post Street SAN FRANCISCO

Taber, Photo

Alfred McKinnon

Who will play Launcelot Gobbo for the Doctor's Daughters

ety people resting there after the busy social week. Among thos going down last week were Mrs. Malcolm Henry and her two children, Robina and Voorhies, Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., and her young son, Miss Ives, the George T. Maryes, Dr. and Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Louis Brechemin and the Butterses of Berkeley.

Married a San Franciscan

Dr. Morton Grinnell, who died this week at his Eastern home, was the husband of Jennie Catherwood, daughter of Mrs. John A. Darling. The marriage of Miss Catherwood and Dr. Grinnell was celebrated in this city some years ago, and the union was a particularly happy one. The Grinnells traveled a great deal after their marriage, journeying in parts of Europe and Asia not usually chosen by tourists.

Theirs Was a Love Match

It was Mattie Mitchell, daughter of the late Senator Mitchell, who married the Duke de la Rochefoucauld, and proved that international marriages need not always be the result of a dollar and cent bargain. Miss Mitchell went abroad with her mother when she was quite a young girl, to be educated in France. She was a stunningly handsome girl and when she was launched in Parisian society her path was at once strewn with the roses of success. Though at that time her father had no fortune to speak of and could give his daughter no dot, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld fell in love with the American beauty and wooed her with diligence until she consented to marry him. By this marriage the American Duchess obtained the entree into the most exclusive of the Faubourg St. Germain circles.

A New York Wedding

Very few San Franciscans—but there *were* a few—were favored with invitations to the marriage of Margaret Louise Snow and Francis Joseph Carmody, which will be solemnized in Grace church, New York, next Tuesday at high noon. Miss Snow is the step-daughter of Senator Platt.

Evelyn Aronson's Engagement

Last week I predicted that the news would soon come from the East of the engagement of Miss Evelyn Aronson of this city and Professor Max L. Margolis of the Hebrew Union College of Cincinnati. My prediction was fulfilled last Monday, a little sooner than I expected. Miss Aronson is the daughter of the P. N. Aronsons. She is a bright and gifted woman and is president of the Council of Jewish Women of California.

Our National Social Centre

"The coming winter in Washington," writes an occasional correspondent, "gives promise of becoming the gayest in the history of the nation's capital. Great impetus has been given to Washington as a diplomatic centre through the recent peace negotiations. The world powers are now giving it greater importance than it ever enjoyed. The Berlin foreign office has given Ambassador Von Sternberg greater latitude in the matter of expenses for entertaining than has been accorded any foreign representative, and the von Sternbergs are expected to become the leaders of the diplomatic set. However precedence at all official functions will be accorded to Austrian Ambassador Hengelmuller, the dean of the corps. The British Em-

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bassy will be out of the running on account of Lady Durand's aversion to society. Latin America is going to cut a big figure in social circles. Madame Casasus, wife of the new Mexican Ambassador, is one of the handsomest women in Washington. At the White House reception last week she presented a beautiful picture in the richest of deep blue velvet gowns with an ermine stole and chapeau. She spent some years in Paris and is skilled in the art of dress. In the Brazilian Embassy are four exceedingly handsome women, one of whom, Madame Elena Clermont, wife of the second secretary, was the Baltimore belle Helen Sloane. Many society people from other cities have taken houses or apartments in Washington for the short season beginning with the President's reception on New Year's and ending with Lent. Secretary Metcalf has taken a house and I hear that he has finally decided not to send in his resignation. Livernash has arrived from California to handle union labor legislation."

Mrs. E. Abramson is giving a large reception on Thursday of this week at her home in Baker street, as a "welcome home" to her sister, Dr. Maude Noble. Dr. Noble has ben absent a year in Europe, attending the medical clinics in Berlin, and visiting the other large cities.

Death of a Noble Woman

The death is noted, after a long illness, December second, of Mrs. Elizabeth A. Shepard, wife of Mr. A. D. Shepard, manager of the Pacific Improvement Company. Mrs. Shepard was a woman of noble character, of great personal charm, and she will be especially missed from her social circle in Sausalito, where her home was always open to many friends. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Shepard was ideal in its happiness, combining elements of sentiment and romance, not often found in these prosaic days. While her illness was long continued and her suffering extreme, yet until the last few days there was hope of ultimate recovery, and therefore the end came to the family and friends with a severe shock. Mrs. Shepard's parents are residents of Los Angeles, and after the funeral at Cypress Lawn, Mr. Shepard, with his two daughters, went to them for a brief visit.

An Apostle of Beauty

In Lyric hall last Tuesday evening, half a house gave a whole ovation to Emile Sauret. Sauret deserved the whole ovation, but half a house scarcely deserved Sauret. A blind man might have thought the place crowded, and been happy. From Paris to San Francisco is a long way for a great artist to come for half a house, (ask Mr. Greenbaum if it isn't so). And M. Sauret is indubitably a great artist; has that indefinable something over and above technique that calls for the noun; and has it in such abundance as to merit the adjective as well. He is none of your modern false prophets of art shrieking damn at the top of their voices, but a true apostle of beauty, breathing her benediction. His art is individual, as is all great art the world over, and yet unmistakably French, like Flaubert's literary style, distinctive, for all its Parisian perfection. The violinist's reading of the Schumann Sonata was noble, musicianly, satisfying. "A master, this," said the slow movement to the critic, as the critic called to mind when the concert was over, and the Saint-Saens had ceased reiterating the self-same words. M. Sauret's own Scherzino came immediately after the beautiful Max Bruch Romanze, and stood the test. "The greatest of them all!" was the ecstatic opinion of a local virtuoso; "greater in many respects than Ysaye himself," the sober judgment of another; "Yes, but not quite so human, perhaps," thought a third. Sauret, I am told, took occasional French leave of the tempo in the Wieniawski Russian Air given as an encore. This, however, I must say for the Frenchman, or against myself: I had to be told. Mr. Speed is an excellent accompanist, and rendered his solos, especially the Mendelssohn number, in a manner deserving of much praise.

A Tribute To Holmes

Henry Holmes is dead. Last Saturday San Francisco lost the most picturesque of her artists, the greatest of her violinists, Spohr's world-famous pupil. Henry Holmes was in every way a man of rare distinction. Genius was written on his face. No city can well spare any such. I wish Death had taken of our mediocrity and passed him by. For seven years he dwelt among us, making little noise and much music. Now he is not, and I, for one, cannot think of the mute Strad without a tear. Beauty and simplicity he loved. They marked his life, his death, his burial. For sixty odd years he served art. She, like virtue, is her own reward—as he well knew. From the cradle to the grave she smiled on him. The master of sweet sounds went not unrewarded into the everlasting silences. Nor is he really dead who leaves behind him so living, so musical, a memory. The voice of his violin speaks to me as I write, saying: "Who loves music dies not in a day."

New to Amateur Theatricals

I hear that the conventional set in which the Athertons are prominent are not at all enthusiastic over Miss Olga's connection with the amateur theatrical company by which "The Merchant of Venice" is to be produced. The Athertons are among our inconspicuous society people. They are rarely mentioned in the bavarde columns because they do not seek exploitation. They are averse to newspaperiety, and therefore they could not view complacently the counterfeit presentment of Miss Olga in the columns of a newspaper. Miss Olga is not accustomed to the limelight, and therefore her friends were a little surprised when they heard she was going in for amateur theatricals. She is an intimate friend of the Parrott and Russell Wilson girls, and is a particular pet of Mrs. Will Tevis, who entertained frequently for her during her coming out season. Last season she was chaperoned by Mrs. C. O. Alexander, but this season society has seen very little of her. Nothing short of sweet charity would be of sufficient inducement for her to enter amateur theatricals.

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The Force of Truth

If you think that newspapers are losing their influence reflect on what the *Examiner* has accomplished in less than a month. It forced Chief Dinan to do his duty. It forced the authorities of Oakland to prosecute an influential politician for assaulting a poor girl. It galvanized the Mayor of Oakland into a semblance of life long enough to enable him to order the Chief of Police to drive the lawless element out of town. It aroused the people of Sausalito to the danger of losing a section of their water front. The truth is still a Titanic force in the world and so long as newspapers stick to it they are bound to render important and valuable service to the people. The press of San Francisco doesn't always stick to the truth, but on the whole its shortcomings are merely those of the flesh and it masters them pretty well.

Origin of the Masons

Judge Sweeney, of Shasta county, was a lawyer in that county when the state was young and men were wild and terrible. "One of the worst characters we had, so far as general cussedness was concerned," said the judge the other day, "was 'Montana Jack,' who, besides being a criminal, was a humorist. I remember once, when he was in jail, he was giving his fellow-prisoners his version of the Damon and Pythias affair and the founding of the Masons. Jack told it as seriously as though he believed it. 'Away back in Greece,' said Jack, 'there was two fellows named Damon and Pythias who was pardners and who always stood in with one another. Well, Pythias got into trouble—knifed some fellow. Nobody seen him do it, but the evidence was pretty strong, and they convicted him. Damon was off herding up in the mountains, but he heard of the racket and came a-running. He got there just as they was getting the rope ready. And what did Damon do but say he done it. Of course they let Pythias go, and he lit out for the tall timber. Then Damon made out an alibi, and they had to let him go. Then him and Pythias got together and decided to let others into the plan. So they started a lodge and called them the Masons. And that's been a rule of the Masons ever since—when one of them gets up against it, another comes along and pulls him out of the hole with this alibi business.'

" 'Gee,' said one of the prisoners, who had been listening with his mouth wide open, 'if I ever get out of this I'll join the Masons.' "

Visiting Mrs. Cropper

Anne Frances Briggs, who is on her way home from Europe, was the guest of Mrs. Thornburgh-Cropper when she was in London, and now I hear that Mrs. Hearst is to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Cropper before she goes to Paris to settle down for the winter. Mrs. Cropper was always a great pet with Mrs. Hearst and it is said that the latter wanted very much to have Willie R. marry her friend. Whether the great newspaper man did not press his suit strongly enough or whether he was given the mitten has always been the bone of contention among people intimate with the Hearsts.

Alice Nielsen's Return

There will not be a vacant seat at the Tivoli on the evening of Tuesday night, December 26th, and Sunday afternoon, December 31st, when Alice Nielsen sings in "Don Pasquale" and an act from one of the standard operas not yet decided on. Alice Nielsen is dear to San Francisco's heart, for here, at the old Tivoli, she made her first start. Later she joined the Bostonians and then starred for awhile with her own comic opera company. But her ambition was to become a grand opera singer and she went abroad to study. In Italy she had a successful season and at Covent Garden, London, she was highly praised for her work in such operas as "Don Pasquale," "L'Elisir D'Amore," "Faust," "Martha," "La Boheme," etc. Henry Russell, the famous singing master and impresario of London and Rome, will personally direct each performance here, and the company includes Signorina Colombati, contralto; Sig. Prati, tenor; Sig. Fratodu, baritone; Sig. Articci, basso, and Sig. Rosa, buffo. The conductors will be Sig. Bissaccia and Jose Van Den Berg, and the orchestra will consist of the Tivoli organization, combined with the instrumentalists who accompany Miss Nielsen on her entire tour.

He Admonished the Waiter

Charlie Shortridge and a friend were dining in a Kearny street restaurant the other day. At the close of the meal, when Charlie had just curved his mobile mouth around a fragrant cigar, the waiter, pencil in hand, asked the sometimes embarrassing question, "One check, or two?" At this, Shortridge transfixed him with the glittering eye that has held multitudes, and in the voice that has likewise gained the votes of thousands, he orated: "Young man, you have been badly trained. You should know that the question you have asked is a very compromising one. It often happens that when two gentlemen are dining together, as my friend and I are, neither has enough to settle the entire bill. Under such circumstances, as you can readily understand, both gentlemen would be seriously embarrassed by such a question as you have asked. As it happens, it is all right this time, for my friend has money enough to pay for both of us; so you may give him the check. But don't let it happen again."

A Tom Dillon hat order is always acceptable. See Tom, opp. Palace Hotel.

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A Woman's Club Dilemma

Some time ago my Los Angeles correspondent wrote me that the Ruskin Art Club of that city was anxious to establish a permanent art gallery. Some time since a scheme was devised whereby the ambition of the women might be realized, and many of them had visions of a beautiful building hung with many rows of rare canvases. Mrs. Henry Wilson Hart came forward with a gift of one thousand dollars as a starter and smaller gifts were recently followed by the presentation of ten thousand dollars by Madame Ida Hancock for the construction of a memorial gallery in honor of her husband, General Hancock, and her son, with the promise of as much more if necessary. But because Charles F. Lummis, who has become unpopular with clubwomen since he succeeded Miss Jones as public librarian, was the head and front of the art gallery scheme, most of its formerly enthusiastic projectors have lost interest. The less offensively partisan of the women confidently expect however that it will be only a matter of a short time when prejudices will be entirely eliminated and that the permanent gallery will arise as a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

"General Adna R. Chaffee has been looking at property in Los Angeles," writes my correspondent, "with view to settling there when he is retired from the army next April. Mrs. Chaffee's sister, Mrs. Henry Albers, lives in Los Angeles. The general and his wife will reside in Washington until his retirement. Their son-in-law, Captain George French Hamilton, is in the War College there.

His Fourth Bride

"In the fullness of sixty-five years," further writes my correspondent in the South, "Captain Frederick Cressy has survived three wives and has lately won a fourth, twenty years his junior. The captain met his fourth matrimonial choice just two weeks and two days before their marriage. But then the fourth Mrs. Cressy, who was Eleanor Daniels McHansch Carl, knew a thing or two about marriage herself, having had three husbands. She is very wealthy and good looking.

Objects to Prizes

"Reverend Baker P. Lee, who succeeded Dr. George T. Dowling in the pulpit of Grace church, has been lecturing his smart congregation on the evils of playing cards

Christmas Waists

It would be a hard matter to find a woman who would not appreciate a waist for a Christmas gift. No matter how many she has, there's always a longing for one more.

In our Waist Department (now located in the new Annex) you will find splendid assortments in Lingerie, Silk and Lace Waists. The reputation of this store as a superior waist shop is notable and is a sufficient guarantee that you will get value received in style, quality and service.

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for prizes. The Rev. Lee thinks there is a distinction without a difference between playing cards for cut glass and silver and playing bridge or poker with Uncle Sam's coin. Wherefore the stock of mantel and sideboard ornaments of the professional society card players of Christ church parish is no longer growing apace. Converted hostesses are rewarding a good game nowadays with a handsome bouquet of flowers, a substitute for expensive gifts suggested by the rector."

A Chicago Man's Purchase

The beautiful home of Helena Modjeska in the Sierra Madre has passed out of the famous Polish actress's hands and become the property of a Chicago man, one Leopold Moss, who this week completed its purchase. In that home Modjeska passed many happy hours with her husband, Count Bozenta, and there they entertained many visitors. Persecuted Poles found a refuge there, and Sienkiewicz, the author of "Quo Vadis," was one of the most welcome guests. "Arden," the beautiful country place, lies not very far from the old Silverado mines and in the vicinity is a cave, high up in the mountains, where Indian war dances used to be held. The entrance is so small that one has to creep through, but the interior chamber is large enough to hold a hundred people comfortably. Near the gateway of Arden is a great boulder, on which is the inscription, "James Shews, Bury 1873," rudely carved, and which always attracts the curious relic-hunter. There are several gates to Arden, and one drives a long way before reaching the house, which is long and low, full of gables, curves, balconies and cathedral windows. During Madame Modjeska's prosperity, and before her hungry poor relations from Poland descended upon her to her financial ruin, the place was kept in magnificent order. The gardens and lawns were then the finest in that part of California.

The Livermores

Elizabeth Livermore has set all her friends wondering at her attitude toward society this winter. She is a member of the Gaiety Club, but appears to have grown weary of dances and the other small vices of the socially active. She is going in for more wholesome diversions than are to be had in the drawing-room. The other day she joined some friends from the northern part of the state for a horseback journey through California in which she will spend three months. Edith Livermore is doing Europe with Miss Pillsbury and will not return for a year or more. Mattie Livermore spends most of her time in the study of music and so the Livermore family is not conspicuous in the social columns these crisp winter days.

The Newhall Girls

The Mayo Newhalls will soon be moving into their new home in Green street, and then Marian Newhall will make her formal bow to society. Her mother does not consider their present home large enough to entertain in properly, and that prompted her to build one in a more fashionable district. The date of the Newhall-Houghtelling wedding has not been decided upon, I hear. Margaret Newhall has been in ill health lately and has refused in consequence all invitations to parties. While Miss Marian is waiting to appear in the role of a debutante she improves her time evolving fancy stunts on rollers at the rink.

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Alameda's Humorous Ducks

The Alameda ducks are having their usual good time dodging the amateur hunters who cruise around the bay in hope of an occasional shot. They get the shots all right, but they don't get the ducks. On Sunday mornings, especially, there may be seen dozens of small boats in that part of the bay which borders Alameda—about a dozen boats for every duck. The ducks seem to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and fly just out of reach of the shot. One will be seen cruising down the bay and a *boom-boom!* will be heard. He will dodge (I was going to say "duck," but that would sound like an attempt at a joke) and steer his course for another boat. More *booms,* more dodging; the course is changed and another amateur hunter tries a whack at him. Finally the duck, tired of flying, settles on the water. Immediately a dozen boats start in his direction. Craftily they creep up, their occupants with fingers on triggers. Before they are within shooting distance up goes Mr. Duck, straight into the air, and circles over the collection of boats, followed by a shower of shot. Then he scoots off to some other part of the bay to have fun with another collection of hunters. Half a dozen ducks will keep ten times as many hunters busy all day Sunday. Of course, one of them gets hit once in awhile—but there is no sport without its dangers. Hunters who go home and pick shot out of their carcases have learned this.

Christmas Town Talk

Something unique in magazine literature will make its appearance next week. I refer to the Christmas number of Town Talk which is now receiving the finishing touches. Aside from its profuse and artistic illustrations it will be found to be a notable achievement from a literary standpoint. A feature that is bound to attract a great deal of attention is a beautiful half-tone reproduction of "La Boheme," a painting by Ada Romer Shawhan of characteristic heads of distinguished San Francisco artists, musicians and writers. This is to be in the form of a colored supplement. The paper will contain nearly fifty illustrations. Among the literary features is a short story from the pen of W. C. Morrow, a Californian artist whose fame as a writer of short stories is confined neither to this state nor to this country. Herman Scheffauer has contributed a beautiful poem in blank verse and in characteristic vein. Those other distinguished writers, Edwin Clough, Harry Cowell, Mabel Porter Pitts, G. V. Fittock, Paul Clark and Bessie Russell, with whose work the readers of Town Talk are familiar, have also contributed to this number, and Sarah Connell, whose book reviews are a feature of the paper each week, has written of the achievements of Californian writers during the year. The regular departments of the paper will be found as newsy and breezy as ever.

Edwin Emery received a rousing welcome at the Alhambra Monday night, when he reappeared, after a long absence in the East, with the company of which he was for several seasons a popular member. Emery appears as Prince Korchagin, Dmitri's friend, in "Resurrection," and his entrance was the signal for such prolonged applause that to terminate it he had to stop the action of the play long enough to make a little speech.

Vaudeville at the Circolo Famigliare

The Circolo Famigliare Pisanelli, that typical Italian theatrical cafe which is now in the itinerary of every tourist and which attracts crowds of interested visitors every night, has become an incorporated enterprise, and the feature of its entertainment has been changed. Instead of the dramas in Italian that have heretofore held the boards, vaudeville performances are now given. This change, however, has in no way affected the delightfully Italian character of the place, the atmosphere that caused it to be considered of sufficient artistic interest to make it the subject of a descriptive article. The Circolo Famigliare Pisanelli is situated in the heart of the Latin Quarter, in Stockton street at Union.

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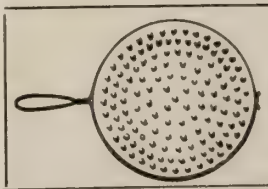

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John H. Blackwood, resident manager of the Belasco theatre, Los Angeles, is to collaborate on a new farce comedy with George H. Broadhurst, author of "What Happened to Jones" and "Why Smith Left Home." Blackwood was formerly dramatic editor of the Washington *Times,* and his contributions to the Eastern press and magazines have revealed rare talent for original and sparkling humor.

It is announced that Fred C. Talbot will dispose of his entire stable at auction on Tuesday, Dec. 19th.

The consignment consists of high-class vehicles, in good order, excellent road and carriage horses, harness, liveries, blankets, robes, whips, and all the paraphernalia that go to make up a first-class, elegantly-appointed private stable.

The sale will be absolute, and this occasion offers an opportunity to the public to secure something swell in the stable line at sacrifice figures.

Sale takes place at noon, at the salesyard of Fred H. Chase & Co., 1732 Market street, San Francisco, where the horses are now on exhibition.

The vehicles, harness, etc., may be seen at Studebaker's, Tenth and Market streets.

The Financial Field

A more than average amount of business was last week's showing at the Stock and Bond Exchange, dealings amounting to $497000 Bonds and 8690 Shares, divided as follows: 3755 Lighting, 680 Spring Valley Water, 2235 Miscellaneous, 50 Banks and 1970 Sugars.

Lighting stocks were quite strong, Gas & Electric certificates advancing to 87 and Mutual Electric to 16 3-4. It is believed that the new company will have to take care of the smaller concerns, otherwise they may become formidable or at least annoying rivals.

Water stocks remained without change in the miscellaneous group, and Alaska Packers continues weak. The sugar stocks attracted a little more attention and developed quite a degree of strength, making advances of from $1-2 to $1 1-2.

The Tonopah Daily *Sun,* in a recent issue, said: "The shaft at the Tonopah Standard mine two miles west of town, has reached a depth of four hundred feet, what bears strong evidence of being one of the walls of a valuable mineral deposit. It is a sort of decomposed granite carrying iron sulphides similar to the sulphides found in the porphyry wall of the big mines. The shaft has been sunk about fifteen feet in the granite and before long the management will run a system of extensive drifts and crosscuts in search of a ledge. When asked as to the conditions at the property Mr. Duval, the manager, stated that he felt very much encouraged over the outlook and that while the entire matter in which the shaft is running now carries values, he did not regard is at a strike. 'However,' he added, 'we feel that we have good reason to expect to encounter a ledge of valuable mineral at an early date. Work at the mine is being pushed rapidly and we are thoroughly testing every foot of ground. The water now found in the shaft is tepid and bears indications of carrying minerals in solution. We are making a chemical analysis of the water today. I regard the granite as an indication that we are now in the solid formation and think that it will very likely prove to be one of the walls.' "

—**The Financier.**

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The Stage

The Art of Nance O'Neil

Is Nance O'Neil endowed with that priceless gift which we call genius? By reason of insufficient knowledge, having seen comparatively little of her, I cannot affirm or deny. But that she is a remarkable woman, possessed of a weird personality, I am convinced because of my knowledge of the effect she has had on the cognoscenti in the temple of dramatic criticism. Over the art of no other contemporary mummer have the critics so fiercely debated. No other actress has succeeded in arousing such violent conflict of opinion. They may mildly disagree as to whether Duse is greater than Bernhardt in a certain role, or as to whether Mansfield is more of a tragedian than a character actor; they may dispute over the relative merits of Mrs. Fiske and Maude Adams, but when it comes to Nance O'Neil their viewpoints are as far apart as the poles. In Boston she is superlatively great; in New York she is crude and artificial. In England she is a tregedienne of some fire and little art; in Australia she is a woman of great force, superb temperament and rare genius. In San Francisco, where we know all about such things, some of us point to her with pride as a product of California and are as enthusiastic over her ability as over the flavor of our oranges; some of us discuss her as though we should deal charitably with her and concede that while she lacks imagination she does very well. So, I say, Nance O'Neil has a weird personality and is a remarkable woman. No commonplace woman could play such havoc with the judgment that is supposed to be guided by the hard and fast standards of histrionic criticism. Now criticism must be largely a matter of comparison. Unless we measure the modern master by the old, criticism swings in empty air. Nance O'Neil has suffered greatly from the circumstance that many of the plays in her repertoire were written for her contemporaries. Critics take it for granted that the conception of the creators of the role is the only correct one and they measure her by their preconceived notion of how the thing should be done. Duse, for instance, plays Magda as Sudermann says he intended it should be played and he ranks her in the role far above Bernhardt. So Bernhardt cast it out of her repertoire in Europe and devoted herself to some-

DOROTHY TENNANT

In "The College Widow" at the Columbia.

EUNICE GILMAN

In one of her many characterizations in "Cleopatra," at the Chutes. Miss Gilman is a half-sister of Mabelle Gilman, the singer who won the heart of President Corey, of the Steel Trust.

thing that was written for her. Poor Nance O'Neil, being an American and a provincial actress, is compelled to follow in others' footsteps. In my opinion she has followed pretty successfully and shows that she has some imagination by her independency of conception. She has vitalized and humanized some characters. She has made them real. She has created illusions, and she has revealed an art which, if not akin to artlessness, is adequate to every emotion and impulse which she is called upon to express. She does not do all these things as well as I have seen them done by others, but I must admit that I saw the others in roles which appeared to be more suitable to their powers of portrayal, and I must assume that there are within the scope of Nance O'Neil's art pinnacles that she cannot reach. I saw her Tuesday night in Sudermann's "The Fires of St. John," a play that nobody thinks of ranking with his "Magda" or his "The Joy of Living," and I was told that she had greatly improved, having skilled herself in the art of repression. The art of repression, in my opinion, has become the most artificial of all arts, especially when it is resorted to for the purpose of expressing feminine emotion, the female being given to hysteria rather than to passivity, to action rather than to repose. Since Duse pointed the way and Mrs. Fiske adopted the method of the Italian actress, the art of repression has been worked to an extreme that has become wearisome. When Nance O'Neil was in the habit of throwing off restraint and expressing passion as women usually do, she was not a very finished actress but she was real and she could grip an honest heart. As Marie in "The Fires of St. John" she is something of a bore in her brooding melancholy. A little fire would go a long way to vary the monotony, and that is why there is regret when the lights go out just as she makes that high dive at George. It is then that she lets herself loose and you feel that subsequent proceedings are worth while. Perhaps the actress is not altogether to blame. The play itself is monotonous. Sudermann is not at his best in "The Fires of St. John." He doesn't show that easy mastery of theatric effects that distinguished his dramaturgy in "Magda" and "The Joy of Living." Ibsen's influence is more apparent in this play than in the others. The theme was evidently suggested by "Ghosts" in which the leading character is obsessed with the dread of hereditary influence. But Sudermann fails to make it plausible. Marie, knowing that her mother is a thief, feels that it is the hereditary instinct that prompts her to steal the fiance of her benefactor's daughter; and her resistance of her amatory passion is based both on gratitude and her desire to conquer the larceny habit, which in this case would be petit larceny in view of the character of the weak wretch

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with whom she is in love. But the difference between the larcenous craving for the linen of your neighbor and the passion for your friend's fiance is so great that the poetic parallel drawn by Mr. Sudermann is grotesque. The analogy could be conceived only in the mind of a frenzied poet. Sudermann's purpose is rather indistinct. The play would be sane without the injection of the morbid dread that dominates his heroine, but it would not be coherent. The plot is developed in a jerky manner and the drama moves on a dead level. The audience is often left in blank bewilderment. The dissection of motives is far from luminous, and Miss O'Neil is given little opportunity for mood-versatility. The unutterable mournfulness of the end is terribly depressing and it is at the very end that Nance O'Neil reaches her greatest height. As she bows her head and weeps her frame is instinct with sensibility and it is then that she becomes poignantly photographic. On the whole the play is heavily Teutonic. The lightest thing in it is McKee Rankin ,as the father, and he looks like the inflated member of a German vaudeville team. The play is a soul-tragedy, Mr. Rankin is a tragedy of body. It is tragic to see so fine an actor becoming so far out of drawing. Before long it will be impossible for him to fit into any stage picture. The full strength of Miss O'Neil's company is not shown in her opening play, but the cast reveals some pretty good talent. Miss Jane Marbury plays an ingenue role with considerable vivacity despite the fact that physically she is not suited for it. She is of very pleasing personality and acts with grace and charm. John Glendinning plays Pastor Haffner in satisfactorily subdued tones. Mr. Robson, as the lover, fails to overcome a tendency to staginess. *Theodore Bonnet.*

"Resurrection" at the Alhambra

Edna Ellsmere is the best Maslova we have yet seen here. She looks the part of Tolstoi's heroine, with her dark eyes beneath straight black brows, and her pretty,

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rounded figure. To properly appreciate "The Resurrection" one must read the novel, for many points are lost in the dramatization, as is usual when a play is made from a book. In the book one can follow the workings of Dmitri's conscience, whereas on the stage one has to do a lot of guessing as to the why of his "awakening." I saw the Central company in this play before at their old theatre, with Miss Lawton as Maslova, but on the Alhambra stage it seems more effective, or else the players have grown more thoroughly into their parts. They do not over-act, as one would expect them to do after their constant melodramas. "Resurrection" is a melodrama, too, but of the better quality, calling for repression instead of noisy demonstration. Mayall as Dmitri is at his best in the later scenes, where the Prince sacrifices home comforts to follow to Siberia the girl he wronged when he was a careless, conscienceless youth. Shumer as Tikkon and afterwards as Breve has improved upon his former conceptions. "Resurrection" is worth seeing, not only for the problem in it but for the production, which is admirable. The new Alhambra is a very cosy place, its former bareness and chilliness transformed by the aid of portieres into warmth and comfort.

A Novel French Comedy

This was a gala week at the Alcazar. It marked the home-coming of that always popular comedian, George Osbourne, after a year's absence abroad. Mr. Osbourne is probably the best liked actor of a clientele that is remarkably loyal to its favorites, and he must have been well assured of it, not only by the almost thunderous applause that greeted him at his entrance and at the close of every act, but by those unmistakable signs of attentive appreciation that a sensitive actor instinctively listens for during all his performance. His part in "The Secret of Polichinelle" does not give Osbourne the greatest possible scope for his powers but it affords an opportunity for his genial nature to manifest itself. The plot of the play turns upon the marriage laws of France which prohibit the right to marry without the consent of both parents. The winning over of the old father and mother through their love for the grandchild furnishes the mainspring of the story. As it stands the play is one of the daintiest adaptations from the French ever seen here. Whether Mildred Aldrich, the adapter, is responsible for its wholesomeness and general acceptiveness to Anglo-Saxon ideas I do not know. At any rate the program states that it was the most moral play ever seen on the boulevards and that the French Academy is about to award it the Prix de Vertu. In the Anglicized version of it at least there is a freedom from risque situations that is refreshing after a long series of plays of the "Girl from Maxim's" type. The dialogue is never remarkable but at times is sprightly and amusing in a Gallic fashion. The translator has unfortunately used colloquialisms in the adaptation which rather destroy the illusion at times. Some of the actors are not at all convincing as Frenchmen, notably Waldron, who in make-up and manner never suggests anything but an American a few years out of college. The best work is done by Juliet Crosby, perhaps the most artistic she has done since "Madame Butterfly."

Next Week's Bills

"The College Widow" has scored a tremendous hit at the Columbia, and will run one more week. On Christmas night the Columbia will offer William H. Crane in the new comedy recently staged by him and in which he is said to have achieved a complete success. It is called "The American Lord," and was written especially for Crane by Broadhurst and Dazey.

Owing to the great demand for seats for "The College Widow," a demand which cannot be fully met, it has been decided to give an extra matinee on Thursday of next week. The piece has broken all records of the Columbia at regular prices.

The second week of Nance O'Neil's engagement at the Grand Opera House will be devoted to three of the plays in which we have seen her before: "Magda" on Monday and Tuesday nights and Wednesday matinee; "Camille," Wednesday and Thursday nights and Saturday matinee; "Elizabeth," Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. During Miss O'Neill's engagement she will produce, for the first time in this city, "Monna Vanna" by Maeterlinck, "Judith of Bethulia," by T. B. Aldrich; "Mariana," by Eschegary.

The Tivoli offers for its holiday attraction beginning next Monday night "Orpheus in Hades," an operatic extravaganza, the music by Jacques Offenbach and the libretto by Meilhaz and Harvey, as originally adapted and produced at the New York Casino by Max Freeman. The production will be a most magnificent one. Beautiful scenery and effects and gorgeous costumes have been specially prepared and the cast will include thirty people, the principal members of which will be Helena Frederick, Cora Tracy, Gertrude Zimmer, Barron Berthald, Arthur Cunningham, Teddy Webb, George Kunkel, and Eugene Weiner. A most attractive feature of the entertainment will be the new songs, specialties, ballets and marches. There will be special matinees Sunday, Dec. 24th, Christmas Day and New Year's Day.

For the week before Christmas, when the public's fancy is happily inclined, the Alcazar offers Mark E. Swan's mirthful farce, "Brown's in Town." It is distinctly American and its web of comic complications is all spun from the absurd happenings of a single summer's day. For the Christmas week attraction Mark Twain's romantic idyl, "The Prince and the Pauper," will be put on, magnificently staged, and with clever little Ollie Cooper in the dual role. "A Stranger in a Strange Land" comes next.

"East Lynne" will be revived at the Alhambra next Monday evening. For Christmas week the attraction at the Alhambra will be "Bob" Fitzsimmons, the pugilistic champion, in "A Fight for Love," written by Hal Reid, in which Fitzsimmons will spar three fast rounds, give a punching bag exhibition and shoe a horse during the course of the play.

"Princess Fan Tan" will be presented for the last times at the Chutes Sunday afternoon and evening and at the Monday matinee Bothwell Browne's musical extravaganza, "Cleopatra Up to Date," with a cast of over two hundred juveniles, will be given in elaborate style. The piece will be gorgeously mounted.

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GEORGE OSBOURNE

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Farewell Sauret Program This Saturday Afternoon

The program for the farewell concert by Emil Sauret, the French violinist, and Arthur Speed, pianist, at Lyric hall this Saturday afternoon is most interesting and important. Mr. Sauret's solo numbers will be the Dvorak's Concerto and Ernst's Hungarian Airs, and Mr. Speed will play a Brahms Rhapsodie in G minor and Capriccio in B minor and two important Chopin works. The ensemble numbers are particularly interesting, Beethoven's beautiful Sonata in C minor and the Second Suite by Schutt being the offerings. Two such great artists are not often heard together and no student or lover of music can afford to miss this great artistic treat.

ALICE NIELSEN

Who returns to San Francisco after a long absence, to appear no longer as a comic opera star, but in grand opera. Miss Nielsen will sing at the Tivoli on December 26 and December 31 in "Don Pasquale."

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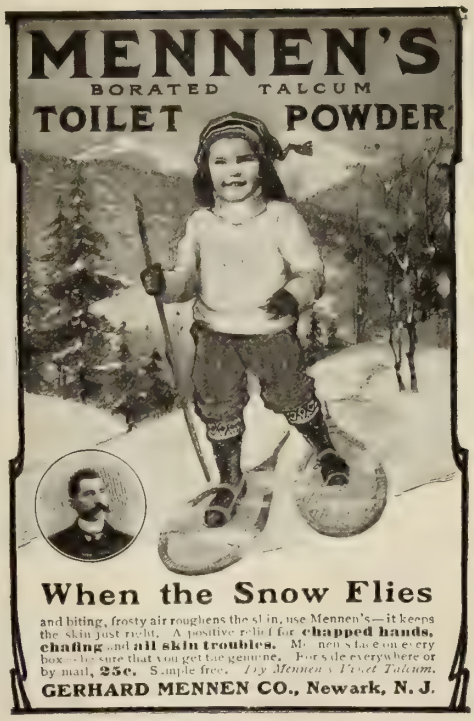
Melodrama Redivivus

Some months ago I remarked that the melodrama was again coming into favor. Plays of melodramatic flavor are now being ordered by theatrical managers who have come to the conclusion that play-goers have become weary of the vapid parading of the social world. The social comedy has become a torture. One of the big hits of the season in New York is "Oliver Twist," though it is as strained and artificial in many situations as was "Drink," the blood-and-thunder compound that carried Charles Warner through England, South Africa, Australia and the United States. It is amusing, in view of Beerbohm Tree's profession of jealous devotion to art, to find "Oliver Twist" holding the stage of His Majesty's theatre, in London, for more than five months. Only by the argument that the English have become strong in their demand for melodrama can one explain this incongruity. For many years Tree has been aspirant for the leadership of the English stage, and since the death of Irving he has been recognized as occupying that distinguished position. How, then, "Oliver Twist," with its long string of absurd incidents and its apparent unrealism? Only one argument commends itself. Tree has had the intuition to take advantage of a decided change of taste, and here in this country we have Belasco, and Royle, in their respective works, "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Squaw Man," giving token of the revived interest in melodrama. It fits in with the general situation to have Charles Frohman planning for the early production of "The Squaw Man" in London. It is possible even that melodrama will begin to make itself felt in musical comedy. The great success of "Little Johnny Jones," the latest musical comedy hit in New York, is due to its melodramatic drift, and George M. Cohan has elaborated upon that idea in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," the musical piece in which Fay Templeton has met a cordial reception in Chicago. It is likely Cohan is to attain some eminence as a playsmith. He is a youth of great ambition and untiring industry. Just now he is handicapped by crude notions, but there is hope for him by reason of his knowledge of his own shortcomings. Cohan has had little chance to expand, as the only education he has had has been picked up in theatres. But there can be no doubt he has a big brain. No musical play of the last year has been so marked by intelligent authorship as "Little Johnny Jones," and it is exceedingly gratifying to know that Cohan's financial prosperity has made it possible for him to look forward to his temporary retirement from the stage, so that he may enlarge on his present equipment by travel and study.

Actors and Dramatists at Dinner

The American Dramatists' Club celebrated the past, present and future of the American drama by means of a dinner in New York last week. Dave Warfield was the guest of honor, and he was also one of the speakers. "The actor," said Mr. Warfield, "must confess today his gratitude to the dramatist, not because the dramatist provides him with successful plays but because he finds the dramatist a convenient scapegoat. And, by the same token, dramatists should have a kindly feeling towards actors. Picture to yourselves the man who drew the part of Polonius in 'Hamlet.' You may feel sure he was lying in wait for Shakespeare and said to him, 'I won't play it!' Said Shakespeare, 'What's the matter with it? It's the best comedy part I ever wrote.' 'I don't care," said the actor, 'I think it is punk'—or blank verse to that effect. Then Shakespeare no doubt humored him and wrote in that speech of advice to Laertes." In introducing George Ade,

Do not overlook your duty as host by handing your guest an unknown wine. Give him Repsold's. Inspection invited. 420 Pine.



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the president, Bronson Howard, said: "There was something uncanny about our guest of last year. He had never had a failure. He has had a failure at last, though, and now, thank God, he is one of us. We extend to him the hand of fellowship. Tell us how you like it, Mr. Ade." George Ade grinned. "Since last year," he said, "I have had some new lights on the verse, 'Sweet are the uses of adversity,' and on Emerson's essay, 'Compensation.' If I had not scored a failure I don't think I should ever have found the charms of Sixth avenue. There are compensations, too: Fewer letters from managers to answer, and the country has a new charm. The first man I met from Indiana when I left there, and I left on the first train, asked me 'was your last play bad?' 'Pretty bad,' I said. 'Well, it must have been bad, if you say so,' said he, 'but how did they ever get on to it in New York?' For a week after a play fails author and manager are busy framing explanations as to why the play failed. They never give the true reason. To one friend I remarked: 'At all events no American humorist has ever succeeded in writing a play. Mark Twain and Bill Nye both failed.' 'By George,' said my friend, 'this failure of yours may prove you are an American humorist.'" William A. Brady was one of the speakers and he took occasion to say that the big men of the theatres in New York had, like Lochinvar, come out of the West. "And it will be only," he said, "when the young dramatist coming to New York can obtain a hearing, as did Frohman, Belasco and myself from San Francisco twenty years ago, that the American drama can become great."

Seats are now selling for five weeks in advance for Belasco's "The Girl of the Golden West" in which Blanche Bates has made the hit of her life.

Manager Bishop of the Majestic denies that he has any intention of producing "Yvette" of which Calvin Allerton wrote in last week's Town Talk.

—*The Playgoer.*

A Serio-Comic Melodrama

By Auguste Lyons.

"Snatch not at shadows, for thou may thereby lose the substance."

Scene—Anne Burton's boudoir, on a sultry day in early September. Characters—Anne and Arthur Loring, a villain or hero just as your morality bids you term him.

Arthur: The fire the love spark kindled cannot be quenched. Anne, you must be mine.

Anne: Must is not written in my dictionary.

He (turning her face so that the light falls full upon it: But you love me. Deny it if you dare.

She (her eyes drooping beneath his ardent gaze): You humiliate me.

He (impatiently): My God, how you haggle. There's only one thing, Anne, for you and me. Have I not tried to put you out of my life? Did I not go away and stay for months and months? And you—you wrote to me to come back.

She: I missed you. I—I thought we might be friends, even if—(holding out her hand timidly).

He (grasping it and then casting it from him roughly): Friends! Talk to a stone of friendship—I am a man. Friends. Anne, you don't know what you ask. But women never love like men. They are, the best of them, cold and calculating (laughing harshly).

She: Arthur (taking his two hands in hers and press-

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ing her lips to the rosy hollows in the palms): You don't understand. I do love you—but you know—'loved he not honor more.' The game, won at such a price, would never be worth the candle to me. To you either, after the first. You know we both love society. You couldn't bear to be ostracized any more than I could.

He (doggedly): Your love is a mighty poor thing, Anne, when you won't grant me its fulfillment.

She: Love should go hand-in-hand with reverence and respect.

He: You know nothing of the mad god (savagely).

She: How dared you seek me out and win my love when you knew that I could never be your wife? How dared you ask me—me, of your own world—that? I am degraded in my own eyes that I should ever have listened to you.

He (wearily): But it was you who wrote me to return. And many a time you have said that of all things you despised convention.

She: Yes, in little things, hats, gowns, and that sort of thing. But this—why, how could I give up my world? I am of society—how could I live without it? (vehemently) I have considered it—to my shame be it said, I have thought it all out. Every phase of such a life has impressed it upon me. I know that if the man were held by the same conventions as the woman either he would not live the life or he would end as he began, with the one woman. I must be content, Arthur, to go as I came.

(*Maid brings in tea.*)

Anne (filling the cups): Let us be friends, then.

He (stirring the sugar in his cup and gloomily staring at the amber fluid): What did you bring me back from London for? (rising and not noticing that his cup had fallen and was broken. He seizes her in his arms and kisses her passionately, on lips, throat, forehead, not heeding her gasps of remonstrance. Then he disengages her, not ungently, and goes toward the door.) If you will not, no man can make you. But you must not blame me if I doubt your love.

She (weeping tempestuously): Don't doubt it, Arthur. I do love you—do not leave me. I will—I will—

He (returning and clasping her in his arms): You will?

She: Yes, darling, I will—I'll chuck society and buy a cook-book, and see how we manage in a small apartment.

He: And you'll never regret?

She: No—not so long as my husband refrains from criticising my housekeeping.

(*Kisses, etc. Amateur singer in next house warbles*: "Du bist mein, ich bin dein.")

Anne: Our benediction.

December, 1905.

The Unversatile Helpmate

(From Edith Wharton's "Descent of Man.")

Though the trials of married life have been classified and catalogued with exhaustive accuracy, there is one form of conjugal misery which has perhaps received inadequate attention, and that is the suffering of the versatile woman whose husband is not equally adapted to all her moods. Every woman feels for the sister compelled to wear a bonnet which does not "go" with her gown; but how much sympathy is given to her whose husband refuses to harmonize with the pose of the moment? Scant justice has, for instance, been done to the misunderstood wife whose husband persists in understanding her; to the submissive helpmate whose taskmaster shuns every opportunity of browbeating her, and to the generous and impulsive being whose bills are paid with philosophic calm.

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Memoranda of a Successful Playright

To please the public there is no easier way than to persuade it that it has a mind and morals. The successful playwright is he who makes his public think it possesses these qualities. A man may be utterly without morals—a woman usually is—but he likes to fancy that he is a bit out of the common run because of this lack. To write good plays is quite another thing from writing plays that will act well. Hearing is different from reading. To read and understand one must have mental capacity. To "take in a play" one need only have eyes and ears. To absorb it is another matter.

Newspapers make or mar a play's success. A simple matter such as a critic's indigestion has damned many a decent drama and lost its projectors a fortune.

Money is what most of us are after. I am not one of the other kind. To be an Idealist in playwriting one would ask only one audience or spectator—someone to appreciate. To be a success, one must cater to the multitude.

What the esthetes reject out of overfastidiousness the Philistines usually applaud.

What's the use of writing up to the fine mind? There are so few of them. To write down is what swells the bank account of the playwright. There are more coarse souls concealed beneath refined features than you fancy.

A man's lack of refinement is betrayed when he is alone with his kind. A woman's, when she has absorbed wine in excess of her capacity. A smart theatre party doing a play after a gay dinner is the most appreciative audience of a French farce.

The most successful play I ever wrote was a melodrama bristling with risque situations and its melodramatic aspect disguised by a rattling dialogue of forced epigrams. My most unsuccessful play, an exquisite poetic drama with a high moral well displayed.

Only when the mercenary element is ignored by managers will the Great American Drama be written.

—*The Cynic.*

December, 1905.

The clever little Davis children—Eric aged thirteen and Elizabeth ten—will give their third operatic recital this Saturday evening in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. They will contribute the entire program themselves, Mario Roeckel assisting in the final number, a Pratt trio. The program includes selections by Roeckel, Gounod, Lighter, Braga, Marzials, Caracciolo, McDowell, Leoncavallo, Mozart, Verdi, Bizet and McCurrie.

Signor Paolo La Villa has been appointed organist and choir master at St. Rose's church. Before coming to San Francisco Prof. La Villa had for two years full charge of the choir at the Leavenworth, Kansas, Cathedral. Professor la Villa is the com- disappoint us as she did Milwaukee and Chicago. Chicago, by Ditson), and in G for two voices (published by John Church). He has just finished a new Salutaris in F, and is now working on a new Fourth Mass in B flat.

The Kopta Quartet May Concertize Here

The Kopta Chamber Music Quartet, consisting of Wenzel Kopta, first violin, Hans Koenig, second violin, Andre Verdier, viola, Wenceslas Villalpando, violoncello, and Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, pianist, being under the impression that there are sufficient lovers of classical music in this city to support a series of three chamber music concerts, announce that they will present three such programs, each program containing one novelty in chamber music composition. But in order to assure the success of the enterprise at least two hundred subscribers are necessary as it is impossible to inaugurate chamber music concerts with a less number of subscribers. The price for each reserved season ticket will be $2.50.

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Automobile Topics

All Royalty Have Autos

A round-up of royalty shows that almost every monarch and ruler now owns an automobile. King Alfonso of Spain is the only one, however, who owns an American car and stories concerning the boy King ofttimes state that the Columbia is one of his favorite cars. It will be remembered probably by some that at the time of King Alfonso's purchase of the Yankee automobile it was considered by motorists in this country as a tribute to American motor cars. The garage of the Emperor of Germany I believe contains the most machines of any of the monarchs, in fact the German ruler has entirely forsaken man's best friend. King Edward of England also has a respectable string of chug-wagons.

Dr. Palmer on Motoring

Dr. George H. Palmer, of this city, after having discarded the horse-drawn vehicle for nearly two years, declares that he now finds his automobile quite indispensable in his practice. In relating how he had come to give up the horse in preference for the automobile and also while telling some of his experiences with the motor vehicle, Dr. Palmer said: "Nearly two years ago I purchased an Autocar and have used it continuously in my practice ever since that time and in several long runs in the country. For many years previously I had varying experiences with horses, and had become thoroughly dissatisfied with them both on account of the matter of safety and speed—particularly as regards their use in this city—yet with this knowledge before me I did not make a change of horses to autos without many misgivings as to its practicability in so hilly a city as San Francisco. However, I have proved to my entire satisfaction that in every respect the change was a wise one and in every way desirable. The feature that militates more particularly against the use of the automobile in San Francisco is the deplorable condition of the streets, which for several years have received little attention from the city authorities and the street car companies. I go out daily with exactly the same assurance of returning without delay of any kind as I would if horses were the motive force."

North to South

The first automobile of the 1905 models to make the long and arduous trip from San Francisco to Los Angeles was a White steam touring car driven by Charles D. Blaney, a resident of San Jose. Mr. Blaney's 1906 White arived in San Francisco last week and after touring about this city for a few days he started out early Saturday morning on his annual winter tour with Los Angeles again his destination. He was accompanied by Mrs. Blaney and R. C. Kirwood of Mountain View. Mr. Blaney is not seeking to break any records but will proceed leisurely south, where some time will be spent traveling to various points of interest in the automobile.

For Desert Service

J. H. Hoffman, president of the Goldcenter Ice and Brewing Company of Goldcenter, Nevada, has spent several days in San Francisco investigating automobiles to be used by his company in traversing the deserts of Nevada. Mr. Hoffman decided to purchase a model K Winton from the Pioneer Automobile Company, and he left on Wednesday with his machine. It will be run overland from Reno to Bullfrog.

Olds
—4—
Cylinder

Mr. Chapin, of the Olds Motor Works writes Manager Brinegar as follows:

Replying to your telegram of the 20th, we wired you "Are due to get you sample shipment two-cycle about December 26th". These cars are being rushed through with as much expedition as possible, but we cannot tell as much about delivery on these cars as on the four-cylinder. Your four-cylinder should be ready to go from here about the 10th to 15th of December.

I wish that you could have been on here for the convention and seen the enthusiasm of the agents on the cars. The four-cylinder car runs like a dream and a mighty pleasant dream at that. It is exceedingly quiet, very powerful and a beautiful creation. I have never waxed quite so enthusiastic over any Oldsmobile as over this line, and "we are certainly going to show" every other builder of light four-cylinder cars this next spring.

The two-cycle car is out and running and one of them pulled 26 H.-P. on the testing stand yesterday. It is really a shame to sell this car for the money, and the demand for it is going to be somewhat enormous. If you ever make any money out of the Oldsmobile line, the season of 1906 should be that time, and I hope you are prepared for the most aggressive campaign you have ever opened up. You sold a bunch of goods for us last year, and shall certainly endeavor to get your sample two-cylinder car out among the very first None of them have been delivered yet, but you will be down on the first row when it comes to shipments, and I think the latter part of December will see the goods going out. Yours very truly,

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Round and About

Judge Alfred Battle, a very enthusiastic automobilist of Seattle and the owner of a White steamer, has recently been elected president of the Seattle Automobile Club.

R. P. Schwerin has invested in a new model K Winton.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gilbert and Mrs. Louis M. Berney arrived Saturday in their auto for an outing at Hotel Del Monte. An automobile party enjoying a visit at Del Monte last week included Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Kindry and child.

J. Stanford, of Warm Springs, the owner of the first Winton car in California, has placed his order with the Pioneer Company for a model K Winton. This is the fourth Winton car Mr. Stanford has owned.

The Pioneer Automobile Company were the successful ones in securing the agency for the Thomas Flyer in Northern California.

—*The Chauffeur.*

Other People's Ideas on Love

"Love sends an arrow by a glance,
Another by a tone;
But, with a kiss, he aims a dart
To reach the centre of a heart
That he would call his own."

—Byron.

"The pleasure of love is in loving. We are happier in the passion we feel than in what we excite."—Balzac.

"To see a young couple loving each other is no wonder; but to see an old couple loving each other is the best sight of all."—Thackeray.

"He: It is dangerous to play with fire. Only friendship is worth while.

"She: Friendship is too cheap to be worth having.

"He: And love is too expensive to be worth while."

—From a magazine story.

"A woman's—a girl's—disillusioning is a very sad comedy—it should never have an audience."—From Mrs. Thurston's "The Masquerader."

—*The Gleaner.*

December, 1905.

On Wednesday evening, January fifth, in Steinway hall, Wenzel Kopta will give a violin recital, assisted by Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, pianiste, and Gyula Ormay, accompanist. The program will be: Piano and violin, Sonata op. 24, F major, Beethoven, Mrs. Mansfeldt and Mr. Kopta; Concerto for Violin, op. 15, Bazzini; piano solo, Ballade G minor, Chopin, Mrs. Mansfeldt; violin solos, "Romance," op. 48, Saint-Saens, "Elfentanz," op. 62, Spies, "Canzonetta" from op. 35, Tschaikowsky, "Slavish Dance" from op. 67, Dvorak, Fantasie sur le sextette de Lucia di Lammermoor, for violin alone, Lubin; Fantasie Bravura "Moise" for the G string only, Paganini.

Remember Christmas is coming—with crowded stores and busy salespeople. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

Louis James will present "Richelieu," "Virginius" and "Ingomar" during his coming engagement at the Columbia.

At Swain's

The Dutch dining-room at Swain's has become one of the most popular places for society to give its luncheons and dinners. Forty-four are easily accommodated, and the service and table appointments are all that could be desired by the most fastidious.

Stevens Duryea 1906

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Music

The Loring Club Concert

"Better and better" is the general verdict of attendants upon the concerts of the Loring Club, "and last Tuesday night's the best yet." Indeed the general smooth excellence of the choral work could not fail to impress itself upon an audience. As soloist-in-chief the club had the assistance of McKenzie Gordon, whose public appearance in recital has been so long delayed. Mr. Gordon is a tenor who cannot help arousing enthusiasm. Besides having beautiful notes in his voice, he has that passionate ardor which grips the heart. He sings as if he meant every word of it. His one mannerism is that little break in his voice, a trick of vocalism often poignantly effective as a climax, but employed too often it loses its effect. Mr. Gordon was down for a generous number of songs on the program, and responded most liberally to encores. All his numbers were given in excellent style, but I think the D'Hardelot "Because" and the two Gipsy Melodies by Dvorak bore off the palm, unless I make mention of his extra number, "Drink to me only with thine Eyes," a jewel. In Adam's "Noel" Mr. Gordon's voice was hardly powerful enough to withstand the full chorus and orchestra. The instrumental portion of the program was fully up to the vocal. Besides the accompaniments to various numbers in conjunction with the piano, organ and flute, the strings and flute were down for a Jadassohn "Intrata" and "Notturno," and the string quartet alone repeated the beautiful Rubinstein "Music of the Spheres" which proved such a favorite at the last concert. Dvorak's "Rumoreske" arranged for string quartet by Mr. Arthur Weiss was also given, marred, to me, by choppy phrasing. The "Italian Salad" which closed the program showed the effect of a little exaggeration. The fun of the selection, as we all know, consists in the amount of color and expression bestowed on perfectly nonsensical words. If the text had been the real finale of an Italian opera we would have been justified in pronouncing it a magnificent and thrilling close. Mr. Gordon, who had the tenor solo, was quite in the vein. The assistants of the club on this occasion were, besides Mr. Gordon, Mr. Jaulus and Mr. Koenig, first violins, Bela Purt, second violin, G. Villapando, cello, S. H. Bonon, bass, F. E. Zech, flute, Frederick Maurer, piano, and J. C. Fyfe, organ; soloists, Mr. Liedermann, who took the place of Mr. Macmillan, tenor, Mr. Wilfred G. Glenn and Dr. Schalkhammer, baritones; W. C. Stadtfeld, director. The concerted numbers were "King Olaf's Christmas," Dudley Buck; "Old German and Old English Christmas Carols"; "Cantique de Noel," Adam; "Chorus of Bishops and Priests from L'Africaine," Meyerbeer; Cantata, "Salamis," Gernsheim; "Italian Salad," R. Genee. The next concert of the club will take place on April third, 1906, when Wagner's "Der Liebesmahl der Apostel" will be given. This is a rarely heard work, requiring a full orchestra and five choirs.

The Rolker Recital

A program of unusual merit characterized Edward Xavier Rolker's seventh song recital. Those assisting were Miss Hariette M. Simon, soprano, Mrs. Mignon Judson McDonald, mezzo-contralto, Miss Pearl Hossack, contralto, Bert Georges, basso, Joseph Rosborough and Clarence Dineley, baritones, Hughes Davies and George Wallace, lyric tenors, Miss Ernestine Goldman, accompanist. Mr. Hossack in her four songs showed herself a singer who has voice and expression under perfect control. Her numbers by Richard Strauss, Augusta Holmes, Tschaikowsky and John Orth were unhackneyed and were given with consummate art and poise. The Tschaikowsky "Pilgrim Song" was sung in Russian. Mrs. McDonald was strong and effective in her "Ballad of Thyra Lee" by Harold Boulton. I was sorry she put that little bit of colorature into "Robin Adair" which she gave as an encore. Miss Simon has a flexible soprano but not sufficiently strong for her exacting numbers. Mr. Wallace has a tenor of great promise, and the excellent work of Messrs. Rosborough and Georges has been favorably commented upon on former occasions. Mr. Dinely did well with the aria from "Zaza" and Mr. Davies was rather sentimental in "Love's Whispers" and "Good Night." Mr. Rolker was heard in the concerted numbers. The full program follows: Gypsy Life, Schumann, Messrs. Wallace, Davies, Dineley and Georges; My Ladies' Eyes, Clayton Johns, I Mind the Day, Chas. Willeby, Mr. Wallace; At the Weser, G. Pressel, Coat Song, Puccini, Mr. Rosborough; trio, A Night in Granada, Kreutzer, Miss Simon, Messrs. Dineley and Rolker; Rube meine Seele, R. Strauss, Thrinodia, Aug. Holmes, Blagoslovlyayu Was (Pilgrim Song), Tschaikowsky, Entreaty, I. Orth, Miss Hossack; aria from Zaza, Leoncavallo, Mr. Dineley; trio, Magic Flute (by request), Mozart, Miss Simon, Messrs. Georges and Rolker; aria, Magic Flute, Mozart, Miss Simon; Tyra Lee (Cycle), Somervelle, Mrs. McDonald; Love's Whispers, Baerwald, Good Night, Bishop, Mr. Davies; duets, Nightingale, Brahms, Hunting Song, Bullard, Messrs. Georges and Rolker.

(Continued on Page 41)

THE CHRISTMAS COVER

The most appropriate and inexpensive present you could make as a Christmas gift to any of your Eastern friends would be a year's subscription to SUNSET—the California Magazine

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Man as Men Know Him

(Concluded from Page 7)

marked copy of the book of idle deeds and words, and all the rest of it, would we males lead better lives, I wonder? As for myself, I should, I fear me, have a mighty desire to see how great an angel of forgiveness a woman could be. If God will forgive each woman that loves much as much as she has forgiven man, it is certain to be well with many a Magdalene in the last day. Had I died before I could think or speak or act, I might never have sinned against woman in thought or word or deed. There is nothing like a woman's love to make a man hate himself. And yet, there is probably no man so bad but has saved some woman from himself. There are two classes of women that will stand between the libertine and hell—those he has saved from himself and those he has not.

The best of good fellows at the Owl Club is Banker Jones. Many 's the hearty laugh I owe him. To think of him without an incipient shaking of the sides is hardly possible. He has a wink which is the despair of the very worst of us. Such tales as he tells, himself ever the hero, every one of them true, as our envy assures us, and stranger than our wildest fictions! When Jones comes in at the door of the Owl, dullness flies out of the window. One of the best jokes the jovial banker ever put up on us (he very kindly put up for it, too, and we, to tell the truth, with it), was a stag supper—"no ladies," the cards took care to state. Well, in I dropped after the opera and, to my great surprise, found my bachelor's hall full of women of much beauty; all of which any one with half an eye could see for himself at a glance. "Why, Jones, I thought—" "My dear chap, you thought right; there isn't one here!" Then, that wink. At exactly the same place had our merry host interrupted twenty of his guests. A jolly good fellow—as jolly as ever winked—is Banker Jones. Why, then, did I take with such a solemn countenance my sweet twin sister's news that she was going to marry him? Banker Jones, the catch of the town, my own chum! Ah, little sister mine, no wonder you could make neither head nor tail of that long face. Years afterward, when I asked for my own—well, never mind. What I was about to say is this, that I once saw a father wear just such a long face as my own must have been what time my twin sister told me her news. For an infinitesimal fraction of a second I saw myself as I had seen Banker Jones. Fine fellow, Jerry, set me up in business—my brother-in-law, you know. And little Harry Jones, called after his uncle —looks like him, too, every one says—cutest young scamp I ever saw in all my life, or ever— —no, I expect to see a cuter, pretty soon now.

Beg pardon, ladies. What was I talking about? O, yes—man as men know him. This long-as-was-my-face digression on family matters is hardly to the point, I fear, and certainly not in the usual good taste of yours truly (I mind my oath, you see).

A book that would open your eyes, little sisters, I could write on Man as Seen by Men, or rather, on Men as Seen by One Man. Sense it should have, I promise you; spirit, too; a grain or so of gold—maybe; but to make of it a Holy Writ of Beauty—ah, there's the rub. Don't get your hopes up, girls. Don't be uneasy, boys. It shall not be written. I, like you, my hearties, must die thirsty.

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Music

(Concluded from Page 38)

Madame Eleanore Joseph, who lately returned from Berlin and Paris after some years of music study in those cities, has charge of the program the Forum Club is giving on Wednesday afternoon of this week.

Calve Will Sing Here

The first great musical attraction of the New Year will be Calve and her concert company. Calve is said to be in better voice this season than for a number of years, she having thoroughly regained her health, which has been in a precarious state for a long time. She is especially anxious to let San Francisco hear her at her best as she fully realizes how ill she was when last here with the Grau Grand Opera Company, and so she will likely not disappoint us as she did Milwaukee and Chicago. Chicago, by the way, adores Calve, and when she appeared there with the Grau company always gave her a rousing reception.

Mrs. Decker-Cox's Recital

On Monday evening of last week Mrs. Cecilia Decker-Cox gave a song recital for "Die Probe" in the recital hall of the Von Meyerinck School of Music. The program was: Die Rose, Spohr, 1784-1859; Gute Nacht, Im Herbst, Franz; Standchen, Traum durch die Dammerung, Richard Strauss; Bergere legere, Aminte, Venez-agreable Printemps, Old French; "A mon fils" aria from the Prophet, Meyerbeer; Excerpts from the cycle "Gipsy Songs," Hark, how my triangle, Songs my mother taught me, Freedom Song, Dvorak; Low, my Lute (Queen May's song), Oscar Weil; The Lear's at the Spring, Mrs. Beach. Miss Inez Strauch gave able support at the piano.

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Letters

Christmas Calendars

This is the season of the year when calendars blossom as the flowers of springtime. A calendar is no longer a mere block of figures arranged in four rows and headed by the name of the month and the number of the year Anno Domini, but a thing of beauty, to be considered rather as a holiday booklet, to be preserved long after its utility has ceased to be a factor. Some of the most attractive that have been issued for the ensuing year are those from the art establishment of the Paul Elder Company. All that can be accomplished through the medium of tinted boards, decorated margins, illuminated initials and artistic type and silk cord, has been done for them. Each page contains a quotation, carefully selected, from some author of note. Admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson will find the "Aspirations Calendar" especially pleasing, since five out of twelve excerpts are from his pen, among them the Prayer, the quotation which has been made familiar by the monument in Portsmouth Square, and the "Value of a Friend." The Impressions Calendar is in the same general style, and opens with John Muir's "Climb the mountains and get their good tidings." Edward Roland Sill, Gelett Burgess, David Starr Jordan and Robert Louis Stevenson also furnish "Impressions," which will make this appropriate for Californians. The "Calendar of Nature Songs" gives a verse or a short poem on each leaflet. Some of the best short poems in the language have been appropriated—"The Sacrament of Spring" by Charles K. Field, "A Thought Afield" by Edward Rowland Sill, "In Blossom Time" by Ina D. Coolbrith, "In Poppy Fields" by Edwin Markham, "Summer Hills" by Adeline Knapp, "Siesta" by Ralph Erwin Gibbs, and "The Word," by Richard Realf. The "Calendar of Nature Songs" is arranged with two months to each page. The "Miniature Calendar" differs only in size, not in quality, and the quotations are shorter, but they are selected with the same discriminating care, and the execution is in every way equal. All the calendars are boxed, and can be mailed safely to distant friends.

Every reader of "Emmy Lou" remarked the satisfactory character of the illustrations. The little heroine was so exactly what she should have been, and the other children so "little girlie," differentiated yet so individually satisfactory. The artist, Chares L. Hinton, has recently explained the phenomenon, for such it is, when compared with the majority of illustrations. He not only read the stories carefully before he made his pictures, but he had available a family of eight little cousins who supplied just the types he wanted.

A Californian Composer

John W. Metcalf's latest composition, "A Name," has been published by Schmidt, the Boston-Leipzig-New York music publisher. It is written in three keys, for high, medium and low voice, and promises to become a favorite with concert singers. The words are by Karl Fuhrmann, and begin, "The wind from the North beats the surging sea, The veil of the night is sinking." Around the words Mr. Metcalf has woven a melody that carries out their spirit very successfully. This is the eleventh in Mr. Metcalf's second series of classical songs. —**The Bookworm.**

Mrs. Howard Persuaded Fraulein Stolle

Owing to extensive travels in search of new material, Burton Holmes will not give his Travellogues in this city again until January of 1907. For this January's season Manager Greenbaum has secured Frl. Antonie Stolle, the Boston artist, for a series of illustrated talks on "The Art Galleries of Europe." Frl. Stolle has a wonderful collection of views of the great paintings and mural decorations of the galleries and churches of the Old World, all colored from the original by herself and with every characteristic of the original so preserved that one imagines oneself strolling through the great galleries of Rome, Venice, Dresden and Paris. Nothing like these pictures has ever been seen in San Francisco. This is Frl. Stolle's first Western trip and it is said to have required much inducement to persuade her to abandon her art classes in Boston to make this tour. It was through the kindly offices of Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, who is a warm friend and admirer of Frl. Stolle, that the tour was made possible, and Mr. Greenbaum will represent the artist in the leading cities of the Pacific coast.

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TOWN TALK

CHRISTMAS 1905

Drawing by Xavier Martinez

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Christmas Town Talk 1905

Vol. XIV Saturday, December 23, 1905 No. 695

No. 18 SANTA CLAUS SPRECKELS

There is nothing legendary about the benevolent old gentleman here depicted by our fanciful artist. The Sugar King of California is not as widely known as his mythical double, but his fame has traveled far. He has been a Santa Claus to San Francisco for he has done much toward the development of the city by the Golden Gate.

The Triumph

By W. C. Morrow

Thomas Watson, the ambitious young deputy sheriff, was not dismayed by the quizzical look in the back of his superior's eyes, for Mr. Watson felt the power and condescension of youth. Yet he had a tolerant respect for an old man who had won distinction for daring and skill. They were sitting at bucolic ease in the sheriff's office.

"You can get the bandit if you are cautious," the wily old officer went on, "and no other man in California is so well fitted for the job. But remember this: Joaquin Murietta will never be taken alive in an open fight. In such a case you must kill or be killed."

"I understand that, and am ready," ripped out the young man with a readiness that made the white-haired man's eyelids lower.

"Yes," returned the deep, quiet voice. "You are as brave as he, and as quick, and as dead a shot. The danger lies just there."

Watson was bored, but his idle curiosity had been stirred. Still he would go no further than to permit his eyes instead of his tongue to exhibit the politeness of a request for an explanation. It was a trifle disconcerting to see in the famous old sheriff's steady eyes a swarm of anxieties to which the kindliness of wisdom denied words.

"A man conscious of being a criminal," the sheriff patiently resumed, "feels himself at a great disadvantage when facing an officer of the law. Conversely, the officer is conscious of his own advantage. That is why your splendid pluck and shrewdness enabled you to take the band of train robbers, who killed four of your men before you played your high trump. You did perfect work there, as also in the case of the kidnapers."

The sheriff dropped his glance to his watch-charm, which he critically examined as he turned it in his fingers. The young man repressed his impatience as he waited in the pause.

"But Murietta is a different game," the quiet voice resumed. "He thinks he is right in fighting and killing the white men who have come to California to plunder and dispossess his people, the Mexicans. He regards us as the robbers and outlaws, and himself as a Tell or a Winkelried. He despises us, and therefore will never meet us in an open fight nor on equal terms. We are vermin, to be trapped and slain as such. It is only by superior wit and stratagem that you can take him. And don't deceive yourself on one point: From the moment that the thought was born in my mind to send you after him, he knew it, and began his defense."

Watson could not repress a smile, for this was clearly a senile obsession born of the terror which the great outlaw inspired. The young man's position as deputy held him in a respectful silence.

"If Murietta's perfect cunning still serves him," the sheriff went on, "he will never give you an open chance at him. And, further, he knows that if his hand in your killing is even suspected, every man in the San Joaquin plains will rise and uproot the mountains themselves to reach him. If he kills you, he will be careful that not even a suspicion of the fact shall be possible."

The unobstrusive solemnity in the old sheriff's voice had so sobering an effect that the young man's respectful attitude became genuine. He event went so far as to hint that he was ready to hear any suggestions.

The sheriff raised his eyes and abruptly asked:

"That Mexican girl has been with your mother three weeks, hasn't she?"

"Yes."

The answer was somewhat thick and resentful, for the quick look that had gone with the sheriff's question might easily be mistaken for impertinence or patronage. The sheriff rose, walked across the room, and gazed through the window.

"Tom," he quietly said, not looking round, "I know that it hurts your work to meddle with your plans, and I want you to have all the credit for taking the greatest outlaw that ever harried this state. You are no fool. I'll say two things only—when I might say more, and ask several questions: First, cunning alone, not quickness and straight shooting, will land Murietta; second, any Mexican, man or woman, would be a dangerous ally."

That adroit double warning, from the best friend that a rising young man could have, held a queer contradiction which dried the complacent smile on the young man's lips as he approached his mother's cottage by the back way that night. For it was both by cunning and the aid of a Mexican—Chona, the girl whom his lonely and invalid mother had taken for nurse and companion—that the plot for trapping Murietta had been made possible. A slight twinge of conscience came with the reflection that only by making Chona fall in love with him had he been able to use her for Murietta's undoing; but she was young, and after the devoted hound had led him to the quarry, she would be returned to her pack and would forget. Plenty of other nurses and companions were available for his mother.

Chona had the horses ready behind the barn, for the feeble mother must not know of her son's dangerous enterprise, and Chona had provided a substitute nurse for two or three days.

The girl's sweet, patient face broke into smiles when her lover came.

"Oh, Tomas," ran her liquid voice, giving his name the Spanish sound, "I thought you never, never would come!"

But a low laugh and a kiss brightened the stars in her eyes, and a strong hand landed her in the saddle.

"Which way, sweetheart?" he asked, as their horses swung out for the highway.

"He's in the Little Panoche tonight."

The Little Panoche! It was a sheer instinct of self-preservation that made the young man's muscles throw a pressure on the bit and slacken the horse's gait. For the Little Panoche was temporarily holding an imminent tragedy for all who might enter. It was a narrow gorge with precipitous walls, and a recent landslide had dammed the creek and formed a lake at the upper end. The dam might yield at any moment, and the flood would sweep the gorge clean. In his dismayed pause the deputy sheriff reflected that the selection of so dangerous a retreat perfectly became the daring character and harried state of the outlaw.

The moon wore a veil flung over her face by the Pacific, but the light was sufficient to show the serene fearlessness in Chona's face. The young man flushed hot before her superior courage, and his astonishment that she ig-

(Continued on Page 77)

"THE TRIUMPH" By W. C. Morrow

"She refused to be thrust aside, and was sobbing as she clung"

Gateways of the Golden Gate

By Paul G. Clark

BEAUTIFUL San Francisco exists not only in the prophetic dream of the great architect, but is already a reality. The genius of the designer and the builder is planning brilliantly for her future, but the taste of the inhabitants has shown itself in outdoor works of art that lend distinction to many homes.

Entrance to Horace Davis Home.

The striking aspiration of all peoples known to history has been to perpetuate their memory in noble, magnificent and graceful edifices. The estheticism of a people is expressed in their homes, and wherever architecture reached a high stage of development and the love of the Beautiful was intense great pride was taken in the character of the entrances to fine buildings. In some countries gateways are among the finest achievements of artistic genius, and the construction of a beautiful gateway is an event in art as notable as the production of a masterly quatrain. Individuality is often more distinct in a gateway than in the edifice to which it leads. The tendency in this city in recent years has been to omit the gateway, but we have a number of beautiful samples of architectural art in the gateways of some of our magnificent homes.

First Avenue Entrance to Presidio.

Gateway and Porte Cochere of Rudolph Spreckels Home.

A gateway that arrests our attention at once by its graceful proportions, its height and harmony of outline stands at the entrance of the new Presidio Terrace. It may be said to be within the correct lines of good architecture. It marks a great advance in outdoor features of the city. The artist-architect, as the Japanese would say, is Mr. Albert Pissus.

Among the most characteristic gateways that stud the city are those that guard the entrances on the rolling ground of the Federal Reserve, at the Presidio. Nothing could be more impressive than the vast cannon from whose throats once belched breaths of fire, now pointing skyward, converted to the uses of peace and beauty. The martial spirit of old times found no more victorious expression than exists in the planting of the six cannon that give the

Gateway to Residence of H. U. Brandenstein.

character to this entrance and gateway. Another one built after the military manner stands also on the south side of the Presidio. It is interesting because of the various coats of arms, the federal insignia and devices, emblazoned on the four sides of each of the huge stone pillars, the shields and Government letters on the iron gates. On the brow of a hill this gateway is especially commanding.

Despite the rare merits of each of these gateways, the artist is always tempted to give the palm to that delicate

The de Young Gateway.

and exquisite entrance to the Collis P. Huntington house on Nob Hill. It is one of the precious outdoor art possessions of the city. It is simple and quiet; it is an example of great good taste and style. The pattern is after the manner of Louis XVI, and the fine tracings of the portico compose an appropriate background, appealing as a well-

Gateway of Cannons, Presidio.

set jewel. The Gallic gate is a dignified treasure, and, in this connection, I am guilty of no injustice in declaring that it has been surpassed by none of our latter-day architects.

A rich combination of color is offered by the gateway at Claus Spreckels' magnificent Van Ness avenue grounds,

Gateway to the William Irwin Home.

the destinction of the gateway being its combination of intricate bronze design and sandstone.

There is nothing loftier or vaster in the whole country than the facades of those two mansions in the northwestern section belonging to John D. Spreckels and W. G. Irwin. The splendid hills of San Francisco, the wonderful marine views, present a stunning scene of giant proportions on which we may fittingly rear the greatest structures. The gateways to these properties are naturally made very ef-

The Presidio Terrace.

fective by the palaces to which they lead. The Reed Brothers drew the designs for both places.

Now the characteristic porticos of these houses are the enormous columns, with unusually wide flutings, that support the classic front. In fact, the width of the fluting in these mansions is unique. In connection with them, is told the story of the great architect, Burnham, who is to do so much for the new city. Burnham was at a society dinner, when the woman who sat next to him entreated him for an opinion on the architecture of these two places. The

The Huntington French Gateway.

famous architect seemed to consider the question personal, and was non-committal. He was pressed for a reply, and assured her, "Yes, they are very fine."

But this was not an artist's dictum. The woman renewed her attempt to draw from Burnham an exact definition. "You must concede," she said, "that those columns are splendid specimens of architecture."

"Madam," said Burnham, "if you wish to know my

The Claus Spreckels Driveway

opinion, it would not surprise me in the least to find some morning a whole lot of little columns in the front yard."

Needless to say, he was troubled no more by his inquisitor.

Of these two prize places, impartial judgment proclaims the Irwin property the more striking, a circumstance due to the marble court and fountain in front, and the general setting on a height of ground.

The noble, cloistered entrance-way to St. Brigid's, in Van Ness avenue, consisting of a series of three arches, is rarely beautiful, and, of course, is Romanesque.

An extremely impressive entrance is that of the property of M. H. de Young, in California street. The bending stairway, the flanking by noble marble lions in repose, the simple yet ornate iron gates, are elements in a picture appealing to the eye.

The entrance to the home of Horace Davis is static and dignified. All of its appointments are artistic, and there is a singularly fetching background of foliage.

The residence of H. U. Brandenstein is marked by a diagonal corner gateway on somewhat similar lines of architecture. Here the tropical garden background, so strictly Californian, arrests and retains the attention.

Entrance to St. Brigid's Church, Van Ness Avenue

Christmas Morn (*from a famous painting*)

Christmas Thoughts

A Scarf Pin For Ned

By Bessie L. Russell

(*A Monologue*)

SCARF pins," she said to the man behind the cut glass. Oh,—next counter?

Yes, I see. And *you're* going to wait on me? That's good of you, Tom—awfully good, but I didn't think they'd let you leave the cut glass. It's so easily broken. Why, you haven't an idea, now, unless you've had a maid to smash it all as I have.

Maids are so provoking. Anyhow, the maids we have in Berryville! Oh, of course you'd smile at that name—a fellow that was born and rised there, too. But Berryville hasn't forgotten you. Tom—not a bit of it—what? Well, I didn't think I was talking very loud. But then, you needn't be ashamed to own up to the truth, anyhow. Really, Tom, I haven't a particle of respect for a fellow who's ashamed of his birthplace. It's just as foolish as can be and shoddy, too, and—why, Katie Wells—how are you, dear? Yes—just in town for the day to do a bit of Xmas shopping—yes, it *is* hard work—awfully hard—but then, what is a body going to do about it? Your relations won't be satisfied any more with home made gifts, so it's shopping we've got to do, Kate.

Slippers, you say? Well, Ned's got slippers and never wears them, and he hasn't a scarf pin work talking about,. so it's scarf pins I'm looking at today. Going? Well, I'm real glad I saw you, dear—of course you know that, and say, dear, if you're near Berryville this winter, why—yes—good-bye, dear, and now for the scarf pins.

"Oh no, I'm not angry"

You know Kate was raised near Berryville, Tom, and used to know Ned before we were married. But of course that was before your time, dear boy—of course it was, and it really couldn't be expected that—my, that's a *beauty*, Tom! Let me see that pin, the opal and diamond one there—no, not that, the—there, yes, that's it.

Why, it's just what Ned would like, and—one hundred and ten? Gracious!! Well, I couldn't think of putting all that money in a scarf pin!

Dear, dear! Well, anyhow I don't think Ned would wear it—of course he wouldn't, for he's just real silly about opals and thirteen and Friday—and I'm superstitious, too. Show me that other pin—there, the ruby and pearl. Ned's so dark, now, the ruby is just the thing for him; still higher? Mercy, Tom, this is perfectly frightful, and rubies higher than—than diamonds? Well, I don't believe it. You're stuffing me, Boy—you think because I'm from Berryville I don't know a ruby when I see one and what a ruby ought to cost. Oh, no, I'm not angry—not a bit of it. I'm just hurt, that's all. But then, I wouldn't have it now if you'd give me the pin. I'd always think of our conversation and it might make me "mad," and Ned has never seen me "mad."

No, he's never hinted for a pin—not he—he imagines I'm making him more slippers, the precious dear. He'll be terribly surprised when he sees a scarf pin on Xmas morning. I love to surprise folks. Don't you, Tom? Yes—now you're showing me more tasty pins. I hate diamonds, anyway. They're so loud and flashy, and Ned, you know, is neither.

Pearls are ever so much more appropriate.

A nice little pearl, now, that won't turn black when you wash it, is what I want, but I don't want an imitation pearl. Ned abhors imitation anything.

There, now—ah, *that's* what I want. Tom, you seem to read my mind before I've opened my lips.

What? One hundred and twenty-five-fifty? Tom, you're in the wrong pew; you ought to be back with the cut glasses, you don't know a thing about pearls. Pearls are rare and high and precious? Perfectly absurd! Oh, well, I don't think they're worth it. They're not a bit becoming; they seem always to—well, too full dress for every-day folks, and Ned is every-day folks. He's getting more so every year.

And to, think of it seriously, I don't believe Ned cares for a scarf pin.

He's funny that way. When you have tried to do the magnificent, you wish you'd done the simple.

But you've been awfully good to show me all these pretty pins—awfully good, Tom, and I do appreciate it if you *are* paid to do it all.

Come and see us when you come to Berryville, will you, Tom? Yes, do. And say, Tom, if you should have in any new scarf pins that you think Ned would like, now, not flashy ones, and not loud ones, and not unsuited to his complexion and age—. Oh, I don't know just how old Ned is—he must be—well, he must be—well, anyhow, if you have any new ones in and—it's before Xmas and—you think I'd like them, and they're up to date, you know, and the very newest thing—not old style or old ones made over—Ned hates made-overs—well, Tom—how natural it seems to call you Tom!—you might wire me. I'll be home in a week—or say ten days, and a telegram will reach me,

with just plain Berryville on it, yes, everybody knows us there and we know Berryville. . . . it is sweet and homelike and dear, and it isn't rural and outlandish and out of the world.

But to hear me, anybody'd think you'd never seen the town, and it was your home just as it is mine. Home's home and you can't make it any other way. Cold out? Yes, but I like the cold. It always makes me appreciate how good the summer was. Ha, ha! Good-bye, Tom. Then you'll wire me?

But no, you needn't—no! Come to think of it, Ned's awful scared of telegrams and so's his old mother who's living with us. He wouldn't understand what you could be doing wiring me and I'd have to explain, and explanations are so unsatisfactory.

Anyhow, if I did get a scarf pin for Ned, I would be making no end of trouble for myself. You see, I'd have to keep up the extravagance every single future Xmas, and maybe I couldn't do it or something or other like that—you know—you understand—and I don't believe—he wants one!

A CAROL

BY MABEL PORTER PITTS.

Sing thou, with all thy harmony of voice,
Let not one throat be dumb,
Lift up thy drooping spirit and rejoice,
Lor lo, the King is come!

Lay all thy motives bare; beneath the sun
His scepter is thy deeds,
And every kind and generous action done
His throne from which he pleads.

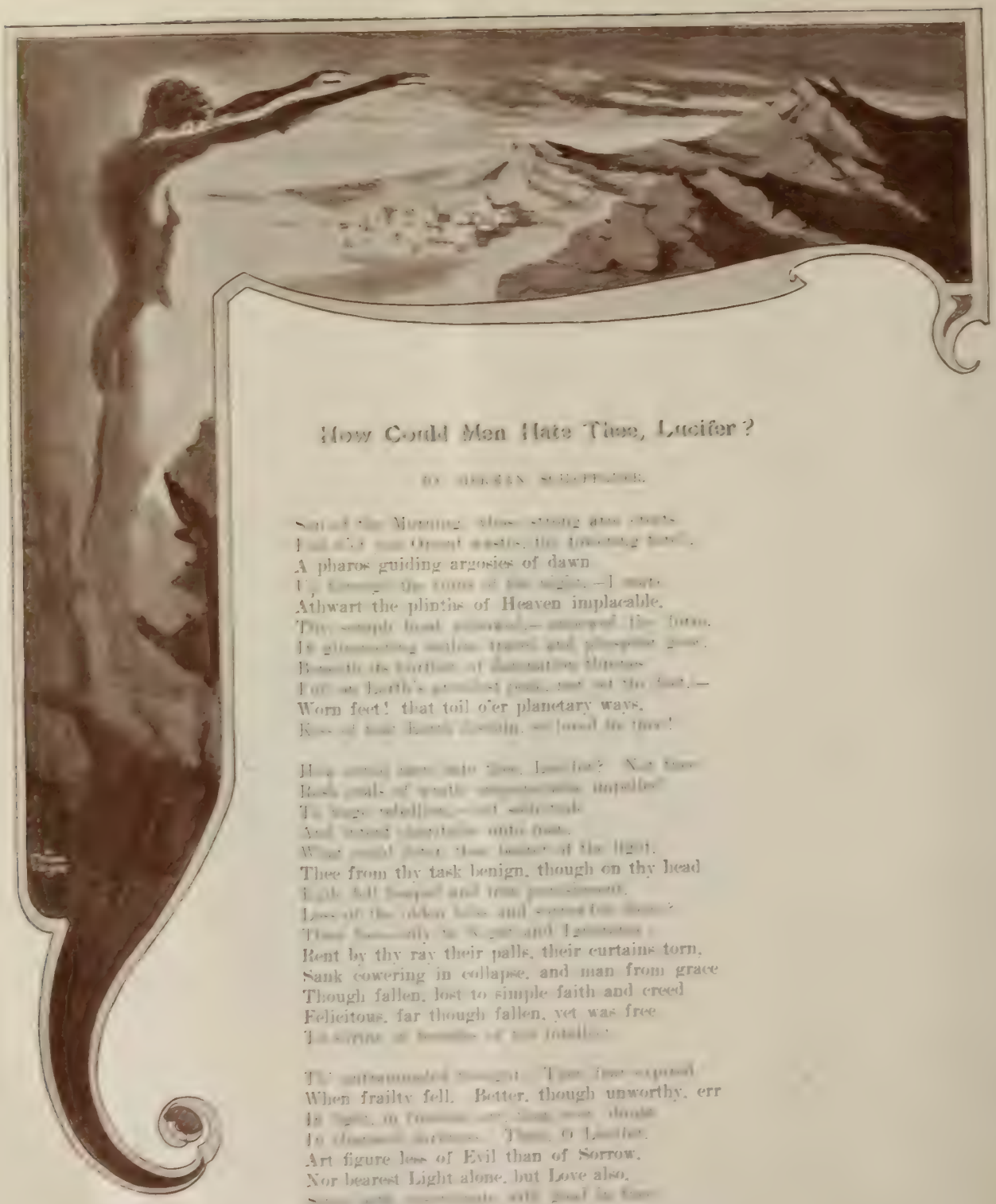
There's joy in every theme, though sadly shown;
Man's pity did but gloss
That greatest ecstacy the world has known,
The sorrow of the cross.

From world to world stirred pulses that were still,
Where suns had ceased to shine;
All chaos was, 'neath that melodious thrill,
Made cosmic and divine.

No distant space that failed to understand
This passion of the Lord,
Futurity was circled by His hand
In one great master-chord.

Sing! Sing! Through all the morning of thy life,
And sing to greet its night;
He finds the harmony within the strife
Who reads life's score aright.

Learn from the cognate universe thy song;
Thrice blessed he who hears
And understands the cadence that has long
Swung rhythmic round the spheres.



How Could Men Hate Thee, Lucifer?

BY HELEN SCHUYLER.

Sad of the Morning, whose strong arm casts
Full o'er your Orient wastes, its lowering host,
A pharos guiding argosies of dawn
Athwart the plinths of Heaven implacable.
Thy couple head [illegible] the form.
Its glimmering scales, tipped and plinthine gear.
Beneath its feathers of illuminative throes
For on Earth's greatest peak, not on the East,—
Worn feet! that toil o'er planetary ways.

How could men hate thee, Lucifer? Nay love
Rich goals of spirit compassionate impelled
To [illegible]
Thee from thy task benign, though on thy head
Rent by thy ray their palls, their curtains torn,
Sank cowering in collapse, and man from grace
Though fallen, lost to simple faith and creed
Felicitous, far though fallen, yet was free

Thy [illegible] When frailty fell. Better, though unworthy, err
To [illegible] Art figure less of Evil than of Sorrow.
Nor bearest Light alone, but Love also.
Are and inseparate remain. So one
With thee in nature and in glory's crown
Than thine, thy beacon-bearers through the glooms
When massy and cohorted ignorance
Ere shattered by the illuminating lance
That on their numberless proud summits fell.

Like thee thy sons first taught that brains could beam
And spirit shine, and built of ashlars up
The dawn-tipped turrets and pavilions fair
Whereon burnt cresset-fires to pioneers
Of Light, their thankless labors to illume.
For thankless, thankless still, O Lucifer,
The labors of the Light, with hatred paid,
With pain, with persecution paved along
Their dolor's path, with thorns, with hunger's teeth,
With flints of shame, with death and frenzied fires
Insatiably fed, with swords and gyves
Laid on the pure limbs of tormented Truth,
And dungeon dusks to overwhelm her ray,
That cannot die. Ever such fate hath fallen
On spirits lustre-fraught since first deposed
From noons of state ineffable in Heaven,
'Mid acmes rapt of archangelic awe,
The skies precipitous absorbed thy plunge
Immense that down the empyrean lay,
And calcined unto ash, burnt bright with thee,
Till, terminated in this nether zone,
Thy blazing course shook the domain of dawn,
In vast magnificence established there
Great Monarch of the Morning.

What of him,
Titan of noblest heart, of fable old,
Prometheus, who on stormy Caucasus,
Lies o'er bleak leagues of granite, fast in chains
By Hermes forged remorseless, and endures
Intolerable torment and the bird
Of dreadful beak? Though long the winters white
Build up their emerald and crystal walls
With guards of glassy spears, though skies of slate
Pile snows on snows upon him, till his form
Marks eminences strange along the peaks
Of that wild range, or suns their malice dart
Through the insufferable summers on his flesh
Exposed, yet never the harsh, arid airs
Lift up his plaint to Jove; no plaint
Ascends, the exulting tyrant to appease.
But oft, his agony's red couch, though big
With sufferings ultimate, grows strangely soft,—
Then seems it the dead stones start into flowers
Of clasping petals pure, enstarred with dew,
While the exhaling rose upon his wounds
Breathes balms and essences of sighs: he smiles,
For sweet he dreams that men, his children, joy
Fruit of his travail consummate, though paid
By him with many a pang, whereover thought
Triumphing, wings a smile from his face turned
Up to the anger of the eyes of Zeus.

Thus, Lucifer,—thus, with his sons and thine.
How could men hate thee, say, or how hate them?
Apart in distances, on heights apart,
Dwell they, who thence deliver unto man
Lumens of soul, since ever Light must seek,
Or ineffectual its radiance falls,
The solitude of peaks exalt and chill,
Isles in aerial seas immersed, where thrones
On crystal shafts imposing, fence their calms
In silence o'er the Earth-enveloping winds
That there do never war.

Bearers of Light
Immortal,—mortal only in your years,
Mundane, but not in mind, who higher climb
The Earthen eminence than those you bless
With glorious gift—none other lot await
None other meed than Lucifer's or fate
Of the bold, fettered Titan. Isolate
In unsurrender of your souls, immune
From injury on far heights of soaring thought
Piled firm, and 'mid incomparable climēs
Of contemplation fixed, yet may you smile
Unshaken in serenity that holds
Not change, nor joy, nor suffering, though it hold
A sadness like the sea's or his who casts
About him oft the mourning of the clouds
With all their tears, that deeper grief to hide
From which shall nevermore exempted be
All dreamers and all souls whose sovereign sight
Is lustre undefeated, though new dawns
Drown in their cumulative floods the beams,
No less eternal, of each separate star.

Cranby's Christmas

By Louis Filbert

IT was a cold, gloomy twenty-fourth of December. The leaden skies had been dripping from early morning and the moisture was as chilling as though it came straight from the North Pole by the refrigerator route. The air was blizzardy and the sun had a tantalizing way of looking out at long intervals with an affrighted aspect, as though fearful of the frowning masses of clouds drifting from the West.

Cranby was later than usual at his office this cheerless December day. Business did not detain him but he was in a sullen mood that had been superinduced by a torpid liver and a drop in the stock market, not a serious drop but a drop sufficient to disturb Cranby. He seemed in no hurry to go home. The spirit of the holiday season had not entered into his being. If it had sought to do so his liver would have repelled it.

Presently he was aroused from his melancholy reverie by a clock in an adjoining office striking the hour of six. He put on his hat, went out into the corridor, and entered an elevator. The elevator man remarked that Cranby was later than usual. Cranby grunted. When he reached the sidewalk the newsboy, who usually sold him his evening paper, greeted him. Cranby scowled like a gargoyle at the lad and passed on. On the street car he growled at the conductor for not taking his fare when he handed it to him, and when he reached his home he scolded Jane for not being more prompt in answering the bell. He had forgotten to use his latch-key.

Mrs. Cranby, a tall, handsome young woman, fully fifteen years her husband's junior, greeted Cranby cheerily almost as soon as he crossed the threshold, but without taking notice he demanded in a bearish tone: "What does all this mean?"

Mrs. Cranby did not know what he meant. He did not leave her long in ignorance.

"All this green and red stuff," he said.

"Why, Paul," said Mrs. Cranby, "that's holly and mistletoe. Have you forgotten that this is Christmas eve?"

"Forgotten!" exclaimed Cranby in a withering tone. "is anybody ever permitted to forget that hollow mockery?" he asked. "Isn't a man reminded of it for weeks before it comes? Why, it's in the air. It chills one. It gets on his nerves. A man isn't even permitted to forget the hateful season at home. To impress it on me you've put up these silly decorations. Take 'em down."

Cranby scowled like a gargoyle at the lad and passed on.

Mrs. Cranby's eyes grew dim. "Why, Paul," she said, "what has come over you?"

"Nothing has come over me, madam," he growled. "There's no need of your being agitated. Surely you are old enough to repress the morbid sentimentalities of your childhood. No sane, grown person pays any attention to Christmas unless he has children, and we haven't any; have we?"

"No, Paul," Mrs. Cranby dolefully confessed.

"Then why should we play Christmas at our time of life? Why, even children have become too sophisticated to take any stock in it. They merely pretend to for the purpose of getting toys. It is thus that hypocrisy is developed in the young."

"Oh, Paul!"

"Now, don't go on talking about this pernicious sham. Let us be sensible. I shall spend tomorrow just as though it were an ordinary week-day. No puerile illusion for me. Take down your holly and be a rational, sane woman."

Mrs. Cranby bowed to the inevitable. She knew it was useless to expostulate with her stubborn husband. After dinner she removed the emblematic greens and went early to bed.

Paul Cranby, sluggish of liver, fell asleep in the dining-room almost as soon as he had swallowed his black coffee. It was after midnight when he awakened, and then he went to bed.

Promptly at half-past seven on the morning of the twenty-fifth of December Paul Cranby was roused from slumber. It was Jane who awakened him by a dreadful racket at the door.

"What's the matter?" he roared.

"I've come to make up the room," said Jane.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"It's just half-past seven."

"Well, damn it, don't you know I'm not going to the office today?"

At this point the dulcet tones of Mrs. Cranby fell upon his ears.

"But it's Thursday, Paul, and Jane has a lot of work to do today."

Now thoroughly aroused, Mr. Cranby knew that it would be useless for him to try to go to sleep again, so he got out of bed in a surly temper and dressed himself. He went down to breakfast and found Mrs. Cranby reading the paper. There was no fire in the grate and the room was very cold.

"Why isn't there a fire?" he asked.

"This is Jane's very busy day," explained Mrs. Cranby. "You know she is always rushed on Thursdays. I'm afraid you'll find the breakfast somewhat cold, for it's been waiting for you quite awhile, and Jane has so many things to do she couldn't keep it warm."

The breakfast was more than somewhat cold and

Cranby grumbled.

After breakfast Cranby made his way to his study to light his pipe and read, but he found that Jane had preceded him, and was making the dust fly. Then he went down to the parlor and found Mrs. Cranby just opening the piano.

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Practice," she said. "You know I practice every week-day."

Cranby put on his hat and went out for a stroll. Within ten minutes he returned and complained of the cold weather.

"I wish you would have Jane make a fire in my study," he said to Mrs. Cranby.

"Impossible," said Mrs. Cranby. "I've told you this is Jane's very busy day. I'm awfully sorry, Paul, but you know you told me that you were going to spend the day as usual, and I did not think you would want a fire in your study."

Cranby scowled, muttered unintelligibly, took the coal-scuttle, went into the basement after coal and made his own fire.

He did not emerge from his study until the luncheon hour, when he was summoned to the dining-room. He partook of a light meal as usual at midday, and returned to his study to remain until the dinner hour. Then he went down with a good appetite, and in a surprisingly cheerful frame of mind. A day's rest had brought a revival of spirits. He was almost buoyant, and when he joined Mrs. Cranby on the way to the dining-room, he put an arm around her in a conciliatory way and addressed her lovingly.

"I'm sorry," he said, "that you didn't invite some friends to dinner."

Mrs. Cranby smiled.

"I did invite the Jacksons," she said.

"Good!" he exclaimed, "but they have not come. Aren't you going to wait for them?"

"Oh, I telephoned to them this morning that I had been compelled to change my plans."

Cranby almost exploded. Tom Jackson was one of his warmest friends, Mrs. Jackson was a fine vocalist and Cranby was an ardent lover of vocal art.

"Why did you tell them that?" he asked, after overcoming his emotion.

"Because you told me to."

"I told you to send that message?" he asked in amazement.

"No, not to send that message," she answered with a sweet smile on her face, "but to change my plans. You told me that Christmas was a hollow mockery and that the day should be observed just like any other day in the week. I had prepared for a turkey dinner, but as you decreed that this was to be a plain, ordinary Thursday, and as Jane always goes out Thursday evening with her beau, why, I had to rearrange our menu."

"What do you mean?" thundered Cranby, upon whom the light was breaking.

"That we are to have cold mutton, as we always do on Thursdays," said Mrs. Cranby, calmly and with her very sweetest smile.

Cranby collapsed.

"Well, damn it, don't you know I'm not going to the office today?"

The American Drama

By Theodore Bonnet

A pessimistic gent, discoursing learnedly on the drama within range of my ear, between acts of "The Misanthrope," some weeks ago, lamented dolorously the tardiness of the American Play, the play mirroring social conditions in this country. It is a shame, quoth he, that the opus of the great American dramatist has not been written. He knew the reason, did this pessimistic gent, of the muteness of the great American dramatist, and he explained that it was due to the fact that the existing conduct of the theatre in this country is peculiarly hostile to the development of the dramatic art. The theatre, in the opinion of this keen observer, has gone to the dogs, being conducted mainly with an eye to material profit. In similar strain is the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* of December by the frenzied Jew-baiter, Mr. James S. Metcalfe, who goes further, however, and attributes the mediocrity of the drama to the uncultivation of taste. He tells us that we are too much engrossed with the utilitarian and vulgar features of existence to give heed to the idealistic and esthetic, the consequence being that we have debased the dramatic art, prostituted it to pleasure instead of cultivating it for the educational advantages which it should afford. Incidentally he takes his usual swat at the commercial managers and blames them for contemporary conditions theatrical. There is much truth in what Mr. Metcalfe says, but he doesn't hit the nail squarely on the head.

The mediocrity of our drama is due mainly to the restraint put upon the literature of the stage by the tyranny of hypocritical criticism. For the same reason the contemporary drama of England is far from being credit able to the nation. Oscar Wilde, in "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," attributed the poor quality of the British drama to public interference with the individualism of imaginative art, an interference, he said, that was aggressive, offensive and brutalizing. "The arts that have escaped best," wrote Wilde, "are those in which the public take no interest—poetry and painting." He further asserted that no country produced such badly written fiction, such silly, vulgar plays as England. Is it not easily to be seen that such also is the case in this country?

In all periods of our history public prejudices have been felt in the theatre. We have never succeeded in purging our blood of those corpuscles of bigotry that came over on the *Mayflower*, the same that inspired "The Scarlet Letter" and certain Blue Laws. Who does not remember how Pinero was savagely attacked in New York for presenting such a type as Paula?—as if it were the province of criticism to find fault with the artist for the material he employs. How well do we remember "Iris," that sympathetic study of a weak woman. How the censors of morality did jump on her! Consider the awful spasm of indignation that attacked our critics, right here in bohemian San Francisco, when they saw Mrs. Campbell in Sudermann's "The Joy of Living."

No drama can be truly great that does not possess the soul of the author. What American literary artist has the courage to realize his individuality in a drama for the American stage, a stage tyrannized over by critics who fancy that the function of dramatic criticism is to expound the Ten Commandments, and by the half-educated for whom our dramatists are writing and who brutally exercise their authority as they did in the case of "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

It seems to me that what is largely the matter with the American drama is the American dramatic critic, and that not only his taste but his sense of the Beautiful must be cultivated before we can hope for improvement in the literature of the stage. He must be dissuaded from discouraging our literary artists from expressing themselves in the dramatic form of the literary art. In all its forms save the dramatic we have a literature which is distinctively American and which is creditable. Perhaps we might have sounded some of the depths of modern dramaturgy if our greatest writers, who have written for the artistic joy of writing, would care to subject themselves to the restraints that are put upon the drama.

To blame the sordid theatrical manager for the mediocrity of our drama, as does Mr. Metcalfe, who accuses him of subordinating the artistic to the commercial, is unjust. The sordid manager has shown a surprisingly keen appreciation of art in his methods of presenting plays, and he has vindicated his eagerness to promote art by his frequent revivals of the classics. Nobody has yet succeeded in convicting him of the crime of rejecting an American play possessing the elements of greatness. The humiliating fact is, that from the American soil has not yet sprung a Shakespeare or a Sheridan, a Moliere or a Racine.

As for the purely American play for which there is a continuous call in the magazines and by which, I presume,

(Continued on Page 75)

Christmas Salutations

The Home-Coming of Merimann-Jones

By Harry Cowell

The inflexible Mrs. Flint (before the money died)

"My dear John," said Mrs. Merimann-Jones, with the air of a woman having the last word: "you would marry me, so now you must make the best of it."

"But I did not marry your mother at the same time," objected "Merry" Jones, the twinkle all gone from his eye. "'Twould have been bigamy, monstrous, incredible."

Obviously true and moral, every word of it, but Rachel Merimann-Jones (born Flint) saw fit to take offense thereat.

"I'm sorry I ever married you," she rapped out, "and I never want to see your face again!"

Merimann-Jones was dazed. It had long been a mystery, often dwelt upon, always too deep for him, how a woman like Mrs. Flint could have borne such a child as Rachel. At times he had wondered shudderingly if by any miracle it were possible that the daughter should ever come to be as the mother. That one flash was the only sign of his mother-in-law that he had ever seen—ever was to see—in his wife, but it was enough for him; too much. Flinging a bank-book towards her, he turned on his heel and without a word was gone.

Rachel never saw his face again.

It was on the first of April that Merry Jones left home. His bride's hasty words and his hasty act may both have been the fault of the day. They had been married exactly three months. Never did a man begin a new year with better resolutions than Mr. Merimann-Jones.

For seven years—from the time Rachel was sixteen until she was twenty-three—he had worked and waited for her. Much against the grain the working and the waiting, for, as he pointedly told Mrs. Flint (the saying had not the least effect on her), his name was not Jacob, but John.

Flint, as poor Jones was wont to say in the old merry days, his mother-in-law had always been. In marrying, she had changed neither her name nor her nature, having accepted her first cousin in order to keep the money in the family. The money, however, took a notion into its head to leave the family along with Mr. Flint by way of sudden death. After the sudden death of the money, Mrs. Flint was never quite the same, so much did she take it to heart. 'Twas a hard heart, was Mrs. Flint's, its one soft spot being for Rachel, who was born about the time the money died. O, that dear dead money! Incessantly the widow dwelt on her loss, talked of it in season and out. True, she had Rachel. In Rachel, then, she put her hope, invested her last penny. The result was that at the age of sixteen, the investment hated the very sound of the word money, the very sight of the thing, and simply adored the very sight and sound of the word Merimann-Jones, denoting a handsome, devil-may-care, penniless Bohemian, given to art for art's sake, and connoting countless things ineffable.

Needless to say, Mrs. Flint set her face dead against the affair. But love-affairs have a will of their own, too. Rachel was faithful, refusing no end of paying offers; John, true as steel, what though the sparks flew every time he came in contact with his mother-in-law-to-be.

At the end of four years, Rachel fell sick of a fever. How the dear girl did thank God for that! Thereupon she made up her mind either to do or to die. Now Rachel was Mrs. Flint's all in more senses of the word than one. Better let her go at a sacrifice than allow her to die. So the inflexible lady yielded a point. If by the end of three years, Mr. Merimann-Jones (what a ridiculous name!) had ten thousand dollars in bank and a home free from debt, then—

As you know, John and his Rachel were married on the first of January. That fact says all that can be said for Love. No need to tell how John was false to Art; how cruelly she revenged herself upon him; how Rachel begged to be given up in favor of the jealous mistress; and how, after all, Art forgave him.

All would have gone well, had not Mrs. Flint, as a last resort, decided—yes, that's the word—decided to become a hypochondriac, in the hope of freezing out Mr. Merimann-Jones. But Mr. Merimann-Jones was not to be frozen out. His interest in Rachel was too great.

So Mrs. Flint was beaten; but for the time being only. There were the divorce courts. Mr. Merimann-Jones' income for the past three years had been fifteen thousand dollars—five thousand a year. Of course, now that he had got Rachel and been forgiven of Art, he was sure to backslide, be once more the Bohemian of old. The thing must be done at once. All the alimony the law allows; then—well, adequate returns for time and money invested in living Beauty.

Finding the role of hypochondriac suited to her—nerves were then all the go—Mrs. Flint had a good mind to star in it for the rest of her days. Her very best performance was given, you may be sure, on the day of the wedding. Hysterically she insisted on accompanying the happy pair in the bridal carriage to that stipulated "home

free from debt." Rachel believed in her mother's illness. John did not. Alas, poor lovers! Not for them and their love-making that craved-for seclusion, sweet, peaceful, secure. At all times of the day and night was to be heard the cry of "Rachel! Quick, dear!" in the accents of one at the last gasp. The very mention of a nurse for her other than her own flesh and blood was enough to drive the invalid fairly out of her mind. Not once in the three moons did Merry Jones have his bride to himself for three hours at a time. During the seven lean years, love had been put to it to find a way, and John had fed his hungry heart on "Wait until she is mine!" Then this!

The all of "this"is not for words to tell. John's mother-in-law put on the air of one very patient under much injury; brought low in the world by the mesalliance of her daughter with a good-for-nothing scribbler (He had paid her debts; she ate his bread). She would give no advice as to the running of the house. It was not hers. She was a guest—an unwelcome one, she hinted. But she sneered at the furniture and sniffed at the soup. One servant had stayed a whole week. She invited all sorts of people to call, and entertained them—John by—with stories of the grandeur in which the girls lived who had married the men Rachel had refused; and, somehow, by the time she got through with her tale, Mr. John Merimann-Jones was seen in the light of a jail-bird that had cozened her out of the luxury that was hers by right. For reasons best known to herself, she once let Mr. John Merriman-Jones(she was ever at pains to give him his full title) take his bride to the opera—for one act. The next day, before a drawing-roomful, she casually inquired which box they had occupied, and was speechless upon learning that Mr. John Merimann-Jones had taken her daughter to sit with the artists in the gallery.

It was when she proposed to have a doorway cut between the sick-room and the bridal-chamber that the dialogue with which this story opens took place.

"But I did not marry your mother!" John had objected, adding by way of comment, " 'Twould have been bigamy, monstrous, incredible!"

Shortly after John's unaccountable deserting of his bride, Mrs. Flint, who had not been well enough to leave the house once in the three months, applied in person for the divorce of Rachel Merimann-Jones from John Merimann-Jones on the ground of extreme cruelty and desertion. Rachel got wind of the matter, and the proceedings were nipped in the bud. Mrs. Flint had a hard time to convince her daughter that she had done it all for the best.

As for Rachel, she wept and prayed and fasted, and, like her namesake, would not be comforted, refusing to see the eligible heart-mending young fellows who, at her mother's invitation, called, one at a time, to cheer her up.

For the second time she fell sick of a fever, and would certainly have died had one life alone been at stake. But let herself die and so kill his son—she was sure it was a boy—no, she could not do that! And then, perhaps, if he knew, he would come back to her and forgive the foolish words that had driven him away.

Ah, dear Christ, those words! She had repented of them before they had been said, but the tongue had gone on in spite of her; and God only knows how many times she had repented since. Mrs. Flint was never done repeating them, lauding them to the skies. "I'm sorry I ever married you, and I never want to see your face again." There spoke Filial Affection, vindicating a mother's judgment, and her honor (she gave out that John had grossly insulted her). Poor Rachel shrank in agony from the praise

"But I did not marry your mother"

as from a withering flame. As long as she could, she kept the news from her mother, who was now miraculously well, nursing her instead of being nursed by her.

Mrs. Flint, too, had news—terrible news—which the doctors had warned her to keep to herself. No, Merry Jones was not dead, but Rachel would see his face no more; she was going blind.

'Twas the fever, not the weeping, the learned men said. Mrs. Flint, however, thinking otherwise, besought her child not to cry so. And all at once, Rachel ceased to weep, took a new lease of life, sat up in bed. The doctors patted each himself on the back. The mother was sure medicine had nothing to do with it. What was it, then? Had Rachel got word of her husband? Rachel, cross-questioned, told her news. Mrs. Flint melted, wept—told hers.

In the inscrutable womb of things was a miracle then conceived—a miracle just the reverse of that which John had dreaded coming to pass. The times being ripe, Rachel's words had quickened the divine germ in her mother's stony nature, who from that instant was daily to become more and more like her daughter.

Was it the vision of a Rachel blind, with a baby, that caused Mrs. Flint to say goodbye once and for all to worldly ambition? Or was she a woman that had to be a grandmother before she could be a mother; a mother before she could be human? Who shall say? Certain it is that as Rachel prayed aloud, "O, Merciful Christ, let me but once see his face again—in miniature—and then the darkness I deserve!" her mother with equal fervor, but all silently: "No, Lord, not in miniature only; not only once!" Certain it is that it was a changed woman that said to Rachel next morning:

"I shall find him, if I have to hunt the world over, and bring him to you, if I have to kidnap him. Then, you two shall live alone."

"It's no use, mother; I sent him away; I shall never

(Continued on Page 83)

Mrs. Maxwell's Purchase

By Sarah Williamson

On one side of the street—a side street on Nob Hill—rows of handsome houses. On the other side, old-fashioned two-story flats, makeshifts of houses and a few dingy looking stores. It is what one sees every day in San Francisco, the contrast between what was and what is to be. Some of the makeshifts of houses had pretty gardens to distract the esthetic eye from the ugly, inartistic frame dwellings. One of the basement flats had a show-window which presented a very tasteful appearance. A modest card drew attention to the fact that an "Exhibition and Sale of Porcelains" was now under way, and "Visitors are Welcome."

The porcelains were not many in number, but were real art in their way. A tiny pitcher with a spray of feathery fern, shaded green on the white background; a cup and saucer with scattered violets, a lovely gift for a prospective bride; a stein, with a friar's jolly face; a pin-tray, with one blush-rose and a few delicately traced leaves. Mabel Jones certainly had the gift of artistic expression in her porcelain painting.

It was her sister Louise who was looking out of the window at the passing show of vehicles and pedestrians,

"It took fully an hour to make out the bill."

few of the latter, for the hill was one to be avoided by the indolent.

"If she would only glance at the window once, I am sure she would come in," said Louise.

How many times she had said that same thing before. On that "glance" of the expected "she" depended so much!

"I know, darling," answered Mabel, "and of course if she came in she'd buy every single thing in the window." Then, as a pained expression crossed Louise's features at her ironic tone, she added, with a smile: "You see, little sister, everybody can't be expected to have the same opinion of my work as you, you prejudiced critic."

She closed her sentence with a kiss, which banished the sadness from the other's face.

"Well, I wish she'd come in and then you'd see," said Louise, the flush coming and going in her thin cheeks. "She could be such a help to you, too, telling her rich friends where to go for their Christmas presents. And then we'd be rich, too, and we could do all sorts of nice things. You could take some more lessons."

"And you, Loukins, would go South right away."

For Louise's cough, and the hectic flush in her thin cheeks, worried Mabel. Their parents had both died of consumption. The sisters had come to the city a few months before and had moved into the basement flat which was their home as well as serving for the artist's studio. The odor of turpentine and paints was not good for Louise, and Mabel knew it, but her slender resources forbade a separate studio. Even an upper flat was beyond her resources. So they settled themselves down for the winter. It was cold in the basement, only a few sparse rays of the morning sun reaching the studio window, as the flat was on the western side of the street.

Across the way, on the eastern side, was a large new house, into every window of which the sun streamed all day. In this house lived Mrs. Maxwell, one of the smartest and most popular of society matrons. On Mrs. Maxwell's "days" a string of carriages and automobiles constantly changed places before her door. She went out herself a great deal and her beautiful gowns were a source of delight to the girls across the street. It was the contemplation of the fashionable Mrs. Maxwell, whose name was in the papers every day in the "society chat," and whose photograph in a new pose appeared several times a year, that led Louise Jones to express the wish that she would but glance, just once, at the exhibit in their window.

Each day, as Mrs. Maxwell entered her carriage or motor-car, Louise would look hopefully across the street, with, "Now, she will, I'm sure," but every time she returned with a sigh to her book or needlework. Mrs. Maxwell had failed to observe the show-window.

And the dainty porcelains did not sell. No visitors had taken advantage of the welcome extended to them. A few stray pedestrians had paused by the window, admired or criticised, and—passed on.

Louise was the only occupant of the studio by daytime now. Mabel had been compelled to take a place in a store, to keep their menage "from tumbling down hill," she said.

Every evening when she came home to dinner, she glanced at the show-window, but usually she knew by the downcast look in her sister's face that the beautiful things still remained as she had placed them.

A week to Christmas and, wonder of wonders, Mrs. Maxwell was—yes, she was walking up the hill, and on the western side of the street. Louise trembled as she saw the smart matron pause before the show-window. She read the show-card! She—Louise clapped her hands!—she came to the door and rang the bell.

"What lovely things—you say your sister painted them? Let me see that stein. Oh, it is too sweet. I must have it, and the pitcher, and—yes, I think I'll take them all. Send them over this evening with the bill."

With one of her rare, cordial smiles, the exquisite vision faded from the room, leaving Louise in a glow of happiness that warmed her throughout the remainder of the chilly day.

In the evening there was the story to tell to Mabel, the porcelains to be packed carefully in cotton and tissue paper, and the bill to be made out. It took them fully an

hour to make out the bill, though it was not large. Then Mabel carried the package to the house across the way.

"I suppose she'll send a cheque," suggested Louise, when Mabel returned, "so you will have to cash it when you go down town. And she said she'd tell all her friends about your lovely work."

The girls sat up till midnight building castles, and all because Mrs. Maxwell had visited the studio.

Days went by, and no cheque came to Mabel Jones. She did not give up her place in the store, as Louise had begged her to do, and return to painting porcelains. The small weekly wage was more to her then than the great profits in prospect when Mrs. Maxwell's friends should drop in to order decorated china of her. The day before Christmas Louise persuaded Mabel to call at the house across the way and ask if the porcelains had been delivered in good order.

"Of course they were, you know," said Louise, "but it might be a delicate way of reminding her that she has forgotten to pay for them."

Rather against her will Mabel obeyed her sister's request. She rang the bell of the big house timidly. The butler appeared, and to her question whether she could see Mrs. Maxwell, returned the answer, "She is out of town."

"And when will she be back?"

"Don't know, madam," and he solemnly prepared to close the door in her face.

Some time in January, Mrs. Maxwell, having finished a round of house-parties at her friends' country-places, was back in her city home. She brought one of her friends with her, a widow whose hobby was the collection of steins.

One afternoon the widow happened to see a small stein perched upon the top shelf of Mrs. Maxwell's china cupboard.

"What a sweet thing," she cried, "how well that friar's expression is brought out. Tell me, dear, wherever did you get it?"

"Oh, that," said Mrs. Maxwell; "let me see—oh, yes, I bought it from an artist across the way, such a dear little girl. I must take you over there and you can get some things for yourself."

But it was not that day, but several days later that Mrs. Maxwell found time to show her friend the way to Mabel Jones's studio. As they crossed the street, "I don't see any studio," remarked the widow; "nothing except a window, with a 'To Let' sign."

A small boy, sitting on the steps of the upper flat, when interrogated by Mrs. Maxwell, replied, "Dunno," but a slatternly woman thrust her head out of a window above and cried:

"Them Jones girls, was it you wanted? They've moved—gone away, and didn't leave no address. The flat's to let. Want the key?"

Perspective Impressions

Unintentionally Mr. Hearst is serving a very good purpose in the world. He is the bogie man that President Roosevelt threatens the Republican statesmen with. Whenever those statesmen show signs of becoming recalcitrant Teddy says to them, "If you don't watch out the Hearst will become President," and then they all shudder and turn pale and promise to be good.

Christmas comes but once a year;
But, when it comes, it—costs us dear.

A very easy solution of the Christmas problem—one year's subscription to *Town Talk* for each of your friends.

A vegetarian friend of mine thinks it no wonder—seeing the foul way Christians treat it at Christmas time—that Turkey is in no humor to be converted to Christianity. A less kindly-hearted friend—no vegetarian—declares on the other hand that there is but one way to deal with Turkey—kill it first and convert it to Christianity afterwards.

The output of bad poetry lately is so incessant that we are forced to the conclusion that the mills of the muses are grinding swiftly and not exceeding fine. The demand for magazine "filler" almost equals the supply.

God bless your heart, old Santy, you at least believe
That it is more blessed to give than to receive.

If good wine needs no bush, good writing needs no signature.

A constant subscriber to my opinions writes to inform me of an infallible rule for finding the prettiest girl in the room at a Christmas party—the most distant with men and from the mistletoe. Reverse, and you have the ugliest.

Good Unitarians, when they die, go to Boston.

In Dolly's shoes there stands a dolly;
In Dick's, a trolley-car—no trolley.
Avaunt, ye grievous grubs-o'-Molly!
'Tis come, the season to be jolly,
The time of mistletoe and holly,
When Love lets fly a perfect volley,
And every Pat doth buss his Polly;
When wise men lend themselves to folly,
And only fools are melancholy—
And we're no fools, not we, by golly!

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Christmas Reflections

We are soon to celebrate again the hallowed festival set apart in commemoration of the birth of the Babe in the Manger, a festival that makes us all of one religion. It is well to reflect at this time, and especially this year, on the life of the world's greatest hero, for we are approaching the close of a twelvemonth in which there has been much activity of a kind so at variance with the examples set by the Redeemer for our guidance, as to make our observance of Christmas seem like a sacrilegious mockery. It is customary at this season of the year to indulge in trite generalities of a sentimental nature, to animadvert on the sweet recollections of childish joys which cluster round this glorious festival, and pay a few rhapsodical tribute to the founder of the religion which made our proud civilization possible, but nothing is to be gained by dissembling with ourselves, and to be truly Christian we should be sincere, so let us eschew flapdoodle in this year of our Lord and sermonize frankly. We are grateful to Christ for his message to mankind, but we have a poor way of showing our gratitude, for we do not heed his admonitions. Many centuries of civilization have elapsed since he preached against avarice, but there has been no assuagement of man's cupidity. What exquisite sentiments Christ sought to inculcate! and yet how horribly all through life they are ignored! It is indeed a mockery—this "Merry Christmas" of a mercenary age! Never was Christ wrathful save against those who defiled the temple in their greed of gold. Was he not wrathful in vain so far as we of the twentieth century are concerned? Today men are more avid in the pursuit of gain than ever before in the world's history. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago St. Paul uttered the dictum that the love of money is the root of all evil, and now, after the lapse of centuries of Christian civilization, crass materialism is in the ascendancy and idealism, the idealism of Christ, has become but a memory. In their frenzied lust for wealth and power men have become so blinded to the distinctions between right and wrong that, in the opinion of one of the most successful of our financiers, dishonesty in high places gravely threatens the future of the country. It would be vain to shut our eyes to the fact that the spark of Christianity is burning low, almost as low as it burned in other ages when even the Church of Christ was mad with power, for even the church is not immune to the deleterious influences of a corrupting environment. There have been priests of God to whom the crucifix was but an effigy of wood or stone. Is the church of today doing much toward keeping alive the spark of Christianity? Are the priests wrathful against those who defile the temple by their greed of gold? What are they doing in restraint of money-lust? We submit these questions to the consideration of the ordained exponents of Christianity, and suggest that they compare the luxurious church of today with the church of the early Christians, who, according to Pliny, closely followed the example of the Redeemer. If the first followers of Christ believed it their duty to pattern themselves after the reputed son of a carpenter, born in an obscure corner of Judea, who selected his apostles from among the humblest, who preached naught but sacrifices and the renunciation of earthly pomp, pleasure and power, why should it be deemed essential to the propagation of Christianity today that the church be in close touch with the high and mighty of earth and possessed of vast riches? He who brought the world to revere a cross prosecuted the great business of salvation amid sufferings and poverty, constraining men by the fascination of his superb virtues to acquiesce in his doctrines and to imitate the life which they were compelled to admire. His success was largely due to the fact that his performances were consistent with his professions. Comparatively few are the churchmen of today who go about the business of salvation as did Christ. There are some connected with Monastic orders and some out in the great world representing all the jarring Christian sects, but the great majority of the clergy are followers of a fashion quite different from that established by Christ. The Christian Church has become a luxurious institution. It isn't setting a good example. It is in need of more men to practice the virtues of Christ and to lift up their voices against the blind, slavish worship of gold, a worship that is responsible for the slaughter of many joys at this merry time of year.

The Benighted Jew

At a meeting of a ministerial body the other day, one of the delegates called the attention of the brethren to the "necessity of carrying the gospel to the Jews." Just what was meant by the appeal was not explained, or at least not reported in the papers, but it would be both interesting and enlightening if some explanation were vouchsafed of the necessity which the Jews are laboring under, for they have been a religious entity for a good many centuries longer than their Christian brethren without having suffered from either dry rot or moral decadence. They have not, it is true, established missions for the ostensible conversion of the heathen, for proselytizing has never been one of the lucrative pastimes of the chosen people, but they have not neglected their own people at home, and the most miserable little atom of humanity in the poorest ghetto on earth has had some instruction in the faith of his fathers. Ragged and dirty and ill-fed though they may be, it is not the little Jews to whom "God" stands for nothing but a "swear." Though the Jews have notably large families, their orphan asylums and old people's homes contain fewer inmates than do the eleemosynary Christian institutions, for Jewish families do not shift their private responsibilities to public shoulders, and as long as dependents can be cared for in other ways they are not turned over to the tender mercies of professional charity. There are no Jew tramps, no Jew beggars, and comparatively few convict Jews. Jewish girls do not fill the brothels and dance halls, and it is only within the present generation that Jewish children have been found among the incorrigible juveniles. Domestic morality is higher among them than in any other class of the community. The toil-worn and wrinkled old wife and mother in Israel is not discarded for some

bird of paradise when the fortune she has helped to accumulate improves the taste of her husband. On the contrary, she may be seen wearing her laces and velvets and diamonds, proudly, as a right which she has earned. The expression "as rich as a Jew" has become a familiar apothegm, but there are few communities where the Jews are the richest men, none where they make as vulgar and ostentatious display of their wealth as do the "smart" Christian sets. If the Jew is sometimes egotistical and boastful of his financial success, he has good cause to think well of his abilities, for many a big wholesale and importing business began in the pack carried on patient shoulders for many a weary mile, and grew solidly, if slowly, by stages, through the horse and wagon, the little retail shop on a side street, where mother and children helped to wait on customers, and on and up, in a single generation. Many a big clothing firm can still point out the little cleaning and repairing shop where they began business and made friends. It is not the Jews that corner the markets and organize trusts. If they prefer the city mart to the farm, to trade in the products of the soil rather than to cultivate the soil, it is because through many years of Christian oppression they were inhibited from owning land. When slaves were employed as farm hands the Jew could have no substantial title to a slave because it was feared that some day he would bring the Christian world into slavery. If the Jews have rejected Jesus as an incarnation of divinity, they at least have long ceased to mock him. It is surely better not to accept him than to profess to do so and as a consequence of such profession engage in the bitter strife that has been so productive of hideous crime through ages of Christian civilization. The Jews are at least tolerant toward one another, and according to their lights they are consistent in the practices of religion. In the course of the year there is nothing more inspiring than the solemnity with which the Jews observe the feasts and fasts of their creed. Those keen, hard-headed business men who close their offices and warehouses, as well as the petty tradesmen and small dealers, offer an object lesson that might well be pondered. They do it as a matter of course, no one waiting for the other, but were it proposed among Christians to turn Good Friday into a universal holiday, each would demand the written assurance of all the rest before he would consent to forego a day's profits. There is just as good warrant for "carrying the gospel" to the Unitarians as there is to the Jews, and a good deal better one for attempting the evangelization of the Christians who remember their religion only during the service hour on Sunday, or when they have new clothes and find special occasion on which to display them.

A New Calendar

There is another new scheme afoot to reform the calendar. The latest tinkerer proposes to have every month and year, as well as every week, begin with Sunday and end with Saturday. Each month is to have four weeks except March, June, September and December, which are to have five, thus making an even fifty-two weeks, or three hundred and sixty-four days; and the over-time, approximately a day and a quarter, is to accumulate for six years, when it will aggregate seven and one-half days. Every sixth year is to be a "leap" year, but instead of an extra day, there will be an extra week added to January. The half-days are to accumulate for eighty-four years, to be disposed of when the time comes. As the astronomical year is not three hundred and sixty-five days and a quarter, but approximately eleven minutes short of that, there would still be an error to correct, for which the tinkerer has made no provision. In the course of nine hundred and twenty-four years there would be another week, short about two hours, to be added on somewhere, and in another indefinite period still another correction. The inventor of this system is confident that it "needs but to be known to be appreciated," and wants an international congress convened to consider it. The new system could go into effect on the first succeeding month which happened to begin with a Sunday, and the application would be automatic. The great advantage claimed for it is that it would enable us to know on what day of the week any date of any month or year had fallen or would occur in the future. No doubt it would be hailed with delight by the editors of universal information bureaus and query columns, but great would be the confusion which would result. When the change from the old to the present system was made in the early years of the nineteenth century there was almost insurmountable difficulty in getting the people to adopt the new dates, many of the peasantry being convinced that their lives were arbitrarily shortened by ten days, and many of the more intelligent classes clinging to the old method out of force of habit. After the French Revolution the calendar was reformed, the months re-named and the old holidays abolished for new, yet the French today are using the Gregorian calendar as methodically as if they had never had another, and the Russians still adhere to the earlier, Julian calculation. It is comparatively easy to formulate perfect systems and lay them out on paper, but another matter to compel their adoption. We have been "on the verge" of a universal substitution of the metric system for nearly half a century, but it is still as far off as the millennium.

A Self-Inflicted Pest

Australia has a new grievance which cannot be cured by Socialism, Universal Suffrage, Christian Science or New Thought. It is akin to the rabbit pest which devastated the country some years ago. The present difficulty is with English starlings. A few pair were imported a brief while ago with the idea that they would prove effectual destroyers of insects. Experiment has shown that whatever value they possess as exterminators of insects is more than offset by the damage which they do. They are more destructive to the orchards than any of the pests which preceded them, and, moreover, they are so pugnacious that they are rapidly ex-

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terminating the native songsters, which they will not permit either to feed or nest in peace. The starlings multiply rapidly, raising as many as five broods a year, each of which becomes productive during the next twelve months, and the menace has become so vital that the Royal Agricultural Society of Victoria has taken up the subject and made a request for government aid to suppress the nuisance. It is just one more instance of the advisability of letting well enough alone and not attempting to improve on Nature. It becomes necessary, every now and then, to have some such catastrophe follow on the heels of "beneficent interference" in order to prove that God knew what he was doing when he laid out the plan of the universe.

Discrediting Roosevelt

President Roosevelt, as everybody knows, has a very firm hold on the confidence of the people. Very deep is the impression that he is an aggressive patriot, concerned mainly for the welfare of the country and inaccessible to the powerful financial influences that dominated his immediate predecessor. It is the popular conviction that he is actuated in all his governmental policies by the inflexible purpose to curb the aggressions of the capitalistic combines that have for many years polluted the halls of legislation and temples of justice. It is by reason of this impression and this conviction, that he has a firm hold on the confidence of the people, and that they are inclined to resent the efforts of statesmen to thwart him in any of his projected reforms. So strong is the sentiment in favor of giving Roosevelt his way that the politicians and financial kings have come to the conclusion, it seems, that before they can successfully oppose his policy they must discredit him in the eyes of the nation. We say that it seems they have come to that conclusion because the tone of the newspapers which are subject to corporate dictation indicates a plan to arouse distrust. His enemies are beginning to sneer and indulge in gibes. They have picked his message to pieces and distorted his language, and they have intimated that his egotism is leading him into all sorts of trouble One paper called attention to his use of the word sovereign in his message with regard to the regulation of interstate corporations, and suggested that it had an ugly sound, implying the passage of sovereignty from the American citizen in the abstract to the individual citizen of the White House. The Washington correspondents are sending out sensational stories about his conduct designed to convey the impression that the great men of the Senate no longer take him seriously. One of the stories that has been spread broadcast, and the apparent purpose of which is to create the impression that his civic zeal is inspired solely by political ambition, is to the effect that he has taken control of the party oganization in the West and in the South as well as in the North and the East, and has laid out a plan of action covering years beyond his term as President. We are told that in Washington it is understood, having been verified by his friends, that the President purposes securing the Presidential nomination for Elihu Root in 1908 and being elected to the Senate to succeed Mr. Platt. The story is vaguely attributed to "A high Federal official, said to be Mr. Cortelyou." If this plan of misrepresentation continue, it shall behoove the President to make a few speeches exposing the conspiracy of his enemies. We believe the President has shown his ability to take care of himself against all comers, especially in the matter of promoting publicity. Tom Lawson has shown us how the Rockefellers and their satellites delude the people for the conserving of their nefarious schemes through the columns of the subsidized press, and as President Roosevelt is undoubtedly familiar with their methods, he will probably see that his policy for the regulation of corporations is not defeated through the lowering of himself in the estimation of the people.

An Edict Against Hewlett

Those good men who are in charge of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) free library must be trying to emulate the example of that famous committee of censors who, a few years ago, made themselves and their censorship ridiculous in their efforts to herd the morals of patrons of the Boston library into their own narrow channels. The Brooklyn censors have decided that Maurice Hewlett's novels should be placed among the "restricted" volumes, because, in their estimation, he is "too free in his descriptions of passion." They fear that the dear children might, by some possibility, happen to get hold of "Forest Lovers," "The Queen's Quair," "A Fool Errant," or the "Little Novels of Italy," to the undoing of their innocence. Now, with all due deference to these wise grannies, one would like a bill of statistics as to how many times, within their experience, any child has ever shown the remotest inclination to read Maurice Hewlett; how many of their youthful patrons are advanced enough to know that there is such an author? And, granted that the children have been making unprecedented demands at the delivery desk, how many of them know what "passion" is? If the children of Brooklyn are sufficiently cultured to prefer Maurice Hewlett to the latest best-seller or the watered gruel that is prepared especially for their intellectual stomachs, then, the sooner the methods of the Brooklyn educators be made public, the better it will be for the enlightenment of the rest of the world. The possibility of Hewlett's proving too risque for babes and sucklings is not half so important as the phenomenon of superior powers of discrimination among children. These library trustees and reading committees seem to be taking upon themselves a lot of unwarranted authority. The tendency of the mob to read nothing but fiction and best-seller fiction at that is one of the stock subjects for editors, literary critics and culture clubs, but nothing is said of the effort to suppress everything else. No one should raise objection to certain necessary precautions for keeping medical works out of the hands of the immature, but this grannyish solicitude which erects barbed wire fences around everything readable is really in pestiferous restraint of education.

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The Saunterer

La Comedie Humaine

This would have been a dull and uneventful year in San Francisco society were it not for Dan Cupid. The little god has been very active and has performed some wonderful feats in the mating line. He has persuaded a few bachelors to get in out of the wet, all of whom were believed to be hopelessly prejudiced against matrimony, though far from insensible to the charms of sweet femininity. Throughout the year society has been throwing up its hands in blank amazement at the news of engagements that were almost thrilling in their unexpectancy. In some instances the engagement announcement marked the beginning of a romance at the point where another had been brought to a close, and such things are always interesting in real life. Those of our society people who had no experience with Cupid during the year were as dull and decorous as ever. They made very little effort at anything better than eating, drinking, motoring and roller skating. Barring Mrs. Martin's big blow-out in honor of Alice Roosevelt, there was very little splurging. San Francisco society doesn't splurge. Being only one generation removed from the shop, it is still addicted to the habit of taking stock. Our only leisure class consists of a small band of roystering blades that contributes to the prosperity of the tenderloin. Society being too slow for them, the dancing clubs have to depend on young men fresh from college to supply entertainment for the debutantes. Society is expanding and having a hard time trying to maintain an air of exclusiveness. As possession of wealth insures something of a social standing, and as our rich are growing more numerous every year, the fashionable set is growing larger. One has only to hark back a few years to recall names, then quite outside the pale, that are now included among the most widely advertised of the elite. And while society is expanding it is also growing more decorous, the reason probably being that the latest arrivals feeling somewhat insecure in their new surroundings, have not the courage to be gay. Therefore San Francisco society has become almost vulgarly moral. It has none of the luxurious vices that distinguish the aristocracy of wealth in larger cities. Since the passing of those wicked old flirts who made early Californian history, and whose illegitimate heirs and contract wives spiced our court records with piquant tales, we have fallen behind the pace that marks the caste of the upper ten. We do most of our speeding in automobiles, and some of us take no interest in anything that fails to get us into print. Teas are given to supply a pretext for newspaperiety. A fashionable dancing club is made the adjunct of a social gush column. But newspaper booming is beginning to pall. The older members of society having discovered that they were being used to give tone to the ambitions of the climbers, now shrink from notoriety and hold no communication with the promoters of publicity. The word has gone out that if you wish to know the climbers watch the newsapers.

Sir Alfred Harmsworth, the English newspaper owner, has been made a vis-count. Why have we neglected our own Willie Hearst? In view of his recent experience in politics we might easily give Hearst a similar title. How would "mis-count" do, for instance?

Candy Gift Problem—The question—"What kind of candy would she prefer?" is best solved by herself. Buy her a Candy Order and let her choose what and when she fancies. Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

Journalistic Tardiness

Three months ago I told the story of the split between W. J. Dingee of the Contra Costa Water Company and his old friend and partner, Will Henshaw, the Oakland banker. I published it in installments. It ran through several issues of this paper. The importance of the story, by reason of its bearing on financial affairs, was appreciated by all the leading dailies of the interior of the state. Those dailies reprint copiously from *Town Talk* every week, and so great is their combined circulation that they give wider publicity to the news which they borrow from these columns (courteously giving credit to the source,) than it is within the power of any San Francisco daily to give. With the assistance of these journals whose news sense is evidently more keen than that of some of my local contemporaries, I brought the story of the split between Dingee and Henshaw to the attention of the whole state. These few preliminary remarks are not by any way of empty boasting, but are apropos of the "rehashing" of the whole story in the *Examiner* last week and its presentation as "live news." Such tardiness on the part of a great daily is to be deplored. It is highly discreditable. The readers of the *Examiner* are entitled to prompter service. There are many readers of the *Examiner* who cannot afford to buy any other paper and they should not be kept in ignorance of important happenings for three whole months after the news of such happening becomes available. Besides it is most humiliating to a reader of the *Examiner* who upon meeting a friend and asking him if he had heard of the sensational split between two big financiers, is told that it's ancient history and advised to read *Town Talk* and keep up to date.

Miss Prude (under the mistletoe): How dare you?
Malaprop: Pardon—had I been sober I'd never have done it.

Bohemian Christmas Ode

This is the ode that is always sung at the Bohemian Club's Christmas dinner:

Again the night, the wondrous night of old,
When Heaven's full glory broke upon the earth.
And mankind heard, by chorus of angels told,
The glorious message of the Holy Birth!
Again the night, when voice of cherubim
And seraphim was heard by mortal ears,
And, joining in the high adoring hymn,
Men knew the wondrous music of the spheres.

They sang, and this they sang:
Christ is born!
Glory to God, all power above!
For Christ is born and Christ is love.
Good will toward men! In Heaven 'tis sworn.
Be Peace on Earth, for Christ is born!

Not to the sceptred kings the glory shone,
Not to the sceptred kings the voices sang.
No angel bent him at an earthly throne;
No clarion trumpet through the welkin rang.
The humble shepherd saw the glory shine:
His wondering eyes beheld the Heaven afar,
For him the seraph and the cherubim
Joined with the music of the morning star.

They sang, and this they sang:
Christ is born!
Glory to God, all power above!
For Christ is born, and Christ is love.
Good will toward men! In Heaven 'tis sworn.
Be Peace on Earth, for Christ is born!

The Modern Poet

There seems to be a pretty general misapprehension among the scribblers here in town, regarding the financial rewards won by the verse of Wallace Irwin since he turned his back upon us and carried his Muse eastward. Irwin has done very well, indeed, and bobs up in a surprising number of contents, but I doubt if he makes enough by rhyming to buy automobiles or country seats. As he happens to be able to draw down handsomely from other talents, however, his lines are cast in pleasant places enough. It will be well for any who consider themselves as agile in poesy as this friends of ours to take thought in vigil before attempting to follow what they imagine are his footsteps. There is nothing but folly in the scheme of making bread with song. To make bricks without straw were as nothing in comparison. It can't be done. The day for that sort of thing has gone by. The price of flour has gone up. Life has become a mathematical proposition, not a poem. The man who is not marching, fighting or cheering behind one or another of the captains of industry is the vermiform appendix of civilization. Once he had his use, now he is cut out and cast aside. Sentiment no longer interferes with sanitation. If Lazarus attempts to sit, with his sores, at the rich man's gate, he is promptly removed by the board of health. The workers are the conquerers, the dreamers die in the ditch. And the poet must work with the rest—and work at something which is not poetry. It is true he may refuse this prescription; he may gladly drape himself in rags, he may forswear the pleasure of a daily dip in a porcelain tub, he may put aside the golf club as an idiot's delight, he may subsist largely on fodder cooked in a pail over a gas jet, he may reside in a dark hole under the eaves of a house that reeks with the odor of corned beef and cabbage, he may come to enjoy the acquirement of sufficient suppleness to scale the lightning rod or the fire escape when the more conventional entrance to his domicile is blocked by an unappreciative landlady looking for her rent, he may find material for a deathless sonnet in the fact that he is compelled to do his own laundering, he may even succeed in persuading himself that bad beer, cheap tobacco, long hair, corduroys and a lack of underclothes are the sacred symbols of a right Promethean fire in his soul. But if he does, he is simply turning handsprings over the path of dalliance that leads to the red pit of ruin.

First Co-Ed: I wish I knew what the professor meant when he said his Ideal Woman was the same as Roosevelt's.

Second Co-Ed: He meant the Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe, of course.

Is Oscar Wilde Alive?

Close on the heels of a Grant avenue orator's insinuation that Abe Ruef believes himself to be the reincarnation of Moses comes another sepulchral rumor that seems, in spite of its improbability, more likely to have a basis in fact. A young man who offers an interminable list of references regarding his reputation for veracity has written a letter to one of our morning papers in which he revives the story that Oscar Wilde, so long presumed fortunately dead, is still alive. To substantiate this somewhat alarming statement the young man in question dilates upon his theme with certain plausible details. He says that Wilde is not only yet among the quick, but that he continues to reside in one of the obscurer quarters of Paris, that the much missed but little mourned man of letters now calls himself Sebastian Melnotte, that he is no longer conspicuous by reason of his embonpoint, that he is piling up manuscripts at a prodigious rate, for what disposal deponent knoweth not, and that he first roused suspicion of his true identity when he requested the proprietor of the humble cafe where he eats to remove from its shelf a bronze statuette of Venus. The body which was buried as Wilde's, continues the correspondent, was merely a substitute, purchased at the morgue when Wilde decided that civilized society would never openly forgive him for his sins. There is much more matter of the same apparent plausibility, with addresses, corroborative testimony and a photograph. But the newspaper honored by this singular communication is wary of being trapped into the logical sequel of a seven-column head. Of course, if the story thus conceived is provable, its publication with full particulars would cause a tremendous sensation. But the more one thinks about it the less reason there seems for believing it. We had even better evidence submitted to convince us that Wilkes Booth was never punished, but lived for many years after Lincoln's assassination as a clergyman in Atlanta; and hundreds of persons will tell you, positively, that Charles Stewart Parnell is tilling the soil of Kansas. Moreover, most of us hope that Wilde—for his own sake—is where we think he is.

"Miss Portland is a perfect poem."
"All but the feet."

One On Marie Corelli

The other day I was told of a little journey—not Elbert Hubbard's—to the home of the author of—well, you pay your money and you take your choice (I don't). The journey was made by one of Marie's own sex, a resident of this city who writes not bestsellers, but literature. Bitter Marie was, as usual, pouring out the inexhaustible vials of her wrath—compared with which corrosive sublimate is anointing oil—on the heads of the critics. Andrew Lang, in particular, was a sight to behold, the bays withered from his brows, the flesh burned from the skull, the very brains beneath shriveled into nothingness. A prick, and some resplendent reputation was with the soap bubbles of last week's wash, the toy balloons of yester-year. The bitter one—the Maxim Gorky in Parisian lingerie—displayed for the admiration of her guests the outside of stacks of manuscript, to be printed after her death—MS., that would make the name of Marie Corelli forever famous, and mince meat of all other famous names—all save one, George, Lord Byron. The room sat agape, with never a word issuing

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from a dozen open mouths. A thirteenth, however—the only American mouth there—which had been kept tight shut up to the mention of Byron, now opened on his lordship. Agape and aghast sat the room, while the most excellent markswoman aforesaid raked the poet fore and aft, pumped him full of lead, made a rabbit-burrow of him, or what you will. A full ten minutes it simply rained hot shot. Then the hostess in dumb show adjured her guest to desist. Who wrote Don Juan being by this time dead as a doornail, her guest desisted. In the silence that followed, Sweet Marie chided her thus: "My dear, you really musn't talk like that. Byron, you know, is my spirit-lover!" The most excellent markswoman dropped her—jaw. Sweet Marie went on at once to tell how kind to her was Edward of England; how he had invited her to dine with him; how envious the others had been—of course, there were really no others; how affectionately he had inquired, "And when is our next book to come out?" "I sat on his right hand," she concluded triumphantly. "That's nothing," said the M. E. M., who had been biding her time. "I'm told that when Lily Langtry dines with him, she sits on his lap."

The Atherton Sneer

Mrs. Atherton the authoress returns to us with a sneer on her lips. Mrs. Atherton the authoress is a native of California and it is a constant regret for herself if not for the rest of us that she was not born somewhere else. What Mrs. Atherton the authoress says of us is, unhappily, true; we are not as "cultured" as they are in Munich nor as "refined" as they are in Dresden; our reverence for the great is not as ostentatiously subservient as it is in "dear old London"; and our morals are not quite so flexible as they are in Paris. That is no reason, however, why Mrs. Atherton the authoress should rub it in on us whenever she turns her face homeward. We all know that she is ashamed of us, but she might have the grace to hide her blushes and to keep that everlasting tongue of hers still.

Literary Sycophants

It is announced that Mrs. Atherton the authoress is coming to California to improve her health and to whack up another seller on which she has been brooding for a long time. This is what she told the interviewers in New York but it is not the whole truth. No doubt she will improve her health in California and no doubt she will give another alms for oblivion; but her real purpose in returning to the place of her birth is to enjoy a long deferred opportunity to look down on the fawning devotees at the Atherton shrine. In no other place is Mrs. Atherton the authoress pedestaled and niched; in no other place do the crook-backed sycophants cringe to the hem of her garment pleading for recognition and the condescending smile that sometimes chases the sneer to its covert in the lengthening fold of her chin. With the coming of the Atherton there will be a mighty gathering of the literary clans and portentous creaking of the gates that lead to the club corrals where the herded steers bellow as softly as cooing turtles and where the gentle heifers low plaintively in soulful response. But think of the noses that will be unjointed by the Atherton renaissance! Think of the blue-stockings that will step down from provincial thrones, concealing within a placid exterior of smiles, compliments and hypocritical mutual admiration, the envy that eats like a canker at the heart of every one of them! think of the tribe of petty scribblers heretofore so hopeful of the future, so confident of the genius only awaiting the glad opportunity, so belauded by faction, clique and dearest friend! think of these, compelled to seek a common level of mediocrity in the presence of the Great One—the Successful One—the Only One! Think of all this fallen greatness and then pity these worshipers as you pity the poor heathen who worship graven images all unknowing that such adoration is expressly forbidden by the laws of Moses.

Father Damien Vindicated

Jean B. Sabate, an Hawaiian journalist, has awakened public interest once more in Father Damien, the martyr priest of Molokai. He recently wrote a letter in defense of the Apostle of the Lepers in the New York *Times* apropos a paragraph in that journal in relation to the charge made against Father Damien by Rev. Dr. Hyde. Sabate says that Hyde never went to Molokai and never saw Father Damien; that Robert Louis Stevenson visited the leper settlement to find something against the priest, something to discredit him in the eyes of mankind, but after a rigid investigation on the ground returned with the conviction that Damien "was a man with all the grime of mankind, but a saint and a hero all the more for that." Now, after sixteen years of almost criminal silence, Dr. Pond, a Congregational minister, has been compelled to vindicate the memory of the dead priest. According to Sabate, Dr. Pond was recently prodded into the admission that after the Stevenson letter had been published Dr. Hyde, smarting under the stinging rebuke, wrote to him (Pond) to find out

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whether he (Hyde) had erred when he made the charge of immorality against Damien. Dr. Pond replied that he had, that he had denounced the wrong man, and that it was a case of mistaken identity. Neither of the two reverend gentlemen was generous enough to rectify the mistake that had been made. This is Dr. Pond's excuse for his sixteen years of silence: "Father Damien was being lauded as a martyr for his voluntary residence in the leper settlement. It may be presumed that Dr. Hyde, having in mind

J. Damien De Vendter, the Martyr of Molokai

the immoral conduct scandal, but laboring under a mistake as to the identity of the man who was concerned in it, wished to expose what he believed to be a fallacy; and this was the sole motive for making the statement which has produced such interminable commotion. If Dr. Hyde knew what a hopeless task would confront him in any endeavor to correct an error, he acted wisely in letting bad enough alone."

When Stevenson Visited Molokai

Sabate further declares that it is absurd to say that Father Damien need not have contracted leprosy. In

House in Which Damien Was Born

bringing order out of chaos he was priest, architect, carpenter, doctor, nurse, cook, undertaker and grave digger. To hold that there is only one way of contracting leprosy is of course ridiculous. Even this year, with all the sanitary improvements that have been made in the settlement, with a resident doctor and devoted Sisters to see that all precautions against the disease are taken, one of the religious attendants contracted it. Joseph Dutton, the lay brother, to whom Stevenson refers in his "open letter," has contributed to the latest discussion of Father Damien an interesting letter in which he tells of the coming of Stevenson to the settlement. He says that when he met the famous author he took him for a sailor, for he was in his yachting suit and cap, and the name on the cap-band was Casco. "Mr. Stevenson's manner," writes Dutton, "as we went over the settlement together, was one of intense sympathy. He impressed me as having a sensitive, highly-strung organization, and that he was quick to feel, quick to love. His health was already impaired, and he inquired as to the danger of contracting leprosy, and how it would be with one advanced with another disease. He knew, of course, his physical condition. In some way I got the impression that he was looking for a spot to end his days. Was he thinking of Molokai? I do not know. Later when I knew who my visitor was and that he had settled near by, his visit came back to me with fresh force and the question in my mind at the time repeated itself. And I was glad when I looked upon our craggy, sea-walled cliffs, that the gentle writer

St. Philomena's, Damien's Church, Kalawao.

had found his resting place in the beautiful island of Samoa."

Stevenson's Great Passion

There has already been a great deal written of Robert Louis Stevenson but Elbert Hubbard is to delve further into the private life of the great essayist and lesser novelist. Hubbard is to write a series of "Little Journeys to

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the Homes of Great Lovers" and Stevenson's is among the homes to be visited. Stevenson was indeed a great lover. He met Mrs. Orborne in Paris. He bounded into a cafe one night and into the midst of a bohemian party and sank at the feet of Mrs. Osborne. Thus did he express his adoration and Mrs. Osborne came back to America to obtain a divorce from her husband, who had been a stenographer in this city and who had mysteriously disappeared. Stevenson's parents, being conventional Scotch people, were shocked at the prospect of his marrying a divorced woman and they cut off his allowance, but poverty failed to affect his passion. He came to America in the steerage, crossed the continent on a freight car and for awhile endured the sufferings of the penniless in this city. He lived in Bush street near Powell and did a good deal of his dreaming in Portsmouth Square. Through lack of nourishment he fell ill and Mrs. Osborne nursed him through an attack of typhoid fever. His letters to his relatives written at that time were full of praises of her. In time they relented and forgave her, and I hear that she now has a great deal of the family mahogany. The author's widow is not a writer but within the radiance of her smile men catch inspiration for great things.

Roosevelt's Promotion of Paternity

According to William Marion Reedy, the influence of President Roosevelt extends even into the domain of poetry. By way of evidence he cites the first and second editions of Ernest McGaffey's beautiful "Sonnets to a Wife." In the first edition, printed in 1901, the thirty-fifth sonnet was as follows:

Selfishness.

I want no child to take one jot from me
Of this your love, no helpless, clinging hands
To hold their place as strong as iron bands.
I'd lock your heart and throw away the key.
As now you are so I would have you be
Till from Life's glass should fall the latest sands;
Till on the hearth the ultimate dull brands
Fade out and leave us to Eternity.

I know the children's power; and I know
Your soul would flower and blossom to a child;
And, loving you, I would not have it so,
Lest I of my sole treasure be beguiled;
To learn that bitter lesson late in life.
How far a mother loves beyond a wife.

In the recently published second edition of the "Sonnets" the above poem does not appear in its old place, but is relegated to the "notes" at the back of the book, and the following has been submitted in the regular sequence:

Reincarnation.

The flower you gathered, blossomed long ago
Warmed by past sunshine, jeweled with the rain
Of bygone years; the river's liquid strain
Which now you hear, was once the purling flow
Of a lost stream; the very winds that blow
Have come and gone, will come and go again;
And where the primal grass has decked the plain
Year after year the later grasses grow.

And thus with every line that lovers trace;
However dear and passionate the word,
The self-same thought, in a dead bosom stirred,
Has brought the roses to some woman's face;
And all the worship that my rhyming brings
Is but the echo of forgotten things.

"Evidently," Mr. Reedy says, "there was something doing in the interim between the two editions, to make the poet retract the 'strenuous' utterance of the relegated poem." Mr. Reedy and Mr. McGaffey are very intimate friends, and we may accept as authoritative the former's explanation that the poet is a great friend and admirer of the President. There is now a Miss McGaffey in the world. May she live long and prosper, and may her gratitude to the President never diminish.

She Runs a Seminary

Miss Elizabeth Murison, whose translation of "The Soul of an Artist" is attracting much attention, is now believed to be qualified to sit among the self-anointed of California's near-literary colony, but her friends say that she is not good at posing. Miss Murison is the principal of a very swagger school for young ladies in Pacific avenue. She belongs to an old Scotch family whose fortunes began to wane some years ago. She is a woman of broad culture but has nevertheless occupied an enviable social position. Some of the most exclusive matrons in society who appreciate merit are proud to be known as her friend, and they have sent their daughters to her school. Her nieces, Helene and Constance, are of the smart younger set. Helene made her debut at a cotillion when Kate Herrin and Kathryn Robinson came out. Constance, who was to have made her debut this winter, rendered that formality unnecessary by becoming engaged. She is to be married in the spring.

From Conservatory to Chorus

The daughter of a Mexican army officer was arrested in this city the other day for shop-lifting, and we were informed by an *Examiner* reporter that she received vocal instruction from the best teachers of Milan, and so extraordinary were her vocal powers that Patti's manager engaged her for his chorus. Well, she wasn't the first graduate of a foreign conservatory that drifted into a chorus, but she is probably the first one that did who was acclaimed for her wonderful vocal powers.

Jack Baird

There was a great deal of sincere mourning for Jack Baird. His tragic death brought sorrow to the hearts of

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his friends, for he was really beloved by those who had the good fortune to be his intimate associates. It was not his nature to take life seriously or to comply strictly with the conventions of society. Preferring the diversions of the night life to the sober pastimes of the politely puritanical, he mingled with men and women of congenial temperament and contributed much to the gayety of the loungers in electric-lighted Bohemia. But Jack Baird was a self-respecting chap with a great deal of that sympathy for his fellow creatures which makes for strong friendships. He had many of the graces that distinguish men in cultured society. He had a brilliant mind and had been educated to good advantage. But above all he had a heart that was more to be admired than his head, and it was because of that heart that there was so much genuine sorrow at his death. Though he was not the wealthiest of our young bachelors he was easily the most generous. He gave all he had to his friends. Are there any of us of whom so much could be said in words so few? How many there are less deserving of acclaim whose memory is perpetuated in enduring metal and stone! I believe it was Jack Baird who financed the recent enterprises of Addison Mizner and who put that young man on his feet in New York. No friend ever applied to him in vain. When he parted with his money he did not expect it to be returned. Though of a rollicking, devil-may-care nature, Jack Baird was a great student. He possessed a fine library and did a great deal of reading. At Berkeley, for which he was prepared by John S. Partridge, the recently defeated mayoralty candidate, he was one of the most popular students. His chum there was Norris Davis, who married Therese Morgan, and I believe he was the best man at the wedding. Baird was one of the wits of society. I saw some letters that he wrote from New York while sick there, and they were remarkable for the humor of the writer's keen observations. After leaving college he went on a tour of Europe. In France he was disgusted with French service and he wrote a letter to the Paris *Herald* saying that he purposed building dykes through France to deflect the gulf stream and freeze Paris to satisfy his rage against the barbarous ways of Parisians. The letter provoked serious discussion among some of the scientists of Paris. Ruby Neil, the young woman who was with Baird when he met his death, emerged from a convent in San Rafael a little over a year ago. She is a beauty of the Spanish type. I believe it was "young Joe" Tobin who introduced her into the jeunesse doree.

The Gaities

The personnel of the Gaiety Club is somewhat changed this season, as several of the members have married since last season. The Gaiety Club permits none but the unmarried to participate in its privileges and for that reason two of the choicest members of last season—Mrs. Dibblee nee Kittle and Mrs. Grimwood nee Allen—are no longer Gaiety Girls. Sara Cunningham, Helene Irwin and Anita Harvey are the new members. Miss Livermore hostessed last week's dance and the next will be given at the Parrott home in Sutter street with Emilie Parrott as hostess. Sometime in January Elsie Tallant will be the hostess at a Gaiety dance.

Mrs White's Independence

It is predicted that Mrs. Shorb-White will soon be the most popular promoter of society dances in town and this because she has the courage of her convictions. She actually dares introduce one person to another at her dances. Mrs. Salisbury was always unwearying in her efforts to see that the girls at her dances had a good time, and Mrs. White shows this same kindly spirit. But Mrs. White seems also to be quite independent about her invitational list. She again left out several prominent society girls, who will probably never cease talking about the omission. I hear that Mrs. White intends to make her dancing club the most exclusive ever known in the annals of San Francisco society, and will gradually tone it down to Battenberg proportions.

Mrs. Smith: Now you've gone and asked a thirteenth guest to dinner!

Mr. Smith: But none of them is superstitious.

Mrs. Smith: I'm not thinking of that—but I've only provided for twelve.

The Martin Family

Mrs. Eleanor Martin has been leading the strenuous life in the shops for two weeks, buying presents for friends and the numerous members of her family. She has kept the clerks busy genuflecting. Most of her friends are to be remembered with little bits of bric-a-brac. There is to be a Christmas tree in the big home in Broadway and there is to be a Christmas party for the children and grandchildren of the justly celebrated society leader. By the way, all Mrs. Martin's grandchildren are learning the polite tongue of their nurses and will be able in the course of time to render themselves unintelligible to their distinguished grandmother. All our "best society" children have French nurses these days who are expected to familiarize them with the language of diplomacy. Many of the

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smart set children speak French fluently before they acquire a working knowledge of their mother tongue. And thus is the language of Flaubert being vulgarized.

The Peter Martins have been taking the rest cure at the family mansion in Broadway and Dr. Harry Tevis's dinner in honor of Mrs. Martin was the only dissipation in which they permitted themselves to indulge. It is surmised that Mrs. Peter is resting up for the New York season which will be at its height when she returns home. Mrs. Walter Martin is in mourning for her friend, Mrs. Frank Harrison, and will go nowhere until after Lent.

Mrs. Kohl's Hats

The Fred Kohls will eat their Christmas turkey with Mrs. Kohl's mother, Mrs. Godey, in Washington. They left last week for that city and I hear that Mrs. Godey, who likes San Francisco and its people, may return with them and make her home here. She became quite popular in the bridge set when she was out here. Mrs. Kohl, by the way, is the most majestic looking woman in society this winter, for her winter hats are of such mammoth proportions that they add greatly to her height. They are all built on the same large scale and are prodigally befeathered with ostrich plumes.

"Would you let me fill your stocking, Miss Oldmayde?"
"Oh, Mr. Bachelor, this is so sudden!"

Knockers

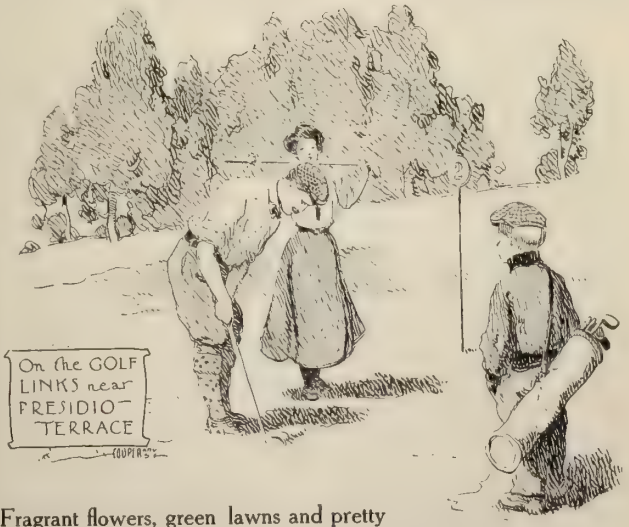
I have been forced to the conviction that the population of California is largely an agglomeration of knockers, climbers, and grafters, and that the greatest of these is the knocker. Ordinarily I would divide the people of the state into knockers and the knocked, but I find that those who are knocked are also knockers whenever opportunity occurs or occasion demands. The man or woman that knocks today will be knocked tomorrow; and he that is knocked tomorrow will knock somebody before the week end. "Knock, knock, knock!" cries the porter in "Macbeth." "Knock, knock, knock! i' the name of Beelzebub," and again, "Knock, knock! Who's there in the devil's name?" and the porter surmises that he who knocks may be a farmer that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty; an equivocator that could swear in both the scales against either scale; or an English tailor come hither for stealing out of a French hose, to whom he bids welcome to roast his goose, whereupon he resolves to devil porter it no further, for he had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. Therefore I say upon this high authority that the knocker may be evil-omened, ill-fashioned, bad-tempered, vicious-minded, scurril-tongued as Thersites, libelous as Junius, slander-laden as Lady Guenever when Sir Cradock's wife bore the prize of virtue from Arthur's wassail of Carleile; but on the other hand he may knock for the truth; for behold, it is the truth that knocks the knocker.

Climbers

Of climbers I have spoken before—a motley crew. Perhaps the less I say of them the better—for the climbers; but this I will say: The climber climbs from nothing in her own estimation of her intrinsic worth, to nothing in the estimation of those among whom she strives to climb. There is much honesty in the climber, knowing that she is what she is and knowing that all the world knows; yet undaunted by fear of contumely of those she leaves beneath nor abashed by contempt of those above. To paraphrase the prophetic words of the Master, it is her very lowliness that is a ladder for her ambition; but when once the "climber-upward" has attained to upmost round, she kicks the ladder from under, "scorning the base degrees by which she did ascend." Furthermore the climber is both knocker and knocked—and in the end her battered soul is as callous as pig hide tanned for a football; better fitted for the sandals of the shades that tread the Plutonian shore than for the feet of those bright spirits who wander o'er meads of asphodel in the Elysian fields.

Grafters

I am almost tempted to declare that as there are knockers and the knocked, climbers and the climbed, so there are grafters and the grafted. But that distinction would be scarcely accurate. It is more to the purpose to divide the caste into grafters and—grafters; grafters who graft and grafters who would graft if they could. "Reckon no man happy," says Sophocles, "till ye witness the closing day; until he pass the border which severs life from death, unscathed by sorrow." So to reckon no man honest till ye witness the day when he shall be tempted by golden opportunity and well assured that only his conscience shall play the policeman to his turpitude. How many are grafters at



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heart? How many who are merely knockers of grafters would gladly submit to their own knocks if for compensation they could pocket the graft?—take the Cash and let the Credit go. And how many of those we call climbers are the spawn of graft? Is not the climber a grafter in the sense that she seeks that which does not rightfully belong to her? Thus have I moralized on the three elements that comprise the commonwealth called California: And here ends my catechism.

Ada Romer-Shawhan.

With the holiday number of Town Talk is presented in supplement form a reproduction of the unfinished painting, "La Boheme," by Mrs. Shawhan, who has won recognition as one of San Francisco's most gifted artists. It is to be regretted that, by reason of a silly rule of the Postal Department, the supplement cannot be sent through the mail as second-class matter, but it may be had on application at the publication office. The postal authorities have decided to bar supplements that are not supplementary to the paper, in other words, supplements that are not essential to the completion of the paper. The rule was made because certain daily newspapers have been sending all sorts of household implements as "supplements" to their subscribers. The authorities, with characteristic injustice, decided that in order to prevent the misuse of the mails all supplements that are not such in their understanding of the term should be barred. The absurdity of this rule becomes apparent when it is known that these autocrats of the Postal Department do not "understand" the copy of Mrs. Shawhan's painting to be a supplement to this paper, though it is intended as a sample of the handiwork of a Californian artist to whom I desire to call attention. I am told, since the printing of the picture, that if it had been printed on a sheet of paper exactly the same size as the pages of Town Talk, I could have sent it through the mails by pasting it between the covers. Thus do we see how ingeniously technical are the gents of the Postal Department who expect publishers to reach their "understanding." But as to the painting—Mrs. Shawhan herself writes: "Realizing that we have amongst us many men celebrated in Art, Music and Literature, most of whom are my good friends and well-wishers, it occurred to me, more in a spirit of mischief than anything else, to paint characteristic heads of them on one canvas to see how the faces that are so familiar to the general public would look grouped together, and to give their friends and mine an opportunity to have a little fun at their expense. In no sense was the canvas intended as a local Roll of Honor, as some one has erroneously stated, but heads, roughly painted, of those known to me, who are justly celebrated in their chosen professions, and who represent the true spirit of 'La Boheme.'"

Some California History

Apropos the statement of a distinguished American returning from London that Ambassador Reid is going to make London forget the masterful Choate in the kingly magnificence of his entertainments, Editor C. C. Goodwin of Salt Lake, who is familiar with the history of the Far West, and particularly with the stock market of San Francisco, says that this will be of interest to the men who bought Overman at $58, or Ophir at $127, or Sierra Nevada at $126, or Bullion at $34, for they helped make up the fund on which Mr. Reid is splurging. "At that time," says Goodwin reminiscently, "Mr. Whitelaw Reid was a gentleman who wore a tremendously high collar and carried around with him the biggest pair of feet that the great Middle West ever produced, and was known as a newspaper correspondent of reasonable descriptive powers when close adherence to the facts was not an absolute stipulation. But at the same time another gentleman, who later became Mr. Reid's father-in-law, was in the Far West and possessed many advantages over the masses in seeing some things that were going to happen. Indeed, it was sometimes whispered that he was endowed with powers that enabled him to plan what was going to happen; that he was endowed with the hypnotic powers of the Indian magician,

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Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs,

One of the few San Francisco heiresses who have succeeded in becoming leaders in New York and Newport society. Mrs. Oelrichs is a little bulkier than she was when this portrait was taken, but she is still a very attractive woman.

who makes the audiences see him throw a rope into the air which takes the form of a ladder and then sends men to climb the ladder, but when a photograph is taken of the scene only the fakir is in evidence. All the boys and girls in the West saw the ropes thrown on the Comstock, a great many of them believed they knew the ropes and invested accordingly, but when a photograph was taken the negative revealed nothing but two or three magicians who had headquarters in the neighborhood of California street, San Francisco. In those days the father-in-law of Mr. Reid did remarkably well, so well that he soon became a national financial power. He had a small family and Mr. Reid married half of it and has been prosperous ever since. He has been given many high stations and he is now Ambassador of the United States to the court of St. James. He succeeded a wonderful genius who was Ambassador before him, and even his near friends feared that his light would seem dim by comparison with the splendor of the star of first magnitude that had been shedding its radiance through the fogs of London so long. But Mr. Reid was not discouraged. He knew that while Great Britain was a nation of great heroes, it was likewise a nation of great stomachs, and liable when the stomachs could be gratified to become a nation of great toadies. So Mr. Reid entertains. He does not count the cost, for he did not earn the money. And we all congratulate him and take no little pride in the showing he makes for some of us helped earn the money which enabled his father-in-law to be generous when his daughter was married."

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From Music to Medicine

It seems curious that two of the original Saturday Morning Orchestra founded by Mrs. W. J. Younger, and to which belonged nearly every society girl having unusual musical talent, should have become physicians. Anna Galloway Lyle, flutist of the orchestra, and Maude Noble, the trombonist, are now both sporting a "Dr." in front of their names. Dr. Lyle graduated from Stanford and then went to Paris and Vienna, while Dr. Noble acquired a B. A. at Berkeley and an M. D. at the Cooper and then practiced awhile here before going to Berlin. The tea given Miss Noble last week by her sister, Mrs. Abramson, was very largely attended and was a delightfully genial affair.

A Pinero Plot

Now that Lady Hartopp has married the Earl of Cowley, who was the co-respondent mentioned in her husband's divorce suit, interest in that sensational courtroom drama is naturally revived. Lady Hartopp was the wife of Sir Charles (Captain) Hartopp. Their divorce suit was a cause celebre in the London courts three years ago. Society of high degree crowded the courtroom during its progress and it was considered of sufficient consequence to be described in the social columns of the London papers. Even the gowns of the Ladies This, That, and The Other who were "among those present" were given space. Lady Hartopp is a famous beauty and belongs to the smartest and gayest set in the London swim. Counsel for Captain Hartopp stated in opening the case that the trouble started through Lady Hartopp's choice of friends. She had gone alone to Sir John Willoughby's chambers to take tea, and had alone shared his sitting-room at the Hotel Brighton. Counsel for the Captain also stated that Lady Hartopp had offered her husband, a penniless nobleman, twenty thousand pounds to permit her to obtain a divorce. He refused. Testimony showed that the Earl of Cowley had furnished a

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cottage for Lady Hartopp, and witnesses told of a compromising situation in which the Earl figured. One of the incidents concerned a locked door, behind which were Lady Hartopp and the Earl. Lady Hartopp and the Earl both attended the court sessions and the latter appeared much amused when some of the testimony was given. The defendant's witnesses contended that many of the indiscretions complained of were quite natural in smart hunting society. Lady Hartopp is a niece of Arthur Wilson of Tranby Croft, where the baccarat scandal occurred which gave King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, opportunity to show the quality of his breeding. The Earl of Cowley also has a divorce record, having been separated by the courts from his wife, who was Lady Violet Neville, in 1897.

Mr. Brown: My friend Green has the right stuff in him.
Mrs. Brown: I thought so, judging by his nose.

The Josselyns

The Josselyn girls believe in patronizing home industry and when they return from Paris they make no spectacular display of wearing apparel. This indifference to the latest things in Parisian shops is beyond the comprehension of their friends, who marvel that they brought back on their latest trips very few new frocks. Josselyn pere, I hear, is deep in study, being engaged in the compilation of another book. His lively daughters do not take his literary labors seriously. Indeed they are inclined to regard his booksmithing as a joke.

German Ladies Charitable Work

The members of the German Ladies' Benevolent Society give every year a festival to the worthy old and German destitute poor. The Society is a very helpful organization and has been established for many years. The ladies wish to appeal to the generous public for assistance in carrying out their charitable work, and donations of any nature will be very thankfully received. The festival will take place Thursday, December twenty-eighth in Golden Gate hall. The officers of the society are Mrs. Koster president; Mrs. Esberg, vice-president; Mrs. Gottig, treasurer; Mrs. Fehleisen, secretary; directors, Mesdames Buck, Brommel, Schild, Habenicht, St. Goar, Meussdorffer, Stadtmuller and Meyer.

Why the Cudahys Are Economizing

The Cudahy families of Chicago, of which Mrs. "Jack" Casserly is a representative, are said to be keeping very quiet socially, the reason being that they lost a great deal of money in the Armour wheat deal a year ago. In that deal the Cudahys were double-crossed by their partner, the astute J. W. Gates. Gates and the Cudahys secured a corner in wheat and Armour routed them with large shipments of wheat for delivery, putting the price down twenty points in two days. Now it is said that John Cudahy Sr. asked Gates what it meant, and that Gates replied that it was only a trailer being shaken out, at the same time advising Cudahy to go in and get some more wheat. Cudahy followed the advice to the extent of a million more bushels, and when the crash came he found that Gates had double-crossed him. The loss put the Cudahys in dire straits, and John Cudahy Sr. was forced to sell or mortgage all his real estate holdings to settle. Since then the Cudahys have had to economize and they have not given rein to their social aspirations.

Hoadley, the Cotton King

Another Californian has bobbed up as a big man in the metropolis of the nation. As yet his fame has not reached his native state but it has spread through financial circles the world over, and pretty soon his old friends in this city will be reading about him in the magazines, for Joe Hoadley is now the Napoleon of the cotton market. He has taken the throne once occupied by the famous Sully who went to the wall a year ago, and he exercises control of a product which in its unmanufactured state is worth more than six hundred million dollars and forms the basis of the world's greatest industry. The story of young Joe Hoadley's rise to fame and riches reads like a fairy tale. It seems but a few years since the son of old Milo Hoadley, the Californian pioneer, was going to a public school in San Francisco. He did not go very far in scholastics, being of a mechanical turn of mind, and resolved to learn something about mechanical engineering. He learned his trade in this city. He worked here as a mechanic's apprentice and stuck to the trade until he became president of the Greene-Wheelock Engine Company. He reached that position before he was twenty-five. He was the organizer of the American Locomotive Company when he was in the early thirties. Today he is a stockholder in twenty-six New England cotton mill corporations. He built the power plants for seventy per cent of the New England cotton mills. He now controls the American and British Manufacturing Company which makes the ordnance and projectiles of the United States Government. His preeminence in the cotton market is surprising because he knew nothing of cotton. He was not even a member of the Cotton Exchange but he had had some experience in Wall street. His first experience as a cotton speculator was with Theodore Price, the broker who led the Crockers into a crash some years ago. Price and Hoadley started in to bull the market last spring, but Price, who is an experienced cotton broker, went over to the bear side. They fought each other for awhile and Price had to quit with quite a large chunk out of his bank roll. Now Hoadley rules the cotton market and it is said that his control is much firmer than was that of his famous predecessor, Daniel Sully.

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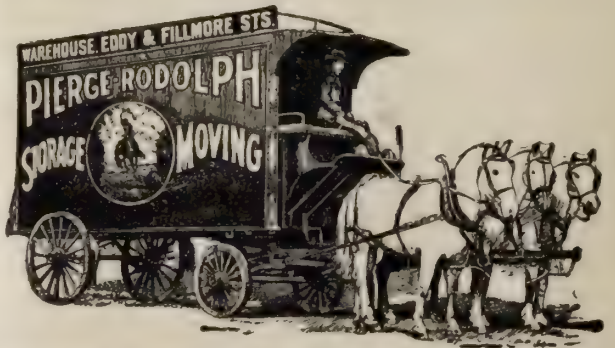

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The Hoadley Property

Milo Hoadley, father of the Cotton King, was one of the oldest pioneers to settle in San Francisco. He owned blocks of land in the neighborhood of Laurel Hill cemetery and lived in a most unpretentious little cottage in Lyon street. He was very fond of his garden and it was one of the handsomest out that way. When Hoadley and his aged wife passed away it was found that they had willed the bulk of the property to their favorite grandchild, Sadie, named for her grandmother, who was the wife of young Morgan, the promoter of Belvedere. Morgan spent his wife's inheritance very liberally in improving and advertising Belvedere, which he designed to become the successful rival of Sausalito. But he was a little ahead of his day in promoting suburban property. When he died, suddenly, his affairs were found to be in a very bad condition, and practically nothing, I believe, was left for his widow. All the big Hoadley fortune had been swallowed up in Morgan's Belvedere schemes. It seems a pity he did not live a few years longer, for others took up his promotion where he left it off and now Belvedere property commands prohibitive figures.

The Corey Personality

I have no means of knowing just how painful W. F. Corey finds his position in the scroll of the last fortnight as a sort of involuntary press agent for Anna Held and Mabelle Gilman, but unless I am very much mistaken this volatile head of the steel trust will be as proud of his notoriety as a peasant of a red shirt. Mr. Corey has never been celebrated for possessing what is known as a retiring disposition, nor has he ever been labeled as averse to posturing in the glare of the calcium. Of his business ability, to which—unless it be to his bluntness of conscience—he owes his prominence as a man of affairs, I do not pretend to judge. But of his characteristics as a social pillar I can speak with considerable assurance. We were once fellow passengers, Mr. Corey and I, on the White Star liner *Cedric*, and our voyage was so unexpectedly prolonged by the wrestle of wind and wave that we had a capital chance to appraise each other in detail. I took the chance, though he did not, so far as I am aware, and when we finally crept past Sandy Hook I found that my opinion of this gentleman was too commonly shared by everybody else aboard the *Cedric* to be set down as unique. We had scarcely cleared the dock at Liverpool before we knew that Mr. Corey was among us, and that he was the Corey of the steel trust and no other. We knew this because he told us so. In fact, he imparted the information to even the smoking room steward, along with his first order. And through the days that followed none of us were ever allowed to forget either the name or the station of this distinguished one. He dominated our conversations, our beliefs, our theories and our reminiscences. He advised us about our cigars and our drinks. He prescribed for our seasickness. He warned us concerning our individual liabilities in the hands of the customs officers. He decided which was the best automobile in the market. He told us "the truth" about "poor Charley Schwab." He carefully defined his own position in the financial situation of the universe. He expatiated on the manners of royal families and the diseases of dogs. He was, altogether, the most pestiferous shipmate I ever encountered.

Another Love Affair

With such premises as these to prepare my mind, I am naturally not surprised by Mr. Corey's latest appeal to public attention. But I do not believe, for all that, that he is entitled to the romantic end of the tales with which we have latterly been edified. Miss Gilman, who is living very quietly and modestly at a second-class hotel in Rome, has, or very recently had, an absorbing and wholly unreprehensible heart interest in a young Parisian dramatist named Antoine Duzet. Her friends, or those of her friends who are about her in Europe, all assert that the Duzet interest remains unimpaired. And as for Anna Held and that Pittsburg dinner—there is a Corey story and an Anna Held story of exactly the type one might expect, under the circumstances, from either source. Miss Held loves the centre of the stoge quite as much as the steel trust's helmsman does, and at the existing ebb in her fortunes and popularity cannot afford to let any interviewer go away empty-handed. But why is it that no one has parleyed with Florence Ziegfeld regarding this matter? He is Miss Held's husband, he was admittedly present when Miss Held sang at that wicked club in the smoky metropolis, and he has a very sizable set of biceps. Also, he can speak his mind with unmistakable emphasis. If he should crowd his way into the white light now beating down on Mr. Corey, Miss Gilman and Miss Held, it is probable that Mr. Corey would be at least temporarily pushed to one side. Make way for Mr. Ziegfeld!

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The Christmas Habit

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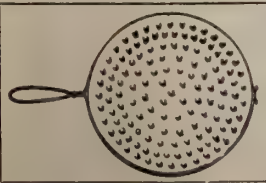

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their duty by Christmas loyally and generously, and without grumbling or grudging. They are entitled to the discreet indulgence of whatever satisfaction they may feel when the festival is over. Having decorously worn the garb of festivity and the face of joy, they may cast the former aside and relax the latter. There are some people to whom Christmas is the source of a great deal of annoyance, but they are the grumblers who are never free from grievance. One of them writes: "Will somebody tell me why this tiresome, costly, and useless fashion has not yet worn itself out, and met with deserved oblivion? I do not refer to gifts exchanged among the members of a family, or between very dear and intimate friends. These are expressions of real feeling, and no one finds them a burden. I am speaking of the Christmas present which takes the form of a more or less reluctantly paid tax, is given 'because it must be,' and is not at all well balanced by the receiving of a number of ill-selected and unwanted gifts, largely duplicates. Oh, for the days of our grandmothers when we gave only to those we loved."

Irish's Luck

If it continue the luck of Colonel John P. Irish will some day be entitled to proverbial distinction. He has been naval officer of San Francisco twelve years, and the job is taking on the hue of an irremovable pastorate. Every time he is booked for private life his luck comes to his aid. A few years ago the California delegation got behind Congressman Wood and insisted on his appointment. The pressure was pretty strong and Irish was preparing to pack his baggage when Wood indiscreetly took an oratorical flight, during the course of which he fulminated against President Roosevelt. Then Senator Ralston became a candidate for the position and for awhile he looked like a winner, but he plunged into George Knight's fight for United States Senator and opposed Frank Flint. Flint was elected and Ralston's chances went a-glimmering. A little while ago the enemy again camped on the Irish trail, and once more it looked as if the Cleveland Democrat and McKinley Republican would have to throw up both hands, but when President Roosevelt appointed Franklin K. Lane for Interstate Commerce Commissioner, all the influential Republican statesmen in Washington chorused "What's the matter with Irish?" They suggested that if a Democrat from California was to get the job then there was no man better suited for it than John P. Irish. And now the members of the California delegation have little hope of uprooting the naval officer. If leading Republican statesmen are in favor of his appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission then surely if he cannot get that important position they will not favor his removal from the naval office.

Wheelan and the Pardee Machine

Governor Pardee's political machine is now being oiled up. It is known in this city as the San Francisco Republican League and Mr. Fairfax Wheelan is the chief engineer. Ostensibly Mr. Wheelan is organizing for the State Campaign to fight Abe Ruef, but the fact is that he purposes joining hands with the water front brigade to assist in securing the gubernatorial nomination for Pardee. The reformer has blossomed into a fragrant professional practical politician. The Republican League will devote itself exclusively to the interest of the Governor. It will fight the Republican machine in the interest of the Pardee machine. In the circumstances the fight for control of the Republican County Committee will be watched with intense interest.

To Be Consistent

My Washington correspondent writes me that to be consistent the Republican Senators will hold up all of President Roosevelt's Democratic appointments, and that now it is generally understood that Lane is a beaten man. Representative Tate, of Georgia, a Democrat, who supported Roosevelt's naval policy, has been appointed a Federal District Attorney, but the appointment is to be held up in the Senate. Similar action will be taken with the appointment of L. J. B. Alexander to a Federal Attorneyship in Arizona, who is also a Democrat. President Roosevelt is to be told that none but Republicans need apply.

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BENNETT'S BAND

Our Evanescent Revolts

Truly enough, weighed in the balance of precedents established, we are a fickle people. From one day to the next it becomes more and more apparent that by far the greater part of the civic, financial, ethical and sanitary ills we bear, from one seaboard to the other, are thrust upon us, and ultimately fixed upon us, simply because we are unable to concentrate our energies upon any crusade of reform until we really shall have wrought our hypothetical will. The things which, as a nation, we were going to do to the beef trust, to the railroads, to Standard Oil, during the year now slipping to its end have none of them been done. Nor have they adequately been begun. Nor is there any present likelihood that they will be, under the programs thus far promulgated by the potential doers. The political bosses deposed last month with so much beating of drums and blaring of trumpets have been succeeded in every instance by other bosses, who already promise to be just as irritating as their predecessors. The insurance scandal, of greater importance to all of us than anything that has happened, or can happen in Russia or Japan, has steadily waned to a lamentably inconspicuous position in the morning news, leaving as a practical result, even in the counsel of our sincerest hopes, merely the memory of much sound and fury. The ferocious attacks made on patent medicines and adulterated foods by several of the most powerful Eastern magazines have not, according to the unbiassed testimony of impartial investigators, produced the slightest effect on either manufacturer or consumer in the quarters indicated. We seem less and less able to carry anything through. We swell up and burst only to swell up and burst again, with profit to none except the scandal mongerer.

Some Local Reforms

Behold our own house, how it is swept and garnished. We had a milk crusade a few weeks ago. Who dares to say we are not still drinking formaldehyde? We inoculated, with a flourish of syringes, certain guinea pigs which were to prove the quality of Spring Valley Water. Who knows what was thereby discovered? We are even now in the throes of an ostensible industry in our police department. Yet is there any one who wants to gamble and who knows not where he may safely gratify that want? Is there any one who does not, near midnight, try to catch at least the latest car rather than walk home and run the risk of being slugged? Is there any saloon in the whole city from the door of which a policeman may not be seen scuttling at all hours after dark? Was not the most vulgar and lewd exhibition to be seen at any of our so-called music halls put on at a popular resort in Mason street only a week after the ominous utterances of the Police Commissioners anent the joints in the Tenderloin? What feeds this maggot of indifference? Is it becoming impossible to say a thing and mean it? Are we dubious of the truth pointed out by advertisers and commentators on genius, that keeping everlastingly at it is the secret of achievement? Let us reform our methods of reforming.

Raphael Weill entertained a party of eight at dinner at Marchand's on Monday evening, and the party occupied a box at the Doctor's Daughters' benefit later on.

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The Distress of an Orphanage

My attention has been directed to a very worthy charitable institution which, at this moment, is urgently in need of assistance. It is the Golden Gate Orphanage and Industrial Farm for Destitute Children at Lytton, under the management of Captain Bourne of the Salvation Army. This is an institution that has been officially investigated and found not wanting. It is doing a great deal of good and is under most excellent management, but at this time is suffering dire misfortune. Owing to the lateness of the rains work on the farm has been delayed and there being no grass it became necessary to buy feed for the dairy cows. Money is needed for seed and implements, and the expenses of the institution have been greatly increased by an epidemic of diphtheria necessitating the purchase of medicines, disinfectants and the costly anti-toxin. So there is much unhappiness in this merry season at this little home where many children are receiving excellent care and training. Captain Bourne being in quarantine, having entered the dormitory to nurse the sick, is unable to come to San Francisco to appeal to his friends, and so I have taken this means of directing their attention and the attention of all who have sympathy for the cause which he is promoting to the sad state of affairs at the Golden Gate Orphanage.

The Fashionable Color

Red is a very popular color this season for street costumes, and ever so many society women are wearing it. It is not a color that men approve as a rule, but women sometimes consult their own tastes. Mrs. George Newhall has a smart red velvet street costume, and Mrs. J. J. Moore's blonde loveliness is set off by her red cloth suit. Constance de Young looks particularly pretty in a red gown and Mrs. Will Taylor and Mrs. Jack Spreckels also wear gowns of the fashionable shade.

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Indignant Bohemians

The artists of the Bohemian Club are in an uproar. Hitherto the artists and literary geniuses were not compelled to pay dues unless they could afford to. In some instances half-rates were charged. It was necessary thus to discriminate because artists are conscientiously bohemian and it is often cheaper to cancel their indebtedness than to employ a collector to hound them into payment. Moreover, if the club were not thrown open to the proudly penniless it would be like a parade without the bands. The artists were essential for the atmospheric effects that give vraisemblance to tradition. Some there are, however, who, having had their ideals perverted through association in club life with the unesthetic Captains of Industry, attributed an importance to financial responsibility which was quite at variance with the ethics of Bohemia. Among them is Amadee Jouulin, who insisted on paying his dues that he might have, as he said, the full prerogative of the "kicker." But no longer are the artists to be classed among the supporters of the club. Their status has been changed and they no longer occupy an anomalous position. Hereafter they will be classed as associate members, having no voice in the management of the club. It was deemed advisable to make them associate members unburdened by financial responsibility because of the recent assessment of four dollars a month levied on all members. Assessments must be paid, so President Barton hit upon the plan to exempt the artists by making them associate members. And now, I am told, the artists are indignant. They want to have a voice in the management of the club, but of course they are privileged to get on the active list if they wish to pay the assessment and dues. The situation in the Bohemian Club is in fine contrast to that of the Press Club, which is managed by the newspaper men, artists and musicians, all of whom pay dues. In that club it is the mercantile element that constitutes the associate membership, but the Captain of Industry is not exempt from dues. Though he has no voice in the management of the club he pays for the privilege of enjoying a real bohemian atmosphere.

"The Tangled Lyre"

One of the latest additions to our clubs and clans is a young man who used to be a reporter—though he swears he was a journalist—for one of the yellowest newspapers in the whole wide world; and it wasn't a Hearst newspaper, either. This young man, who no longer drives a pen or pecks at a typewriter to earn his bread and butter, is slowly but surely winning a reputation as a raconteur which the lamented Munchausen might well have coveted. Every tale related by the reformed scribe is prefaced by a perfunctory assurance of its foundation in fact, and each succeeding tale thus prefaced is harder to credit than any which went before. It seems rather a pity that one so newly in our midst should already have gained the sobriquet of "The Tangled Lyre," but I, for one, can think of him no differently. As samples of his wares I dare submit but two, and those, lest I appear to have been too attentive, only in summary. The first was a story of a Kentucky spinster, who had reasons for committing suicide and was determined to do it, but who had insufficient courage for any method save asphyxiation by gas. As she lived far out in the country, facilities for going out by the gaseous route seemed absolutely lacking. In the end, however, she triumphed by ordering a thousand balloons from the nearest city, all of them to be properly inflated when delivered, and then, having crowded the balloons into her virginal chamber, got busy with a hatpin. The other yarn was equally ingenious. A woman in Ohio, married to a drunken and brutal farmer, decided that when next her husband should return from town charged with liquor and abuse she would revenge herself with a revenge not easily forgotten. Her opportunity was not long in coming. The husband, full to the lips, came home a little after midnight. The wife waited in grim patience until his profanity ended in stertorous slumber. Then, having stripped him naked, she tied him securely hand and foot, rubbed him with damp salt from sole to crown, piled him in a wheelbarrow and conveyed him to a neighboring field wherein were pastured a hundred cows. The cows did the rest, scraping for the salt with their rough tongues; and when the whilom drunkard was rescued in the morning he was raw, rasped and repentant. I wonder if I should have believed either of these inventions had it been delivered to me with a dateline and a scare head. Would you?

With the Artists

Nearly all the beautiful cards and booklets Paul Elder issued this year were designed by Spencer Wright, the "Little Billee" of the Coppa clique. Young Wright does really wonderful things in rubricating and illuminating. But it is very hard to get him to talk about his work, for he is the most modest little chap in Bohemia. His studio is next to the Mersfelders'.

Jules Pages' famous picture, "Sur le Zinc," which attracted so much attention at the Paris Salon, was bought by millionaire Phelan during his recent visit to Paris. It is now on exhibition at the Bohemian Club, but Mr. Phelan has given it to the Hopkins Art Institute whither it will be moved shortly.

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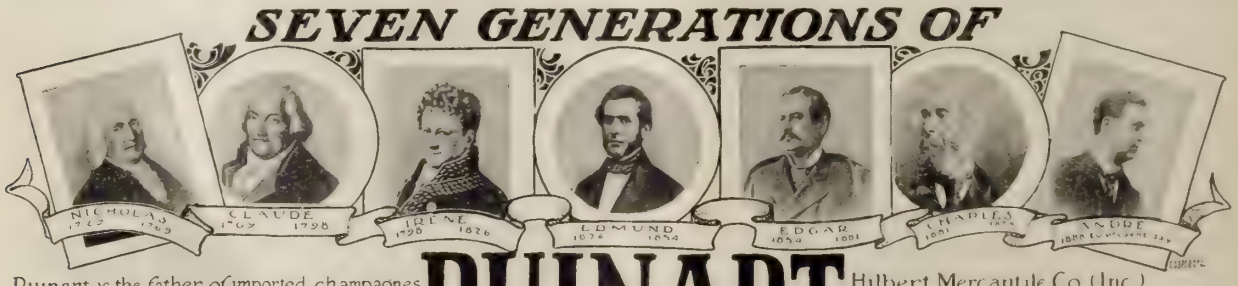

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Joe Greenbaum is holding an exhibition in his studio, the pieces de resistance of the showing being his two large studies of a woman's head.

Fiona Was a Man

By the recent death of William Sharp, the noted London critic and poet, one of the most closely kept literary secrets of the day was revealed. Since Sharp's death the fact leaked out that he was "Fiona McLeod," whose exquisite love poems are always being quoted by the followers of Yeats. George Moore, Yeats and everybody else who read the Fiona McLeod verses were deeply interested in the poetess but no one was able to arrange a meeting with her. All sorts of stories went the rounds about the weird, wild Irish poetess whose work William Sharp had introduced to the reading world. Many thought Fiona was Mrs. Sharp, though this seemed incredible, for the critic's wife is the most unliterary of women, being merely a sweet, gentle echo of her gifted husband. Finally Sharp himself was accused of being the poetess whose passionate poetry was wringing the hearts of the sentimental, but he only laughed and showed letters Fiona had written him. He said she was a modest niece of his who preferred to use a nom de plume. But when death came it was disclosed that Sharp himself was Fiona McLeod. He was one of the few men of letters who successfully disguised themselves behind feminine pseudonyms, and he extracted considerable amusement from Fiona's work by getting the frank opinion of the public about it. One of the shorter poems of Fiona McLeod is "The Rose of Flame":

Oh fair, immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!
Beyond the ultimate gates of dream I have heard thy mystical call:
It is where the rainbow of hope suspends and the river of rapture flows—
And cool, sweet dews from the wells of peace forever fall.

And all my heart is aflame because of the rapture and peace,
And I dream in my waking dreams and deep in the dreams of sleep,
Till the high, sweet, wonderful call that shall be the call of release
Shall ring in my ears as I sink from gulf to gulf and from deep to deep—

Sink deep, sink deep beyond the ultimate dreams of all desire—
Beyond the uttermost limit of all that the craving spirit knows:
Then, then, oh then, I shall be as the inner flame of thy fire,
O fair immaculate rose of the world, rose of my dream, my Rose!

Mr. Sharp, by the way, was a great friend of Gertrude Atherton, and the Sharps' charming home in London was one of the first to welcome the Californian writer to England.

Bierce Dissents

This week Ambrose Bierce took occasion to dissent, on the editorial page of the *Examiner*, from the *Examiner's* editorial utterances of the preceding week anent the hanging of Mary Rogers. Mr. Bierce writes beneath the caption "The Views of One," because Mr. Hearst believes that Mr. Bierce's views are anarchic. Mr. Hearst has not the courage to assume responsibility for Mr. Bierce's views, and therefore he imposes a label on all the utterances of the greatest living satirist. Mr. Hearst's dread of being saddled with responsibility for Ambrose Bierce's views may serve, in the distant future, to guide the biographer of the great Yellow Journalist in arriving at a fairly accurate estimate of the gentleman's mental capacity. The one sane, temperate and logical contributor to the editorial page of the Hearst papers is Ambrose Bierce. His are the only comments that do not shock a normal sense of propriety, the only views that are not addressed either to the passions of the mob or the convictions of the half-educated. I do not mean to say that all the editorials in the Hearst papers are anarchic or demagogic, for they are not. When Mr. Brisbane writes from conviction he writes entertainingly and instructively, but Mr. Bierce always writes from conviction, and if today Mr. Hearst were held responsible in the public mind for the views of Mr. Bierce and acquitted of responsibility for the views of Mr. Brisbane, far more imposing would be the figure he would cut in national politics.

Labouchere's Career

In a despatch of five lines published in the local dailies this week we were told that Henry Labouchere, after forty years in Parliament, is about to resign. For more than a quarter of a century the brilliant editor of *Truth* has been the most conspicuous figure in the journalism of London. For a longer period he has played an important part in

Skating is a fad which Society is rushing to the limit. It affords a motif for dinners before, and suppers after an evening's sport, the smartest affairs holding forth at Tait's Cafe in the James Flood Building.

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the social and political dramas of the British Empire. He is the pioneer of personal journalism, a man of tremendous energy and of wonderful magnetism. In recent years his great weekly has been considered somewhat old-fashioned in London, but it is read with avidity throughout the British colonies. Labouchere is familiarly known as "Labby," a nickname to which he gave wide publicity when, in reply to the question as to how he addressed the Prince of Wales (Albert Edward) in private conversation, he said: "Well, when soup comes on, it is 'your Royal Highness.' After fish, 'Wales.' During entrees and joints, 'Eddie,' and he slaps me on the back and dubs me 'Labby.'" Labouchere has had a more varied experience than falls to the lot of the average man. He received his education at Eton and Cambridge and as he had plenty of money to spend his way was made easy always. He was in the Foreign Office for a time and was also a news correspondent. He boasted that he was the only man who ever played a joke on the English Foreign Office. One day he was told to go from Paris to St. Petersburg. As usual "Labby" asked for money in advance. No reply being made to his request he disappeared. Six weeks later he was found in Homburg, having started to walk to St. Petersburg.

The Founding of Truth

Labouchere is a great joker and by many he is not taken seriously. He was special writer on Edmund Yates's *World* when in 1877 he founded *Truth*, because, as he said, he did so much work on the *World* and he didn't believe in doing all the work and letting Yates take all the money. He engaged his fidus Achates, Horace Voules, to go in with him in the *Truth* venture. "The only gentleman in the place," Labby called Voules, who was a dapper chap. The new editor explained that he had Voules as his assistant so that if anybody were sued for libel Voules could go to jail. To Labouchere is credited the original of a story that has since been told of numerous other editors. A man entered his office one day and bet Labby that there was one book he didn't have in the office—a Bible. Labby bet ten pounds he had, and then sent his boy down to the bookseller's beneath to get one. Then he called his assistant in and asked him for the loan of a Bible, quite naturally, *sotto voce* adding, "I hope to goodness you didn't forget to cut the leaves." The Bible, by the way, had not at that period ever been published with uncut leaves. Labouchere wrote the financial articles in his paper, also those signed Scrutator, but others contributed paragraphs. For years Labouchere never lost a libel suit. Of his enemies he always said they "never came to a good end."

A Washington Incident

When Labouchere was holding a legation position in Washington, D. C., an Englishman came into the office one day and asked to see his country's representative. Labouchere said the minister was out, but offered his own services. The visitor said he would not transact business with an understrapper. Labby asked him to take a chair and wait. The man waited an hour, and then asked when Lord Lyons would be in. "*I* don't know, really," returned the "understrapper." "He went to Europe this morning and may not be back for three months."

During the Commune

Mrs. Labouchere was Henrietta Hodson, an actress, and Labby himself once managed a theatre. He also posed as a doorkeeper for a circus in his youth and another time went away with a band of Chippewas for three months. Wild tales are told of his experiences in Paris during the Commune when he was once mistaken for the Emperor of Mexico, and elected President of the French Republic. He owns a house in London and a beautiful country-place on the Thames, of which he says: "I have a lawn on the river in summer and a river on the lawn in winter."

Culturine and Criticism

The idea of an interested endeavor to be considered of those that "learn and propagate the best that has been known and thought in the world," and thus to establish an enviable social status for oneself; this is the basic idea of culturine, the idea which is the law of its being. Of late, this idea has become fixed, has assumed the form of a strange mental disease, contagious, widespread, affecting persons of small brains and large social aspirations—mainly, woman. Its cause is no farther to seek than vanity; its cure is obviously culture. Bad as is art for money's sake, art for the sake of social status is worse. Of the many functions of criticism at the present day, not the least important is to save art from its friends; above all, from such as use it to effect entrances to difficult drawing-rooms. "Monna Vanna," for instance, has nothing to fear from the hostile censor, much from the friendly woman's club, In fact, art is being clubbed to death. Coming from one who takes the thing so much to heart as I do, the pun no doubt sounds sarcastic; but I may not swear, and am

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ashamed to weep. In the matter of love, woman, as a rule, is capable of greater disinterestedness than is man; but not, it seems, in the matter of art. Love's "glittering peace," she knows—none better. The "glittering peace" of art passeth her understanding—as a rule, mind you, as a rule. Beware, gentle reader, of being all frowns for the teller of truth, all smiles for the liar. You, and you, in whose breasts the desire of art for art's sake burns like a vestal flame, are exceptions; even as men in whose breasts the desire of love for love's sake burns like a vestal flame are exceptions. You, I well know, are with me, heart and voice, as I pray: "Oh, for some Lawson or Tarbell to save this land of libraries and colleges from the menace of culturine!"

His Livestock Liked Walks

Louis McLane, who died in Baltimore last week at the advanced age of eighty-six, was an old Californian, identified with many of the early transportation enterprises of this state. He was a pioneer resident of the Rincon Hill district, and his home, at the corner of Third and Bryant streets, afterwards occupied by Isaac Friedlander, was one of the handsomest places in the city at that time. The house was surrounded by extensive grounds partly laid out in lawn and garden and partly reserved for the use of a family cow, a flock of poultry and such animal pets as all children love to accumulate. Back in the early sixties, Mr. McLane was in the habit of indulging in a Sabbath walk, accompanied by his wife and his three little girls, but it was a rare occasion when he was not otherwise escorted, for if any of the livestock happened to catch sight of the family procession there was a clamorous stampede to join its ranks. If "Cush" could leap the fence of her enclosure and Bossy and the lambs crowd through the gate they would come, galloping after, lowing and bleating an unmistakable "wait for me," and if these responsibilities were escaped the dogs and the chickens were less easily eluded, so that, in any event, there was a numerous escort, and it was one of the stock sights of the day to see Mr. McLane promenading Rincon beach, with all the denizens of his barnyard solemnly marching in his footsteps, and following him home, for all the world like Father Noah at the head of the procession into the Ark.

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	Clear Soup
	Neuberg Lobster
	Chicken Croquettes Peas
Cresta Blanca Sparkling Burgundy or Margaux	Roast Turkey Bread Stuffing
	Cranberry Jelly
	Lima Beans Mashed Potatoes
	Plum Pudding Brandy Sauce
Cresta Blanca Sparkling	Mince Pie Pumpkin Pie
	Coffee

Wines	
	Blue Point Oysters on Half Shell
	Chicken Gumbo a la Creole
	Caviar on Toast
Cresta Blanca	Celery Salted Pecans Olives
Chateau Yquem	Planked Striped Bass
	Terrapin a la Maryland
	Mint Julep Frappe
Cresta Blanca	Young Turkey Cranberry Sauce
St. Julien	Sweet Potatoes Artichokes
	Chicken Salad
	Hot Mince Pie Fruit Cake Grape Fruit
Cresta Blanca	Roquefort Cheese
Sparkling	Black Coffee

The Nuttalls

The Robert Nuttalls have been heard from. They are still in Europe and have not yet fixed any time for their return. I hear that when they do return they will build a new and larger home nearer the bay. Their home in Washington street is not sufficiently commodious for elaborate functions. Judge Leventritt of New York, who has been frequently mentioned in the despatches of late, is Mrs. Nuttall's uncle.

First Clubman: Palette is wedded to art.
Second Clubman: Yes, Mrs. Palette makes up very well.

Mrs. McClung and Miss Gladys, who have been visiting with Mrs. Horne (Alma McClung) for two years past, are coming home. I hear that Mrs. McClung had a serious attack of *heimweh,* which only our fogs and breezes can cure.

An Heiress Wedded

In a brief despatch from Chattanooga, this week, the friends of Hazel Montgomery were informed of her marriage. She is one of San Francisco's big heiresses. Her father was one of the Montgomery brothers who amassed their fortunes here in early days. His widow married the late Arthur Rodgers, the lawyer for the Montgomery estate. The old home of the Montgomerys, the huge house at the corner of Vallejo and Leavenworth streets, was put up for sale shortly after Mr. Rodgers' death. It is one of the oldest houses in San Francisco, having been the early home of the late Judge Delos Lake. Miss Montgomery never went out in society here. Some time ago she went to Chattanooga to live and it was there her wedding with Mr. Theodore Montague of that city was celebrated.

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The Pharisees

By Grace Helen Bailey

"IT'S really too awful," said Mrs. Van Fleet, smoothing out her long gloves with nervous fingers, "but," she hesitated, her eyes fixed on the placid face of the girl opposite, "you are so sweet that you surely won't mind, dear?"

"What is it?" asked Helen Ingram, settling back into the depths of the most comfortable chair in the little pink and white tea-room.

"Oh, it's Ted again with some more of his eternal investments. He quite scared me this time, hinted all sorts of dreadful catastrophes; said I must help him, that I had been going beyond his bank account all season. He has warned me," continued the speaker, reflectively, "but I thought it was the usual regulation that every man gives his wife at the commencement of the New Year."

"Well, what has that got to do with tonight?" The indifference of the question sent snapping lights out of the hostess' eyes and she said shortly:

"Not to tire you with my own affairs, it amounts to just this: some good Samaritan has got to get me out of the hole. You have heard of Jim Jarvis, haven't you?"

"Yes," came with a slight warming of interest. "He's the man from the desert; the man—"

"With heaps and pots of money. Of course, he is something awful, I suppose, and doesn't know the difference between a knife or a fork, I'll wager anything. Well, Ted called me up this morning at eleven and insisted that I must cut some one out or else get another girl, because he had invited Jim Jarvis to my dinner party tonight. I raved. Tried crocodile tears, Ted couldn't see, but all to no purpose. I told him that it would spoil my season, kill my prestige, and then Ted said, 'your prestige be d— d' and banged up the 'phone. Now, when Ted Van Fleet goes off like that—it's something serious. I recalled having heard about a Tonopah mine, the Gridiron, and I think it is owned by the desert man. I didn't dare say anything more. Think of even a back-wooder coming on an invitation like that.' The man must be a savage. Of course no girl would accept at the eleventh hour, so I just had to cut out Freddy Green. He won't dare retaliate, because I hold his life in my hands this winter. I didn't expect him to believe the clumsy lie about the inopportune return of Ted's brother, but he wrote that it would be fortunate, as he was suffering with a severe cold. Neat of him, wasn't it?"

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Bless your heart, nothing but lead the bear in by the string and cut up his meat if need be. Above all, keep your eye on his knife and don't let that implement go above his tie—if he wears one. For heaven's sake, child, keep me from being disgraced. I thought of every girl I knew, but you are the only one I could trust with the bete noir. That is why I asked you to come early. Will you forgive me, dearest?"

"Oh, I don't mind," said Helen Ingram, stifling a yawn. She rose from her chair, a tall shimmering length of white, perfect in curve and gesture, distinguished from the crown of her gleaming coils to the arch of the patrician instep. "What gorgeous roses!" she exclaimed, burying her face in a crimson burden upborne by a massive silver vase.

"From the bete noir," laughed Mrs. Van Fleet. "Quite the proper thing, some one must be playing coach. There's the bell now. I'm so, so glad that's off my mind." She stood up, easing out the pucker between her brows and, with a rustle and a preparatory shake through all her small person, she adjusted her features to the correct expression of impartial animation.

In the green drawing-room opening off the foolish little tea-room with its glint and glitter of pinks and golds and whites, its absurd chairs and its carelessly heaped luxury, a young man, his great length of limb sunk into the farther divan, was meditating with a peculiar questioning on his bronzed countenance. The strong jaw etched itself against the glow from the carefully shaded lamp and the radiance brought out to advantage the fine lines of head and muscular throat and the sombre brooding of the eyes. So might an Indian scout have sat in his saddle, calm, satanic, unmoved by the prescience of a far away footfall and yet listening with a strange wonder to the coming of a creature that he did not understand. He seemed out of place, even in the massive room, and his careful movements amid all the luxury but accentuated girth and the width of his shoulders accustomed to the freedom of big spaces. He leaned far out of his seat, listening to the sibylline murmur of the women's voices in the room beyond, and his powerful frame took on a rigidity out of all proportions to the frivolity of the conversation. Gripping his gloved fingers, he was about to pass into the adjoining apartment when the portiers were drawn back and his hostess appeared in the opening. Her warmth of greeting, the cordiality of eye and lip, and the sincerity of the extended hand routed his intention.

"I told your mother that I would take you home — come"

Jim Jarvis fell back a step confounded. He took the greeting in a smileless and dignified silence. His grave eyes had gone in search of another.

Behind Mrs. Van Fleet came Helen Ingram and the light in the desert man's eyes smouldered down into a banked fire that sent a quiver through all his frame like the first scorch of a hidden flame. His starved manhood

feasted in a gaze inoffensive, because of its very hunger. And when the girl motioned to a seat by her side, he sat down mutely and humbly, with the reverence that the strong accord the mystery of weakness.

He made no effort to speak, and because silence was another one of his inheritances, he did not know that it was expected of him.

While Mrs. Van Fleet busied herself with the other guests, and while the room seemed suddenly full of people cut after the same pattern, the calm, chiseled profile and the azure glance, and the chin, with its promising uplift, were the rewards of Jim Jarvis, and all the shapeless dreams of years took tangible form and sublimated into the face of Helen Ingram.

She did not speak, but her smile, slow, sweetly suggestive of understanding, sought the glowing eyes now and then until the man from the desert fairly reeled in the intoxication of her nearness. Never had he seen anything of sex so graciously molded and so exquisitely woman. The implied subtleties of lip and lid seemed to reveal things that he had scarcely framed in his most open eyed reveries. He was oblivious to the poorly concealed curiosity of the various groups, to the whispers of the women, and the easy tolerance of the men.

When Mrs. Van Fleet gave the signal to adjourn, she heaved an inward sigh of thanksgiving at the perfect fit of the broad-cloth back near by and her congratulations were mixed with speculations concerning Helen Ingram's future.

"Do you like roses?" asked Jim Jarvis abruptly of his companion when they were seated at the table. "I'm goin' to send you a whole cart load tomorrow."

"Yes, I love roses; how did you know?" The girl blushed under her calm in spite of herself, unstirred by the faintest suspicion of how his knowledge had come to him.

"Because I heard you admire them roses that I sent her." He nodded the length of the table, his eyes fixed on the unshaken hypocrisy of the hostess. "They ain't all like her, are they?" he asked, with a saving optimism in his voice.

In a sudden panic the girl examined her conscience, and then, finding that her habitual indifference had saved her, said sweetly:

"You see, she had never met you and a husband does not always bring home the right kind of a man to dinner."

Jarvis sighed with marked relief, and then with a laugh and a swift wistfulness that chased across his dark face like a hurrying bit of sunshine, he said:

"We don't have no wives where I come from, and it's mighty lonely, too."

"You don't mean to say that there are no women where you live, Mr. Jarvis!"

"Since the old man died there ain't anybody where I come from but me," remarked the desert man with illuminating inconsequence. He looked round the table and then down at his blue-points in their spiked sea, with a meditative gravity.

The girl was seized with a spasm of dread. How was he to introduce the bivalve to his mouth, what method would he employ before she could delicately attract his attention. One moment he pondered, and then with unwavering honesty he questioned with the simplicity of a child, this great bronze giant.

"I never seen no one eat with them things before," he waved to the array of silver; "which am I to use first?" Calmly taking up the one indicated, he continued with the interrupted description of statistical conditions of the desert.

"You see, I lived on the clean edge of the great Northeastern Arizony. Mother died out there when I was jist seventeen. We shoveled her under the loose sand, father and me. They was always plannin' fur to send me to boardin' school, but her lungs was weak and I didn't care fur to quit the old man. He was figurin'—ever since I kin recall—the lay of a great site fur a city, a city that was to bloom out of the desert like them fairy tales they tell children 'bout. And so we jist kept alivin' there on the edge of the great Northeastern Arizony, that folks don't know nothin' about."

"Oh, Mr. Jarvis; just three people in a desert!"

He smiled at the shiver of the white shoulders and his glance wandered down the tapering arm to the shapely fingers toying with the bread crumbs.

"Yes," he said; "jist three people, mother and father and me. And then jist two people and then—jist one," he gathered himself together. "I come away cause I promised the old man I would. He left me ten thousand dollars, and I didn't care a rip fur the money, but," he sighed, "I went to Tonopah and struck it and now the Gridiron is mine and most everything in sight. It seems as though what they calls luck jist follows me, but, after the desert, it don't seem worth while, somehow."

"Oh, it must be a very dreadful place!"

"Dreadful!" his sombre eyes were on her face and something had leapt up in them that startled her.

"No, it ain't dreadful. It's like a strong man struggling' all by hisself, alookin' into the eyes of death an' growin' braver and calmer the longer he keeps alookin.' Then, somehow, he don't seem small any more, he seems agrow-

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in', abecomin' a part of the things that fight under the stars at night and hunger and thirst under the sun by day. He comes to feel that the stray yuccas and the brave little mesquit-bush and the tall sahuaro, that's most two centuries old, is sort of brothers, and that life means jist as much to them, an' theys git sort of human like. And at night, when the breeze comes up, you kin' hear them whisperin' and a-whisperin' and there ain't ever any echo, fur there's nothin' there to beat back on but the sky, and that's too far away."

There was a puzzled look on the girl's face and her upward glance was bordering on a fear, but her neighbor continued his tale of the silent nights and the scorching days with the joy of a liberated speech that has never known the sound of its own fullness before and, amazed at the marvel of words, he painted the wonders of the gray dunes and the dust-storms at play and the cruelty of the mirage that comes to taunt the dying man sinking down into the stinging sand, lips swollen, eyes red-rimmed and bloodshot, lips cracked and bleeding, tongue black and protruding. His whole being quivered in the cry for water and his tones grew more intense and concentrated, for the story was for her ears alone, for the one person in the world—for the woman who understood. At last he had found her. Heedless of the surprised glances directed toward them, he went on with the tale.

There was about him the air of one who discloses a great secret. His was the secret of the close things of nature, the secret guarded by the ranger and the bushman. He was hungry; he was in the thrall of the spell that the sea weaves over the sailor, that the desert throws over the dumb riders as they look into the hot stretches of their open, unanswering land. He had discovered a new world: the desert had taken him to her breast and nourished him and soothed the yearnings of adolescence and he had grown strong in her comforting. Mrs. Van Fleet's gorgeously decorated table fell away and, in his mind's eye, were the rich monotones of grays and browns and the splendid coloring of the untrodden deserts of the great northeast. The empty years of his boyhood passed in review.

He forgot his awkwardness and his new, close fitting clothes and, unconsciously, his powerful muscled hands had discarded the prettiness of civilization by crumpling and then tearing his white gloves into shreads.

But the girl by his side was not of the pioneer fiber; there was none of the blood of those brave, strong women in her veins, the women who are one with the gentler sister and yet not an alien to the squaw-woman who follows the pack and falls on the trail. She had never heard the call and now the faint whisper of it made her uneasy and afraid, and the treacheries of the curving lip and liquid eye, caused her of the vitiated life to be an unwilling traitor to the man who took her without questioning.

Mrs. Van Fleet's anxious glance wandered to the pair repeatedly, and she also was deceived by the girl's seeming complacence. Covertly she studied the handsome dark profile of the "richest man in the West."

Jarvis towered above the other men present and piqued while stimulating the interest that his wealth aroused. He hinted romance and the stories of his fabulous mines were made fantastic by each individual imagination.

"I'm comin' to see you in the mornin'," said the man from the desert as he handed his dinner companion into her carriage, and she had no words to meet his masterful announcement.

(Continued on Page 56)

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The Stage

The Wonderful Bernhardt

Sarah Bernhardt is once more in this country making oodles of money. During her recent two weeks' engagement in Chicago the box-office receipts aggregated thirty-six thousand dollars. And the Bernhardt is sixty-one years of age. Judged as a woman, not as an actress, Sarah Bernhardt is unquestionably one of the most remarkable creatures of the age. Past the threescore mark of time, she is still in the zenith of her power, her capacity to earn money increased rather than diminished by age; a woman who in her lifetime has made more money than any woman in her profession and who, at sixty-one, has hardly a dollar to her name. Not for an instant does this worry the divine Sarah. She is accustomed to spending money as fast as it comes into her possession. With lavish hands she dispensed riches right and left, little knowing and less caring to what uses they were put. With true bohemian instinct she has practically lived always in today, regardless of tomorrow. The Bernhardt motto, "Quand Meme," seems ill-applied to this remarkable woman. It savors of an irresistible will—a determination to meet and overcome obstacles, to triumph despite opposing odds. Bernhardt needs not these attributes. Secure in possession of her wonderful histrionic ability, she has been content to let the world wag as it will, taking her triumphs and losses with equal equanimity. After forty years of unceasing activity upon the stage, she decided to expend the remnants of the last of a score of fortunes in the construction of a theatre in Paris. It was a failure. Did Sarah grow despondent and take to the Poor House? Not a bit of it. She preferred to start on another tour of the world and to publish her autobiography, which is now in the hands of her publishers. The many-sided genius of this wonderful woman has found expression not only in the drama, but as a sculptor, painter and writer. Two of her most famous compositions in marble are a bust of Ophelia and a group called "After the Storm," which were exhibited at the Paris Salon before she became famous as an actress. As a painter she has been warmly praised by Sir Frederick Leighton. One of the plays in her repertoire, "Adrienne Lecouvreur," is from her own pen.

Sylvia Bobs Up

Mabelle Gilman is not going to have a monopoly of the limelight, it appears. Now comes Sylvia Gerrish again into newspaperiety, barricading herself in the home of the late Henry Hilton, in New York, to evade a subpoena. Sylvia Gerrish was an Oakland girl whose real name is Lillian Rollins. Pretty, chic, and possessed of a stunning figure, she made the biggest of hits when launched in comic opera. She was one of the most popular of the Casino beauties. Her conquest of millionaire Hilton brought her again into undue prominence some years ago and since then one has not heard much of her.

Mrs. William J. Florence, who is said to be dying of Bright's disease in New York, made her last appearance in San Francisco a good many years ago at the Bush street theatre. I remember the magnificent costumes she wore as Mrs. General Gilflory in the revival of "The Mighty Dollar." Her jewels were particularly radiant, and were valued at fifteen thousand dollars. Mrs. Florence's oldtime friend, Mrs. John Mackay, was in San Francisco at the time and the night I attended was in a stage-box with her husband and two sons.

How the Play Was Written

William H. Crane met Charles T. Dazey on the street in New York one day several years ago and their walk brought them past the Waldorf-Astoria. The massive pile reminded them of its owner, William Waldorf Astor, and he became the subject of the conversation. "What a strange thing," said the comedian, "that a man who owes everything he has in the world to this country should be so anxious to leave it, to give up his citizenship, and go to England to become a British subject. Dazey, there's an idea for a comedy. Just turn this Astor affair around and compel an out-and-out American to go to England and become a lord against his will." The actor forgot the idea until about a year ago, when Mr. Dazey recalled it to him in the scenario of a play which he submitted to him. This play, "The American Lord," the first joint effort of Dazey and Broadhurst, will be presented at the Columbia next Monday, Christmas Day, by Charles Frohman with Mr. Crane in the principal role.

Nance's Definition of Criticism

After Nance O'Neil's failure to enthuse Broadway, a failure which I believe McKee Rankin ascribes to the personal animosity of the Gotham critics toward his star, Miss O'Neil gave newspaper vent to her ideas on what true criticism should be founded. Among other things she said: "When all is said and done criticism is discrimination, and

LITTLE OLLIE COOPER
As Tom Canty in the "Prince and the Pauper" at the Alcazar

discrimination is looked upon by the Buddhists as the last and greatest of all gifts bestowed by the gods. It is the possession par excellence of the venerable and the wise. It is by no means the prerogative of rash and impetuous youths who rush in where angels fear to tread. To discriminate is to recognize with unerring judgment the good from the bad. It is more than that. It is first and foremost a broad, comprehensive understanding of the interpretation as a whole. It is then a dispassionate analysis of the weak as well as the strong points in detail. It seeks to guide the actor and to educate the audience toward the best and highest standards."

Farce At The Alcazar

Edith Evelyn shows that she can play farce in the farce spirit by her capital impersonation of the wife in "Brown's in Town" at the Alcazar this week. The successful farceur's secret is to make fun for others without laughing himself, and Miss Evelyn has this gift. She is amusing, but seemingly never conscious that her role is farcical. Miss Crosby and Miss Kerwin are also farce itself and contribute largely to the gayety of the jolly little play.

East Lynne Still Draws Tears

It is good to see Bertha Creighton again, the same Miss Creighton who played leads at the Alcazar during an entire season when she won friends from the moment of her first appearance in "Lady Huntsworth's Experiment." Miss Creighton appears this week at the Alhambra, in that time honored weepy play, "East Lynne." She gives the tearful heroine all the part calls for, and won a perfect shower of tears that put to shame the rain outside when Madame Vine died to slow music on Monday night. Mayall is Archibald and Shumer Sir Francis, Webster playing Mount Severn. If there is any person in this town who has never seen "East Lynne" this is a good opportunity for him to acquaint himself with the style of drama that was the rage many years ago, and that is again coming into vogue.

Alice Nielsen At The Tivoli

Next Tuesday evening Alice Nielsen and her Italian opera company will present "Don Pasquale" at the Tivoli. This is the opera in which Sembrich scored such a success during the second Grau season. It is a splendid opera to exploit a colorature soprano, and expectation has been wrought up to a high pitch with regard to Alice Nielsen's exposition of the prima donna role. "Don Pasquale" will be given again on Sunday afternoon, December thirtieth. Miss Nielsen appears here under the local management of W. L. Greenbaum.

"There and Back," the newest of farce comedies, to have its first local presentation at the Alcazar, is by the well-known English actor, George Arliss, who gave such vivid characterizations of villainy with Blanche Bates in "The Darling of the Gods," and with Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna."

"Ye Colonial Septette"
Who Will Present "An Old Tyme Halloween" With the Great Orpheum Road Show

The Merchant for Charity

When amateur thespians give their services to a charitable cause they are presumed to be entitled to exemption from criticism. This is a charitable presumption based on the theory that amateur thespians invariably provide theatrical fodder of an inferior quality. As the men and women in the cast of "The Merchant of Venice," produced this week for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters, were an exception to the rule it would obviously be unjust to exempt them from criticism. On the whole it was an excellent performance that was given by our amateur talent. In some things it surpassed the performance given by the Mansfield company, but the Mansfield performance was a wretched travesty. In view of the frigidity of the audience at the Majestic during the amateur performance it was remarkable that the unseasoned mimes did so well. The tone of amiable condescension that characterized the audiences must have had a very depressing effect on the men and women on the other side of the footlights, and yet they seemed quite *en rapport* with the spirit of the play and only a few betrayed the fatal consciousness of being under critical observation. Mr. Richard Hotaling was, perhaps, more at his ease than were any of the others, and yet he did not carry off all the honors. There is much to admire in his performance. He has a strong personality. He has intellect. He has imagination. He has fire. He has many other things, among them a certain deftness of technique, but he fails of artistic achievement by reason of his melodramatic method. He is the most industrious Shylock I ever saw. He puts more business into the role than was ever conceived by any of his predecessors. As a creator of business he is a wonder. He has also created a dialect for the role, something that Shakespeare neglected to do. Mansfield worked in a little dialect but Hotaling makes Mansfield's look like a very small fraction of a ducat. Mr. Hotaling told Frances Jolliffe that there was no precedent for the dialect but that it appeared from the text that Shylock had been to Frankfort and therefore he would infer that the Jew spoke Italian with an accent. He can find stronger pretext for his dialect in Portia's statement:

"It is enacted in the laws of Venice
If it be proved against an alien,"

and perhaps Burbadge played Shylock with an accent, for we are told that in Shakespeare's time the Jew was regarded as a comic character, but Mr. Hotaling makes the tragic

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the dominant note in his creation and it doesn't harmonize with the yiddish. However, one thing must be said: Mr. Hotaling has a very good dialect, so good, that he should employ it throughout the play or not at all. It shatters the illusion to begin a sentence with a dialect and close it with plain English. In other respects Mr. Hotaling gave us a consistent and wholly intelligible picture, and judged in relation to what he himself was striving for his achievement was highly creditable. Miss Hilda Clough was a sweet and tender Portia. She read her lines intelligently and with pleasing cadence. Henry de Lasaux was a fine Gratiano, virile and sprightly, and J. Alan Dunn played Bassanio with considerable spirit. The Antonio of John Housman was a dignified impersonation and convincing. If Edgar Peixotto could have put the color of his wig into his voice he would have achieved the illusion essential to the success of the picture in the trial scene. As for the minor characters, they were portrayed without distinction but with fidelity to nature. *Theodore Bonnet.*

The Same Magda

Nance O'Neil brought us again this week the same Magda that she introduced to us four or five years ago, a forceful, tumultuous Magda but a Magda entirely lacking in complexity, subtlety and charm. Sudermann's heroine, never a very sympathetic one, Nance O'Neil interprets in such fashion as to leave the audience's sympathy unaroused. From the moment she enters the quiet little home, the audience is unconsciously jarred by her insolent and bumptious attitude which the tender scene with her sister, that follows shortly after, does not mitigate. All through the play her attitude toward most of the characters is one of domineering, overbearing contempt. Her sarcasms directed at her aunt suggest more the bludgeon of an Amazon than the rapier-like tongue of a woman of the world. In her long arguments with Hefterdinct and altercations with von Keller she is noisily vindictive and shrewish, so much so that the two men are perceptibly awed by it and seem mere weaklings before the lusty-lunged Magda. The tremendous scene with von Keller is given with great tragic power, however, and has the real emotional thrill in it. There are other moments of genuine feeling but most of Miss O'Neil's portrayal is too melodramatically keyed. Magda is far from being within Nance O'Neil's range. It is too modern and too complex for her classically tragic style. McKee Rankin is as usual a striking figure as the old stiff-necked father. The other members of the cast are very acceptable.

It Is To Laugh

William Bullock writes from New York:

American promoters have a queer notion regarding American audiences. Managers lay down an inviolable rule for playsmiths, and that is, "A laugh at any cost." There may be ranting without end about the uplifting of our stage, but nothing in this direction can be done until promoters shake off the fetish that playgoers are so many children and desire only to be amused. Our theatre is only a magnified Punch and Judy show. Its Alpha and Omega is hilarity. The play that provokes merriment is the only one that will arouse the interest of the producer. For proof of this you have only to keep watch on the plays that come and go in Broadway. Our stage is almost completely deficient in wide and dignified appeal. It is without variety; it has no backbone. Rub stage folk along the line of their fur and they purr with the primal instincts of the cat; rub them the wrong way and they make excuses and howl about unfairness like a whipped prize-fighter. There is no sturdy aggressiveness or confident strength in our stage, and until there is the term "American drama" must remain a misnomer.

The Golden West Hotel, at the corner of Ellis and Powell streets, Wieneke and Plagemann, proprietors, has added two stories to its already handsome structure. This addition was necessary owing to increased business. There are now three hundred and seventy rooms in the hotel, which is thoroughly modern in every particular.

At the Orpheum

The Kloes sisters are as shapely as they are agile and daring and are quite the most sensational thing that has happened at the Orpheum in moons. Everything they do is strikingly original, and their strength and courage is something to wonder at. Kennedy and Rooney have a merry skit with songs, and Haidee Veston is a very agreeable variation from the usual music hall singer. She has to respond to several encores every night.

J. M. Barrie, whose William Gillette comedy, "The Admirable Crichton," will soon be given at the Alcazar, found its inspiration in one of William Ernest Henley's poems, which is number thirty-seven in the "Echoes."

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BREAKFAST

Next Week's Bills

Hilda Spong is William H. Crane's leading lady this season, and will appear with the favorite comedian in "An American Lord," which comes to the Columbia on Monday, Christmas night, for a fortnight's stay. The play is in four acts, opening in Dakota and jumping to England. Crane is said to be in his element as a Western man who is driven from his happy home in Dakota, where poker, politics and the tenderfoot furnish the interests, and forced to go to England just because he is the lineal descendant of a nobleman.

Children may, with perfect safety and propriety, take their parents to see "The Prince and the Pauper" at the Alcazar next week. There will be a big spectacular production, combining the charm of a fairy tale and the glitter of stage pageantry. Everybody, young and old, has read the charming historical fiction of Mark Twain, who selected the time of the Tudors for his fantastic tale of the two little boys, like as two peas, one born to the purple and the other in the gutter. These lads are mixed-up even more hopelessly than Buttercup's babies. The pauper reigns in the palace and the prince is buffeted about among outcasts, and each is thought to be stark mad by those around him. Ollie Cooper, aged twelve, who is a great little artiste, plays both boys, and will have a surfeit of stirring adventures. Mark Twain is the Nestor of American humorists. At seventy he has caught anew the public ear. California loves him. All manner of men, women and children will want to see the Alcazar theatre's staging of the famous story that has become incorporated into the favorite literature of many lands.

We have waited a long time for Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and must now thank McKee Rankin and Nance O'Neil that we are to have it at the Grand Opera House next week, beginning with the Christmas matinee. "Monna Vanna" is the most discussed play of the day, and it will be interesting to see what Nance O'Neil will do with the title role. The part calls for a woman endowed with physical charms, magnetism and a bountiful supply of that remarkable emotion of which Miss O'Neil is possessed. This Saturday and Sunday nights Miss O'Neil repeats her impersonation of Elizabeth.

"Orpheus in Hades," the Tivoli's Christmas offering, was produced for the first time Wednesday evening, too late for review this week. Judging by the dress rehearsal's revelations the extravaganza should run for many weeks, for the scenery and costumes are beautiful and the cast, which includes thirty people, is thoroughly adequate. There will be matinees today (Saturday), tomorrow (Sunday), Christmas day and New Year's

For the Christmas week attraction, beginning with a matinee on Monday, the Alhambra will have Bob Fitzsimmons, champion of the ring, who will appear in the leading role of the sensational drama, "A Fight For Love," written by Hal Reid, and in which Fitzsimmons has toured the entire country. During the course of the play, Fitzsimmons gives an exhibition of boxing and bag punching and also shoes a horse. The fistic star will be supported by the members of Belasco and Mayer's stock company and Sam Berger, the Olympic Club member and champion amateur heavyweight of the world, who will box three rounds.

The Orpheum Road Show begins its annual engagement at the Orpheum on Sunday afternoon, December twenty-fourth. The show is even stronger than ever, I should judge, by the announced list of attractions. "Ye Colonial Septette" presenting "An Old Tyme Halloween," promise a distinct novelty in a musical production and costume spectacle, the act being described as one of the quaintest conceits ever offered on the vaudeville stage. Merian's trained dogs, presenting the canine drama, "A Faithless Woman," were the hit of the road show two years ago. Jules and Ella Garrison, the travesty stars, will appear in "An Ancient Roman," the stage setting showing the interior of an Egyptian pyramid. Edgar Bixley has been identified with many successes, and has a fund of amusing parodies. The four sisters and brothers Ford are credited with being the finest singing and dancing specialists in vaudeville. The sisters established themselves as genuine favorites here last season and their act has been strengthened by the addition of the brothers. Winona Winter, the "Alabama Rosebud," sings and does some clever ventriloquial work. She is the daughter of Banks Winter, the author of "White Wings" and other song successes. Campbell and Johnson, comedy cyclers, and the Kloes sisters will remain. Special matinees Christmas and New Year's.

The Chutes has a delightful holiday attraction in Bothwell Browne's spectacular musical extravaganza, "Cleopatra, Up-to-Date." The piece is magnificently mounted, the costumes and scenery being gorgeous and picturesque. On Monday afternoon, at the conclusion of the performance, a beautifully decorated Christmas tree will be disclosed, from which every child in attendance will be given a present.

The big spectacular production of "Woodland" will be seen here early in February.

If negotiations now being made in New York by Wagenhals and Kemper go through, Blanche Walsh will make a supplementary tour of the northwest territory in the spring, playing all the important cities over the Northern Pacific, including Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle and Portland. Her itinerary on her return trip will include San Francisco, Salt Lake City and Denver. Miss Walsh will appear in "The Woman in the Case" by Clyde Fitch.

—*The Playgoer.*

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Christmas Tips

If you believe that children should be seen and not heard give your boy a drum and a horn and he will strengthen you in your opinion.

If your sweetheart is over nineteen she will not expect you to put a present in her stocking. If she is over thirty and a widow she may not resent a suggestion regarding the traditional method of bestowing presents, providing the present that you intend giving is worth while.

If you receive a pair of embroidered suspenders and don't lose your temper, there's a pretty good chance of your reaching heaven.

If you are in doubt, keep away from a store in which the goods are marked "Useful Holiday Gifts!"

—*The Veteran.*

The Evidence

Mr. Brown—It's evident our children no longer believe in Santa Claus.

Mrs. Brown—Why do you think so?

Mr. Brown—They're so eager for me to know just what they want Santa Claus to bring.

—*The Maid.*

ALBERT I. ELKUS.

An early concert of the new year will be one that should arouse particular interest in Californians, for it will be composed entirely of the works of a Californian Composer, Albert I. Elkus, a very young man now in his senior year at the University of California. The members of the Mansfeldt Club have long been enthusiastic over the originality and beauty of the Elkus muse, and finally decided to share their appreciation of this undoubted genius. Although the composer is only now in his twenty-first year, his compositions have appeared occasionally upon concert programs during the last five years, and elicited the admiration of such musicians as Emil Sauer, Rosenthal, MacDowell, and more recently, Mme. Schumann-Heink. A string quartet composed at the age of fifteen has twice been publicly performed by professional musicians, and several of the Elkus songs have been sung here by Mrs. Birmingham, Miss Fairweather and others. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan recently came across the manuscript of an Elkus song and expressed intense delight over the virile originality of its contents, carrying the MS with him to London for publication. At the forthcoming concert some ten piano compositions will be rendered by four of the admirable pianistes of the Mansfeldt Club, including a particularly fine sonata; and a group of songs will be given by Miss Fernanda Pratt, the gifted daughter of Mrs. Ernest Simpson, who, upon this occasion, will make her debut as a singer. Young Elkus' creative ability in music is backed up by a fine intellect and a splendid fund of knowledge on other subjects than music, and he has strong individuality that makes itself keenly felt in his compositions.

The Christmas Heart

BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

A rich man died—of what disease, none knew;
The doctors came and said, with mien profound:
"'Twas heart disease," and then to prove it true,
They cut him open, but no heart was found!

Now that was queer—Aye, passing strange, I ween,
And so the doctors thought, and so they said;
Amazed, they searched; but never heart was seen
Although they carved the carcass feet to head.

In time the man was buried, and the heirs
Began the usual squabble for his gold;
And fierce they were—like tiger-cats and bears,
Each grasping more than he had right to hold.

At last the fight was done—the heirs "agreed,"
A lawyer came the plunder to disburse;
And then it was that, (*very* strange, indeed!)
They found the rich man's heart. *'Twas in his purse!*

P. S.

Though this is but a fable, I might add
(To make it seem less like a fancy tale,)
The rich man died on Christmas Day, and had
His heart concealed where Pity can't prevail.

NANCE O'NEIL

Who Will Appear as Monna Vanna Christmas Day Matinee and All Next Week at the Grand Opera House

OUR GREAT SHIPYARD

BY G. V. FITTOCK.

Pride in our success in building the largest and most advanced types of warships as well as big oceanic passenger steamers of great tonnage and speed, is intensified when you visit such a shipyard as that of the Union Iron Works where the Oregon was built, and reflect on its quick evolution during the period when the Scotts nursed it into a formidable competitor of the largest Eastern concerns that have been adapted to every new requirement for national defense and commercial enterprise. During the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, John Roach, then famous as a shipbuilder at Chester, Pa., entertained at a banquet a prominent English shipbuilder. As this gentleman was escorted through the yard he expressed himself as profoundly impressed with all that he saw. "One thing," he said, "is certain: you are a people with an adaptability for everything required to be done in industry and progress." "That is true," replied Mr. Roach; "the man you see there fastening rivets was brought up in a piano factory." John Roach himself illustrated the Englishman's happy word "adaptability." He presented the remarkable instance of a man rising to great eminence as a founder and shipbuilder from a laborer who wheeled dirt and a founder who delivered his first job of some grate bars by carrying them on his back, and who later built some of the finest warships for the nation. The Scotts were of the same type and what Roach did for shipbuilding in the East they did in the West and today the Union Iron Works presents the crowning spectacle of successful achievement in every branch of American shipbuilding. And again is the Englishman's happy word "adaptability" illustrated in the Executiveship of the institution, for at its head at present is Mr. Robert Forsythe, a gentleman who entered the employ of the Scotts, who was for years their Chief Engineer, and who is now the directing genius behind the works. My attention has been directed to the Union Iron Works by the circumstance that there is being built in that shipyard two big freight steamers for the American-Hawaiian Company, a corporation that is destined to play a big part in the development of this state but of which the newspapers have had very little to say. This company operates several big freight steamers on this coast and three of them now in operation, the finest equipped freight vessels in this part of the world, were constructed at the Union Iron Works which secured the contract by outbidding competitors in the East and Europe. The American-Hawaiian Company, I hear, has entered into a combination with the big European syndicate which controls the railroad lately constructed across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec in the lower part of Mexico and which is to be thrown open to traffic in July. This Isthmian railroad was built to accomplish many of the things for which the Panama Canal is to be constructed, and after July the vessels of the American-Panama Company will not have to go through the straits of Magellan, but will carry freight for New York and other Atlantic ports to Salina Cruz, the Pacific port of Tehuantepec road, thence it will be shipped overland a distance of eighty miles. By this route it will be possible to ship goods to New York by steamer in the time that is now consumed in transporting freight across the continent. It is clear that Californian industries are to receive tremendous impetus after July first, 1906. The opening of the Tehuantepec road will be second in importance to this coast only to that of the opening of the Panama canal, and yet comparatively few people in this state have heard anything about it; the newspapers have been too busy discussing affairs in Russia. The impetus has already been felt at the Union Iron Works where three steamers have been built for the steamship company and two others are already under way. There are now three thousand men employed at the Union Iron Works, and if industrial peace continue many more will be put on the pay-roll in the spring. President Forsythe is an executive with a personality well suited to the handling of big forces of mechanics and everything is now running smoothly at the great western shipyard. It is to be hoped that there will be no change in the situation for the reputation of the Union Iron Works is now so firmly estaglished that it is able to compete with the most modern and best equipped shipyards of the world.

The Financial Field

The volume of business at the Stock and Bond Exchange during the week under review is not quite satisfactory, especially so as it refers to trading in shares. I believe there is not sufficient of an effort made to get more securities on the regular official sheet. What is the matter with the United Railway stocks? They should be listed here. The lighting stocks are apt to be treated likewise, and then what will the brokers deal in?

The week's record shows Bonds changing hands to the amount of $317,000, Shares to the number of 6,293, divided as follows: 2264 Lighting, 565 Water, 162 Banks, 1292 Miscellaneous, and 2010 Sugars. The conversion of the Gas and Electric stock is announced to take place early in January. Mutual Electric showed quite a little activity and strength. It is believed the company will soon be in the hands of the new corporation. Spring Valley Water is steady at 40 1-4, and Contra Costa Water at 47 1-4. In the Miscellaneous group there is nothing of interest to report. Alaska Packers' Association made a new low record, selling down to 55. Sugar stocks were steady without much trading as far as the records of the Exchange show. I am told large blocks of stocks of the group have been changing hands lately. —*The Financier.*

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THE MARIENLIED

In the little town of Goldberg, in Germany, there has endured for many centuries a local custom of meeting in the streets at two o'clock on Christmas morning and singing a Christmas hymn. It is known as the Marienlied, and the ceremony dates back to the awful pestilence of 1353, when the old world was ravaged by the "Black Death." Men fled from each other and from their families, women and children were left to their fate, and in the dread of contact or any communication, families locked themselves in their own houses and denied entrance to outsiders. This strange siege of solitude continued until Christmas eve, when one man, believing himself to be the last survivor, and perhaps feeling that life was hardly worth preserving under such conditions, unbarred his door and stepped forth into the deserted and lifeless streets. He knew that it was Christmas, and recalling other Christmases, with their joys and festivities, he, mayhap, unconsciously raised his voice and began to sing the hymn:

"To us this day is born a Child,
God with us!
His mother is a Virgin mild,
God with us!
God with us! against us who dare be?"

Through a barred door another voice joined his, the door was opened and a comrade stepped forth to him. Together they walked through the town, and one by one other doors opened until there were twenty-five, men, women and children, all that were left alive of the population. The plague had probably spent its force, for none of this devoted little band fell victims. They returned to their homes, inspired with new courage, buried their dead, and awoke to new life. The incident was remembered and is commemorated from year to year by the people, who meet at midnight, and at two o'clock begin their march through the streets singing the historic hymn.

The Paul Elder Co., 238 Post street, is showing an immense variety of Christmas cards, the company's own publications which have attained such a wide vogue. Among the designs are Edward Rowland Sill's "Christmas in California," designed by H. M. Sickal; "A Christmas Thought," designed by Spencer Wright; an illuminated design by F. M. Keane—"All glory be to God on high"; and "Merry the Christmas Dawn," by H. M. Sickal. The cards, Stevenson's "Prayer" and "I am the Captain of My Soul" by Henley, have had immense sales.

The marriage of Margaret Dorothy Smith of this city with Edwin Moerenhout Clinton of Los Angeles was a very ornate affair of the week. The wedding was celebrated at the home of Mrs. Blanche Jarchow, Mr. Clinton's mother, in San Francisco.

The illustrations in this issue of Town Talk are samples of the high grade half tones made by the William Brown Engraving Company, 417 Montgomery street. Designing and illustrating are also done by this company, which turns out only first class work.

A Christmas dinner in the Dutch room at Swain's, 209 Post street, would have the real old-time atmosphere. The Dutch room, with its quaint, cheerful furnishings, is one of the most comfortable of dining-rooms, easily accommodating forty-four.

The White Sewing Machine Company of this city last week shipped a new White steamer to San Diego for Mrs. A. W. Sims of Coronado. Interest has increased considerable the past year in the extreme southern section of California and the women are now becoming enthusiastic over the sport.

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The Madonna of the Northlana

The Beautiful Grounds of Hotel Del Monte at Christmas Tide

THE PHARISEES

(Continued from Page 45)

Thanksgiving had given way to December and the holidays were at hand. Daily was the great Brusier-Grolier, a machine of the make that had won the Gordon-Bennett Cup to the fame of France, seen at the Ingrams' door, and the chauffeur, no other than the owner himself, collided daily with the florist's boy staggering under his burden of crimson roses.

Miss Ingram was made the point of many unpleasant remarks and deeply weighted innuendoes, and daily the poisoned darts shot forth in wake of the chauffeur and the florist's boy.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Van Fleet was holding a levee in the little pink and white tea-room, ostensibly a meeting inaugurated for the express purpose of disposing of the winter's superfluous wardrobe for the sake of the naked and the needy. Bright stuffs, chiffons and odds and ends of all description scattred into an ever widening sea of useless finery and set the more practical speculating as to the possible use an indigent could make of two yards of embroidered French muslin.

The tongues flew faster than the fingers when the subject of the desert man was introduced, and, when Kitty Vale announced that she had seen Jim Jarvis and Helen Ingram alone in his auto on the night of the last Assembly, there was a general explosion of horror although every girl in the room was a sister to "Doubting Thomas" when Kitty Vale held the floor as a raconteuse.

"I think he is awfully handsome," interposed a champion of looks rather than of morals, and quick from the lips of maidens whom the unfortunate had overlooked with their dance-cards came a torrent of protests and the declaration that he was swat as an Indian.

"He's too disgustingly bad form," said Mrs. Van Fleet, her speech impeded by the pins she had taken from the animated Kitty's donation, and then she dropped the bundle and gurgled forth a ludicrous incident.

"Listen," she purred confidentially. "You know he asked me to get him a card for the Assembly, and, although I had him to dinner—at least Ted did, and it was a purely business affair—I did not intend to be held responsible for his future and the inevitable faux pas. Of course the Ingrams didn't have the power since Mrs. Ingram wasn't asked to be a patroness this year. Well, I was in a terrible state as Ted has gone so deep into that Gridiron scheme and the Jarvis man could wipe him off the slate in a minute. So I sent for Helen Ingram and told her all about it. And what do you think, my dears, she offered to give the man dancing lessons at her own home!"

There was a loud chorus, but on the instant it was hushed and every one turned to the door. On the threshold stood the girl under discussion, the hot tears of passionate anger and mortified vanity in her eyes. Turning to the hostess, she cried, in a voice shaken by a little pricking shame that the gossip was founded on truth:

"I think you are too mean, Carrie Van Fleet. You know you asked me to give that savage lessons. I have never refused you anything. I am sick of the name Jarvis and consider the attitude of every one of you girls really shocking. I never want to hear his name again."

"Helen, sweetheart, we were only chaffing," soothed the guilty story-teller; "come, dear, do be sensible."

But the eavesdropper was not to be appeased, for she knew that it was only the possibility of a prospective Mrs. Jarvis that honeyed the Pharisees' repentance. She would still assume to scorn what she had in secret determined to accept.

"No," she said, seating herself and throwing aside her furs, "I would never take a man of that description seriously; he is impossible, quite impossible."

"And yet, I heard you invite him to a family party for Xmas," sneered Kitty Vale.

"Yes," said Miss Ingram, "I did; family reunions are such a bore and one must be amused." The tone was cool, the glance level, direct.

"I wouldn't snub a man like Jarvis, my dears; money is a great thing these days, and a clever woman can whip most anything into shape."

"Not the man who eats with his knife," addended Kitty with a gesture of horror. The speaker had never seen Jim Jarvis at his meals.

"Well, all I can say—"

Mrs. Van Fleet never confided her limitations, for at that moment the portier, pink on one side, green on the other, the portier that divided the tea-room from the green drawing-room, was thrown aside and Jim Jarvis, victim of the afternoon session, stood facing a bevy of speechless women. The scissors dropped from Mrs. Van Fleet's nerveless fingers and she half rose from her seat only to fall back with the little, hysterical cry of:

"Oh, Mr. Jarvis, so glad to—to—" The rest faded into inarticulation.

An expression in the desert man's face frightened

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them and made them feel as though something big, primeval, had entered into the bizarre apartment; some unspoken scorn in his smouldering eye, some contempt in his bronzed face, pale under its brown, made them feel small and mean and contemptible.

"Mrs. Van Fleet," said Jim Jarvis, "I'm takin' liberties maybe, but, ma'am," he stepped forward, "when folks build houses, they ought to make doors that shut tight, fur them things"—he pointed ironically to the innocent pink drapes—"ain't the things to keep out talk about people that's got ears trained to the voices of the desert."

Stung into partial consciousness, Mrs. Van Fleet made a stately effort to rise to the occasion.

"Sit down, ma'am," came sternly from the uninvited visitor. "The first time I heard you talkin', the night of that party, I didn't know fur sure if it was 'bout me; now I know and I ain't ever goin' to trouble you again. Don't be 'fraid"—he waved her back into her chair—"I'll not wipe your husband off the slate this time." He looked around the room at the pretty flushed faces and then his eyes rested on the trembling lips of Helen Ingram. "But you"—a dark misery swept out the momentary contempt. Then he strode over to the drooping figure and laid his hand almost roughly on the slight shoulder. "I told your mother that I would take you home. Come."

She stooped for the fallen muff and followed meekly and the hush of the tea-room was unbroken for several seconds.

Into the deeping twilight the Brusier-Grolier bowled smoothly, the big polished lamps glowing cyclopean into the dusk. The great thing was purring like a sleepy cat and once another motor-car rushed out of the gloom and came abreast of the tonneau.

"*Honk, honk!*" and the little Hardpan tooled away in the darkness. "*Boom, boom!*" sang the Brusier-Grolier, but there was no other sound.

Helen Ingram shrank into her furs, her small soul shaken by an undreamed of woe. The loss of the foolish gamester was upon her and she was more miserable than she had ever been in her whole life. She did not ask where they were going but she knew by the speed that they were outside the city limits.

"*Boom, boom.*" murmured the Brusier-Grolier, this time more modestly, as though it were conscious of the booming surf ahead of them. When they reached the Ocean Boulevard there was no jerk or leap forward, but a steady decrease that told of controlled power and infinite reserve force. The great machine came to a standstill.

Jim Jarvis leaned forward, saying in a voice that would have been tender in another man, a voice rough in its unused utterances:

"It ain't your fault. Things can't grow brave and strong in them hot-houses where folks don't never take in God's pure air. But—" his tones, heavy with passionate regret, brought the first real tears to Helen Ingram's lids—"I thought you was the other kind."

Her fastidious ear was not offended by the solecism and, with a gesture of womanly sympathy, timid as it was appealing, she touched his sleeve with the tips of her bare fingers. It was no use, and she knew it, for Jim Jarvis, the uncouth, the rude, strange desert man, with his weird fancies, his clean soul, had seen deep into the heart of her.

"I'm goin' to give you this"—he laid his hand on the smooth side of the automobile—"an' so you can have your rides after I'm gone."

"Oh, it wouldn't be proper," faltered the girl, "I couldn't take such a thing from a man."

Jarvis laughed mirthlessly. "I thought," said he, "that women was such different creatures. You go an' break a man's heart—damn his soul, and'—"

"If you feel like that," said Helen Ingram hurriedly, "I can say that papa bought it from you."

"But that's a lie," cried Jarvis fiercely. "An' so you kin lie and blacken your whiteness, but you can't be straight and proud and fine and not afraid."

There was a sob in the girl's throat as she asked: "Are you going away—really?" Some honest desire was striving to live above the level of her mean, useless existence.

"Yes."

"And you won't come back to us for Xmas?"

"I don't think I'm fit to amuse you—though you seemed to think I was," he said bitterly. And then in a dreamy, reminiscent voice, more to himself than to her, he poured forth his broken hopes.

"How many Xmas nights I've laid on my back lookin' up at the stars an' thinkin' of homes with little children in them. Them's the times a chap hankers after more than the silence. He wants a woman that he kin care 'bout with his hull heart. Good Lord, it's the sight of that there some day woman's face that keeps a man from goin' to the devil and them hell-smellin' towns out there on the edge of Arizony."

There was a silence broken by the long roll of the running surf and then, with a savage intake of breath, the dark, passionate face came close to the cameo silhouette etched against the flare of the side lamp.

"An' it was my own little home that come to me all these long days and months, an' my own little children with the blue eyes an' gold hair of their mother. An' they climbed upon my knee and got always fur a-beggin' fur their father's only playmate when there were no one else to talk to. But there ain't nothin' in anything, I reckon. . . . Wall, I'll set about buildin' that there city that the old man was so set on, an' perhaps—maybe some day—." He leaned his chin against the palm of his hard, brown hand and his head was turned toward the ocean.

There was a long, unbroken pause and then the girl asked in hesitating tones:

"Are you going away—soon?"

"Yep, in the mornin'."

"Where?" came the timid question.

"Why, back to the desert," said Jim Jarvis with a harsh laugh. "Back to the desert," he repeated as the King of the Road shot forward into the darkness with a roar.

Christmas is nearly here and New Year's on its way, with a new call for gifts. The Baldwin Jewelry Co. are daily receiving new goods and their assortment of novelties has never been as complete as this year.

Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, are showing the latest styles in stationery, monograms, visiting cards, etc.

A last year's Christmas present

A Christmas Picture

BY THE IMPRESSIONIST.

A church. Outside a sad figure of a woman, painted with inartistic touches, Fantine after she had lost her beauty. Inside many beautiful and well-dressed women, some who are married to old men and sold themselves for money and position.

The choir sings "Gloria in excelsis, Deo." The rich women join in the glad chorus.

The wind wails outside. The dejected woman in her faded garments enters the door of the church. Others entering at the same time, late to service, brush contemptuously by her. The sexton bids her crossly either come in or go out, that she is blocking the way.

"Gloria in excelsis, Deo," peals the organ.

"Miserere mei, Domine," mutters the woman, slinking away into the dark alleys.

Desire

The thing that I want you can't give me,
Neither buy it, beg, steal, nor borrow;
'Tis out of our reach, and held in fee.
What I want is just—Tomorrow.

—*The Supplicant.*

EMULATION—COMPETITION

BY KINGHORN JONES.

Most people regard competition as a necessary natural law insuring "the survival of the fittest," evidently overlooking the fact that this has, for some time, been suspended, and superseded by the *survival of the slickest*—thanks to the money power. Survival of the fittest, indeed, who would, if he had any reasoning power, compare a spindle legged, hairless man—minus a digester—with a village blacksmith, as able to do justice to a sirloin of beef, and an honest day's work: which would survive a week and be ready for the next?

Some go so far from truth as to affirm that competition is as necessary for progress as the law of gravitation is necessary to prevent us from rolling off this planet; if this law were suspended for five minutes, it would be a merciful miracle for humanity; the millions of wage-slaves would then most certainly be free and happy; and if those anchored with one or more millions of the In God We Trust Dollar Lies, could manage to cling to earth with their gold anchors, they would then be compelled to do some useful work in order to live, and consequently their health and dispositions would both improve, and thus enable them to realize true happiness.

Competition is the act of proceeding or striving for something that is sought by another at the same time for advantage in business.—Standard Dictionary. This means gaining something at the cost of, or by the loss of, another; and in striving to accomplish this adulteration is practiced where it is possible, work is scamped by incompetent cheap labor, and hence the cheap and nasty, the climax of competition; 90 per cent. of men in business go to the wall—not Wall street—there's where their money gravitates, the "system" can only grow by the failures of others.

Emulation—Effort, or ambition, to equal or excel another in any act or quality, as in emulation of his example. "In all pursuits of active or speculative life, the emulation of states and individuals is the most powerful spring of the efforts and improvements of mankind."—Gibbon, "Rome," vol. iv., ch. 53, p. 26—Standard Dictionary.

We speak of competition in business, "business is business," and we all know what that stands for! Nothing is too wickedly mean, contemptible, or dirty for business; and Rockefeller is paraded before university students as the incomparable example of business success, with his blood-stained, gold-grasping hands; he might well be canonized by the Baptists as Saint John the Vilest, represented by a bald brass body, seated on billions of dollars—in double eagles—birds of prey—millions of dead emaciated bodies in front, the hands of this brazen image should be dripping with blood, and clutching some double eagles, with the Lord's prayer also in one hand, and the Decalogue in the other, the eyes turned up to heaven, a la the expiring Quaker in an electrical commotion of the elements. Emulation is for excellence in anything—or with some—everything—one does; the student does not rob anyone of knowledge; the philosopher, the savant, the artist, the sculptor, the musician, or the poet, does not prevent others from their expression of art; the best is never produced for money.

The results of competition are degrading.
The results of emulation are elevating.
Civilization is commercialism.
Commercialism is competition.
Competition is war.
War is hell, and here we are right in it.

The Precautious Child

Little Johnnie (On Christmas eve)—Pa, don't you think we better chain up the watchdog tonight?

Johnnie's Father—What for?

Little Johnnie—So that he won't scare Santa Claus away.

—*The Nurse.*

The San Francisco Coke and Gas Co.

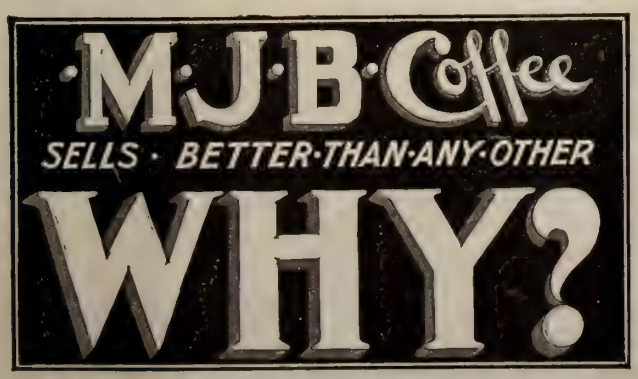
Business Offices at 421 Powell Street

We have been doing a large amount of construction work during the past year. In districts where mains are laid have been supplying gas to a constantly increasing number of customers.

We are legitimate competitors for business and were the first company to voluntarily lower the price of gas to 75 cents per 1000 cubic feet.

This company is in no way connected with the San Francisco Gas and Electric Co. or the recent combine.

We have a uniform rate of 75 cents per 1000 cubic feet, which rate will never be exceeded. We guarantee good service and courteous treatment, and also to furnish a superior gas.



THOMAS MAGEE & SONS

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

5 MONTGOMERY STREET

The Garden Supernal

By J. V. Coleman

Treading the foot marks they made, I repeated their wend-way;
Keeping, as they did, the guiding of Bethlehem's star—
Shepherd of Hope, I but followed the steps of Believing,
Followed and worshiped where cows chewed the ruminant cud.
Brilliance of Motherhood, spun from a making Immaculate,
Rivaled the halo that rounded the Head of the Boy.

Brooding and cooing above me and perched in the tree-tops,
Columba was pruning her breast that was red with the drop,
Red with the drop that was drippled from Him who was murdered,
Red with the anguish of her who was mourning for Him.
Murmured the tongue of the dove, as she bade me go wander,
Wander and search for the place where you waited for me—
Hearing, I took up my pack and went back on my journey,
Went and discovered the wonderful Garden of God.

White as the sandals of Christ were the stairs I descended—
Pillars of shimmering opal encompassed the way;
Silent with awful remonstrance and heavy with bearing,
Infinite depth of the Spirit was roofed over all.
Hymns of unspeakable sweetness I heard in the distance,
Echoes, like voices of angels, took up the refrain—
Even the stones that I footed, like bells that are stricken,
Clanged with their myriad atoms the music of God.

Far from the lowermost step stretched that wonderful garden,
Fervid with color and big with the promise of birth;
Perfumes arose like the chantings of choirs angelic,
Perfumes hung heavy a moment, then sank to the earth.
Man had not fashioned this garden, 't was God himself planted it,
Never to fade nor to wither, but bloom through the years.
Suddenly stood there before me an angel, impeding,
Spreading his arms and his wings and bidding me hear;
Mercy and Pity and Love in his eyes gave me courage,
Mercy and Pity and Love, as he spake, made me brave;
Thus did he speak to me, all the scene silent and listening,
Even the heavens bent down to him, eager to hear.

"Mortal," he said, 'You are free, go and gather the flowers,
Gather the emblems of Sweetness and Passion and Love;
Free, you may bear them wherever your footsteps may lead you—
Free, you may give them to her whom you love—but beware!
If you are pure in your soul, she will hear the sweet music,
If you are true in your being, the perfumes will sing;
But if, like the planters of earth, you select them, not knowing,
Then will the joy and the blessing be turned into fear;
Out of the lips of Almighty there spoke the great *Logos*,
'Whatever exists must be good, and there cannot be ill;
Sin is a discord that jangles the music of Eden,
Evil is only denial of that which is good.'

"Behold there the Lily of Love—it is cold in its whiteness,
See by its side, growing shameless, the wanton red Rose;
The breath of the one, like a prayer, if alone, would soar upward,
The rose-scent would hang for a moment, then fall to the earth;
But mingled they sing to their God in a melody wondrous,
Mingled they rise unto Heaven as Christ did, the Son,
Therefore, oh Mortal, beware how you garner the flowers,
Swear, when you gather the Lily, forget not the Rose."

Folded the angel his wings, as he gave me my freedom
To roam through the Garden Supernal and take as I willed;
Brave with the soul-saving lesson, I first plucked the Roses,
Dense, as of earth, was their odor, I reeled as I sensed;
Mindful of danger, I then plucked the languorous Lily,
Both of them bearing, I chanted the unisoned song.

Out from the garden I roamed, even up to the foothills,
Seeking the place where you waited—yes, waited for me;
Pressed to my lips were the Lilies, to lead me to *You*, Love,
Crushed to my heart were the Roses that reddened for *You*.

Suddenly unto my nostrils there stung a new odor,
Fetid, unholy, and foul, it was breathing of death;
Gone was the generous sun, all around me was darkness,
Save for the beckoning beacon that springs from the marsh.
Groping and shaking with ague, I knew I had lost you,
Knew, that till Spirit met Spirit, I'd wander alone;
Listening, I knew that the Lily had silenced its singing,
Knew that the rose-scent was falling again to the earth;
Grasping with feverish fingers the flowers I carried—
The Lily's frail stalk I had crushed and its pale life was fled;
Thorns of the Rose, that was wanton, had saved it from dying,
Loosened from purity, stronger its scent as it fell.

Came to my horrified vision a slab and a headstone—
Carved into marble and burning my eyes was your name!
Crying aloud in my passion, I laid the red Roses
There where your bosom should be, where your dead heart
should lie;
The Lily, I killed in my ardor, no longer sang upward—
The rose-scent just hung for a moment, then fell to the earth;
Down was I cast in despair, till over my senses,
Like rain on the sands of a desert, a prayer came to aid.
Back to the Garden Supernal I hurried, still praying,
Back to the garden where harmonies mingle and rise;
There, with the merciful angel who wept at my failure,
Humbly, in anguish, the Lilies I gathered anew;
Oh, how their odorless purity lifted the rose-scent,
Soaring, commingled, to sing with the Heavenly Host!

Bright was the Sun again, banishing breath of the marshes—
Clean was the way for your waking, I saw your white soul,—
Rising immortal, *You* sang in the joy of deliverance,
Even as Christ, who was crucified, rose from the stone.

CHRISTMAS CHEER

Recipes gathered from members of San Francisco's Sunday Breakfast Club:

TURKEY A LA BOHEMIAN CLUB.

Singe, draw, wash well, and neatly dry a fine, tender turkey, weighing ten to twelve pounds. Fill the inside with chestnut stuffing, then nicely truss the turkey from the wings to the legs. Season with salt, well sprinkled over. Cover the breast with thin slices of larding pork. Put it to roast in a roasting pan in a moderate oven for an hour and a half, basting it occasionally with its own gravy. Take from the oven, untruss, dress in a hot dish. Skim fat from gravy; add a gill of broth or consomme, let come to a boil, strain into a bowl and send to table separately.

CHESTNUT STUFFING.

Peel a good-sized, sound shallot, chop it very fine, place in a saucepan on a hot range with one tablespoonful of butter and let heat for three minutes without browning; then add a quarter of a pound of sausage meat, cook five minutes longer; add ten finely chopped champignons, eighteen well-pounded cooked chestnuts; mix all well together. Season with one pinch salt, half pinch pepper, half teaspoonful powdered thyme, one teaspoonful finely chopped parsley. Let just come to a boil, then add half ounce fresh bread crumbs and twenty-four whole cooked and shelled French chestnuts. Mix, being careful not to break the chestnuts. Let cool, then stuff turkey.

CHAMPAGNE CUP.

Pour on a sliced cucumber one pint sherry and one-half pint brandy. Rub the yellow of two lemons on sugar; add the juice of one lemon and three oranges, one-half pint curacoa, one wineglass nuyn, two bottles seltzer, three bottles apollinaris (sweeten to taste), three bottles champagne; ice.

FROZEN EGGNOG.

Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one quart milk, one pint whisky, very little vermouth, benedictine and champagne. Freeze.

—*The Epicure.*

WHERE BUSINESS MEN EAT.

San Francisco is more highly favored in the matter of restaurants and cafes than any other city in the world, not even excepting that far-famed city of restaurants—Paris. Men whose business precludes their going home for lunch never have to think twice about where they will eat their midday meal. No doubt the most popular of down town cafes among business men is the Grand Hotel Cafe in New Montgomery street, managed by Ed Fay and E. J. Foster, formerly of the Cliff House. All visiting mining and professional men of the Coast can be found there when in town. The merchants' lunch served every day is not equaled anywhere. The Grand Hotel Cafe is strictly a gentleman's cafe.

Appalling Stupidity

Jones—I see you had a fire at your house Christmas eve.

Brown—Yes, we had one of those patent non-inflammable trees, and like damphools we put lighted candles on it thinking it was on the level.

—*The Fireman.*

Golden West Hotel

N. E. Cor. Ellis and Powell

FIREPROOF THROUGHOUT

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PLAN

GOLDEN WEST HOTEL WHEN COMPLETED

Owing to the increased business, the management of this popular hotel has added two stories to the already-imposing structure, making a total of 370 rooms—modern and up to date in every respect.

For the comfort of the guests the lobby is to be refitted and Otis elevators installed. For the patronage accorded us during the past fourteen years we desire to thank the public and shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same.

WIENEKE & PLAGEMANN = = = Proprietors

The March of Progress

"This car for Point San Pedro, Balboa, Half Moon Bay, San Gregorio, Pescadero, Pigeon Point, Scott Creek, Davenport and Santa Cruz"—such will be the welcome sound which will soon greet the ears of the long waiting public.

To those who have been so fortunate as to have had business or other trips along the route of the Ocean Shore Railway and have had an opportunity to view the wondrous work of nature, these will indeed be welcome words.

No longer will the pleasure seeker or sportsman, bent on an outing to this beautiful region, be obliged to endure the long, weary and dusty ride over precipitous mountains to some favorite camping grounds or one of the many resorts along the coast.

Many fishermen who whip the various streams each summer can hardly believe that ere long they can board an elegantly appointed electric car and speed to their favorite creek in comfort and good season.

No less joyous at the prospects of transportation facilities are the patient, industrious farmers along the line. And well they might rejoice. Year after year these thrifty tillers of the soil have seen their profits diminished by long and expensive teaming to the nearest market or shipping point

The section traversed by the Ocean Shore is beyond a doubt the most picturesque in California. Nowhere in the State can be found such a diversity of scenery—for miles the road will skirt the shore of the Pacific around high bluffs, displaying the most magnificent marine views imaginable. A traveler next finds himself in the midst of a beautiful farming country which is destined to supply the garden truck for greater San Francisco, and from here the car glides around more rugged cliffs, overlooking the ocean, to the redwood forests beyond.

Here the camper may find ideal grounds for summer outings, and still be within convenient distance of San Francisco, should an emergency make a quick trip to the city necessary.

Many townsites along the line are contemplated, but by far the most important is a place to be named Balboa, in honor of the discoverer of the Pacific. This townsite will be handled by the Shore Line Investment Company, an auxiliary of the railway, and is being laid out by D. H. Burnham, the famous Chicago architect and authority on such matters, and is being designed to be one of the most attractive seaside resorts in the world.

Expenditures to the extent of $750,000.00 will be made in erecting and maintaining the most elaborate amusement resorts obtainable.

Here also will be erected the immense power plant of the Ocean Shore Railway from which current will be generated for the operation of cars.

When the Shore Line is ready for business in about a year there will be a great rush of suburbanites to locate homes in the many charming localities served by it.

The entire line will be double-tracked, and the roadbed will be the most substantial that modern engineering can construct, and will be equipped with automatic block signals for the protection of cars.

W. L. Holman & Company were successful in securing contract for the building of the first forty passenger cars, which will be of very handsome design and furnished with all modern conveniences. An inspector of the railroad is constantly watching the progress of construction at the car shops. Each car will be equipped with 4 125-horse-power motors, and from this great power can be operated at a speed ranging from 60 to 70 miles per hour. Westinghouse automatic air brakes will be used.

It is estimated that after the road is in thorough working order the schedule running time to Santa Cruz will be two hours and fifteen minutes for "flyers" and about three hours for way cars.

With the frequent service which is assured, Santa Cruz is destined to enjoy an era of prosperity unequaled at any time in its history.

San Francisco is to be congratulated that this vast enterprise is the product of local capital, the directors and officers being:

W. E. Dean, President;
J. Downey Harvey, 1st Vice-President;
Alfred D. Bowen, 2d Vice-President and General Manager;
Burke Corbet, Secretary and Treasurer;
Chas. C. Moore, Chas. Webb Howard, C .Carpy, Directors.

Construction work is being pushed at a rapid rate, and the scenes of activity at Santa Cruz and Ocean View plainly indicate that the management intend to be ready for business in about a year.

HUNTER RYE

AFTER

50 YEARS

OF

Unprecedented Popularity

IS TODAY THE UNIVERSAL FAVORITE AND THE BEST SELLING WHISKEY IN THE WORLD

HILBERT MERCANTILE CO.,
136-144 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

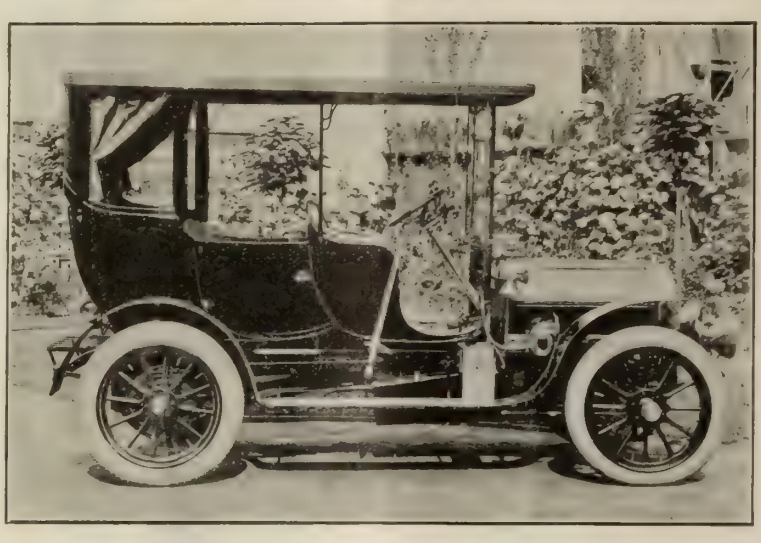
The Techau Tavern

A New Feature for the Entertainment of Patrons

The Royal Hawaiian Sextette, headed by the greatest of tenors, John Ellis, sing for Luncheon, Dinner and after Theatre. Special Solos by "Ellis" every Sunday night after the Theatre.

LASH'S BITTERS
TONIC LAXATIVE

PIERCE



This is a rather good picture of the Great Arrow Victoria Tonneau, 40-45 H. P., with semi-enclosed top, made by the George N. Pierce Company Price, $5,000. Semi-enclosed top, extra, $350. Cape top, extra, $150.

FIVE thousand dollars invested in an Arrow car brings a better return for the money than twice that amount invested in a foreign car. The prestige of foreign cars, aside of course from admitted good car construction, is due to a certain sense of pride and satisfaction in owning an imported and expensive car. Every American gentleman who considers his investment in a touring car on the basis of the best return for the money will, on investigation, be convinced that the Arrow will give him more for its cost than any foreign car made. The Arrow is the highest-priced American car made. But as the American motorist learns to discriminate, he will consider the additional price a good investment when it saves both expense and worry. The chief expense of a motor car is the cost of running it. The record of the Great Arrow, in the Glidden Trophy Tour, of one thousand miles without a single adjustment, is not a phenomenal performance for the Arrow. It is something which any American gentleman, not an expert chauffeur, can duplicate with a Great Arrow car.

The Arrow, built by Americans, for American roads, American conditions and the American temperament, offers more to the non-professional American gentleman who looks to his car for enjoyment and pleasure instead of glory and expense than any other car made, foreign or domestic, high priced or low priced.

The 30 H. P. Car Has Arrived

and is now on exhibition

The Mobile Carriage Company

Golden Gate Avenue and Gough Street, San Francisco, Agents **Phone East 1510**

Automobile Topics

Rudolph Spreckels on Speeding

Fast driving by automobilists through the Park or streets of San Francisco is no longer to be tolerated. Arrests are increasing and soon the tourists will realize that the Chief's orders to take in everyone who runs his car faster than the law allows are being obeyed with remarkable exactness. Of course the majority who have ridden in the modern chariots know of the sensation to go fast, but local drivers had better curb their desire to speed if they don't want to suffer arrest. Rudolph Spreckels, who has become very devoted to automobiling and owns besides a large Columbia several runabouts, was discussing the speed question with the writer the other day and remarked: "I have no desire to run my automobiles. I can feel the temptation to make it go faster, and just for that reason I have given up the thought of handling my own vehicle at any time. I notice my chauffeur at times speeds up and I have to tell him to keep it down, especially when we are riding in the high power car. I asked him one day what the sensation was when he was handling the big one. He said: 'When I see a good clean space ahead of me I like to see her go.' It is the same feeling with me and with many of my friends who have spoken on the subject. Knowing such is the case, it is the duty of the local club and the authorities to see that this feeling is curbed before any more are killed by reckless driving. The limit laid down by the law is fast enough for anyone; to go beyond that speed is to tempt fate."

Roads Improved

Dr. W. A. Clark, the San Leandro motorist, who recently established a new record with his Autocar for the difficult trip into the Yosemite Valley, toured to this city last week and remained a few days. When asked about the road conditions in the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, Dr. Clark said they were greatly improved. "The road from Knight's Ferry is now much better than formerly, as the county last year expended a considerable sum of money repairing what has always been a horrible piece of road. This road in stretches is now quite good and it is hard to realize that it was once so bad." The doctor also remarked that in Calaveras and Tuolumne the highways are in better shape. "Tuolumne county, recognizing the value of good roads, last year levied a road tax which would stagger the citizens of a more prosperous county and I am informed intends to repeat the levy for the next three years."

Joseph F. Smith, president of the Mormon church, whose testimony was one of the features of the Smoot Congressional investigation, is one of the recent acquisitions of the automobile colony at Salt Lake City, Utah. In the Christmas number of *Motor Field,* the automobile paper published at Denver, is a photograph of Mr. Smith in his automobile beneath the famous Eagle Gate, in front of the Beehive house, the official Mormon church headquarters, built by Brigham Young. Mr. Smith's picture is one of a number of illustrations which accompany an article on automobiling in Salt Lake, written by Ike Russell.

The Pacific Motor Car Company expects to receive in about ten days nine of the 40-50 horse-power Packard cars.

Autos the Vogue

A recent purchaser of a Winton touring car dropped into a prominent carriage concern the other day to dispose of a brand new brougham; a vehicle which cost a lot of money and which he was willing to sell cheap. The poor carriage dealer's hands went up in the air. He said: "Stand in this window and watch that street for half an hour, then tell me how much I can allow you for your rig." The novice did so and for half an hour they watched the street, counting the vehicles as they passed. First came an automobile, then a scavenger wagon, then another automobile, then a business buggy, then a peanut rig, another automobile and another scavenger wagon. The new motorist commenced to see the point and the carriage dealer con-

The Golden State Limited

The composite-observation car, with train library, luxuriously appointed sleeping cars, superb dining car service, courteous attendants and all other modern conveniences have made this train one of the most popular for eastern travel.

Leaves San Francisco daily at 5:00 p. m. for St. Louis and Chicago, via Los Angeles, El Paso and Kansas City.

Illustrated booklets of agents.

Southern Pacific
Rock Island

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tinued: "These automobiles are certainly doing the business for the high class trade. Five years ago, a brougham would pass this window every minute of the day; now, they are becoming a curiosity. Then, too, the hotel people have taken hold of the automobile. Hotels which would not consider the buying of a horse-drawn bus, readily go up and pay good money for a motor vehicle. One hotel which runs a big Oldsmobile bus has been running it now almost three months. It has made every train it started out to meet, carried its load of passengers without any trouble whatsoever, and they tell me that it has brought many patrons to the hotel. Just where the automobile will head us next I don't know, but it looks as though we carriage dealers will have to take up some branch of the automobile business in addition to our present line."

L. E. Wood of San Jose has received one of the new 1906 Stevens-Duryeas.

C. N. Williamson, author of "The Lightning Conductor," "The Princess Passes" and other automobile romances has written to an Eastern monthly magazine denying the story that recently appeared in its columns that his first novel was an "ad." for the Napier car. He says the Napier was used as the hero's motor car because it was then the popular car in London, having just distinguished itself in the Gordon Bennett races.

Leon Hall, the well known mining engineer, has purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company a model K Winton, which he will use in making his trips between San Francisco, Virginia City and the Nevada mining camps.

In Other Cities

Baltimore will shortly join the list of municipalities which are employing automobiles for public business. At a recent meeting of the park board the president of the body was authorized to purchase an automobile for use of members of the board and for showing Baltimore's outdoor recreation places to visitors. The make of car to be purchased has not yet been decided upon.

An automobile company in Detroit is preparing for a spread in business and intends to put the auto squarely into competition with the railroads, trolley lines and livery stables. The company is now preparing to operate automobiles out of Detroit to the suburban towns and if the scheme works the plan will be tried in other places.

St. Paul and vicinity will soon have some excellent roads, thanks to the persistent efforts of the owners of automobiles. In the budget which is soon to be passed by the City Council there is an item of sixty thousand dollars to be expended for permanent improvements to existing thoroughfares. St. Paul and Minneapolis will probably be linked together by an excellent macadam highway.

Geo. Whittell, Jr., purchased a sixteen foot turbine launch from the Pioneer Company last week. A trial trip was given the little craft on Tuesday, by Messrs. Whittell and Haines, and it proved a perfect success. John Haines has been placed in charge of the motor boat department of the Pioneer Company, which is handling the Racine line of boats.

A model K Winton was shipped to Mr. McCandless of Honolulu on Wednesday last and will be the first 1906 machine to arrive at the islands.

Maintain the dignity of your position as host by serving the best of wines. Repsold's are best. Inspection invited. 420 Pine St.

Stevens Duryea 1906

4 cylinder cars have arrived and can be seen at the

Pacific Motor Car Co.

425 Golden Gate Ave.

California Powder Works

MANUFACTURERS OF

Hercules Dynamite and Gelatine

Black Blasting Powder

Fuse, Caps, Exploders

Wells Fargo Express Bldg.,

49 Second St. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Nearly all racing autoists drive bare-headed, but Eddie Bald never appears without a cap. Somebody asked him the other day why he didn't discard the head-gear and Eddie answered: "Why? Oh, because I'm Bald."

John H. Spring of Fruitvale has received his 1906 White machine and has already started touring in the new auto, which is finished in a handsome shade of maroon.

"Brewster is always blowing his own horn."
"Well, he has to—he can't afford a chauffeur."

W. R. Ross of Erie, Pa., arrived in San Francisco recently and will spend the next few months touring California, for which purpose he has had his White steam car shipped to the coast.

"What are you going to do with the idle horses?" asked an enthusiastic statesman and autoist. "It's as bad as the emancipated negro problem."

"Better educate them and get the state to give them the elective franchise."

Webb Jay has taken charge of the Chicago agency of the White, having arrived in the windy city last week.

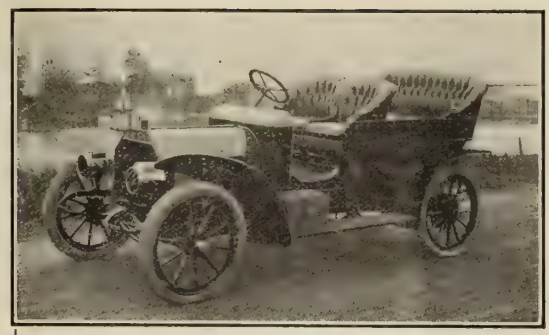
"You bet the auto has come to stay," exclaimed Millions Shafer.

"Seems like it," replied his friend as Millions worked in vain at the starting lever, "but I wish you could make it go."

Charles Morrell, his wife, and little nephew enjoyed the run down to Pescadero recently in Mr. Morrell's White steam touring car. A. C. Franklin, with a party of friends, drove his White machine to Halfmoon Bay last Sunday.

The greatly increased demands made upon the Diamond Rubber Company by the tire trade, as well as its other branches of trade, have compelled the company to arrange for a large increase in its facilities and working capital. It has taken out a new charter in Ohio, transferring from West Virginia, and increasing its capital stock from one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars to three million five hundred thousand dollars. The company's business has increased greatly, and several additions have been made this year to the plant in Akron. No changes in the styles or makes of Diamond tires are contemplated, as the company is well satisfied with the tests that the tires have been put to the past year, both in endurance and speed contests. The Diamond Company has just issued a little pamphlet, "Seven Years," showing the results of its business and its growth by departments, etc., a remarkable showing of prosperous increase.

—*The Chauffeur.*



Olds
—4—
Cylinder

Mr. Chapin, of the Olds Motor Works writes Manager Brinegar as follows:

Replying to your telegram of the 20th, we wired you "Are due to get you sample shipment two-cycle about December 26th". These cars are being rushed through with as much expedition as possible, but we cannot tell as much about delivery on these cars as on the four-cylinder. Your four-cylinder should be ready to go from here about the 10th to 15th of December.

I wish that you could have been on here for the convention and seen the enthusiasm of the agents on the cars. The four-cylinder car runs like a dream and a mighty pleasant dream at that. It is exceedingly quiet, very powerful and a beautiful creation; I have never waxed quite so enthusiastic over any Oldsmobile as over this line, and "we are certainly going to show" every other builder of light four-cylinder cars this next spring.

The two-cycle car is out and running and one of them pulled 26 H.-P. on the testing stand yesterday. It is really a shame to sell this car for the money, and the demand for it is going to be somewhat enormous. If you ever make any money out of the Oldsmobile line, the season of 1906 should be that time, and I hope you are prepared for the most aggressive campaign you have ever opened up. You sold a bunch of goods for us last year, and shall certainly endeavor to get your sample two-cylinder car out among the very first. None of them have been delivered yet, but you will be down on the first row when it comes to shipments, and I think the latter part of December will see the goods going out. Yours very truly,

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

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OLDS
Racine Motor Boats

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The PIONEER AUTOMOBILE CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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AUTO LIVERY CO.

Expert Chauffeurs
Finest Garage in the West
Peerless Cars

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SELLS · BETTER·THAN·ANY·OTHER

WHY?

K N O X

Commercial and Pleasure Vehicles

The Mobile Carriage Co. has accepted the Agency for this Car.

Orders Are Now Being Booked

MOBILE CARRIAGE COMPANY

Golden Gate Ave. at Gough St. Phone Private 770

Music

Professor C. A. Rossignol.

Professor Rossignol has been but a few months a resident of California. He was for many years director and dean of the musical department of the Kansas Wesleyan University and came west for the benefit of his wife's health. Professor Rossignol has appeared in concert in Alameda, Oakland and San Francisco and in the Greek theatre, Berkeley, and has won the highest praise from the critics for his masterly violin interpretations. He is a composer as well as violinist and his opera "Zuliema," written to John Crittendon Gorsuch's libretto, will probably be produced here in the near future.

Past and Future

In the year now passing to its finish we have had many notable "foreign" music attractions, the ones most thoroughly enjoyed perhaps by the truly musical of us being the combined recital given by Hugo Heermann and Harold Bauer, and the recitals of Emile Sauret. These were given toward the close of the year. During the early spring we had the Conried grand opera company and for the first time heard "Parsifal." We had Melba and Eames in song recital, and above all we had Tetrazzini in "Dinorah." Manager Will L. Greenbaum promises us many fine attractions in the musical line for the coming year, but he cannot do all that he wishes to do if the community does not give its support to his stars. Impresario Greenbaum is musical to his finger-tips himself. He would be willing to bring the greatest stars in the musical firmament out here just to hear them himself, and he would pay all the expenses without a murmur, I'm sure. But stars don't come way out West to be heard by an audience of one. They come to conquer a few thousands of a new audience. Therefore, if we are to have all the great music lights brought to us, and we must wake up and go to hear them.

Madame Eleanore Joseph arranged the program that was given at the Forum Club last Wednesday afternoon. Madame Joseph was assisted by Reginald Keene, Miss Lucia Thompson, and Ernest Corris.

A correspondent writes me from Portland that a very delightful musicale was given at the home of Mrs. James Richards McCraken on Friday, the eighth of December, among those taking part in the program being Miss Agnes Watt, Dom J. Zam, Arthur Alexander, and Mrs. Walter Reed. Mrs. Reed is well remembered in San Francisco as Rose Coursen, the contralto. She has resided for some years in Portland.

Professor La Villa has just put the finishing touches to his new Salutaris, and is now composing a Fourth Mass in B flat. He has composed three masses, in C and D for four voices, which Ditson published, and one in G for two voices, which was published by John Church.

An Afternoon Concert

About ninety guests enjoyed the musicale given last Friday afternoon at the Casa Loma by Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman, contralto, Mrs. Alice Mason Barnett, soprano, Miss Mina Clark, violinist, and Miss Lillian Scholer, pianist and accompanist. Miss Clark kindly substituted for Miss Winifred June Morgan, who was to have taken part but owing to a death in her family was unable to do so. Mrs. Cushman not long ago returned from New York, where she studied for some time, and now she intends to remain permanently in her old home here. The program at the concert was as follows: "Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt" (violin obligato), Tschaikowsky, Summer Rain, Willeby, The Robin Sings, MacDowell, Mrs. Cushman; violin solo, Miss Clark; Slave Song, Del Riego, Provence Song, Dell Aqua, Proposal, Salter, Mrs. Barnett; Aufswung, Schubert, Miss Scholer; Sapphic Ode, Brahms, My Marguerite, Old French, All Souls' Day, Richard Strauss, Mrs. Cushman; violin, Miss Clark; Merry, Merry Lark, 'Twas April, Nevin, Oh! Dry Those Tears (violin obligato), Del Riego, Mrs. Barnett.

Professor Rossignol's Violin.

This instrument is an Amati and is second in value only to the Stradivarius owned by Henry Holmes, the maestro who died last week. This Amati is literally worth its weight in gold.

MISS FRANCES WESTINGTON.

Who has appeared frequently before the public of late, will be presented by her teacher, Prof. Joseph Beringer, in her own piano recital at Steinway hall on the evening of January 12th. She is a pianiste of marked ability and her extremely difficult program will be a surprise to her audience. Miss Estelle Seldner, pupil of Madame Jos. Beringer, will be the assistant vocalist. The piano numbers will include Chopin's Fantasie Brillante in F minor, op. 49; Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 8 and compositions by Rubinstein, Leschetizky, Reinecke, Strauss-Schnett. The grand variations on the Motive "Weinen-Klagen" by Bach-Liszt, played on April 28, 1875, in Hanover by Liszt at a concert given for the Bach Monument, will be performed by Miss Westington for the first time in San Francisco.

An Evening With Haydn

The pupils of Percy A. R. Dow gave an interesting "evening with Haydn" last Thursday in Mr. Dow's studio in Larkin street, when the following program was rendered: Sonata in E flat, Miss Calvin; Canzonettas—My Mother Bids Me, Misses Clarke, Bumstead, Danlen, Thomas, Mrs. Mendenhall; Gia La Notte (arranged by Viardot), Miss Hipkins; Mermaid's Song, Miss Gyle; Spirit's Song, Mrs. Warner; "The Creation" (1798)—In the Beginning, Messrs. Horner, Luscombe and chorus; Rolling in Foaming Billows, Mr. Garthwaite; With Verdure Clad, Misses Bane, Calvin, Enslow, Gyle, Henderson, Knight, Lynch, Mattern, Mendenhall, Monges, Swindell, Mrs. Munroe; Now Heaven in Fullest Glory, Mr. Webb; In Native Worth, Mr. Parkinson; On Thee Each Living Soul, Mrs. Best, Mr. Burckhalter and chorus; "The Seasons" (1801)—With Joy, the Impatient Husbandman, Mr. Marrack; Spring Her Lovely Charms, Miss Monges, Mrs. Mendenhall, Mr. Monges, Mr. Garthwaite; Emperor's Hymn (1797), pupils' chorus. The accompanists were Misses Bumstead, Calvin and Levinson. Biographical topics were treated by Misses Booth, Lynch, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Mattern. The January evening will be with Mozart.

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt has issued invitations for a piano recital by Maurice Robb, her little pupil. This will be Maurice's third recital. He is now about ten years of age and is the most wonderful little player. He began playing when he was a child of two, and to him music has been made easy as a study because he carried the love of it in his childish heart. At his recital next Tuesday evening he will play works of Handel, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Weber, Rosenthal and Moszkowski.

The music at Trinity church on Christmas day will be: Processionals, 51, 408; Te Deum (Festival) in G, Buck; Benedictus (Festival) in G, Buck; Offertory Anthem, "The Angel Gabriel," Stevenson; Communion Service in F, Tours. The soloists will be: Miss Millie Flynn, soprano, Miss Elsie Arden, contralto, Charles Trowbridge, tenor, Oliver Reece, bass; Louis H. Eaton, organist and director.

There must be music in the soul before it can be shaken out of the fingers. There are more than Mark Twain who think that classical music "is a lot better than it sounds."

Eric Davis as Faust

Elizabeth Davis as Carmen

The Davis Children's Program

A very large audience, generous in applause, flowers, and other gifts, attended the operatic concert given on Saturday night by the clever Davis children. Eric Davis is now thirteen years old and his sister Elizabeth will be ten in January. This was their third recital and since their last they have added several new works to their already large repertory. Eric's numbers at the concert were The American Flag, Drake-Roeckel, Scotch Ballad, Dunn, The Angel's Serenade, Braga (with violin obligato by Elizabeth), McDowell's song cycle, From An Old Garden, Prologue from Pagliacci, Cavatina from Faust. Elizabeth's were O, Divine Redeemer, Gounod, from Lighter's song cycle A Love Garden, Voiche sapete from Figaro and Canzone from The Masked Ball, Gypsy Song and Avanera from Carmen, The Butterfly Page's Song, McCurrie. Together the children gave a Marzials and a Caracciolo duet and the prison scene from "Trovatore," and Mario Roeckel sang with them the Pratt trio, "There Was An Old Woman."

—The Music Critic.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

The custom of installing the Yule log is not peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon. In Provence it is a family festival in which all must take part. The tree, which must be of the fruit-bearing variety, is cut by the head of the house, grandfather, father or eldest son. Even though the patriarch may be too old to do the actual felling, he must strike one blow with the ax, or in some other way perform his part symbolically. The peasants believe that the Yule log takes on a certain degree of sanctity, and the fortunes of the family will fluctuate according to the treatment accorded it. All take part in carrying home the log, but it is brought into the house and laid in place by the eldest and youngest members of the household. Often these are an octogenarian and an infant of a few weeks, and the sturdier males assume the actual labor, but the appointed ones place their hands on the log. It is carried three times around the lighted supper table, before being laid in the fireplace, after which a carol is sung, during which, the bowl having been newly filled, each one, from the oldest to the youngest, drinks to the new fire.

"Yule Clapp" is the title of a gift-bestowing custom in Germany, and the same practice is found in all the Scandinavian kingdoms. A loud rap is given on the house door, or the door of a room, and a huge parcel is tossed in often by a disguised messenger. Hidden under the numerous wrappings of straw and paper, sometimes as much bulk as can be encircled by both arms, will be found some small but very valuable gift, a piece of exquisite ivory carving or jewelry, a rare bit of porcelain or lace, a miniature or some other precious object.

The Christmas plum pudding will be indigestible unless every member of the household takes part in the stirring. Even the baby must have its little hand on the stick, though its share of the labor is performed by proxy.

Rice porridge is the national Christmas dish of Norway and Sweden. An almond meat which is stirred in will indicate the next member of the family who will march to the wedding altar, and a generous portion, seasoned with new butter, must be set aside for the house brownie. More often it is the household cat that profits, but as the dish is emptied the little folks are not too curious concerning its destiny on the night of miracles.

The mountain peasants of Austria lay aside their spinning wheels and perform no noisy work indoors on the week preceding Christmas. They walk softly about the house, lest they disturb the rest of the Christ Child. In many of the mountain villages a lighted taper is set in each window to guide the little footsteps safely through the stony streets.

In Southern France a handful of grain is planted in a dish on St. Barbara's day, December fourth, and set in the warm ashes of the fireplace. According as the grain sprouts and flourishes is the harvest predicted and "St. Barbara's grain," which is planted with ceremony and tended with care, decorates the feast table. In the Austrian Alps a branch of some fruit tree is placed in a vase of earth and carefully tended. If the fruit buds blossom for the holiday it is regarded as an omen of fruitfulness for the trees and of good fortune for the household.

The Christmas mince pie, concocted of edibles and sweet spices, was originally designed as a commemoration of the visit of the three wise men to the manger at Bethle-

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hem, bringing their gifts of myrrh, frankincense and spices. In early times the pies were often made emblematic of the manger, the upper crust in the shape of a hayrick.

In one of the early legends a spider is credited with performing the same service for the Divine Infant that the insect centuries later made the means of saving the life of Robert Bruce, the Scottish king. It was during the flight into Egypt, when hard pressed by the messengers of Herod, that the child was laid in a cradle in a wretched hut. A spider spun its web over the cradle, and the soldier who undertook to search the refuge, seeing the filaments, concluded that it must be long since the contents of the receptacle had been disturbed, and it would be a waste of time to investigate. He therefore passed on his way and hastened to join his comrades.

Among certain of the French peasantry there is a belief that, on the eve of Christmas, the sands of the sea shore are swept aside and the deep valleys and mountains open up and reveal to the heavens all the treasures which they conceal. In other rural districts the worthy dead are believed to awaken, and having recited the prayers of the Nativity, are permitted to once more view their old homes.

The belief that the domestic animals are gifted with speech on the eve of the great festival is widespread. Sometimes they simply gossip among themselves, while in other localities they are permitted to make public the story of their ill-usage if they have been abused, over-worked or legends details a conversation in which each of the dwellers in the stable asks or answers a question concerning the Nativity. It is always the part of the cock to arouse the rest by announcing, just at midnight, "Christ is born," to which the cattle make response by asking "Where?" and the sheep or goats answer in chorus, "Bethlehem in Judea," each, of course, in the language of his master.

Taffy is the special Christmas dish in Wales. On the night before, after all the preparations and decorations are finished, the young people put on the syrup and sugar to boil. When the concoction is cooked to perfection it is poured into buttered pans and set out doors to cool, often to the delectation of the uninvited. No Welshman will for an instant countenance any other pronunciation for his favorite sweet, and it is recorded that once, when an enlightened Englishman remonstrated with the head man of a Welsh town for not calling it "toffee" he was met with the withering pronunciamento: "Taffy it is, and taffy I says."

In Russia the church has always opposed Christmas revels because of the excesses and debauchery which have followed. The moujiks, while superstitiously in awe of the power of the priests, are yet unwilling to forego their enjoyments, so, having indulged in Christmas revels to the extent of their ability, they cut a hole in the ice and immerse themselves in the rivers, to "wash off their guilt" before they will venture into the churches.

—*The Historian.*

A Holiday Toast

Here's a toast to the past and the present:
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A conflagration is the real test of a fire insurance company, and any company that can come through two such experiences as the great Boston and Chicago fires with as honorable a record as the Fireman's Fund made, has proved itself to be made of the stuff that lasts and grows. Losses as a result of the Baltimore fire in February, 1904, amounting to over three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, were paid within a month after the fire.

Eastern Underwriters say it is pure California luck that San Francisco has not been destroyed by fire long ago, and that it can be only a matter of time before a city of frame buildings, such as this city undoubtedly is, will fall a victim of the fire fiend. And if such a time should come, you want to be sure that your insurance is in a company that has proved itself conflagration-proof. The Fireman's Fund Insurance Company has over seven million dollars invested assets and a net surplus over all liabilities of over two and one-half million dollars, and has its liabilities so distributed over an immense territory that the destruction of any one city can be met without passing a dividend. Conservative business methods and a policy of absolute honesty and fairness to all who have had any dealings with this great company are what have made such rapid and sure growth possible.

The Fireman's Fund home office is in its building at the southwest corner of California and Sansome streets, San Francisco, California. It has a department in Chicago, Ill., managed by Marshall & McElhone, one in Boston, Mass., managed by Charles W. Kellogg, one in Macon, Ga., managed by Edgar S. Wilson, an Atlantic marine department in New York, managed by F. Herrmann, and a marine department in London, E. C., managed by Jos. R. Hadley. It is this way that the company is able to watch over its vast interests in all parts of the country. The officers of the company are: Wm. J. Dutton, president, Bernard Faymonville, vice-president, J. B. Levison, second vice-president and marine secretary, Louis Weinmann, secretary, Geo. H. Mendell, Jr., assistant secretary, F. W. Lougee, treasurer, Robert P. Fabj, general agent, and William Sexton, general adjuster.

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The American Drama

(Continued from Page 16)

is meant the original production of an American writer which is thoroughly American in tone, treatment and atmosphere, we already have it in its infinite variety. Though the American chef-d'oeuvre of the dramatic art is yet to come there is no scarcity of theatrical representations of life on this continent peculiar to conditions that have been developed under our form of government and to the manners and customs of the people. There are American plays galore as diverse as are the types of people scattered over this broad land. It is of course vain to expect a dramatist to write a play to deal with national types because we have none. Every American play depicts certain local characteristics. We have been having dramas of an American flavor ever since Robert Tyler wrote "The Contrast" in 1786, a play that is noteworthy as being the first to put the Yankee who talks through his nose on the stage. It was the play that suggested those other Yankee comedies "Solon Shingle" and "The Mighty Dollar." In the early years of the last century the Revolutionary and Indian drama was in high favor. It was in an Indian drama, "Metamora," that Edwin Forrest came into prominence. Metamora was his greatest role and nobody attempted it after him save John McCullough. In 1871 Augustin Daly produced his "Horizon" which he advertised as "A totally original drama illustrative of a significant phase of New York society and embodying scenes peculiar to frontier life." Another distinctly American play was "Davy Crockett" and one that has risen almost to the dignity of an American classic is "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In America a new form of the drama was born when farce-comedy sprung into existence, but we have no reason to be proud of it. In recent years we have had nearly all the principal states in the Union dramatized by Augustus Thomas. Clyde Fitch has dramatized American society and George Ade has satirized some of our most cherished institutions. Surely there is no dearth of American drama, a drama that is of a quality not vastly inferior to the output of the British playshop, a circumstance, by the way, that does not bear out the argument of Mr. Metcalfe, who makes it clear that he considers the people of England sufficiently esthetic for the highest achievements in the dramatic art.

The efflorescence of the American drama will come when we abandon our hypocritical pose and lure into the dramatic field the literary genius who sketches in broad outlines rather than with minute strokes, and who will

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The only fault to be found with Pinero and Grundy, aside from the imperfections of their art, is that they treat the vices of British society too lightly. Too often they deal approvingly with adultery as a social diversion. We should prefer a higher standard of drama than that which is given to England by Pinero and Grundy, but let us remove the manacles from the muse and urge her to bring into the world a chef d'ouvre without stipulating as to the complexion. Let us impose no impudent restrictions; let us have a stage that will command the respect of the cultured, and that will exercise a benign influence over the destiny of the nation.

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WHY?

The Triumph

(Continued from Page 4)

nored his hesitation gave his pride an opportunity to rally.

Two hours of hard riding took them out of the plains and into the mouth of the gorge. Under Chona's confident guidance they left their horses on a high, safe place before entering the shadows. Little had been said. The sureness of the girl's bearing sufficed.

A strange pain began to gnaw at Watson's heart, and it grew with every upturning of her soft, deep eyes to his, and with every pressure of her warm hand as she now and then took his to lead him where the darkness lay heavy on the uncertain footing in the bouldered bed of the gorge. For the sake of the Americano's love—which in her childlike guilelessness she had accepted as sincere and had returned in all the warm abundance of her nature—she was betraying her own people and bringing down upon their outlaw idol the doom of the law. The appeal in her trust, the frailty of her delicate young womanhood, her tenderness and fragility, the devotion with which, for love's sake, she walked so unafraid into the impending danger of the flood and the still greater and surer menace of her people's vengeance, were attuned with the moon and the mystical silence in a song that sang low in his deeper manhood. The shrewd plot hatched by his ambition was beginning to spawn revenges.

He was not conscious of his lagging step until he discovered her anxiously peering up into his face.

"Are you tired, Tomas?" she wistfully asked.

He halted, took both her hands, and gazed far into the lovely soft eyes.

"No, dear," he answered. "I was thinking. This is the bravest thing that ever a woman did."

A hand pressure and a low laugh came with her gently lisped remark:

"A woman will do anything for the man she loves." She abruptly turned away with an odd look of apprehension. "But we haven't time for that—now," she went on. "Is it nearly midnight? Fifteen minutes more? We must hurry. He will expect me then."

He wondered if she had noticed his slight start on hearing those words. So complete had been his trust in her devotion and capability that he had adopted the large, easy plan of not inquiring into the details of her scheme to betray the bandit. Should Murietta see her as the instrument of his undoing, her subsequent assassination by his friends would be inevitable. That was unthinkable.

"He expects you, Chona?" the deputy sheriff demanded in consternation.

There was a dash of mischief in her bright nod.

"Yes," she answered. "How else could I find him?"

"I'll not permit that. The understanding was that you were merely to take me to him."

Again her low, throaty laugh. By this time a vague, stumbling uneasiness began an assault on the deputy sheriff, and he sharply asked:

"He knows you—personally?"

"Yes!" came the forthright answer.

The deputy sheriff's inner turmoil dulled his hearing to the note of proud triumph in the word. He could think only of her love, her reckless bravery born of it, her sweetness and tenderness and beauty, and the despicable game that he was playing. As to the significance of her acquaintance with the hunted man, there was no room for reasoning, but only for a dull, disturbing apprehension that took on no embodiment.

The nearer approach of the crisis found the young

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man's instinct of caution struggling for a clear method. He had taken it for granted that instead of "gun-play" in the seizure (for that would mean the death of either the officer or the outlaw), Chona would disclose the victim asleep, and so make possible a stunning blow and good steel handcuffs, which jingled softly in the officer's pocket. But evidently this was not her plan. Could she realize the tremendous risk of Murietta's being awake while she beguiled him till the blow was struck?

Finding himself unable to think, the young man halted.

"What is it, dear Tomas?"

Her trusting yet uneasy eyes were again upturned to his, and her sweet breath was in his nostrils. Why not purge his manhood as he stood thus in the light of the Great Revolution? What meant the capture of the most formidable living outlaw in comparison with the smallest danger to a single hair of this lovely head? And even though her social inferiority placed her immeasurably beyond the hope of marrying a famous hunter of desperadoes, surely a man might be kind and generous, and stop at once the train of evils which he had laid at her feet.

Indeed, but for her mixed blood, and the pride of his mother, and his political ambitions, he might find her acceptable as a wife! It was a new idea and stunned him. With it, as she stood palpitant with intense life so near him, her sweet bosom heaving, her ripe red lips parted, her dark eyes pouring their witcheries over him from unfathomable depths, the primitive manhood within him broke all artificial bonds in a surge of the love that a man can have for a woman. It came forth with a hungry look in his eyes and a possessing grasp of her hand.

"Chona, my love, ——" he began.

His speech was stopped by the frightened dismay that leaped to her face. They had been standing in deep shadow, but she wrenched herself from the strong arm that was seeking her waist, and sprang back into a clear space. Blind in his eagerness, the man pursued her. Before he was sufficiently near to seize her tense body she stopped him cold in his tracks by ringing out the startled cry of a night-bird belonging to the region. It was instantly answered a short distance up the gorge, and that was echoed farther away. The import of the signals struck the young man with a mighty awakening.

Chona stood erect and glowing in her triumph. In place of her soft and placid beauty there blazed the full light of outraged womanhood in the moment of an accomplished revenge. She had been pretty before; now she was splendid in her scornful, flaming beauty. The meek and adoring inferior sat aloft and commanding on a throne of fire.

"Ah, so, Meester Watsone," she sneered, "you would make the poor, ignorant Gr-reaser gerl" (with vindictive emphasis) "love you, so you can make one big fool of her, and use her to catch the gr-reat Joaquin Murietta, ha! The low Gr-reaser gerl that you wouldn't wipe yeur foot on! Yea, Meester Watsone, the smarrt Meester Watsone! Why you no theenk a leetle with your theek hade? Joaquin Murietta, he say, 'Chona, leetle sweetheart, you go down to the valley for your Joaquin, wheech love you. A young fellah there named Watsone,—verra smart, verra br-rave, theenk he verra gr-reat man. Shereef goin' send heem tak me, the bad Joaquin Murietta, ha! You fin' way, leetle sweet Chona, to get r-roun' that smarrt Meester Watsone—some way, so you breeing him here. Then I do him up!'" Chona's laugh was packed with victorious malice.

That elaborate statement had not been needed to bring the young man to a clear understanding of the ingenious plot to remove him as the one serious menace to the outlaw. And, though young, he had the philosophy of middle age. He reflected that at any moment the score or

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more rifles probably covering his heart at that moment might send him the final message.

The situation was new, but wonderfully revealing. There would not be time for even a swift leap ten feet into the shadows, for in any direction every shrub might hold a dagger. Yes, he recalled the sheriff's warning, but more poignantly his own contempt of it and his smug satisfaction with his scheme. . . He would stand calmly in the open,—and talk with Chona.

For she had suddenly developed a wholly unexpected fascination. That she loved another man more than him was a piquant and challenging circumstance. All the witchery of hidden things that the fancy makes desirable had transformed her into a miracle of temptation. Her inert sweetness had all at once taken on a splendidly demanding potency, and she was the Ultimate Woman whose favor was well worth the brave and cheerful laying down of life itself. A furious anger toward her raged within him, but it was only a confession of her incomparable loveliness. Yes, he knew he loved her with the deepest and surest passion that a man can have, and yet he felt so savage a hurt to his pride that——

"Gude-bye, Meester Watsone," she tantalizingly said, turning away. "My Joaquin, he'll tend to you."

"Stop," came the man's level words, "or I'll kill you."

She did stop, but with so openly insolent a challenge to his revolver that he knew its double meaning—he would be dead before he could draw; but his love for her would prevent his drawing at all.

That slip of dignity and discretion completed his humiliation and the breaking of his heart. His mind went dull on the form which the certain death confronting him would take, for that made little difference, since any form would be better than facing his shattered world again. The dear old mother could not long survive the shock, and that would be a merciful end.

As the girl, standing a few yards away, faced him in silence and with her divine woman-sight saw and understood what lay within and behind his perfect composure, awe rose to her eyes. She had never before seen a strong man on the brink and utterly without hope. The spectacle was overwhelming. It is then that a man's soul stands forth naked and true, and Chona saw the great tragedy. More, she saw that there was in it no self-concern beyond a submerging consciousness of love for her and a despairing wish to make atonement for the wrong that he had done her. She had never before seen those two wonderful things in a man.

"Chona," he said with the reverence and humility that it would require something firmer than feminine texture to disregard, "at any moment you will give the signal for my death. I think you understand that it would be impossible for me to go back to my people now, even should I be spared. But that isn't your concern. I wish to say that you spoke the truth about my heartless and cowardly treatment of you, and that I am sorry and ashamed, and afraid to face my God without some kind word from you to give me heart. And of course it is nothing that you love another man and not me; but it helps me on the long road to say that I love you with all my heart, and that your becoming my wife would be the only thing that could make life good after this night's work."

She was gazing at him as in a trance, for her senses of seeing and hearing swept past him and were searching infinity. The hardness had gone from her eyes, and now when she spoke her heart filled her throat with music.

"You want me to forgive you, Tomas?"

"If you will."

"I do," she sighed. Her lips were opened for further

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speech, but it was checked by a heavy reverberation that rolled in a rumbling cascade down the gorge. Chona broke out of a deep spell. "The dam, Tomas!" she cried. "He iss up there, a mile from here. The signal that I gave—it was passed up to him. You heard it. He hass blowed up the dam!"

The panic-stricken girl sprang toward Watson. In that swift moment was revealed the full perfection of Murietta's plan: the breaking of the dam had been expected, and the accidental drowning of a foolhardy officer caught by the flood would tell no tales against the outlaw.

The shock of the incident lend the young man a broadened outlook, and his sweeping glance discovered the sudden shortcoming of a stump half a furlong to the right, on a step half way up the hill. With that phenomenon the stump sent out a metallic glint from the moonlight, together with the muffled snick of a rifle-cock. Watson had a desperate chance to save the girl's life, for she was hurling herself at him with a swiftness that might intercept a bullet aimed at his body. With no thought of anything but her safety, he drew.

The stump was either slower or had paused on seeing Chona's spring, for it was caught in the middle of a leap aside, sent back the echo of the chug when Watson's bullet struck, balled itself with a squeak, rolled down with a noisy crashing through the brush, and after a few foolish flounderings in a patch of dappled moonlight filling the rocky dry bed of the arroyo, ten feet from Chona, emitted a gurgle that introduced the great silence.

In the next instant Chona's face was buried in the deputy sheriff's breast, and she was clinging to him desperately. The two stood silent for a space. His great fear was that other lurking riflemen would end her in their eagerness to reach his vitals.

The roar of the descending flood began to beat upon the air. It roused the quivering girl, but she resisted his effort to push her away in order that his enemies might have a clear mark without sacrificing her; for he well knew that neither Murietta nor any of his men would have mercy to spare her in reaching him. She refused to be thrust aside, and was sobbing as she clung.

"Go, dear," he urged. "Clamber up those rocks on the left. You will be safe there from the water."

"But there are no more men here!" she passionately cried, no longer depressing her voice. "There's no one to kill you! Come with me, Tomas! Listen! The water iss pouring down!"

He was gently trying to disengage her desperate clutch, but without success.

"I won't leaf you!" she declared. "Don't be one fool, dear Tomas! I know a good way to get out,—right there! He showed me. I wass to leaf you right here. That man" (she shuddered after a swift glance at the shapeless heap in the arroyo), "wass to shoot you if you wouldn't let me go, or followed me, after the dam wass blowed up. Come, Tomas!"

But he was not heeding the increasing din of the flood tearing down the gorge; he was less apt in readjusting his attitude to a tragedy involving himself than in losing a single gleam of the dazzling new light in Chona's eyes.

"No, no, dear heart," he said, "not yet. Let me see those dear sweet eyes again!"

She raised them to his, but pleaded, as she tried to drag him away:

"Come, dear Tomas—for my sake!"

He was smiling, all heedless of the roar that had now become a continuous crash.

"You wish to save my life, Chona?" he asked with a yearning that nearly maddened her in the great emergency.

"Of course, dear, dear Tomas! Come! We haven't a minute to spare!"

"You can go without me—and then meet your lover."

"I won't go without you!" she passionately cried. "We'll die here together if you won't come with me!"

"But you love him."

"Not now—not since I haf seen the soul of a man."

A deep gaze gave them an understanding that made them one before Heaven, and, hand in hand, they turned to the acclivity.

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The Home-Coming of Meriwaaa-Jones

(Continued from Page 19)

see him again." Rachel spoke with terrible certainty, and resignation no less terrible.

"He would come, if he only knew."

"He mustn't know. He must come of himself—for love of me; and not for my sake, but for his own, because he cannot do without me. Promise me, mother, not to tell him, not to look for him."

Mrs. Flint dimly understood. At fifty she was just beginning to have a woman's mind. She promised. "But I think I know where he is," she added.

"O, mother; and you never told me!"

"Yesterday," Mrs. Flint explained, "while you slept, I read a story in an English magazine. It was under another name, but he wrote it. An awful story—about—about me!"

Rachel sat up and reached out her hands frantically. "Where is it? Let me have it, mother. I must read it!"

"You forget, dear, you cannot read."

"Cannot——. Ah! Yes, I forgot. Mother, you read it to me."

"If you say so, child; but if I do, you will hate me. Shall I get it?"

"No, mother."

"Thank you," Mrs. Flint said, simply.

Rachel sighed. "You're sure it was he?" she asked.

"Only too sure."

"Then, he's alive."

"Yes, he's alive. Shall I go to him?"

"No."

"Rachel."

"Yes, mother."

"We have hardly a cent left."

"Why, mother, he——"

"I know, but I went through it all."

"Getting me those things I never wore; the carriage I never rode in?"

"Yes."

"What are we to do, mother?"

"I don't know, dear; but I'm sure he——"

"No, no—not for worlds! How could you?"

"Forgive me, child. It was for you; for the little one—his little one."

"I am well now. I can work," Rachel bravely declared. Mrs. Flint began to weep softly.

"Don't, mother. One doesn't have to see. We'll write stories. I can run the typewriter blindfold. He taught me."

"Yes, dear; but the story's another thing. He didn't teach you that, did he?"

"N-no, mother—yes, yes, he did. No, I taught myself. Any one that's very sad can write a story."

"Hush, dear. Sad stories don't sell, either. I've heard him say so, himself."

"Mine will."

"With the help of his name, perhaps."

"No, without it."

And sell they did—for enough to keep body and soul together, as the saying is. All that John had ever said to her of his art, Rachel now called to mind, and made use of. Besides, she had only just missed having the gift at first hand, herself.

Mrs. Flint did the house work.

The home—not free from debt now, but sadly mortgaged—nestled into a hillside overlooking the bay of San Francisco. The day came when Rachel could no longer distinguish sky from sea; sail from white-cap. Mt. Diablo

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was but a memory. A summer haze that would not lift seemed to have settled over the city. One by one, well-known landmarks were lost to view. At length all that the still-beautiful eyes could make out were the twin spires of a church standing in the valley four or five blocks away. The sight of these kept alive her faith that the Heaven to which they pointed would grant that sad, strange prayer of hers.

One morning in December Rachel stood looking out of the window, her back to Mrs. Flint; and that back was weeping terribly.

"O, my poor child," cried Mrs. Flint, "can't you see them?"

"Yes, mother; but not to sew. 'Twill be soon, now—on Christmas-day, I think. Something tells me that."

Mrs. Flint, who hated sewing, insisted on making everything with her own hands.

But it was not on the twenty-fifth, after all. It was on the thirteenth—11:45 by the doctor's watch, which had been set that very day by the chronometer. Despite the man of science, him and his timepiece, John Merimann-Jones, Jr., keeps his birthday on the fourteenth. If his grandmother has cheated him out of exactly half an hour of life, thus putting off his coming of age a whole day, she has more than made it up to him in other ways.

"Not so bad," said the doctor.

"I should say not," said Grandma.

"The best ever I seed," said the midwife.

Said the mother: "I have seen his face again!" and knew nothing for a space.

Rachel could not tell when it grew dark on Christmas eve. Even at noon, the casement had been but the faintest "glimmering square." As she sat in her husband's William Morris chair before an open fire, she could see the light of the yule-log, but nothing of the California holly berries on the mantel-piece.

"Come, dearie, you should have been in bed hours ago. It's after six. What would the doctor say?"

"O, mother, never mind the old doctor; it's twice as nice here, and we're just vulgarly well, aren't we, little man?"

But the little man was making too good use of his mouth to answer, and there being no two-to-one against Grandma, Rachel was marched off to bed—a march of five steps; not, however, before she had hung up two stockings on the mantel (Mrs. Flint had begged off, as being now too old for such things), one, big and black and silk; the other, wee and white and woolen. The hands of the little mother had not yet learned to grope deftly; and all the while she was making ready for the coming of Santa Claus, Grandma was silently weeping.

Mother and babe were soon fast asleep. Grandma took the Morris chair, sat a while looking into the fire, and dozed. Peace was upon the house of Merimann-Jones.

He, the one thing needed to complete the picture, was now at hand, his face pressed convulsively against the window-pane.

All at once the smouldering logs fell together with a joyous crackle, and then blazed up, flooding the room with light. The babe awoke, and asked what it was all about.

For answer, there was the crash of glass and the cries of two women.

John Merimann-Jones, Sr., could never tell whether he had heard the wee voice, or seen the wee stocking, first. For many a long year a jealous war was waged between eye and ear, every battle being drawn.

Mrs. Flint popped her head out of the window. Not a soul was in sight. She rushed to the front door. Nothing.

"It must have been a stone," Mrs. Flint decided.

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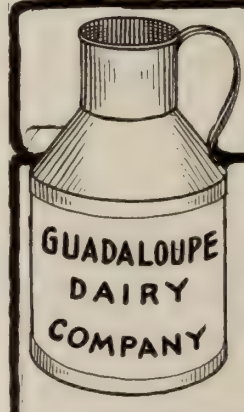

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Rachel answered: "I'm not so sure about that."

Once or twice, a stone, rolling down the hillside, had broken a pane.

For hours the two women talked the incident over. It was Christmas before the last good-night was said, and Grandma gone to her own room.

At half-past seven Mrs. Flint was awakened by the prickings of a guilty conscience. She had forgotten to put her little presents in the stockings. Hoping that Rachel was still asleep, she slippered quietly across the hallway, and peeped through the open door.

Wonder of wonders! The wee white woolen was bulging full. The big black silk was nowhere to be seen. Still more astonishing, in its place was a stocking of some nameless red stuff, so huge that it stood a good foot higher than the mantel-piece. It, too, was bulging full.

Mrs. Flint cried out in alarm. Awakened by the cries, Rachel sat up in bed, trembling.

Trembling, too, was the huge red nameless. Mrs. Flint had at last grown to the full stature of a woman. She understood.

"Look, Rachel," she cried, "see what the Baby Christ has put overnight in your stocking!"

The stocking stood expectant.

"Mother, dear, is it daylight?"

"Yes, child."

"O, mother, mother; I can never see his face now. I am stone-blind!"

Rachel sprang out of bed, groping wildly for love.

The stocking fell in a heap at her feet.

The Remodeled and Enlarged Home of the San Francisco Chronicle

The Year in Letters

By Sarah Connell

A RETROSPECT of the year 1905 shows it to have been an unusually quiet one. The literary stars have shone with their wonted brilliancy, and there have been the average number of meteors, but neither comets nor new moons have been added to our firmament. We have had, from time to time, the usual rumors that one or other of the society belles was about to hold the world at gaze by the stupendity of her achievement, but the prophecies have all failed of fulfillment. The ink well and the typewriter have not been powerful enough to prove rivals to the winter cotillion and the summer resort and the glory of shining as an authoress has, apparently, been eclipsed by the more prosaic and sensible determination to have a good time. The

HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

HARRY COWELL

nearest approach to a combination of society and literature has been the brief career of Miss Elizabeth Ames as special writer for the "Call's" Sunday supplement.

Soon after the beginning of the New Year, the "Call" instituted a weekly story contest, offering a prize of one hundred dollars for the best short story submitted each week. But though the competition was extended over six months, it cannot be said that the result was encouraging. No new writers were discovered and the commonplace plots, together with the total absence of literary finish presented one more proof, if such were needed, that demand does not create supply, if quality as well as quantity is to be taken into consideration, and that artists are not to be stimulated to good work, but rather distracted from it, by the jingling of the guinea. "Collier's Weekly" also held a prize lottery, with approximately the same result. Several of the winning tickets were held by Californians, notably Don Mark Lemon and Raymond L. Alden, the latter being fortunate enough to receive the one thousand dollar award.

Drawing by Xavier Martinez

GEORGE STERLING

Californian writers have been very busy during the year, but they have not produced much literature. The only really notable achievements are to the credit of Herman Scheffauer. I refer to his letters from abroad, written at intervals for "Town Talk." They have attracted the attention of literary critics all over the world, and are distinguished for the qualities that constitute genuine literature. Our other poets who have taken rank with the great exponents of the poetic art—George Sterling and Louis Robertson—have been resting on their laurels. Mr. Robertson is a very sick man, but he has found time to polish up his play, "Montezuma."

Mrs. Atherton has added two volumes to her account, "The Bell in the Fog," a book of short stories dedicated to Henry James, and "The Traveling Thirds," reprinted from the "Smart Set." There was a ripple of excitement in the early months of

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the year, incident on the translation of her "Rulers of Kings" into German. It will be remembered that Mrs. Atherton's American millionaires were on decidedly free and easy terms with European monarchs, and that the Emperor William was quite chummy with the "man of the hour." In view of the strictness of the laws against lese majeste it would have been a surprising circumstance if "Rulers of Kings" had been permitted free circulation. The artful translator, however, made her contract with her publisher

Drawing by Xavier Martinez

JACK LONDON

before he discovered the nature of the dynamite he was handling, and then, when he tried to retire gracefully and so escape the inevitable fine and imprisonment, he was met with a threat of suit for breach of contract. It looked like a pretty complication for him, either way, but apparently some peaceable solution of the difficulty was found, for nothing has happened, and the public, which watched for a while with bated breath, has by now forgotten the incident.

Kate Douglas Wiggin published but one book during the year, a slight bit of romance which owes what interest it has to the author's name and the description of logging on a Maine river. Mrs. Wiggin was invited, while on her annual visit to the old world, to deliver a course of lectures in Edinboro' on the subject of American fiction.

Geraldine Bonner's third novel, "The Pioneer," created a whirlwind of debate and discussion. The period chosen was that of the Bonanza days, when old and young, rich and poor, the lame, the halt and the blind, were interested in the stock market. Her fourth novel is now in press and will be one of the first books issued in the new year.

Miriam Michelson also contributed one new book, "A Yellow Journalist," which is yet new enough to be under discussion. "The Madigans," her stories of a flock of lively, neglected youngsters living in Virginia City before the day of doom, continued to figure amongst the best-sellers during the year, and "In the Bishop's Carriage" has been as successful on the stage as it was in covers. Though she has so evidently caught the public fancy with each of her books, Miss Michelson is capable of producing better, more permanent work than these represent.

Mary Austin's "Isidrio" ranks well up in the list of best books, not best-sellers of the year. It is far and away the best of the fiction dealing with the early days of California, and worthy of a place on the shelf beside Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers." Mrs. Austin is not a prolific writer, which may account for the excellence of what she gives us. She has chosen the pastoral days before the secularization of the Missions, and, in the literary cycle, between "The Splendid Idle Forties" and "Ramona."

Frances Charles made her contribution in the form of a serial, "Tex's Little Lad," which was published in the "Overland Monthly." Margaret Sherwood's the "Coming of the Tide," short stories, also appeared first in the "Atlantic."

The Chamberlain sisters collaborated on "Mrs. Essington," a summer novel with the scene laid partly at the Hotel del Monte. Their names were seen frequently in the indexes of the principal magazines as well.

Mrs. Isobel Strong published her first novel, "The Girl From Home." It purported to give the impressions of a young girl whom cruel circumstances threw upon her own resources in Honolulu during the reign of King Kalakaua, and gave a new and pleasing picture of that monarch and his toy kingdom. Mrs. Strong drew upon her own experiences and recollections for her descriptions, and her book deserved wider recognition than it appears to have received.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Mrs. Stevenson has been engaged in furnishing biographical introductions to a new edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, an occupation which has employed her steadily for more than a year. The new edition is now complete, and is a handsome and interesting addition to Stevensoniana.

Mrs. Fremont Older chose the oil monopoly as a basis for her second novel. She has shown such remarkable improvement since her "Socialist and Prince," which appeared about two years ago, that her further contributions to the literary output will be well worthy of serious consideration.

Anna Strunsky, co-author with Jack London of the "Kempton-Wace Letters," has been editing a local Russian periodical, and contributing largely to the current literature of Socialism.

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She is about to take up her residence in Geneva now, to participate actively in the propaganda.

Alice Kingsbury Cooley's "Philosophy in a Nutshell" was issued in time for the tail of the last holiday trade, and Charlotte Grace Sperry's little juvenile, "Teddy Sunbeam," is one of the most popular of the Christmas books of this year.

Gwendolen Overton has offered no new work, but a reprint of her first novel, "A Heritage of Unrest," was brought out during the summer.

Adeline Knapp, Helen Hyde, Mrs. Jarboe, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and Mrs. Chanler have all been prolific contributors to magazine and periodical literature, the number of "lady jour-

GERALDINE BONNER

nalists" is as the sands of the seashore and W. C. Morrow's school grows in popularity. The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association has published, in time for the holiday trade, a sumptuous volume entitled "Copa de Oro," the contents being composed of choice and characteristic specimens of the work of its members.

Three volumes, besides a number of short stories contributed to the magazines, are to the credit of Jack London. "The Game," by means of wide margins, copious decoration, blank pages and illustrations, was padded out to book-size, but the story is in itself no better worthy of the special distinction than half a dozen of those included in his earlier volumes. "The War of the Classes," essays on Socialism, and the apparent tendency of the times, had nearly all appeared, previously, in magazines. His third book, "Tales of the Fish Patrol," is a first-rate juvenile embodying some of the author's experience when, a lad in his early teens, he was a deputy in the employ of the State Fish and Game Commission. "The Sea Wolf" and "The Great Interrogation" were both dramatized and presented locally, but their success could hardly be called encouraging. Mr. London has reached that stage of his career when he may naturally expect to be made the hero of all sorts of press fairy tales. He has just completed a tour as a lecturer on Socialism, and if he follows the program laid out, will now set forth to circumnavigate the globe in a toy sloop built by his own hands, and follow the way of the sea for the next five years.

Hermann Whittaker, after bringing out "The Probationer," a volume of short stories with their scene laid in Manitoba and this side of the border line, made a tour of Mexico, and has since then been writing as effectively of the sunny south as he has heretofore of the frozen north.

Joaquin Miller has come out under a new guise, a novel, which ran serially in "The Arena," and has just been brought out in covers, "The Making of the City Beautiful." He has written a number of poems during the year, some of the best in connection with the Portland Exposition.

Lloyd Osborne has made a new reputation for himself with his automobile stories. He has contributed largely to English periodicals.

H. von Konsky, editor of the "German Demokrat" created quite a little stir by his two books, "Die Erben des Prospektors," and "Valeska," both written in German. The former, a compilation of short stories, mining tales, frontier episodes, etc., of forty years ago, was pronounced uncommonly good as well as novel, since they were not translations, but originals.

The Missions have furnished material for several writers, notably Bryan J. Clinch and George Wharton James, while Charles Warren Stoddard is to contribute a series of exhaustive articles on the subject to "Sunset" during the coming year.

"The Way of the North," by Warren Cheney, was well received locally, and were it not for the constant stream which issues from the press, literally smothering much that is good, it would have received wider recognition.

Philip Verrill Mighels precipitated discussion by his "Ultimate Passion," for he excited the attention of both politicans and moral censors. He was a regular contrbutor to the Harper periodicals throughout the whole year.

Another ex-Californian, whose name appears with increasing frequency in the Eastern periodicals, is W. B. Meloney, formerly connected with the "Bulletin." His exhaustive handling of strike breaking, and the Salvation Army were features of "Public Opinion."

Stewart Edward White, who enjoys the honor of a special presidential appointment as inspector of forest reserves, appeared as the author of the principal serial published in McClure's, "The Rawhide." He is at work on a collaboration with Samuel Hopkins Adams, "The Mystery."

Uncle George Bromley's volume of reminiscences, "The Long Ago and the Later On," was locally a best-seller all through the year, and though it was issued previous to the holidays of last year continued to receive flattering notices until late in the summer.

Of the more serious productions, "How to Know the Starry Heavens," by Edwin Arnold of Berkeley, was well received, and "The Fall of Port Arthur," by Richard Barry was one of the surprises of the year.

Jerome Hart's third volume of travels, "A Levantine Log

MRS. FREMONT OLDER

Book," published first in the form of weekly letters to the "Argonaut," is both interesting and instructive. It furnishes all the bits of information which are usually reserved for personal letters, omits all the guide book statistics, and takes it for granted that readers are sufficiently intelligent to have studied elementary history and geography. The "I" is never intruded, and the next best thing to being able to travel and observe at one's own leisure is to stay at home and enjoy vicarious journeyings under competent guidance. Mr. Hart will make a most satisfactory courier.

Our real poets have been singularly silent, the only event of any importance being the translation of the Sonnets of Petrarch, by Miss Agnes Tobin. William Neidig published "The First Wardens," and these, with Wallace Irwin's "At the Sign of the Dollar," have been the only new volumes which call for notice. Louis Robertson, Hermann Scheffauer, George Sterling and Mabel Porter Pitts have been content with occasional contributions, and though we have had numerous volumes from others, they have proved,

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unfortunately, to be very minor poets, chirping sparrows, rather than nightingales, or even mocking birds.

Charles Keeler, who has hopes of founding a school of drama, unique, indigenous and original, had his "Triumph of Light" performed at one of the Oakland churches, at a local festival, but none of the theatrical managers appeared to be struck with its possibilities.

MIRIAM MICHELSON

Professor Charles Mills Gayley compiled a University Song Book, which was duly appreciated by the university students, but was of no special interest for others.

Our local publishers have done some excellent work during the year, notably A. M. Robertson, Morgan Shepard, and the Dodge Brothers. The fame of the Tomoye Press, (Paul Elder and Company,) is continental, and not only have they brought out new booklets, and added to their series, but many, such as the "Cynic's Calendar," "Blue Monday Book," "Psychological Year Book" and "Mosaic Essays," are in such demand as to call for yearly new issues. The special edition of Adeline Knapp's "Upland Pastures" from the Tomoye Press is infinitely superior from every point of view to that which was brought out some years ago by the Roycrofters.

This has been a gala year for the culture clubs, for never were literary visitors so plentiful, nor, on the whole, of such superior quality. Ella Wheeler Wilcox came to oversee the production of her drama, "Mizpah," at one of the local play-houses, Gertrude Atherton spent the greater part of the winter hereabouts, Geraldine Bonner and Miriam Michelson were both made the recipients of special honors, Mrs. Abby Cheney came, bringing with her her new philosophy which had to be elucidated, and there were besides, Eleanor Gates, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Hallie Erminie Rives, Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, Mrs. Alden, (Pansy), and Alice Caldwell Hegan Rice of "Cabbage Patch" fame. The Bohemian Club entertained William Winter, Henry James, Rider Haggard, Dr. Gunsaulus, and Edgar Saltus. John Vance Cheney, Richard Outcault and Elbert Hubbard have also been amongst us, while Arthur McEwen and Charles Warren Stoddard are at home again.

Death has dealt kindly with Californians, the only author of note who was passed from amongst us being Charles Fleming Embree. Mr. Embree was an invalid who made his home in the southern part of the State and was a frequent and favorite contributor to the "Argonaut."

Warren E. Price, editor and owner of the "Rose Jar," published in New York, announces that he will probably find it advisable to discontinue the magazine at the close of the current volume. Mr. Price was formerly a resident of our city, where he established the "Book Lover," that large quarterly which made such a favorable impression on literary people. It became merged in the "Booklovers' Magazine," since dead, and the "Rose Jar" was its lineal and legitimate successor. All that is needed to establish it permanently is a generous patronage, and for the honor of California it should not be allowed to go out of existence.

Another matter of immediate interest to book lovers is the passing of the Mercantile Library. This is one of the pioneer institutions, and might well engage the attention of the Landmarks Club, as well as that of the literati. It was established in 1856, when San Francisco was a mere handful of houses amongst the sand dunes, and regarded as little else than the western "jumping off" place of the continent. The memories of half a century are clustered around it, and no monster aggregation, however sumptuously housed and entangled in the red tape of administration, can ever take its place in the hearts of its devoted members.

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REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS NOVEMBER 9, 1905

ASSETS

Loans and Discounts	$19,578,764.19
United States Bonds	6,503,880.32
Other Bonds	2,635,591.34
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit, etc	1,651,953.20
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	350,390.45
Money on Hand	$4,671,992.15
Due from Banks	4,380,296.17
TOTAL AVAILABLE CASH	9,052,288.32
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer	300,002.50
	$40,072,870.32

LIABILITIES

Capital	$ 6,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,839,768.17
Sterling Credits, etc	1,651,953.20
National Bank Notes	5,999,997 50
Deposits	22,581,151.45
	$40,072,870.32

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.
I, F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier of the above-named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. F. L. LIPMAN, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of November, 1905.
[SEAL] O. A. EGGERS, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco.
Correct—Attest—C. DE GUIGNE, LOUIS SLOSS, I. W. HELLMAN, JR.

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7, No. 98452.

Dr. Lesser Hirschkowitz, Plaintiff, vs. Robert Richter, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said City and County of San Francisco.

J. J. WEBB, Attorney for Plaintiff. 607 Kohl Bldg, San Francisco.

The people of the State of California send greeting to Robert Richter, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 13th day of October, A. D. 1905.

[SEAL] JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
By W. J. HENEY Deputy Clerk.

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA)
)ss.
City and County of San Francisco.)

We, the undersigned, Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare, do hereby certify that we are co-partners transacting business in this State at the City and County of San Francisco, under the firm name and style of "Joy's;" that the names in full of all the members of such co-partnership are Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare, and that the places of our respective residences are set below our respective names hereto subscribed.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we have hereto set our hands this 1st day of December, 1905.

EDWIN W. JOY.
Residing at 2105 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.
HENRY LAZARE.
Residing at 2105 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA)
)ss.
City and County of San Francisco.)

On this 1st day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five, before me, Charles R. Holton, a Notary Public in and for said City and County, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare, known to me to be the persons described in, whose names are subscribed to and who executed the annexed instrument, and they acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

CHARLES R. HOLTON,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. [SEAL]

STATE OF CALIFORNIA)
)ss.
City and County of San Francisco.)

I, John J. Greif, County Clerk of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, hereby certify the foregoing to be a full, true and correct copy of the original Certificate of Co-Partnership of Edwin W. Joy and Henry Lazare filed in my office on the 1st day of December, A. D. 1905.

Attest my hand and my official seal this 1st day of December, A. D. 1905. JOHN J. GREIF,
[SEAL] County Clerk.
By A. HOUSTON, Deputy County Clerk.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 7. No. 97585.

Nellie V. Clark, Plaintiff. vs. William A. Clark, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California, send greeting to: William A. Clark, defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant upon the ground of defendant's desertion of plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 15th day of August, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and five.

JOHN J. GREIF, Clerk.
[SEAL] By JAS. R. McELROY, Deputy Clerk.
LEO KAUFMANN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
110 Pine Street, San Francisco.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Peter Quinn, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Patrick Prunty, executor of the last will and testament of Peter Quinn, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Patrick Prunty as such executor at the office of J. J. Lermen, room 607 Kohl Building, northeast corner of California and Montgomery streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PATRICK PRUNTY,
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Peter Quinn, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, December 9th, 1905.
J. J. LERMEN, Atty. for Executor. Rooms 607-611-612 Kohl Bldg.

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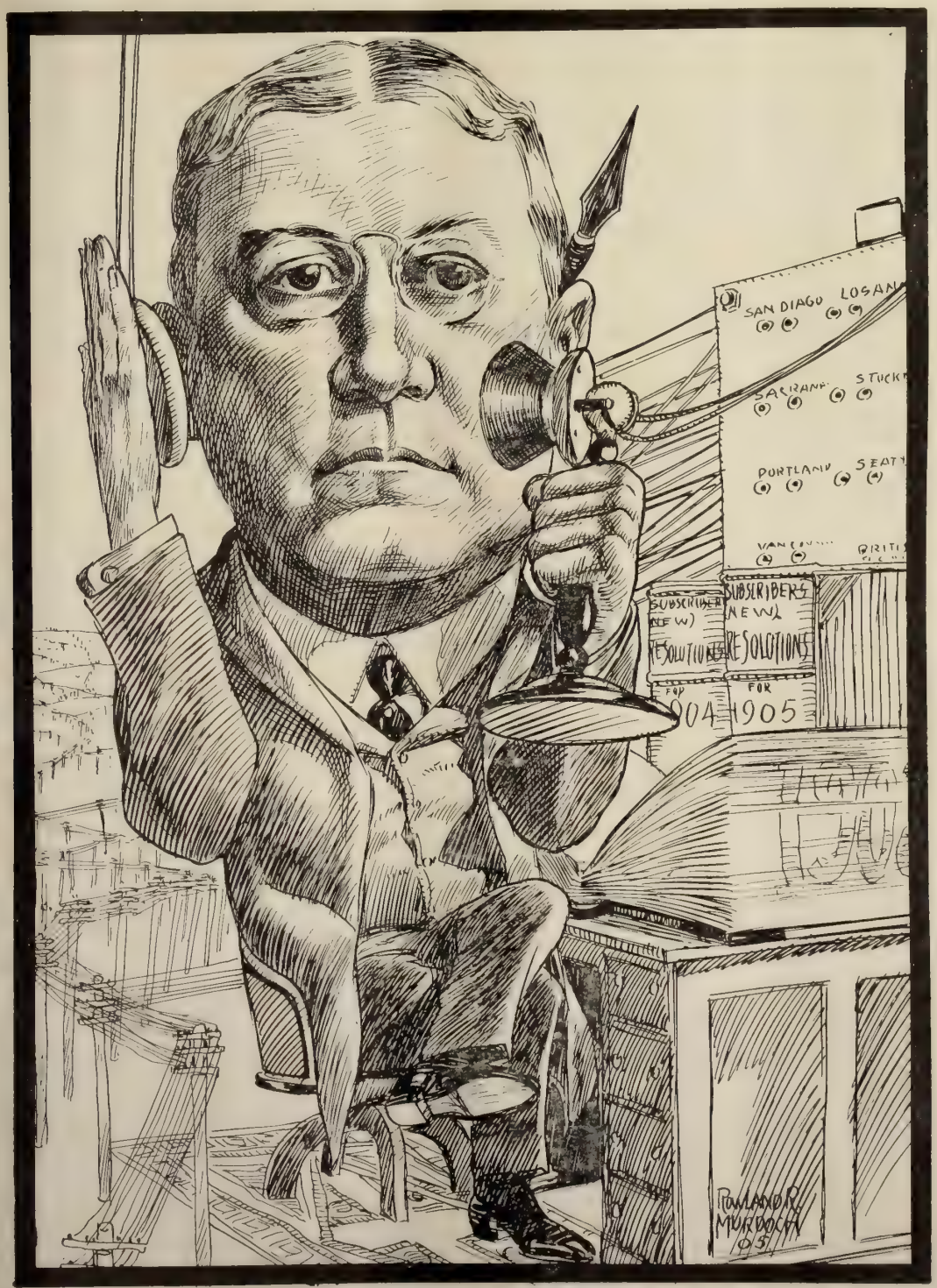
TOWN TALK

Vol. XIV. Saturday, December 30, 1905 No. 696.



No. 19 ***Louis Glass***

The telephone autocrat is here shown in one of his busy hours. Mr. Glass is one of the most urbane of men. He is always in repose. He loves to keep in touch with the Telephone Company's subscribers, because it is so pleasant to hear their felicitations on the service which is vouchsafed them. He also loves to receive suggestions from people who think they know how the service could be improved. At this moment he is listening to those subscribers who wish to communicate their good resolutions regarding their determination never to lose their temper while waiting for Central to give them the right number. Mr. Glass thinks that the telephone is a great aid to religion, since it teaches people the importance of being patient and the futility of getting angry and profane.

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by Town Talk Publishing Co.

Theodore F. Bonnet - - - Editor
Charles S. Smith - - - Manager
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146 Second St. Sixth Floor Telephone Bush 713

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No attention is paid to anonymous communications, but the wishes of contributors as to the use of their names will be scrupulously regarded.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

Ryan's Philanthropy

The *Bulletin* deplores the cynicism that denies Mr. Thomas Ryan, of the Equitable Insurance Company, the pleasure of being taken for what he purports to be—a patriot and a philanthropist. Our daily contemporary suggests that the public verdict be withheld until Mr. Ryan has had ample opportunity to vindicate the motive that impelled him to rush in and get control of the stock that had been so long viciously manipulated by young Mr. Hyde of the French whiskers and passion for violets. Our amiable contemporary, inoculated with the optimism of Dr. Rader, is disposed to rebuke those dolorous pessimists who, by their premature appraisement of Mr. Ryan, seem to imply that the unselfish type of man which he pretends to represent is extinct, and proudly affirms its faith in the endurance of the nobler qualities of human nature. This calmly judicial temperament which frowns on the hasty conclusion drawn from incomplete premise is not only highly creditable but extraordinary in this yellow journalistic age, echoing with the groans and protests of the maligned victims of the irresponsible press. But why single out Multi-millionaire Tom Ryan for exemption from premature criticism? Why invoke clemency in his behalf? From all accounts he has broad shoulders, so well padded with the long green that he can stand a great deal of swatting. Mr. Ryan is one of our "Got-rich-quick" financiers. He brings home to mind in a forcible manner the awful disparity in men's fortunes. He has more money than he has use for, while many thousands of God's creatures are starving. How did he earn millions in a few years while others were earning just enough to keep body and soul together? The answer is easy: he had the enjoyment of unlawful privileges derived from legislative forbearance. No sophisticated person familiar with recent revelations of the methods of American financiers can regard Ryan's wealth as the fruit of strictly personal and legitimate moral effort even admitting that the method of its accumulation had the implied sanction of law. But as we are not anarchistic we are in favor of letting Mr. Ryan vindicate the purity of his intention in respect of the purchase of Mr. Hyde's stock. We have no irremovable prejudices against riches, but we reserve the right to point out a few things that tend to belie the sacrosanct professions of Deacon Morgan's partner. Mr. Ryan was asked by Mr. Hughes before the Armstrong committee this question: "Have you considered at all the question whether, as the beneficial owner of the majority of the stock of the Equitable Life you have any interest in the surplus of the society?" Without batting an eyelash Mr. Ryan replied, "I have not considered the question." Does anybody believe that Mr. Ryan swore to the truth when he made that reply? Nobody, in our opinion, who has not a vacuum behind his eyes. According to Mr. Ryan's testimony he paid Mr. Hyde $2,500,000 for stock which has a par value of $52,000. He says his purpose was patriotic and philanthropic and that he wished to perform the great public service of preventing a financial panic. It has since appeared that the panic he feared was a panic in Ryan and Morgan securities which might have been created if he had not prevented Harriman from getting the stock, a feat which was not difficult in view of Hyde's prejudice against the railroad magnate for signing the Frick report. Mr. Ryan says he never considered the question of the control of the Equitable surplus which the stock would give him, but when he was asked if he would oppose in the Legislature a plan for the retirement of the stock, he declined to say that he would not do so. Through his possession of that stock Mr. Ryan wields a tremendous power. It enables him to handle the assets of the company which are estimated at $450,000,000. These assets include the undivided profits withheld from policy holders in their lifetime or from those whose policies have lapsed or matured. These undivided profits, these dead men's dividends, a large part of which belongs to widows and orphans, aggregate in the three big companies the enormous sum of $182,000,000. This money was heaped up in spite of the desperate efforts of the McCurdys, the McCalls and the Hydes to dissipate it in salaries and syndicate grafts. Mr. Ryan imagines that he secured an interest in these moneys by his purchase of Mr. Hyde's stock, but if the Legislature at Albany compel the retirement of the Equitable stock, as has been proposed, the policy-holders will get the money that belongs to them. If it is Mr. Ryan's wish to enjoy the reputation of a philanthropist, then he must not oppose legislation for the benefit of the policy-holders. We are quite sure, however, that he does not wish to be known as that kind of philanthropist.

The Church in France

The bill for the separation of Church and State having become a law in France, there is some doubt as to whether Catholicism can survive the withdrawal of State aid. The question was discussed when the bill was under debate in the Chamber of Deputies, and the majority of the French Episcopate are said to have expressed grave doubt whether adequate voluntary contributions would be forthcoming from the peasants who constitute the bulk of the Catholic laity, but who for upward of a century have been accustomed to devolve the support of the clergy upon the State. It appears to be taken for granted that the needed subscriptions will not be derived from the proletariat or the small tradesmen in cities and towns, because, it is said, they are freethinkers almost to a man. We think there need be no apprehension regarding the survival of Catholicism in France. This is not the first time that the Church of Rome has been repudiated by the French people. In the French Revolution the altars of the Church were overthrown and the priests were either killed or driven into exile. It was then the prevalent notion that the Catholic Church had been a serious obstacle in the way of human progress, that having been invented in a barbarous age its dogmas were absurd and its ceremonies ridiculous; that it enslaved the mind, retarded the arts and sciences and was hostile to the liberty of man. In those days Atheism was rampant in France, but in the course of time religion took a fresh hold. Now that the French Govern-

ment has entirely abjured responsibility for the support of Catholicism, Judaism and Evangelical Protestantism, the three forms of religion for which hitherto provision has been made in the annual budget of public worship, the clergy of the country will most likely fare less luxuriously than they have in the past, but their altered circumstances may result beneficially to religion. A luxurious Christian Church is a paradox and one that should not be encouraged. The thrifty priest is seldom an efficient churchman. The Archbishop who devotes too much time to financial affairs devotes too little to the inculcation of the proper religious spirit in his flock. Moreover his influence on the priests in his diocese is demoralizing. Pope Pius X recently remarked that he was surprised at the growth of luxury in the Catholic Church of America. It is said that he purposes instituting an investigation with a view to achieving necessary reforms. If there is room for reform let us hope that the investigation will be prosecuted vigorously.

Legislation at Washington

Several thousand bills have already been submitted for consideration by Congress, but the ones in which there is general public interest are the five Administration measures. They are the bills that provide for railroad rate regulation, for statehood for four territories, for a tariff on Philippine products, for a San Domingo treaty and for Panama Canal appropriations. The debate over some of these bills is on in an incidental way and quite a storm has been raised. The big fight is over railroad rate regulation, but the Panama Canal is already the subject of hot dispute. Every interest now competing or planning to compete with the traffic of the Panama route is engaged in obstructing the efforts of the President to push work on his pet enterprise. Some of our leading statesmen have suddenly developed a very economical spirit, and are busy trying to create the impression that the Administration is disposed to be unreasonably extravagant. The people want the canal built just as quickly as money backed by executive energy and skill can get it built, and there ought to be no skimping of appropriations. The effort to throw ridicule on the officials who have been employed on the work of construction, by pointing out the number of dress-suit cases and creature-comfort appurtenances that have been shipped to them, is not likely to influence sophisticated public opinion. The Isthmus of Panama is not a paradise, and the men who are to live there are wise to take precaution against discomfort. A little luxury will do them no harm. The fight on the Statehood bill rages around Arizona and New Mexico, but Mr. Beveridge, who has charge of the bill, is confident of victory. A powerful lobby is in Washington in the interest of the sugar barons who want a high tariff on Philippine products, but Mr. Taft is quite sure that he will secure a reduction, but not the entire removal of the barrier against Philippine development.

Odell and Roosevelt

The newspapers have been devoting a great deal of space to Boss Odell's recent ebullition of temper. His charges against the President were published as though the political quarrel were of recent origin, whereas it is more than a year old. The Odell faction in New York Republican politics has been persistently fighting the President ever since the latter declined to be lured into a scheme to endorse a Trust statesman for United States Senator. The President was eager to get rid of Senator Depew, but when he found that he could not do so without assisting into the Senate a man who would be likely to become more perniciously and more astutely active than the senile representative of the Vanderbilt system, he decided to keep his hands off. President Roosevelt has done many things to incur the displeasure of powerful Republican politicians, but so far he has managed to outmanoeuvre his enemies. The party in New York is divided because the big financial kings by whom it has been controlled for years are at war. On one side are all the Rockefellers, and on the other are John P. Morgan and his lieutenants; and Roosevelt is giving aid and assistance to the Morgan faction. He is endeavoring to break down the political influence of the corrupt system upon which Tom Lawson has thrown a flood of light. In this struggle he has the confidence of the American people. He is fighting capital with capital, and though, perhaps, some of the men with whom he is allied are as corrupt as those against whom he is battling, he will not be condemned for availing himself of their assistance if in the end his high purpose be achieved. It appears that he has already converted some of the mighty trust magnates to his policy. They have agreed to the reforms which he has proposed, and in the circumstances it would be absurd for him to refuse their assistance in subduing the proponents of the system which he seeks to destroy.

Evils of the Season

Should the mythical "man from Mars" be set down in our streets at this season of the year and asked to define his impression of the "Christmas spirit," he would be justified in saying that it was one of worriment and vexation, a wild scramble after bargains, and an effort to acquire a complete nervous break-down. Christmas is associated with the making of gifts, and the idea seems to have taken possession of us all that we must make as many as possible, independent of our own feelings or those of the recipients. There is scarcely any house which does not show, during the first week of the new year, an accumulation of bric-a-brac, fancy work too fragile to bear ordinary exposure, books in delicate and decorative bindings entirely at variance with their contents, and articles which, under ordinary circumstances, would be frankly called rubbish. Yet

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the aggregate cost is very large. The givers frequently need the money they spend, for more legitimate purposes, and the recipients are too often in that state of mind which is suggested when they speak of "accepting the will for the deed." Most people would be as glad to be excused from accepting as from making a large share of their yearly gifts. They have fallen into a habit which they think they cannot break because "he" or "she" will expect something, or will feel bound by the same traditional custom and send something which it would never do to leave unreciprocated. The simplest little trifle handed to a child is apt to be but the beginning of a long procession of exchanges growing yearly more burdensome, yet there are few who have the courage to pare down their lists, to cease adding to the possessions of those who already have more than they can enjoy. Christmas, more than any other season of the year, is a time for generous feeling, but why should all the generosity expend itself in the making of gifts? Why not save some of the energy and strength expended in these preparations for a quiet enjoyment of the day in rest? The old comment, that too often the first course at an elaborate dinner is cooked hostess, is applicable to the pleasures of the holiday season. Too often the aspect of the day which is the most firmly fixed in the memory is the harassed and headachy mother, worn out by unnecessary preparation and fussing.

The West Point Snob

Every little while somebody rises to remark that since the Spanish war our army has been vulgarized. The appointment of officers from private life is said to have lowered the tone of the service, and whenever an officer who does not bear the West Point brand is guilty of some disgraceful act he is pointed to as an awful and eloquent example of the evil of decorating with gold braid common citizens who had not the advantages of an education in our military academy. In a country such as ours this ridiculous assumption that a West Point education is necessary to fit a man ethically and esthetically for the responsibilities of a commission in the army is most offensive. It is the mainspring of our absurd military caste and it is wholly without justification. It is not only wrong in theory but it fails of vindication in actual experience. Every other army officer who covers himself with disgrace is a graduate of West Point. Some of the most gallant gentlemen in the service never saw West Point until after they received their commissions. The military academy is nearly all that it should be. It gives men excellent training in the art of war, but it does not guarantee the metamorphosis of a blackguard into a gentleman. That is a triumph beyond the power of the faculty. As some men do not develop their blackguardly traits at the early age at which students are matriculated at West Point, it is not possible always to exclude raw material of an inferior quality, whereas the man appointed to the service from private life is, in the majority of instances, at the mature stage, before reaching which he revealed all the facets of his character. So, as far as breeding is concerned, it should be easier to obtain the ideal officer from the counting house or the shop than from West Point, where the personality of a man can be refined only by artificial means. It is true that the West Point training has a refining influence. It saturates the student with splendid tradition conducive to the stimulation of a wholesome pride, but it has a decidedly evil effect inasmuch as it enfeebles the democratic spirit which should fire every American. It is a well known fact that West Point officers are contemptuous of all who are not, and that in the social life of the army post they foster distinctions which are painful and humiliating. In other words, the West Point officer in his attitude toward the officer who entered the army from private life is a snob, and of course he cannot be that and a gentleman too. His ability to shine at a cotillion is not prima facie evidence of gentlemanly instincts. Etiquette is often a mere counterfeit of politeness. Good manners consist for the most part in courtesy and kindness, and no polite person assumes to be better or wiser than his neighbor. We have met many bounders who graduated from West Point and we have come to consider that the popular notion regarding the special virtue of the training received at that institution is a delusion.

Withholding the Rod

Something of a sensation was created in Oakland by a lady who took occasion to denounce the system of discipline in the schools, by which it was made possible for pupils to be at bowling alleys, skating rinks and other places of amusement when they should be in the classrooms. She cried aloud for a reform to make it impossible for boys to absent themselves without the knowledge of their parents, and she blamed the teachers for the present state of affairs. If she had ever been a teacher herself she would be better informed on the subject, for she would have discovered that however little parents may relish the idea of having ill-behaved children, they are still less inclined to permit teachers to exercise any jurisdiction over juvenile misconduct . The chances are that if notices of unexcused absence were sent to the parents of the truants they would either pay no heed whatever to the communications or else assume an air of injury and assert that they were well aware of the absence, and that the inference that their children could possibly do wrong was impertinent and insulting. Without the co-operation of parents it is impossible to exercise any discipline over children. The modern pedagogue is not permitted to apply the birch. He cannot even suspend or expel a pupil, for it would be terrible to deprive a youngster of the priceless boon of an education which he neither appreciates nor wants. It takes a long time to build up a levee, but a very small breach will let the water through, and once the rift is made, destruction, sure and swift, will follow. The levee of discipline is down now, and those gentle advocates of "children's rights," who nonchalantly observed the first little streams that broke through, may wring their hands in vain. It is going to take more than one season to repair the damage, more than one generation to restore authority.

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The Masters of Fate

BY HARRY COWELL.

In vain men, yea, the very gods, fight against Fate. We know it well, you and I, and how true and sad and full of awe it is (or seems), that one great theme of Greek tragedy. Neither beauty nor virtue nor wisdom aught avails—so it runs—when on the other side are ranged the invincible sisters three.

But the moderns say to Nature Do this, and she does it; Do that, and 'tis done; The other, and she stays not upon the order of her going. Seeing which, they boast of mastery over Fate—no wonder.

Large boasts, made by large minds in behalf of the human race—Maeterlinck's "Wisdom and Destiny," for instance—the impersonal vainglory of the great, of such as weigh facts with care, and make nice use of words, let us set aside for the present, as being too much for us, or wide of the mood we are now in, as it better suits our vanity to say; and take up the freer boasting of the man of the street, a trifle tipsy with success.

"A self-made man am I. The world against me, I won. No one ever got more kicks or fewer halfpence than I. In spite of poverty and sickness and lack of book-learning, I am somebody today, as you can see for yourself. My sole inheritance from my father and mother—but for it I should never have known I had any parents—was blood that had to be resisted day and night. Yet I am what I am, young man."

"You all know what a drawback wealth is; how seldom the sons of rich men make anything of themselves; how almost invariably they go to the dogs. Health, too, handicaps a man. Instinctively, the strong lead the physical life. As is well known, a college education takes every bit of originality out of a fellow, is death to the doing of great things. Birth, that is so much bay already won—without effort. To be at once well-born, college-bred, healthy, wealthy—is not that enough to cause any one to rest on his oars, and so come to naught? For 'Fate smiled upon him; he had every advantage,' read 'Fate frowned upon him; he labored under every disadvantage imaginable," and *vice versa*. An empty purse, half a lung, little Latin and less Greek, folks nobody to speak of; and any one can be a genius, and no thanks to him. Con the history of art and science with but half an eye, and see for yourself. But I, with money to burn, veins bursting with Norman blue, and all the rest of it—well, I have done a little thing or two not so bad, if I do say it myself as shouldn't. Fate did her very darndest to make a *roue*, an ass, a do-nothing, be-nothing, good-for-nothing of me; but I fooled her one, I did."

"What chance has a woman in this world? None at all. Sex says, 'Sit down!'—both your own and the other. To be born a woman is to be born with everything against you—especially, man; and God takes man's side of the question, it seems. So does Nature. Think of tradition alone, and the woman that amounts to a row of pins has done wonders. If Fate had her way, the best of us would never be any more than Alices-sit-by-the-fire. Here am I, however, with something accomplished to my credit—in open competition, too, with man, and despite the incredible injustice of it all. I—" (This paragraph, if I let it run on as long as it has a mind to, would bring us—according to my calculations—exactly to dusk of the Sabbath next after Doomsday.—H. C.).

Says the successful author, with a glee that does you good to behold: "Every editor in the country turned down my stuff. Manuscript after manuscript came back to me posthaste. I have a collection of returned-with-thanks slips that cannot be duplicated anywhere. All my friends—my family—begged me to give up literature and go to breaking stones. Evidently I was not intended for a writer, they said. Fate had not given me the gift. Well, then, I made up my mind to give it to myself. Not a helping hand; not a word of encouragement. Had to make good all by my lonely. I've read the biographies of every last one of them, and none has had anything like the time of it I had. At five-and-twenty, I found myself with a vocabulary of scarce four hundred words all told, a wife and four children to take care of, a two years' lease of a barren farm and a two years' lease of a barren life. Couldn't begin to tell you the half of it. Now, look at the royalties I get—the begging letters from publishers!

"Began life, sir, without a red cent. Cut out for the poor-house, my mother told me. Well, sir, if I had a mind to write you out a check for nine, six ciphers, you would be just three times three millions richer than you are. Fate tried to down me, but couldn't. So did Wall street."

"Give an ambitious young actor, with the makings of a star in him, a boost? Why, yes; but let me tell you the only kind of a boost I ever got was with a boot—figuratively speaking. At one time there wasn't a manager in the length and breadth of the land that hadn't had the honor of firing me. And yet, now—well, you ask the box-office what it thinks of me."

"Never had a drawing lesson in all my born days. Paris is, I believe, somewhere in France. It might just as well be in Kalamazoo, or Kamtscatka, for all the good it has ever done me. It's full of failures, they say. See that little thing over there—sold yesterday for a thousand. Young fellows come here to the studio and ask me to tell them how it's done. No one ever told me. I had to find it all out for myself. My own people were bound to make a parson of me; turned me out of doors to starve. Well, I starved all right, but I stuck to it. Now Fate is doing her best to stuff me. I'm on to her little dodge, though.

(Continued on Page 32)

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Perspective Impressions

BY THE STAFF.

President W. Ellis Corey of the Steel Trust has been telling the inside facts about the love affairs of some of his associates, but the public would much prefer to hear the inside facts about the Billion Dollar Trust which he represents.

The irony of fate—the death from indigestion of Edward Atkinson, vegetarian and author of a treatise on scientific nutrition.

Somebody has discovered that Lady Hamilton, Nelson's ladifriend, is a much slandered historical character, and he has set to work to rehabilitate her. Some time ago we were smashing idols. Now we are issuing certificates of character. Aaron Burr has been presented with a halo, Richard III has been vindicated and in the case of George Collins the jury disagreed.

Ignoring the explicit request of leading churchmen that Dublin hostesses refrain from baring their necks and arms when Roman prelates or priests are their guests, one of Ireland's most beautiful women attired herself in an ultra-decollete gown when she entertained Cardinal Logue at dinner the other night. During the dinner the distinguished guest had little to say. When Madame signaled the other women to retire His Eminence stepped to her side, took a white silk handkerchief from his pocket and draped it about her gleaming shoulders with the remark: "My dear Lady K—, permit me to save you from catching your death of cold." And he added: "If you could only see yourself now you would realize how much nicer you look." We are told that the hostess blushed, but said not a word. The other ladies said that the Cardinal was cruel. He is worse than that in our opinion—he is a flirt.

From subsequent developments it has appeared that it wasn't O'Brien but Dan Cupid who settled the middleweight championship question in this city last week.

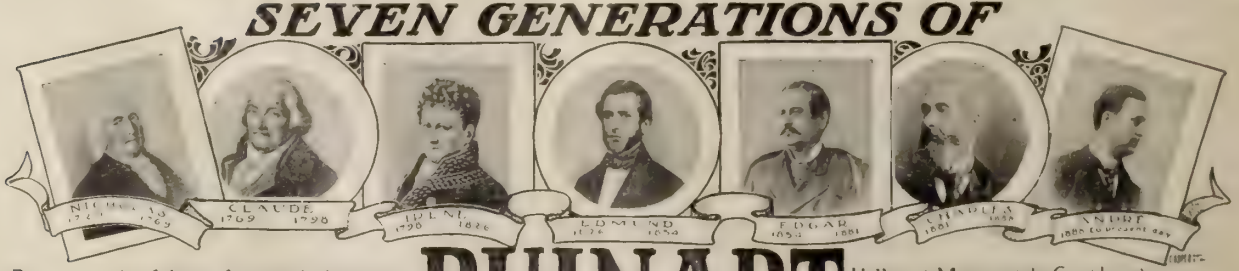
Some surprise has been expressed in the newspapers because gallows-elect Adolph Webber has refrained from having his hair and beard cut. Young Mr. Webber has made a strenuous effort to escape execution as a matricide, and for the first time there is a chance that he may succeed. Having achieved an "unkempt and ragged appearance," he may now write a few sentimental verses, after which the "sovereign people" will cheerfully hang him as a poet.

I Am Myself

BY ELWYN HOFFMAN.

I am myself—whate'er I be, I be;
Nor would I for a world of gold
Change with another. I am I,
And those who take me, take me as I am
Without apologizing to themselves
Or asking such of me. Whoso seeks good
Shall find it in me, and the more of good
That stirs within the hearts of those who seek
So much more shall they find; while they who look
For evil, shall find evil, for man's clay
Had baseness from the first, and none is free
From poor brute failings. I have faults, and these
Are bitterest to me; 'tis yours to learn
The truth about my virtues; but of both
I say: Accept them—they are parts of me;
They go to make my being—they embrace
My best and worst, and whoso would know me
Must take me as I am and quarrel not
With such as only proves that I am I.

December, 1905.



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The Year in the Navy

BY ARTHUR H. DUTTON.

Rear-Admiral Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N.

Commandant of the Navy-Yard at Mare Island. Admiral McCalla has been twice advanced for exceptional gallantry, once during the Spanish War, and again during the Peking Expedition.

Not since the introduction of steam, armor and rifled guns has there been a year in naval history so eventful, significant and instructive as that of 1905. Neither the Crimean nor the American civil wars, the short Chino-Japanese war of 1894 nor the Spanish-American war, taught the lessons that have been taught by the strife between Russia and Japan. The naval world now has actual, varied and prolonged experience upon which to base its future policies.

The war closed by the Treaty of Portsmouth has primarily demonstrated that the theories of the conservative experts were, in the main, correct. The war may be regarded as having shown:

(1) The paramount value of the battleship.

(2) The supremacy of the gun over all other weapons.

(3) The over-estimate hitherto placed by many on the torpedo.

(4) The necessity for efficient scout and intelligence services.

(5) The vital importance of preparedness and trained personnel.

These are but the emphasized details of that great factor of success, to which they all contribute: The command of the sea, which, in war between maritime nations, is now universally acknowledged to be the indispensable key to victory. Japan made this command her first object, attained it, maintained it, and won. The land operations were merely its sequences and were possible solely because of it.

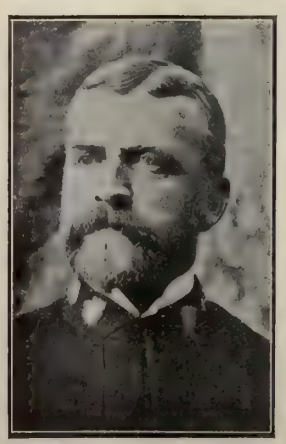
During the long years of experiment and theory, plans and devices for the so-called "revolutionizing" of warfare have been perennial. Notable among them were torpedoes, submarines, high explosives, and what not. Practice has shown that while these are valuable, they are merely adjuncts to weapons already in use, not substitutes. They modify instead of change marine warfare, which advances, not by revolution, but by evolution.

Both at Port Arthur and in the Sea of Japan, as well as in the various minor operations, the battleships bore the brunt of the fray, as they are intended to do. Togo, the twentieth century Nelson, made it a part of his tactics to destroy his opponents' battleships and to preserve his own. He uniformly showed willingness to sacrifice lesser types of warship to accomplish the former mission, exposing his own battleships no more than was necessary, thus indors-

(Continued on Page 29)

Lieutenant-Commander Victor Blue

Executive officer of the Bennington, but on sick leave at time of the explosion. He was advanced for gallantry during the Spanish War, when he made a reconnaissance alone around Santiago, and he also distinguished himself during the Peking Expedition.



Rear Admiral Caspar F. Goodrich, U. S. N.

Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Squadron and the youngest Rear Admiral in the Line of the Navy.

Commander Lucien Young, U. S. N.

Commanding Officer of the gunboat Bennington at the time of the fatal explosion. He has been twice advanced in rank for extraordinary heroism exhibited at the time of the Huron disaster and during the Spanish War.

The Saunterer

Greenway Talks of Retiring

The perennial Ned Greenway's dance last week was one of the most successful ever pulled off by that distinguished promoter of social gayety. The Czar always manages to do such things just a little better than anybody else. He sets the pace for the other dance club leaders and though they try ever so hard to catch up he manages to keep in the lead. So well established is his supremacy that he can afford to talk in a complimentary vein of the efforts of the ladies who manage the other clubs and he does, for he views them not as rivals. He hopes that some day in the not distant future they will succeed in reaching his standards because he expects to retire in the course of time and doesn't wish to be compelled to serve society until he gets too fat or too feeble to tote debutantes over the slippery floor. Greenway has been chasing the glowing hours in patent leathers in the role of Director-General to the Four Hundred of San Francisco for more than two decades, and though his heart is as light as ever his feet are losing their buoyancy. He confided to me quite recently that whenever a woman who was introduced to society through the medium of his club comes to him and says that she wishes him to conduct her daughter into the charmed circle, he becomes horribly sensible of the fact that Father Time is playing no favorites. During the past few seasons he has taken the daughter of more than one of his debutantes of yesteryear under his wing, and though he is very proud to be called upon to act as social godfather to the daughters of the rich, he feels that he must decline to serve on until the granddaughters of his old friends begin to bud. Just now he is waiting for the daughter of a distinguished citizen who was one of his first members to make her debut. She will not come out until next season and when she is launched in the swim he will probably retire from leadership. He will not make a positive announcement as to the date of the termination of his reign because much depends on the qualifications of the person called upon to succeed him. He doesn't like to leave society to the mercy of a dub leader.

Preachers that Preach

Oakland preachers have weighed Oakland in the balance and found it wanting. They have read the handwriting on the wall and interpreted the meaning for the understanding of the political Belshazzars: "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin";—"Graft, Graft, and More Graft." Consequent upon corrupt political conditions the preachers of Oakland find that the town is wide open, that the lid is lifted, that the dweller on the threshold is a sleeping policeman, and that the woman within is attired in scarlet; they find that a primrose path leads through the "side entrance" down to perdition and that virginal womanhood is treading that way lured by the lights of the cafe and the light that burns in bad men's eyes—a lambent flame from a consuming soul; they find that wine is still a mocker long after the hour of midnight when ordinances yawn and the law breathes contagion for those that defy it; all this the preachers of Oakland have discovered, and from their pulpit heights they have thundered Boanergian warning, admonition and denunciation. Called upon by the accused officials to stand in the forum with their proof the preachers of Oakland have repeated their sermons; but asked to specify, to name, to indict, the preachers of Oakland have "side-stepped"; they stammer and hesitate and evade. They "hedge." They cry aloud the things that all men know; but they are mute when asked to accuse those whom the police, the municipal authorities, and the newspapers only suspect. They will not tell what they say they know. They point the way but they decline to lead the procession.

Secrets of the Confessional

Strangely enough these preachers, who are of the Protestant profession of faith, claim a Catholic privilege. They assume the priestly habit and sit secluded in the dark recesses of the confessional listening to the penitential murmurings of lips that have tasted the bitter-sweet of forbidden fruit, questioning the sinner to trace the sin to its incitement; beckoning the secret from the tormenting conscience of the erring one; and salving the wounded soul with apostolic consolation or episcopal benediction. Unlike their Catholic brethren, however, the Protestant preachers of Oakland are not content to let the wound heal of itself. They seek to obliterate the sin. They demand that the Law and the Authority shall aid them in driving the unclean spirits out of Oakland. But they refuse to name the devils that have so long possessed the town, declaring that these names were given in confidence under seal of the priestly vocation. Yet it is written that the Son of Man said unto the unclean spirit, What is thy Name? and he answered saying, My name is Legion: for we are many. How, then, can the unclean spirits of Oakland be cast out unless those who administer Law and Authority are directed as to the kind of spirits to be cast out, their names, occupations, and addresses, with specific designation of the peculiar uncleanliness of the several devils? The Catholic clergy are wiser because experience has taught them that the priest's best work is in saving the soul of the victim of sin; because, in fact, the only legitimate province of the priest is to save the sinner, not to punish him or attempt to reverse the eternal decrees that gave Satan power to tempt man, for again it is written: Be sure thy sin will find thee out; thou shalt not long enjoy the fruits of thy wickedness, but a dreadful judgment shall tread upon the heels of thy sin.

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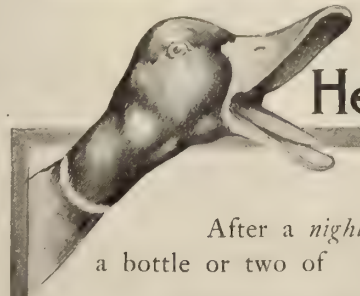
It was not my purpose, when I began this discourse, to preach a sermon to the preachers of Oakland. I merely desired to impress upon their minds that the only method by which sin can be abolished from any community is to convert the sinner from the error of his way or to put him in jail. Merely denouncing sin and calling upon the administrators of Law and Authority to suppress the sinning and punish the sinner is not enough; the sin must be named and the sinner must be prosecuted. The preacher that denounces sin must be prepared to furnish specific proof that sin has been committed, naming the sinner and haling him before the bar of punishment. Otherwise sin laughs at the preacher, and the sinner snickers in his sleeve; otherwise sin develops into "a carnival of crime" and runs "rampant" in the community. The preachers of Oakland will not reform Oakland by rehashing accusations that are already under surveillance of Law and Authority. They must tell us something new and they must name their sinners. It is useless to kick against the pricks of sin—those devil-goads that drive the oxen ploughing the furrow athwart the field that shall be a vineyard for the grapes of wrath to drip drunkenness for lost souls when the sun goes down and the red-litten town is wide open and the lid lifts to the fumes and vapors of sins outrushing like unholy incense at the shrine of Baal.

Ethics of Play Stealing

I am not informed further in relation to the charge that Miss Nance O'Neil and her manager, McKee Rankin, are using an unauthorized version of Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," than what I have read in the newspapers. From this source I learn that Harrison Gray Fiske has claimed the sole right to produce the play in this country; that he secured this right from the author, to whom he is paying royalties. On the other hand, I am informed by the newspapers that McKee Rankin claims the right to produce the play because the laws of this country do not prevent him. He says he bought a translation of "Monna Vanna" from Charlotte Porter which he copyrighted under the laws of the United States. And very pertinently he asks: "Are all the laws of the United States wrong and Fiske right?" I am inclined to take the side of McKee Rankin in this matter. The law is certainly on his side and in this country unless an action is illegal it is not immoral. The old-fashioned idea that stealing is necessarily a crime has long been played out in the business ethics of America. Pirates are not hanged nowadays unless their piracies are perpetrated on the commerce of our own people. A book published in another country is the property of any one who buys a translation and copyrights the work in accordance with our laws; it is the same in regard to a play. In this instance Harrison Gray Fiske was a fool to deal with the author of "Monna Vanna" when he could have hired Charlotte Porter to translate the play for him. Harrison Gray Fiske displays a lack of common American sense when he pays royalties to Maeterlinck for a play that does not belong to Maeterlinck in the American version. I glory in the shrewd, business-like enterprise of McKee Rankin. It is not a question of honesty at all, as Mr. Fiske seems to think; it is merely a matter of getting there ahead of the other fellow; doing others before they do you. As for the author—well, the author doesn't count in the slightest degree; it's the translator that we honor. Maeterlinck didn't write his play in English; Charlotte Porter did; therefore "Monna Vanna" was not written by Maeterlinck; it was written by Charlotte Porter. I don't say that Charlotte Porter's English play is as good as Maeterlinck's version, but I do say that it is good enough for McKee Rankin and Nance O'Neil, and that is saying that it is good enough for the rest of us.

The Truth About Longworth

A gentleman from Cincinnati has supplied me with some information about Nick Longworth, the young Congressman who has been very much in the public eye ever since it was first rumored that he had won the hand and heart of President Roosevelt's dashing and high-spirited daughter. "I have heard it reported," said the gentleman from Cincinnati, "that the Roosevelt family objected to Longworth on account of the way in which his father laid the foundation of the family fortune. That is all nonsense. Longworth's father did not lay the foundation of the family fortune. Nick has a grandfather so he is entitled to rank among the scions of our 'old families.' But Nick would get along even though he had no grandfather to whom he could point with pride. He has been prominent in the social and political affairs of Cincinnati from 1891, when he was graduated from Harvard. He made a lot of money in deals with Mayor Fleischmann and other leaders of Cincinnati finance and in politics he won the friendship of George B. Cox, then head of the Republican party in that city. Cox pushed him so vigorously that in 1899 he went to the lower house of the legislature and in 1901 to the upper. He was elected to Congress last year, and today prophets are not wanting to say the future Mrs. Longworth one day will occupy in the capital as the wife of a Senator a position almost as important socially as that she now holds as the President's daughter. Longworth is now a millionaire."



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Edward Henry Harriman.

President of the Southern Pacific Company and most powerful of all the American railroad magnates. Mr. Harriman has never voluntarily submitted to being photographed. The above is a snap-shot taken as he was emerging from the rooms of the Armstrong Committee the day that he testified that he had "not yet" undertaken to punish Overlord Ryan of the Equitable Company for grabbing the Hyde stock.

The Wedding

Seldom is a bride the centre of such world-wide interest as will be taken in Alice Roosevelt on February fifteenth next when she becomes Mrs. Longworth. It will be an event comparable only in the extent of the interest aroused to the marriage of the crown princess of a great reigning house. Congratulatory messages will be sent to the President from the head of every civilized government. No American girl was ever so widely known personally and officially as Alice Roosevelt. There have been five weddings at the White House. The most recent was that of Miss Frances Folsom and President Cleveland. That took place in the Blue Room in the presence of only four or five persons. The most famous of the White House weddings was that of Nellie Grant and the Englishman, Sartoris, which took place in the huge East Room. Alice Roosevelt will probably prefer to be married in the Blue Room, for blue is her favorite color. She made her formal bow to society in a dark blue velvet gown and ever since she has adhered to the color.

Hay's Jingle Offspring

The late John Hay is said to have been ashamed of having written "Little Breeches," but he was responsible for far worse. For instance, he fathered Mrs. Helen Hay Whitney, who has just turned out a volume of pomes of which these verses are a sample:

"Tommy owns a guinea pig;
Georgie has a barrow,
Walter's brother lets him shoot
With his bow and arrow.

Franklin Jones has got a knife,
Willy has a blister,
I've got nothing but a new
Ugly baby sister!"

Millionaire Clark and His Wife

It was announced the other day that Mrs. Clark, wife of multi-millionaire Senator Clark and stepmother of William Clark of Blingum, had arrived in New York en route to Washington, where she was to enter the gay society of the capital. From a private source I have learned that the report is untrue. Mrs. Clark has not joined her elderly lord. She is still in Paris, and curiosity regarding the attitude that Washington society will take toward her is not to be satisfied for awhile. There was so much mystery surrounding the marriage of Senator Clark and Anna La Chapelle that the future social status of the wife is a matter of speculation, though it was thought that Mrs. Roosevelt solved the problem when she sent the bride a card to a musicale last winter. I hear that Mrs. Clark has sent over a large number of musical instruments from Paris, a circumstance that has given rise to the surmise that she intends captivating society with her art. At the same time it is rumored that she has but mediocre talent, and that society is prepared to defy her to make good.

Mission Homes in the East

The picturesqueness of the Californian mission has begun to appeal to the descendants of the New England Puritans. Homes designed from the familiar models created by the Franciscan padres have been springing up in the New England states and three are now in course of erection in Washington, D. C. A correspondent writes me that the poet son of Senator Lodge, George Cabot Lodge, has had a big, old-fashioned house in Pennsylvania avenue remodeled within and without on the lines of the San Luis Rey mission and he has also obtained handsome furniture and hangings from this state. His home is said to be the most artistic in Washington.

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Chinese Envoys Coming

From the local Chinese consulate I learn that the Empress Tsi Au is soon to send over to this country commissioners to investigate our government. The commissioners are also to visit Europe and report the best features of constitutional government, it being the intention of the Empress and her statesmen to improve the government of China. The commissioners will come to this country in two parties, headed respectively by Duke Tsai and Governor Tuan. The former will land at Seattle, while Governor Tuan will enter the country at this port. I am told that the future mercantile relations between this country and China will hinge largely upon the men who are coming as representatives of the new Chinese element favoring progress. It is said that this element is not in favor of infesting the United States with the coolie labor of Asia, but insists that all other classes be treated with proper respect. American officials and our Captains of Industry will no doubt go to considerable trouble and expense to make the Duke and the Governor feel at home during their visit. The men composing the parties are leaders of fine education, the majority having been graduated from European or American colleges. In the Duke's party there will be ten secretaries, exclusive of the suites. Alfred Tsze, who is to be chief secretary of the Governor's party which will spend some time in this city, is a graduate of Cornell University.

Winter's Bad Break

Bernhardt has been playing in Racine's poetic tragedy, "Phedre," in New York which I learn from William Winter, the pedantic critic of the *Tribune* who, it will be remembered, was among some of the recent lions at our Bohemian Club. I also learn from Mr. Winter that Phedre was the mother-in-law of Hippolytus, and in the absence of her husband declared to her son-in-law her unholy passion for him. William has been nodding over the classics. Or perhaps his French is a little rusty and he failed to catch the drift of the Racine tragedy. It is too bad that he should have thus disclosed his unfamiliarity with a story immortalized by his old friend Ovid and some of the other classic writers. Such ignorance will shock his cultured friends of the Bohemian Club, and when next he comes to town he will be humiliated to find himself ignored by Bill Barton, author of "Razzle Dazzle" and other lyric gems. I fancy that Colonel Ike Trumbo will write to him about it.

Telling Mansfield the Truth

It is the theory of some Broadway stars that it doesn't matter much what the provincial critics say about them, that reputations are made or marred only in the metropolis. Occasionally a star discovers that metropolitan criticism is influenced by the judgment of the provinces. Take the case of Richard Mansfield, for instance. He has been having the plays of his repertoire interpreted by inferior talent for several years, but the critics of New York refrained from censuring him. They accepted him at his own estimation as an artist though he made it very clear to the most casual observer that he was more concerned for the profits of his performances than for their intrinsic merit. Mr. Mansfield has many of the traits of the mountebank and Town Talk told him so on his recent visit to this city, and condemned the performances of his company as mediocre makeshifts for the skinning of the public. Now the critics of New York are risking the penalty of *lese majeste* by pointing to his fraud on theatre-goers. One critic who has been singing his praises for years has discovered that, "In a general way, it may be said, that in his particular sphere Mansfield does not rise to near so imposing a height as Bernhardt." The critic tells Mansfield that he is estranging the public by employing inferior talent and he adds: "If the man must persist in being a fixture in the centre of the stage, why, in the name of common sense, does he not place beside him, at least, one or two capable players? Great men, in other lines than the drama, too, have been humiliated by their conceits. It is anything but an indication of strength to see a man afraid of being set in contrast with any one else. There must be a weak fibre in the person who shrinks from setting his work against the work of others. Of what is Mansfield afraid, that he favors second and third-class players? It cannot be that he lives in dread of one of his company acting better than himself. He is safe in this respect. Can it be, then, that he fosters the foolish notion that his art is made more manifest by being placed over against the futile efforts of a band of nobodies?"

The Queen's Heir

My Hawaiian correspondent writes: "It is whispered among the knowing ones that Prince Kuhio Kalanianole, the delegate to Congress, is to be Queen Liliuokalani's heir. To be the devisee of the Queen's property is a consumma-

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tion not to be scorned. Though the Queen is usually short of ready money, she is by no means a poor woman. It is the Queen's misfortune to have lost all the emoluments of sovereignty without having lost any of the demands upon her purse. As a chief of high rank among the Hawaiians she has always had numerous retainers, but they are now, for the most part, mere pensioners on her bounty. She could not turn them off if she would, and I don't suppose she would if she could. But a few score retainers of this kind are quite a drain even on a plethoric purse. The Queen owns a good deal of quite valuable property and is a pretty shrewd and careful financier. When she dies, if there are not too many small legacies, the Prince, or whoever gets the bulk of her estate, will do pretty well. The Prince was the nephew of her brother's wife."

One On the Prince

"Kuhio would undoubtedly like to have another term in Congress. But at the present time it doesn't look as though he had a ghost of a show for re-nomination by the Republican party that elected him. A. G. M. Robertson, the Territorial National Committeeman, has strong backing for the nomination. Governor Carter wants it and is working hard for it, while Senator L. L. McCandless is making a very open, and in some respects, a strong fight for it. The Governor handed the Prince a hot one recently when the latter wasn't looking. It amounted almost to cruelty to children. Ever since the territory was organized the planters, and especially the unnaturalized Englishmen and Germans among them, have been urging that Congress should allow the immigration of Chinese coolies into Hawaii to be restricted to plantation and domestic labor. They have had practically every factor of influence in public opinion with them. The newspapers until lately supported the plan. Dole, when Governor, recommended the plan regularly in his reports to the President, and so did Carter until this time. But when Carter saw the President last summer he undoubtedly got the tip that neither Roosevelt nor Congress would stand for the importation of Chinese coolie labor. The newspapers never did support the scheme very enthusiastically, and of late they have seen that it was not a winning card. But no one put Kuhio on. He knew the planters wanted it. He knew that Dole and Carter had both recommended it. Carter kept quiet about his tip from Roosevelt, and Kuhio not being able to read newspapers beween the lines, didn't know that the Chinese plantation labor scheme was a dead card. So what does he do when he gets to Tacoma on his way to Congress but give an interview in which he expressed himself in favor of coolie labor. It was telegraphed all over the country just about the time the President's message was sent to Congress. Carter's report, made public at about the same time, showed that he was with the President and very enthusiastic about some white immigration schemes. The planters had nothing to say. So there was the Prince, the delegate to Congress, left holding the bag—apparently the only man in the islands in favor of admitting Chinese into Hawaii for plantation and domestic labor."

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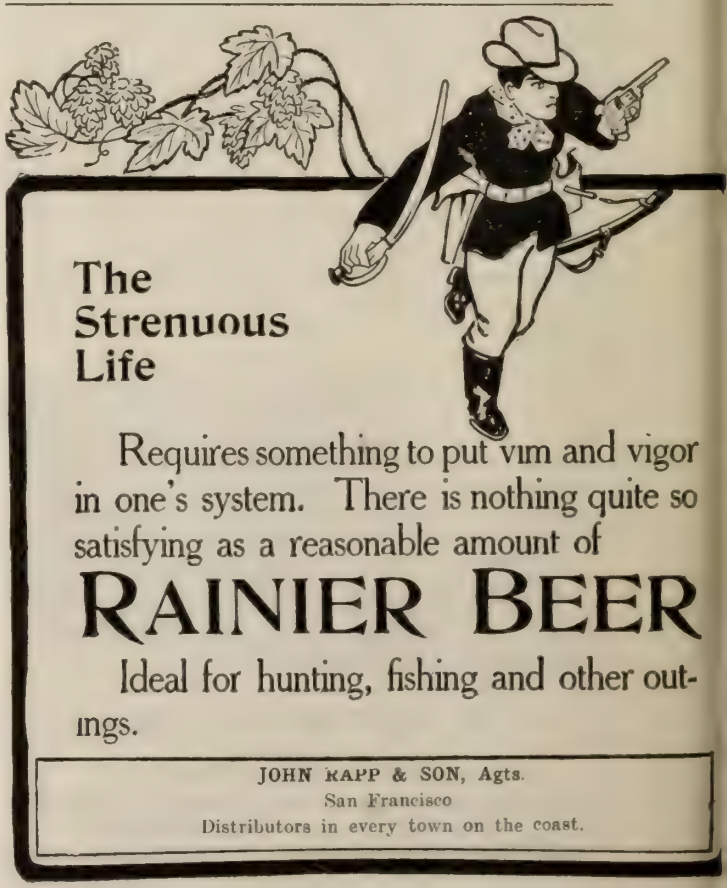
Mrs. Hecht, Playwright

On Thursday of this week at the Philomath Club a play is to be presented which was written by the club's brilliant president, Mrs. Helen Hecht. It is called "Journalism Rampant" and I am told is a very clever satire on the yellow journalist of the day. The basic idea is a dream of the overworked city editor to whom the various complement parts of a newspaper appear as living characters sustained throughout in role, each character retaining the spirit and essence of her journalistic function. It is written in heroic couplets and I hear teems with scintillating sallies. The parts are: City Editor, sustained by Mrs. M. C. Sloss; Editorial, Edith Esberg; Joke, Mrs. Oscar Hoffman; Advertisement, Mrs. Ed Kalisher; Foreign Despatch, Mrs. S. S. Kahn; Social Column, Mrs. Clarence Walker; Theatrical Column, Mrs. O. I. Wise. Fred Butler coached the ladies in their roles. Mrs. Hecht's friends are trying to persuade her to do something more ambitious in the dramatic line but she maintains that her innate indolence stands in the way.

A Courtly Beau

If one should poll a vote for the most popular man in society this winter, I am more than half sure that Count de la Rocca would be the lucky winner. The Count is invited everywhere and accepts every invitation. He is the most presentable titled foreigner society has ever had the pleasure of dining and tea-ing in a long time. His dancing has been thoroughly Americanized and his table manners are above criticism, which is more than can be said for some of our foreign lions. But while Mrs. Eleanor Martin never fails to invite the Count to all her large affairs she has never made the fuss over him that she did over Count Gre-



mani and Sir James Talbot Power. Yet the Count's dancing is far superior to that of Sir James, which was a very remarkable exhibition of springy steps of lambkin-like grace. Anita Harvey, I am told, is the only girl who ever admitted that she liked to dance with Sir James. The other girls would blush scarlet when the baronet requested a turn. Count de la Rocca indulges in no fancy steps but his bow is a lesson in courtliness.

Mrs. Robert B. Cunningham left for the East on Tuesday. She expects to be away about two months visiting her daughter, Mrs. Percy Kessler, at the army post where Captain Kessler and his family are.

Lieutenant Louis von Schaick, who is quite a society favorite here, has been appointed Governor of Cavite. Lieutenant von Schaick was a member of the Tenth Infantry, but did not return here with them, as he desired to accept a position in the Philippine constabulary. His appointment to such an important position as Governor of Cavite is considered quite a remarkable success for such a young man.

Paymaster John Randolph Hornberger, U. S. N., has been transferred from the Philippines to the Naval Hospital at Yokohama. This is a pleasing change to Mrs. Hornberger, who has always desired to live in Japan. The paymaster's wife is an Oakland girl. She was Olive McCall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence J. Wetmore and their daughter left for New York on Wednesday, to be gone about a month.

The Genius of Alice Nielsen

Nothing succeeds like success. The familiar aphorism received fresh demonstration in the proud triumph of Alice Nielsen at the Tivoli this week. If Miss Nielsen had the genius for song that she has for grasping opportunities she would today be the Queen of the operatic world instead of merely a pretender to the throne. Miss Nielsen grasped her opportunity in this city when she made her appearance at the old Tivoli in a small part. She was pretty, vivacious, and talented, and she had a very pleasing voice in the cultivation of which she worked with a zeal which in itself was genius. Later when she was with the Bostonians she grasped her opportunity when it was offered by becoming the star of a lavishly financed company in an opera written for her. Some there were who said she very lucky, but she was more than that; she was a woman of uncommon ability, generously dowered by nature with such rich assets as voice and alluring personality, but she made good use of her capital and improved it by study and by cultivating a gracious disposition. She again grasped her opportunity in London when she attracted the attention of some influential society people, and also of Mr. Henry Russell, a music teacher. Since then she has been very cleverly exploited, and before starting out to win the acclaim of the American public the glamour of success was neatly contrived for her. She was put on at Covent Garden in an off season and then the press agents got busy. So when she arrived in San Francisco Success with a capital S had been written all over her and we went to hear her prepared to yell "Brava!" and we did. And now with Oscar Wilde I am inclined to add, "Nothing succeeds like excess."

Her Triumph

Far be it from me to withhold from Alice Nielsen her full meed of praise. She has accomplished great things and I heartily felicitate her in the hour of her triumph. I was glad to see society on hand Tuesday night applauding the little old Tivoli favorite whom some of them admire for her social success in London. I saw Ned Greenway in one of the boxes with Ethyl Hager and some more of his friends leading the percussion instruments and he enthused me. I knew Ned's enthusiasm was geniune, for he has taken an interest in the pretty prima donna ever since the days of yore. He saw the spark of genius in its infancy. It has pleased him to watch her soar in the empyrean of song. I doubt whether he knew just how much of an artistic success she achieved Tuesday night, but it didn't matter to him; he was there with the glad hand in gracious earnest. And when it was all over and I learned that the interviewers of the daily press were on the trail of the actress eager for an interview for the Sunday papers, I again reflected on the magic of success. I know that Alice will tell them how she thinks she did it, and perhaps throw in a little advertising for Mr. Russell, the London music teacher, and it will all promote reflection, for charming Alice Nielsen, back from Europe, labeled success, is the same Alice Nielsen who used to charm us in comic opera, with a voice no sweeter and produced no better than it was in those days, but with its shortcomings accentuated by the somewhat severer test to which it is put. Alice Nielsen is not a grand opera star, but she is without a peer in comic opera. She has not acquired the gew-gaws of the art. Her voice has not the timbre for great dramatic expression. The fire of her comic opera personality has not been infused into her vocal organ. But she is a triumphant footlight queen, bearing her blushing honors thick upon her. She is symbolic of Success, and such is the power of its magic that there is a hot dispute in this city today over the question of the extent of her ability.

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When Douglas Became a "Clamper"

The visit of Lady Sholto Douglas to her old home here recalls to my mind an incident in her husband's crazy career which demonstrated that he was game. It was during Lady Douglas's barn-storming venture through the state nearly ten years ago that the company played a northern town—I think it was Marysville—and the "good fellows" of the town made up their minds to initiate Lord Douglas into the order of "E Clampus Vitas." This was a very popular order at that time, its popularity arising from the fact that the initiation consisted of putting the candidates through stunts that made them ridiculous. Sometimes the initiations took pretty severe form. Each new member, having been hazed, would be anxious to have a friend put through the same ordeal, and as a consequence the order grew and flourished for some time. It was represented to Lord Douglas that membership in the "Clampers," as the order was generally known, was an honor second only to knighthood. He was persuaded to join, and great preparations were made for his initiation. Nothing that ingenuity could devise was neglected, and when he appeared on the night set, he was put through the severest course of sprouts ever endured by a British noble. It was cruel. They dropped him into icy water, and held him there until he was nearly drowned. Coffins, skulls and ghosts figured in the ceremony, and the foolish peer was tossed ceiling high from a blanket until he couldn't tell the ceiling from the floor. He was put through the paces in all states of dress and undress. But never once did he say "enough." He took it all like a man, with never a murmur, and at last his tormentors, admiring him for his grit, voted him a thoroughbred, and celebrated the occasion until there was a liquor famine in the town. Some of the biggest men in the community were mixed up in the affair, which they tried their best to keep out of the papers. But an account of it was published, which resulted in quite a neighborhood scandal and many curtain lectures.

That Fitzherbert Story

In London they did not take so seriously as we the proofs offered by Mr. W. H. Wilkins of the morganatic marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV. The London *Saturday Review* says that the so-called "jealously guarded papers" throw no fresh light upon history, that there was no mystery to solve, and that all that was worth saying about the notorious Mrs. Fitzherbert was said fifty years ago. "Hitherto," says the writer in the *Review*, "Mr. Wilkins has sought to catch the public with a more or less scandalous chronicle of the lives of second-rate queens. This time he has descended from a queen to a concubine." According to Wilkins himself Mrs. Fitzherbert was George's mistress before he married Caroline of Brunswick and later she shared his orgies at the pavilion, leading the merry life of a cricket, though sometimes she had to hide under a sofa when the drunken Prince would wave a drawn sword and drag her out trembling. So great was her shameful power over the blackguard that the Princess of Wales and her daughter frequently appealed for her intercession with the Prince. When at last George grew tired of her, she was pensioned off with a mortgage on the pavilion. This mortgage she cherished very zealously, and it was one of the wonderful "Fitzherbert papers" at Coutts' bank. Among the papers was a marriage certificate from which the names of the witnesses had been erased.

The Story of a Wig

An amusing story is going the rounds about a popular young woman who made her debut last winter. Some time before her debut, so the story goes, she fell ill with typhoid fever, and as a result lost all her hair. She was as bald as Rockefeller. The thought of being deprived of a season of social gayety was heartrending, but after a good deal of reflection she hit on a solution of the problem. It was quite simple—a wig. It was a beautiful wig, too, and in it she appeared at numerous teas and balls. This winter she has her own hair, but it failed to grow up to the distinction of the wig, and her acquaintances marveled at the deterioration until she reposed confidence in a friend, who reposed confidence in a friend who was equally confidential, and now all society knows about the wig.

Our Most Popular Belle

With the home-coming of Pearl Landers after a lengthy stay in the East society is once more wondering how she manages to stay single, for she holds the record for

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suitors rejected. Miss Pearl is easily the most popular girl in society and she is more than a match for the newest and most fascinating debutante. Some of the wise old dowagers fancied that she was patiently awaiting the coming of a Prince Fortunatus, but the fair Pearl has expressed her opinion about "brilliant matches" as they are understood in society and her friends who admire her for her sincerity are sure that the man she marries she will love.

The Cudahys Again

The Cudahy families of Chicago and Omaha, in whom we are more or less interested through marriage, are occupying a fair share of public attention nowadays. The engagement has been announced of Miss Julia Cudahy, daughter of Michael Cudahy of Chicago, to Vincent Walsh, son of the Chicago millionaire. The wedding is to take place in June in the Archbishop's chapel. The Cudahys are very prominent in upper Catholic Church circles and stand high in Rome, a circumstance which imparts more than ordinary interest to the action of the Bishop of Lincoln, Neb., in excommunicating Mrs. Edward Cudahy for aiding and abetting Congressman Kennedy, a divorced man, in annexing a second wife. On that occasion Bishop Scannell established a precedent which is not likely to be followed by other prelates of the Church.

Lulu Bowen's Verse

The *Chronicle* reporter who quoted the verses of Lulu Bowen and called them amateurish and uncouth is a better sleuth than critic. Amateurish to a slight extent they may be; but there is nothing uncouth about this confession in verse of the girl who stole seven thousand dollars for her lover:

"To you, dear heart,
I give my all—
My soul, my honor,
At your call.
And yet
With me
There's no regret.

* * * * * *

"Because, dear heart,
I give my all—
My soul, my honor,
At your call."

Did you ever read Thomas Hardy's "Lament of Tess?" I think Lulu Bowen must have read it. The

" * * * I'll not regret
The distance of a single step
That takes me farther from all ties,"

reminds one of the words that Hardy puts into the mouth of Tess, disgraced and forlorn:

"I wonder what they say o's now,
And if they know my lot; and how
She feels who milks my favorite cow
And takes my place at churn!"

A plain, Quaker-like little woman, Lulu Bowen, but poetic fancies came to her, inspired by the great love tragedy that broke into her quiet life. The reporter nosing for facts, saw only lines that rhymed, sometimes none too well, and knowing that amateurs often stumble in their verse, he thought it safe to call this girl's effort uncouth. But it is not. It is a passionate good-bye to honor lost, a glad welcome to the love that was the price.

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The Pickering girls whose dances are announced for this week are members of the Saturday Evening Club. As they have not made their formal debut the ball will serve as their introduction to society. They are friends of the de Youngs and are identified with the Catholic sets. They are piquant brunettes of a type of beauty quite rare.

Romance of the Mackay Pearls

Everybody who read Guy de Mauspassant's story, "The Necklace," cried "Impossible!" No young couple, however conscientious, they said, would throw away a lifetime in expatiation without verifying the cause of the impelling remorse. Well, here's a parallel in real life, and it crops out in connection with the approaching marriage of Mrs. John W. Mackay's granddaughter, which is to take place in Paris. Its heroine is the wife of an American millionaire living in Ireland, but when this story was begun she was a simple daughter of Erin who, soon after her arrival in this country, became Mrs. Mackay's maid. The girl became betrothed to a suave fellow who, on the plea he was in sore straits, begged her to "borrow" several of her mistress's famous black pearls so he might raise money on them and get out of his predicament. He would return the gems soon, he said. The unsophisticated lass trusted him, and that was the last of their acquaintance. Goaded by remorse, she scrimped from her savings every possible penny, determined to reimburse her employer for the pearls. But saving was a slow process, and she had not anything like the sum she thought she needed when, through a romance which is a story in itself, she was married to the millionaire. From the first money her husband gave her for her own use she sent to Mrs. Mackay pearls as like as possible to those she had taken, writing a penitent explanation. To her astonishment, Mrs. Mackay replied the "borrowed" pearls were not the real ones, but imitations of comparatively little value, and that she could not think of accepting the genuine jewels her former maid had sent. With a sigh of regret for the good times she might have had with the money she had saved toward atonement, the younger woman begged that her substitute pearls be given to Mrs. Mackay's granddaughter as a bridal gift. The request was granted, and the one-time maid will be in Paris for the wedding.

Death of Mrs. Mead

The many friends of Mrs. Lewis R. Mead were shocked to learn of her death at Byron Hot Springs last Tuesday. Mrs. Mead had been ailing for some time but her relatives were not seriously apprehensive. Last Saturday she accompanied her husband to the Springs where Christmas was to be celebrated, and there she was prostrated on Christmas from an attack of heart failure which resulted in her death. Mrs. Mead was a woman much beloved for her many fine traits of character. She enjoyed the esteem of a very large circle of acquaintances and will be sincerely mourned. She was a woman of a very gracious and sympathetic nature, generous to the unfortunate, and ever ready to lend a helping hand where it was needed. There is much heartfelt sympathy for her husband in his bereavement.

Frank Mr. Putnam

Time and again has the literary aspirant been led to picture the magazine editor as a sort of Diogenes ever on the lookout for a genuine bit of art; to admire the exquisite patience with which he awaits the masterpiece that never comes; to pity him the while he prints—because the devil drives—illiterature in prose and verse; to think of him, year in, year out, passing laborious days and sleepless nights, lest true story or essay or poem escape the vigilance of his lantern. As manuscript after manuscript returns, the literary aspirant begins to have his doubts about all this, finds it hard, in the face of such overwhelming evidence to the contrary, any longer to conceive of editorial dens as places where art is awaited with open arms. Comes now honest Frank Putnam, of the *National Magazine*, and solemnly affirms (in the December issue of *The Editor, a Journal of Information for Literary Workers*), that he, for one, knows little about style. Common sense and common honesty in equal parts compose the style that best pleases Mr. Putnam. To his mind, the story is the thing, not the style—the story told, on paper, precisely as one would aim to tell it to a group of friends. Of course, as the veriest novice in letters well knows, that is not the way an artist tells his story. To an artist, moreover, the style, if not everything, is at least as much as the story. Here is a simple recipe for style, which I offer to the literary aspirant as being preferable to Mr. Putnam's: One part uncommon sense—namely, the madness of genius—and one part uncommon honesty—namely, the dishonesty, the subtle white lying, of art. Would-be contributors to the *National* will do well to bear in mind the editor's taste in verse. He mentions the greatest living poet only to sneer at him. To Mr. Putnam the "Ave Atque Vale" is but everlasting singsong; the "Hymn to Proserpine," no higher than swooning prettiness.

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"Breuner's"

GEARY STREET, AT UNION SQUARE

The Ethics of the Drama

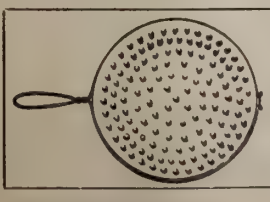
It has been my good fortune to receive a copy of the address recently delivered by Mrs. Fiske before the Harvard Ethical Society, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. That the newspapers did not think it worth while to print in full this address, which dealt with "The Ethics of the Drama," seems to me, regarded from a good many points of view, a lamentable error. This error may have been due to a lack of space in the pressure of fabulous cablegrams from Russia, or to an unusual epidemic of murder and divorce, or to numerous other considerations which figure in the daily grind. But it probably was an error of intention pure and simple, since most of our newspapers consider the words of the press agent of more value than those of the people who really make the theatre possible. I am not going to quote Mrs. Fiske at any extraordinary length in these pages, either, since to do so would be to crowd out everything else, including the advertisers, but I clip where I clip with apologies and regret. The address begins with a scholarly review of the drama in its position and aim among the arts, with a plea for a broader and sweeter humanity as the standard of artistic endeavor. Mrs. Fiske then passes on to an appraisement of plays and audiences, and it is here that I find her particularly interesting. "You are astonished from time to time," she says, "in observing what the public does or does not approve in the theatre. Any community is made up of an incongruous, a diverse conglomeration of persons. We see everywhere, in the little towns as well as in the cities, a few persons of discrimination among the mass which is indiscriminate in taste as well as in habit and mpulse. In the great cities, it is true, there are found audiences for plays which shame the stage as well as those who patronize them; but the discriminating class, made up of persons whose taste sets standards after the chaos of a crazy dramatic miscellany has been resolved into constituents, is the class that the theatre must rely upon at all times to keep it within the bounds of sanity. . . . There is a fact, however, an amazing fact to me, that remains to be explained. Why do so many intelligent people go to the theatre like children who want pink sticks of candy? Thousands of people of taste, who do not cumber their bookshelves with the cheaper and more vulgar sorts of literature, who have an intelligent understanding of painting and music, are very children, if no harsher term may be used, in their ignorance of what is good or bad in plays or acting."

The Actor

Mrs. Fiske then passes on to the question of morals, or the lack of them in plays, more extensively considered, saying among other things: "I doubt if I have any convictions whatever on the subject as to whether plays have an effect for good or bad—except as they may represent good or bad art." A charming glimpse of her own beginning in the theatre comes next, followed by a long and brilliant review of the influence in dramatic writing of Maeterlinck and Ibsen. And finally comes a discussion of the actor. "The question is often asked," says Mrs. Fiske, "whether the stage as a vocation tends to endanger the character of the actor. In one way it does endanger character, in the very nature of things. The peculiarity of the actor's profession, the fact that his name is constantly in the newspapers, and that he is given more publicity than other artists, is apt to engender egotism and an exaggerated idea of the nature of his achievements. That is the one great danger to the character of the actor. He is in danger of forgetting that his art as an actor is but one phase of the man—the artist. He is apt to forget that while 'all the world's a stage' it does not by any means follow that the stage is all the world. He is apt to confine his thoughts too closely to his achievements in the theatre, forgetting that the artist must know all of human nature and that his life must be completed and rounded out with an all-comprehending sympathy and understanding." Of the blase theatre-goer she says: "There is one sort of playgoer who is particularly abhorrent. I refer to the man who dines heavily and lounges into the theatre with mentality stagnant and with no desire for entertainment other than that which may appeal to his sensual nature or his stupid, lethargic condition. That man is hopeless. Nothing fine, nothing beautiful, can ever come within his ken, although he may be an educated and ordinarily intelligent person. And this leads to another fact. There is in this country an ignorance of dramatic art far more wide-spread than you imagine."

It is hard to believe that King Leopold has been morganatically married. Heretofore he hasn't found such proceedings necessary.

Can you picture the fascinating sight on New Year's Eve as Society and Bohemia throng Tait's Cafe in the new Flood Building, to see the old year out?



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Dr. Maude Noble,

Who has just returned to her home in San Francisco after a year abroad, mainly spent in attending the clinics of Berlin. "It is all so interesting to the American," she says, "especially the visiting part, the system being so arranged that the doctors are able to keep their cases under continued observation. But as with us the great number of specialists in each district allows of that same wandering about of patients from one clinic to another which we find so disheartening in our clinical work here. My work took me mainly into the clinics devoted to complaints of women and children. Connected with the Charite Hospital, about which are centred most of the various polyclinics, is Professor Heubner's large Polyclinic for Children, which Americans find particularly interesting with its many departments for medical and surgical treatment of infants and older children. Splendid scientific work is accomplished there. The famous Professor A. Baginsky treats from two to three hundred children daily at his polyclinic in the northern part of the capital, and Professor Neuman manages a philanthropic clinic, endowed by himself, treating about two hundred ailing little ones every day. Professor Bumm is the great authority on obstetrics, and is chief of that department in the University Polyclinic. Famous also is the women's clinic of Professor Olshausen, one of the oldest and best-known surgeons in Berlin, who celebrated during my visit there his seventieth birthday, on which day all the University clinics were closed in his honor."

Wiggins, of Guernsey

Mr. Adelbert H. E. Wiggins, editor, proprietor and publisher of the Guernsey, Wyoming, *Gazette,* came scooting hither last week for a little recuperation after an arduous summer. He stayed at an inconspicuous hotel, announced that he had passed the time of life when he thought it provocative of bad luck to pass a saloon without entering it, and merely ejaculated "punk!" when a tour of the Tenderloin was suggested for his entertainment. In fact, Mr. Wiggins conducted himself in so decorous and conventional a manner that nobody unfamiliar with his career would have believed him capable of some of the things he has done. For instance, he once backed a whole countyful of boodlers to the ropes and stood over them till they were counted out, and he has proved that provincial journalism, even in Guernsey, Wyoming, can be made to pay. And when he feels like talking he can say something that sticks in your memory afterward. "When I was a boy at school," he remarked to me, "I was daffy with delight over the names of the far and foreign—Madagascar, Timbuctoo and Zanzibar. It didn't make any difference what they were, as long as they sounded like something in a poem. But I have decided now that the boy who nails the specks on the map that stand for gold, ivory, rubber, ostrich plumes, mahogany and guano is the boy that arrives and is just as much of a poet as the other fellow." Mr. Wiggins is also famous as the author of that famous definition of gossip. "Gossip," said he, "is a humming bird with eagle wings and a voice like a foghorn. It can be heard from Dan to Beersheba and has caused more trouble than all the ticks, fleas, mosquitos, coyotes, grasshoppers, cinch bugs, rattlesnakes, sharks, sore toes, cyclones, earthquakes,

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blizzards, smallpox, yellow fever, gout and indigestion that this great United States has known or will know when the universe shuts up shop and begins the final invoice. In other words, it has got war and hell both backed up in the corner yelling for ice water." Come again, Mr. Wiggins!

Profanity and the President

For the second time since Mr. Roosevelt was inducted into his high office a rumor has come sizzling from his intimate chroniclers anent an outburst of forcible profanity. The other occasion, it will be remembered, arose from the flare of the President's wrath when he was nearly slain by that too headlong motorman in the Berkshire Hills. What caused it this time is not so specifically recorded, though I believe it has something to do with a broken appointment and a discourteous excuse. At all events, it is solemnly asserted that the President swore like a good one—whatever that may be—and that the prudes in Washington have begun to pray for him as they never prayed before. For my own part, I am glad to receive every one of these proofs that Mr. Roosevelt still remains human, that his feet are still upon the earth, that his halo is sometimes laid by, that he has not forgotten how to double up his fist. It would be highly improper, of course, were he to swear in, say, his message to Congress, no matter how much, or how justifiably, he might feel like it; because that would be a tenably official precedent for broadside cussing, which, as things stand, we can very well do without. But any man in his private capacity ought to be permitted a considerable latitude in this sort of thing. There are plenty of excuses for it. And it doesn't necessarily imply too great a moral elasticity, either.

Defenders of Swearing

Coleridge, for example, said in his Apologetic Preface to a poem attacking Pitt that profanity was mere bubbles, flashes, electrical apparitions from the magic cauldron of a fervent and ebullient fancy, constantly fueled by an unexampled opulence of language; while the British *Critic*, about sixty years ago, contained an article by the saintly John Keble, which, although it distinctly branded swearing as a hateful custom, put all wilder profanity on a par with the frothing frenzy of the inspired bard, saying that it clearly indicated a mind overcome with some violent and unrestrained feeling, seeking a vent for it anyhow, and so far "the very condition of a poetical composition." We may agree with Coleridge and Keble, if we like, or we may not; and in either case the status of the custom will in all probability remain wholly unchanged. That profanity—oaths and curses—has played no small part in the history of all eras since man became articulate we cannot, if we are at all well informed, or even moderately reasonable, deny. That its use has already begun to die out, in any perceptible degree, cannot yet be admitted. To believe that it seems at all likely to vanish in any stratum of evolving culture that the future may evolve is only to hope speculatively without credible premises.

The Woes of Bucephalus

I have been very much interested and relieved in learning that Bucephalus Madgett—said to have come by his name honestly—has been successful in securing the divorce he sought in a Georgia court from Mrs. Bucephalus Madgett, born a Fitzgerald of San Francisco. Neither Bucephalus nor his spouse has ever been numbered among even my most distant acquaintances, and those of our local Fitzgeralds to whom I have mentioned the matter disclaim any kinship with this unhappy pair. The only reason, there-

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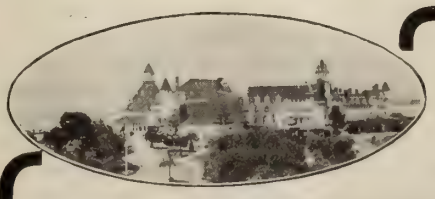

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fore, for my concern in the marital troubles of the Madgetts sprang from the enumeration of those troubles as it first came under my eyes in an Atlanta newspaper. Madgett, in his petition for freedom, said that he and Mrs. Madgett had quarreled 6,100 times in fourteen years, and he generously listed the causes of these differences as follows: Because his meals were late (1,589 times), because Mrs. Bucephalus asked for money (2,241 times), because he tracked mud on the kitchen floor (821 times), because he snored (136 times), because she used his razor to rip seams (145 times), because there were no dumplings in the chicken stew (163 times), because her feet were cold (123 times), because she sold eggs and bought clothes (154 times), because she laughed when he stubbed his toe in the dark (43 times), because he wouldn't cut his nails (41 times), because he broke plates, because he wouldn't quarrel, because the clock ran down, because he wouldn't go to church, because she threw his pipe into the stove, because she insisted on wearing red ribbons, because the pump froze, because the house smelled of onions, because she made coffee without an egg in it, because the black hen's leg was broken, because the cow choked on a raw turnip, because the canary bird died, because he was not a Baptist, because the house smelled of cabbage, because the horse ran away, because Germany wouldn't give up Alsace-Lorraine, because a dog howled, because God made Eve out of one of Adam's ribs, because alligators lay eggs, because Solomon had one thousand wives and no end of concubines, because the Mormons are not Indians, because pineapples do not grow in Canada, because he fell in the creek, because he shot the pig, because she sat down on his hat, and because they had no children. All these causes for domestic rows may seem no less extraordinary than comic, hurriedly scanned. But are they extraordinary, really? Don't they sound—well, familiar, somehow? Poor Bucephalus!

Our Badly Managed Library

Some exasperated individual, with a mistaken idea regarding the real functions of our public library, has lately been sending to the newspapers a series of adjectival letters in which he revives more old desires than ever the New Year did. This person, having dipped his pen in vitriol, wants to know, first of all, for whose benefit the public library was originally intended; whether for its staff of oddly assorted and none too competent attendants, or for people who hold cards with the intention of getting books on them. He asks why it is that novels like those of George Moore are prudishly excluded from the library's catalogue, while untold tons of misbegotten rubbish weigh down the shelves in duplicated dozens. He asks if the fact that one tries to use the public library as a source of reading matter puts him in the same class as those who lurk at the doors of bakeries for the stale loaves distributed gratis after midnight. He asks if there is any reason why a civil question should not receive as civil an answer at the library as it customarily does elsewhere. He asks if no one at the library has the authority, or the power, or the will to suppress the giggling, flirting and more flagrant rowdyism that so frequently make the library's reading room as noisy as a quilting party. He especially begs to be informed why nothing is done to protect the young girls who go to the library from the large moustached gentry in neighboring hallways who try to "pick them up." It seems to me that somebody ought to be able to answer this indignant one, and answer him satisfactorily.

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The Insolence of Office

All the information he seeks has been sought before, no less earnestly. Sometimes the queries along those lines have been lost, as these were lost, in the waste baskets of the dailies. Sometimes they have been despatched directly to the public library's librarian. Sometimes they have been asked in open meeting. But, so far as I am aware, no adequate reply has ever been rendered. From my own experiences at the library I am bound to believe that something must be done sooner or later to alter many of the evils now undoubtedly flourishing there. I remember, for example, having seen a lively bout at fisticuffs carried to a sanguinary conclusion behind the railing in the library where books are issued and received. This happened only last summer; both the contestants being boys employed in the library; and nobody made any effort to interfere in the affair, except a girl who screamed at the struggling pair and threw a book at them. Whenever I have interrogated anybody at the library I have been snappishly or sarcastically referred to somebody else. I once saw a youthful thug wrestling in the reference room with a frightened girl whom he was trying to kiss against her will. Three times my card has been returned to me at the receiving desk by being flicked to the floor. Again and again, I have received at the issuing desk a book which I had not numbered on my list, and never would have numbered. I go that way no more, nowadays, having torn my cards in two and cast the pieces to the winds. But there are others more patient, and I trust their patience may ultimately be rewarded.

Mrs. Burke-Roche and her father quarreled because she persisted in eating in the drawing-room. Probably among their none too remote ancestors the fitness and propriety of eating in the kitchen was the bone of contention.

The only thing that Collins didn't deny during his trial was that he was Collins.

Hall Caine announced on Monday that he is to write a life of Christ, and it isn't on the market yet. Hall must have broken his typewriter.

The Financial Field

The holidays interfered seriously with the volume of business during the week just past. Transactions in Bonds aggregate $255000, in shares 3461, divided as follows: 395 Lighting, 900 Water, 536 Miscellaneous, 140 Banks and 1490 Sugars. Transactions on such a small scale are naturally accompanied by a stagnation of prices and variations moved in the narrow margin of 1-8 to 1-4 per cent.

There was a good demand for Mutual Electric, but the whole market was drifting without any outspoken tendency. The New York money market is in a greatly disturbed condition, though without exercising any influence locally.

—*The Financier.*

The Baldwin Jewelry Company have received some new and beautiful designs in jewelry and daily new cases are arriving. Their assortment of novelties has never been so large and varied as this year.

There is a delightfully quaint air about the Dutch dining-room at Swain's, 209 Post street. It is a very convenient and comfortable place for dinners, having the privacy of a home party without any of the attendant worry of a house affair.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.
San Francisco Savings Union, 532 California street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with 31st December, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rates per annum of three and six-tenths (3.60) per cent. on term deposits, and three and one-third (3 1-3) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2nd, 1906.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco, 710 Market street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, compounding semi-annually, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California street.—For the half year ending December 31, 1905, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter, has declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1905, at the rate of three and one-half (3½) per cent. per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1906. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as principal.
EDWIN BONNELL, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.
The Continental Building and Loan Association of 301 California street, San Francisco, has declared a dividend for the six months ending December 31, 1905, of 5 per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, 6 per cent on term deposits and 6 per cent on class "F" stock, payable on and after January 6, 1906.
WASHINGTON DODGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE
California Safe Deposit and Trust Co., corner California and Montgomery streets. For six months ending December 31, 1905, dividends have been declared on the deposits in the savings department of this company as follows: On term deposits at the rate of 3 6-10 per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, free of taxes, and payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1906.
J. DALZELL BROWN, Manager.

The Stage

Alice Nielsen

So far as her audience was concerned Alice Nielsen was triumphant at the Tivoli Tuesday night. She could not have conquested the audience more completely if she had been far more emphatically a success artistically, and at no time did she give promise of getting out of the rippling music all that there is in it. We have been told that Alice Nielsen made great and rapid progress in her art during her stay abroad. From time to time there have come out of Europe reports of her achievements which have delighted her American friends; she had been "taken up" by the fashionable lords and ladies of London; she had made her appearance with Caruso at Covent Garden and there received the brand which should be sufficient to compel our acceptance of her as an artist qualified for the exactions of the lyric roles of grand opera. I have watched the progress of Alice Nielsen with great interest and have never for a moment been incredulous; no, not even when I heard that Melba was jealous of her. I watched the London papers after her Covent Garden debut and was disappointed that the critics had dismissed her with scant notices. But my faith was not shaken; it remained firm even when the New York critics dissented from the eulogistic notices that had come out of Europe. I had faith because I knew how Alice Nielsen had overcome great odds in her comic opera career. I knew that she was industrious, ambitious and possessed of a beautiful voice, the potentialities of which were sufficient to justify the belief that with proper instruction and patient practice she could fit herself for those higher realms of opera to which she longed to soar. So I was more than open to conviction Tuesday night. But once more am I compelled to report that a course of vocal instruction in Europe has not all the magic it is reported to have. Alice Nielsen is a bewitching Norina. Histrionically she is most captivating in the role, and though it is a role that imposes no severe vocal test, being within the range and compass of most competent comic opera prima donnas, Miss Nielsen failed to make the pretty music carry over the footlights with all the effects that Donizetti intended. Her voice is sweet and pure and true but it has not attained the flexibility essential to superior achievement in grand opera. It is the same voice that enabled Miss Nielsen to win fame in comic opera, the field in which today she can trip triumphantly at more than popular prices. There has been no improvement in her voice. It needed none. What she lacked was the technique for florid performances and she still lacks it. What little she has is extremely faulty. Her cadenzas are not always smooth. Her trills are a joke. Her pianissimo sounds as if it were produced behind the scenes. In the last act she interpolated the *Voci de Primavera* which, I believe was written by Strauss for Sembrich, and which we heard that great coloratura artist sing on her last concert tour. Miss Nielsen sings it with none of the flirtatious nuance and with none of the wealth of beauteous tone which characterize Sembrich's joyful rendition. She also sang Tosti's "Goodbye" but not with distinction. Alice Nielsen is still the most charming of opera comique prima donnas. In "Don Pasquale" she creates a convincing illusion of youth, bubbling over with spirit and exaltation and she sings it with almost a proper respect for her vocal limitations, but without brilliance. The one great artist in Miss Nielsen's company is Signor Pratti, a toy tenor, with a voice of crystal limpidity. He sings with the artlessness of true art. His highest notes seem to flow out automatically. He acts like a marionette. *Theodore Bonnet.*

Crane at the Columbia

"An American Lord," the comedy that William H. Crane is appearing in at the Columbia, this week, serves the purpose of the authors—that of amusing. It is a poorly constructed piece of work, but it emanates a gentle kind of humor, with the assistance of Mr. Crane, that keeps one entertained pleasantly through a few hours. The comedy is ostensibly tailored for the likeable personality of the star, and the result is what we might term a "perfect fit" so far as Crane is concerned. The other members of the cast are assigned to parts that serve merely as foils for the stellar role. Each one furnishes the effective situations for the exploitation of the star, somewhat after the fashion of the interlocutor of a minstrel show. Hilda Spong, always a

WM. H. CRANE
In "The American Lord" at the Columbia

very capable actress, is given a part that even her breezy temperament does not quite save from insipidity. She works woefully hard to make something vivid of it but her vivacity seems forced and if it were not for the natural exuberance and wholesome charm that are part of her make-up her efforts would have been almost lamentable. Miss Spong returns to us still a beautiful woman. Her face and figure have retained their round English loveliness and her voice the resonant, hearty sound of health. Not only dramatically but temperamentally she made a capital foil for Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane is typically American while Miss Spong is as representative an Englishwoman as one could imagine. As both are appropriately cast as to nationality the humor of the situations is greatly enhanced. Mr. Crane has that peculiar flavor of personality, that quaintness of manner by which Nat Goodwin is distinguished, and like Mr. Goodwin he cannot fail in any part that enables him to play himself. His little mannerisms of facial expression and gesture are as delightfully amusing as of yore. As the American who has an English title thrust upon him he has a part as much calculated to bring out his talents as any he has played in years. His efforts to overturn English traditions by infusing American ideas into the minds of his tenants, and his feud with an autocratic neighbor promote the complications which now and then are very funny in spite of the fact that they are not very original. The performance is a most enjoyable one.

Crane's First Lines

William H. Crane made his first appearance on any stage on July 13, 1863, with the Holman opera troupe at Mechanic's hall, Utica, N. Y. He was cast for the part of the notary in "The Child of the Regiment." Crane was then about sixteen, and he suffered from nervousness to such an extent that he nearly made himself ill studying his lines. His first speech occurred in the second act, supposed to be read from a legal document:

"In consideration of Mlle. Marie de Berkenfeld being united to Duc de Grandtete, Mme. Priscilla de Berkenfeld, aunt of the said Marie, agrees to settle upon the Duchess certain herein-named estates, producing ten thousand florins per annum, the Duc de Grandtete upon his part merely bestowing upon the Duchess his ancient and hereditary titles."

Crane was letter-perfect in his part but as an extra precaution he held the prompt-book inside the document he was to read. As he made his entrance he tripped over his gown and the book fell to the floor. Of course the gallery howled, and Crane was frightened to pallor. But his

EDWARDS DAVIS
Who will appear with his company at the Orpheum tomorrow afternoon

LENORA KIRWIN
Ingenue at the Alcazar

fright nerved him to do his utmost and the result was the rest of the performance, so far as he was concerned, went off without a hitch.

Maeterlinck at the Grand

The performance of "Monna Vanna" for which we are indebted to McKee Rankin and his star is not great. It is not even generally good, nevertheless it takes high rank among the events of the dramatic season and is of interest because it is the first time the Maeterlinck play of which we have heard so much has been presented here. Judging by this production I should say that the play reads better than it acts. It is a great story with an absorbing plot, and merely reading of the situations one is led to believe that they would be of the same intense character when stage-presented. The poetic substance of the play is of rare quality, and perhaps one may attribute the shortcomings in the Grand Opera House production in large part to the immense difficulties of retaining this poetic tone and keeping the atmosphere from even a suspicion of staginess. It is all too easy to overact in a play of this nature. There are the deepest of shadows in "Monna Vanna" and one is given merely a glimpse of a glorious sunburst to come, as the curtain falls. I have no need to retail the plot of the play, since it has been recapitulated in these columns more than once, on the occasions when the censor condemned it in London, and when Mrs. Fiske first purposed giving it in New York. I do not think any one should stay away from it because of a notion that it is a play to shock one's preconceived notions of morality. There is nothing in it to offend. The scene in the tent where Giovanna comes, clothed only in her cloak, to sacrifice herself to the conqueror for the good of her city, is only a suggestion of what might have been. Prinzivalle and Guido Colonna's wife pass the night in conversation and as they stand up through it all one wonders if they are not as tired of talking when day breaks as the audience is of listening to them. For this long act drags terribly. I can fancy Sarah Bernhardt and young Salvini—the late-lamented Alessandro, who gave us "Ruy Blas"—making that tent scene one long poem that would draw the audience as a magnet the needle. But it was not for Nance O'Neil and Andrew Robson to do that. Their best work came in the last act. Having no standards of comparison by which to measure Miss

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O'Neil's Giovanna I cannot point out wherein she fails to bring the character to perfection. To me she seemed to underact rather than overact where great stress of emotion is called for by her role. The story of "Monna Vanna" is a tragedy of vernacular simplicity, but to bring out the strength of the situations there must be at least some of what we usually call "slopping over," else it fails to impress. The last act was spoiled for me, in spite of the fact that in this act Miss O'Neil and Mr. Robson would have satisfied Maeterlinck himself, I am sure, by the untamed melodramatic roaring of Glendenning as the untrusting Guido.

Ollie Cooper's Great Artistic Success

Of all the theatrical offerings of Christmas week commend me for pure pleasure to the production of "The Prince and the Pauper" at the Alcazar. This charming romance of the sixteenth century, dramatized from Mark Twain's story of the same name, is given a setting which in point of completeness is everything its advance notices claimed it would be. There is not one jarring note in the scenic details, there is nothing too much accented, nothing to detract from the artistic side. Probably everyone has read the tale of the poor little lad who changed places with a prince. It was the first of these mixed identity romances, and pioneered the way for dramas on the same subject for adult intellects. I recommend that every child be given a copy of Twain's book, and either before or after that gift be taken to see this delightful play. Ollie Cooper was expected to make good in the dual role, and she does. There is certainly a good deal in having the blood of actors and actresses in one's veins. We have seen how tradition in this respect works with the Barrymores, Drews, Blanche Bates and a string of others. Little Ollie Cooper was born to the stage and she is going to stay there and make her mark. It is a wonderful thing the way this little girl accentuates the difference between Tom Canty, the pauper, and Edward the Prince. It is not a question of clothes and make-up. Manner, speech, everything tells for artistic effect in real Jekyll-Hyde fashion. The rest of the cast is adequate in support of the child-star, Miss Evelyn in the auburn tresses of Tom's mother, Waldron as the soldier of fortune, Osbourne as Gallard, Maher as Mad Anthony, and the others.

Sparkle and Glitter at the Tivoli

The Christmas spectacle is with us again, with its silver and spangles, tights of all hues and sizes, and the glitter and glow of the holiday season. The Tivoli's is the only real holiday show at the theatres, except at the Chutes, where Bothwell Browne's fairies hold forth. "Orpheus in Hades," which in the old Salinger-Soldene Tivoli days we used to know as "Orpheus and Eurydice," has been Casino-ed and Freemaned, with something of the Offenbach flavor left, just enough to let us know that it is the same old opera bouffe classic. It is a bright and vivacious evening's entertainment, and now that Teddy Webb has recovered from his illness and is able to return to the cast it is going with a fine swing, though Freeman made an admirable substitute for Teddy in his absence. Berthald, Cunningham, Helena Frederick and Cora Tracy contribute the musical delight, but the eye is continually pleased by the succession of pretty stage pictures, the sparkling choruses and graceful marches that go to make up the proper thing in holiday spectacles.

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Fitz at the Alhambra

The little melodrama in which Bob Fitzsimmons figures in his capacity as a citizen and a respectable prize fighter no doubt deepens the audience's interest in his appearance as the star of "A Fight for Love" at the Alhambra. It is not Fitz's dramatic debut, for he has played his heroic part, and boxed his three rounds in the great third act many times before. The role was written for him, and so he suits it and it him. The Alhambra company gives efficient support to the fistic star, who got a rousing welcome when he made his entree on Christmas day.

The Orpheum Road Show

One of the good things that annually hits the town at Christmastide is the Orpheum road show, which this season is bigger and better than ever, though one misses a little bit those traveling darkies, McIntyre and Heath. Instead of the old favorites, however, there are some strong newcomers, the Colonial Septet heading the list for picturesqueness. Merian's dog actors come next from the juvenile viewpoint of attractiveness. Their old melodrama, "A Faithless Woman," has been brought up to date and the doggies go through their parts without noticeable prompting. The Ford brothers and sisters are stunning dancers and Winona Winton a capital singer and entertainer. The Garrisons, both deservedly popular here, have added some new burlesques to their classical repertory. Bixley the monologist and Campbell and Johnson the comedy cyclists give interesting turns. The Kloes sisters make as big a hit with their agile and daring acrobatics as they did last week.

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Fraulein Antonie Stolle

To take the place of the usual Burton Holmes season Manager Greenbaum has secured Fraulein Antonie Stolle, an artist and teacher of Boston, who will give a course of six talks on "The Art Galleries of Europe" and will exhibit her wonderful collection of lantern slides, each one colored by herself from the original. No collection like it is in existence. The series will be given at Lyric hall, the first on Tuesday night, January 9, the subject "Rome," and the wonderful collection of paintings in the Vatican, St. Peter's, etc., will be shown and the great ceiling of the Sistine Chapel as a whole and in parts. On Thursday night, Jan. 11, "Florence" will be the subject and at the Saturday matinee Venice. The following week will be devoted to Dresden and Paris. Course tickets for the six will be $4.50, $3.00 and $2.25, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Tuesday morning. Single seats will be ready Friday at $1.00, 75c. and 50c., special rates to schools, colleges, clubs, etc.

Next Week's Bills

Crane will give a New Year's Eve performance of "The American Lord." The play runs another week when Louis James comes in his legitimate repertory. Then, Modjeska in repertory. Arthur Becker's Lustspiel ensemble will present "The Two Escutcheons" at the Columbia on January seventh.

Nance O'Neil's fourth week will be given up to her first and what some consider her greatest success, Leah in "The Jewess"; "Hedda Gabler," by special request; and Lady Macbeth in "Macbeth." Rehearsals are now on for "Judith of Bethulia," the blank verse play written for Miss O'Neil by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the only instance where an American poet has written a blank verse play for an American actress.

George Osbourne as the Indian in "A Stranger in a Strange Land" will be the Alcazar attraction. It is one of the breeziest farces ever written. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," written for Gillette, is coming soon to the Alcazar.

"Orpheus in Hades" will be continued at the Tivoli.

San Franciscans and Oaklanders will be particularly interested in the Orpheum bill next week, for added to the road show will be Edwards Davis, the ex-reverend whose sensational adventures have provided copy for many a newspaper article. Davis and his company will appear in a two-scene comedy, "The Unmasking."

The final performances of "Cleopatra Up-to-Date" will be given at the Chutes Sunday and Monday afternoons and evenings. On Tuesday will come Cliff Farrell, comedian, the Salvini brothers, head-to-head balancers, Bothwell Browne's Gaiety Girls, Ruby Hawkins and Polly Hazel, comedy sketch artists, and Nellie Montgomery, singer of illustrated songs.

The Alhambra will have David Belasco's "The Heart of Maryland," revived on a scale larger than ever before attempted in this city. The play has been in careful rehearsal for some weeks. More than one hundred people will be in the cast.

Alice Nielsen will make her last appearance tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at the Tivoli, in "Don Pasquale."

—*The Playgoer.*

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The Year in the Navy

(Continued from Page 9)

ing the policy of Sampson in the brief Spanish-American war.

The great bulk of the damage done on both sides was done by the gun, which the Japanese particularly used in strict accord with precept. The torpedo boats were used only under cover of darkness; they did little actual damage prior to the final struggle in the Sea of Japan, and then only put in the *coup de grace* after the gun had practically won the victory. Nearly every warship, both Japanese and Russian, which was "blown up," met her fate from a submarine mine, not from a torpedo launched from a boat.

Possibly in no way was the Japanese thoroughness better exhibited than in the admirable readiness discernible everywhere. The Mikado's Navy Department and his fleet were never lagging nor lacking. Drill, constant drill, and plenty of target practice, showed the results that can be obtained by no other means. Not a detail that might contribute to success was overlooked. Engaging the enemy so that the sun would be in the latter's eyes; hoisting masts and sails on torpedo boats the better to deceive; making feints with an adriotness and ingenuity which command wonder; subordinating a desire for glory to a determination to win; and selecting a spot close to one's own bases of repair for the final struggle—are but a few of the strategic qualities that the Japanese displayed.

Probably never has there been so perfect an intelligence service as that of Japan. From the moment Rojestvensky left the Baltic, Tofo's agents and scouts were in touch with both Russian and Japanese fleets. Togo always knew his adversary's location, and struck when the proper time came.

It is not likely that any material change will be made by the Russo-Japanese war in the general features of naval architecture and gun fabrication. The big battleship, the swift cruiser and the torpedo craft will probably be maintained in their ante-bellum proportions. The battleships will grow somewhat in size, to accommodate more large guns and more extensive machinery for the higher speed desirable.

Other types of ships will probably be produced along conventional lines. The usual efforts to increase the power of ordnance will be continued and the range and effectiveness of the torpedo will be increased as much as possible. Submarines and mines will be built in greater numbers, but it must always be remembered that they are but adjuncts to the land defenses of seaports, not for offensive purposes. Just as armor contends with the gun, so will other means of defense contend with submarine attack.

During the year notable additions have been made to the United States Navy. More large armor-clads have been launched than during any one year since the rehabilitation of the Navy was inaugurated in 1883, and many powerful fleet, such as the present North Atlantic fleet, been placed in their first commissions.

It seems to be the settled policy of the Navy Department just now to concentrate on the Atlantic seaboard a powerful fleet, such as the present North Atlantic fleet, composed of a battleship squadron, a cruiser squadron, a coast squadron of harbor defense vessels, and a strong torpedo flotilla, besides the Caribbean squadron of small cruisers and gunboats, for the local needs of the West Indies.

Later it has been proposed to maintain a strong fleet on the Pacific Coast, composed of a squadron of armored

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vessels, a cruiser squadron and a torpedo flotilla. The Asiatic station will also be maintained, as at present, by a strong fleet of several squadrons, while the European and South Atlantic stations will be, as at present, relatively weak, there being little strategic need for vessels on those stations.

Throughout the year there has been an unprecedented activity in squadron evolutions and target practice. The settled policy has been to emulate Japan and even to surpass her in the efforts toward permanent preparedness. Conditions as nearly as practicable like those of war have been generally simulated, and vessels have been given ample practice in concerted movement. Target practice has been astonishing in its results, the shooting of American man-of-war's men being now unsurpassed by any in the world. Probably only those of England and Japan even compete with them. All of these exercises have unquestionably cost money, but experts regard it as money well invested, the Japanese having proved with emphasis that ships are of little value unless properly handled. The dividends of the investment in practice will be prompt and large in time of war.

For the first time the United States Navy is now approaching that stage of its development when homogeneity in its units can be made apparent and profitable. In the past, our squadrons have been heterogeneous, with unhappy results. Now the various types are sufficiently numerous and uniform in their members to enable the Navy Department to form whole squadrons of vessels of almost the same speeds, powers and other leading qualities. In consequence, the squadrons can themselves act more efficiently together.

The great disaster of the year was that on the *Bennington* in July. It was the culmination of many lesser mishaps to machinery that have been directly traceable to the ill-advised, silly *personnel* law of 1899, which abolished the old engineer corps and sought to make a naval officer a "jack-of-all trades and a master at none." To the discredit of certain officers, some short-sighted, some selfish, the Navy as a whole was sacrificed to satisfy the personal vanities of a few and to remove by injurious method the long-standing "Line-and-Staff" warfare that might have been ended by other methods. Happily, the folly of the law of 1899 is now generally recognized, and it is believed that either the present Congress or the next will re-establish the engineer corps, and thus make the ships of the United States Navy as efficient in their engine room departments as they are in all other features.

Notable among the advances—if advances they are—which have been suggested in naval construction during the year, is that the size of first-class battleships be increased from the previous standard of 16,000 tons to that of 18,000, or even 20,000 tons displacement. The object of this increased displacement is to provide for a larger number of 12-inch guns and to secure greater speed. At present the standard battleship has four 12-inch guns. It is proposed to give them 8, 10, or 12. To increase the speed and cruising radius, greater machinery space and greater coal capacity are needed, and hence greater size.

On the whole, the American Navy is now in pleasing shape, is on the increase in both strength and efficiency, and is reckoned as third in power among the navies of the world, those of Great Britain and France alone exceeding it in size, although the German Navy is pressing it close for third place.

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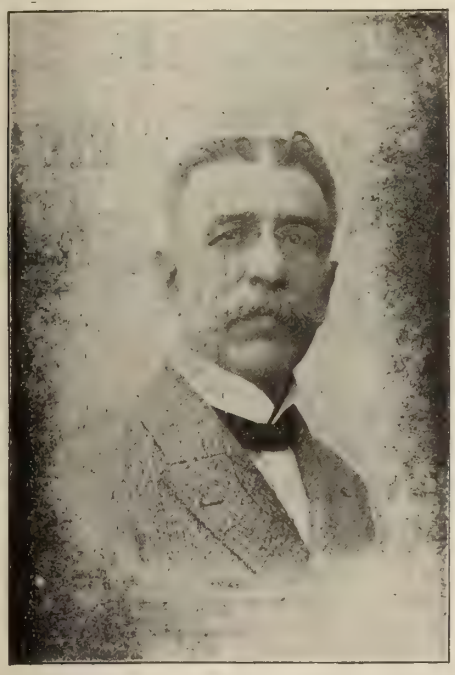
Music

Conried Coming in April

There will be no more worry about whether or no to attend the grand opera performances the Conried Metropolitan Opera Company will give here in the spring, for the season will not come in Lent this time but will open on Easter Sunday, April 16, 1906. Charles W. Strine, under whose local management the San Francisco season will be given, says, in a letter to me: "After much argument I induced Mr. Conried and his general business manager, Ernest Goerlitz, to consider the giving of the season which is now arranged for. At the conclusion of the series of performances in San Francisco by the Conried company last spring, I broached the matter to them but they scarcely believed it was possible to attain such results as were then secured, with only a year intervening between the seasons. I called to their minds my experiences with the Melba tour and the engagement of the Ellis Opera Company of 1898-99 and likewise the experiences of Mr. Grau and the Metropolitan Opera Company in 1900 and 1901. San Franciscans will doubtless recall the fact that the twelve performances of the Conried season in 1905 far outclassed in financial results any series ever given here. To convince Mr. Conried that another season in the spring of 1906 was likely to surpass even that astonishing result was by no means an easy task. I finally brought Mr. Goerlitz to my way of thinking and together we then prevailed upon Mr. Conried to consider the subject. It may not be amiss to remind the people of this city that the Metropolitan opera season in New York covers a period of seventeen weeks. Besides this, it includes fourteen performances in Philadelphia, only ninety miles away, which is compelled to put up a very large cash guarantee to induce the Metropolitan impresario to include that city in his plans. San Francisco, however, has always responded so magnificently to the offerings of the great opera companies that no manager has ever had the temerity to exact or even request a guarantee, notwithstanding that San Francisco is over three thousand miles from New York. Nevertheless, the risk of bringing an organization of two hundred and fifty people including principals, orchestra, chorus, ballet and mechanical forces, together with every accoutrement that goes to make up the personnel of a grand opera company a distance of 3,200 miles, is a tremendous undertaking, and only the magnificent manner in which San Francisco always responds to such evidences of faith in her ability to support the greatest of the world's singing organizations induced Mr. Conried to consider my requests for another big opera season." The company's repertoire will include some operas that are almost novelties to us, including, I have been told, "The Queen of Sheba," which the Tivoli gave a few years ago with Rhys Thomas in the tenor role. Caruso will be with the company and some artists unknown to us, as well as some of the old favorites.



Professor Paolo La Villa.

One of the musical events of the holidays was the initial singing of Paola La Villa's new Mass in D, at St. Brigid's church under the leadership of the organist, Professor Martinez. The composition is thoroughly modern, full of melody and richly harmonized. The four solo voices blend easily with the Latin text, and the organ is sometimes in unison with the singers and again as a counter-melody with either lower, middle or higher pedal. The string quartet is a feature of the score, lending its piquant phrases by swelling now and then the various effects into the majestic sacred work. The Sanctus—although cut short on account of its lengthy form—is one of the best numbers. The Credo is classic in its character and the Incarnation solo, sung by the bass, pleads a thrilling Canto, pathetic and sad. The Gloria opens with a choral phrases, soon followed by a theme and fugue ending with a full ensemble. The Domine Tili, duet for tenor and baritone, is tuneful all the way through, especially effective when taken by the baritone at the unison with string quartet; a fine climax. The Nui Tollis (alto solo) is austere, and deep, being followed by "Quoniam" (a quartet without accompaniment), a la Palestina. Finally, the Gloria ends with a Canon vigorous and brilliant. The execution went smoothly and praise should be given to all the singers.

Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," will be sung at Trinity church tomorrow, Sunday, night, under Louis Eaton's direction.

At the evening service at the First Congregational church, Oakland, last Sunday, Saint Saen's beautiful Christmas cantata, "Noel," was given, and Mrs. Grace Davis Northrup, soprano of the choir, sang Hummel's "Sing Triumphant Allelulia.'

Maurice Robb's piano recital on Tuesday evening was given too late for review here.

W. H. Keith recently sang Faure's "The Angelic Hosts" to the violin obligato of Louis Mollenhauer at the Washington avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, New York. Other selections rendered by Mr. Keith during the month of November were Lambord's "God of Mercy, God of Grace" and "It is Enough," from "Elijah."

A Christmas Musicale

Joseph and Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel entertained at their home in Fulton street on Christmas night, the affair being a musicale with a most interesting and enjoyable program. Some of the elder pupils contributed numbers and some of the young members of Madame Roeckel's juvenile opera class selections from "Mignon," "Il Trovatore," "Carmen" and "Faust." These were given in costume by Eric and Elizabeth Davis, the Roeckel twins and Sarita Madero. Madame Roeckel also sang, one of her numbers being "Auld Lang Syne" and, by desire, that piquant ballad of her husband's composition, "Jennie."

Alfred Reisenauer, whose piano recitals in the East will be followed by a Pacific coast tour, is described as a stolid, bluff, heavy-set German, a trifle professorial in appearance anything but romantic! But as a pianist, according to the critics, he apparently has all other European seekers after American applause —and dollars—equaled, if not surpassed.

—The Music Critic.

Cuyler Lee, agent for Cadillac automobiles, has received notice from the factory that Cadillac '06 models will be shipped to the coast this week.

Repsold's is select vintage. You should have none other on your table. Inspection invited. 420 Pine street, San Francisco.

For Cool Days

Hot Mocha affords the warmth and cheer of a rich coffee blend served with whipped cream. Only at Haas' Candy Stores, Phelan Building and James Flood Building.

The Masters of Fate

(Concluded from Page 7)

Lots of chaps that can't be starved into subjection can be stuffed. What'll you have? I run a sort of private bar here."

"See that! Fate thought she'd have a little fun with me—gave me an ear for music and a love of the violin, and then mashed the toe of my right thumb off. That puts an end to your fiddling, my boy, says the doctor, speaking for the old hag. But not if I knew it—not a bit of it. The laugh will be on you, my fine lady, I said to myself, and set to work harder than ever. Now, listen to this capriccio. . . . There, that's what I call bowing some, don't you?" ("What would you have done," the writer asked, "had she cut off your whole hand?" "Composed masterpieces," was the ready answer.)

"Deaf, dumb and blind—think of that! Fate would have made of me a less than a beast; but——!"

These are all voices of the street, of the studio, disguised, it is true, and yet, I trust, recognizably human. To them, if need be, I could add my own voice; you, yours. Wor we, too, have had Fate deal with us as if we were babes or dotards, and try to lead us whither we would not; and are in no more humor than our neighbors to own ourselves worsted, led against our will. When we find ourselves brought, willy-nilly, to—say—the very place of our pet aversion, do we, having quit us like men, take defeat manfully, make the best of it. Not we. We carry on like children, indulge in the bravado of first or second childhood. "I was just foolin'. I wanted to go with you all the time, or you'd never have got me here. So there, old Fate! You think yourself a great one, don't you?" "Thought you were leading the old man by the nose, eh, my dear? Good joke, that—ha-ha-ha! Suits me to a T, this does—to a T. Couldn't be better. The very thing I've been longing for all my life. Had a mind this many a day to see myself as I am now—wanted to know what it was like. Never should have got to it, if I hadn't made out that I didn't want to go. Not as spry as I once was, but I still keep my wits about me. A thousand thanks, Madam, for your kind assistance."

Only Defeat masquerading as Victory is magnanimous enough to acknowledge the king assistance of Fate. Success ever minimizes help received, magnifies difficulties overcome. Once safe on happy land—Love's own, it may be—with what gusto we tell how mountain high ran the buffeting waves of our sea of troubles! In every crown of joy sparkle those strange jewels, pains past and done with, tears of yesterday turned to pearls of price. My favorite picture (I give this information for the benefit of the curious, my biographers, paragraphers, etc., etc.) is that one of myself where I am posed, pen in hand, striking a St. George attitude, my foot upon the neck of Destiny.

In my more optimistic moods, it seems to me that this conspiring of things against us is for our good, to the end that we may put forth much effort. Striving is, haply, what we are here for. Man has his heart set upon feeling, glad, quick, complex; but the gods have their hearts set upon his putting forth effort, and that unceasingly. To give the gods their due, effort in the long run is the friend of feeling. It is not for me to say whether any child of earth has ever made good the boast, "I am the master of Fate." More often than not, I hold with the Greeks, Pagan than I am—three parts of me. But, sure as Fate herself, many and many a one, while trying to make it good, has grown not a little. And the great thing, after all, is, not to win, but to grow. Growth is man's only victory; degeneration, his one defeat. Kind heaven, I see battles ahead of the boaster to keep him growing for some time to come. "Here lies a master of Fate," is not the sort of epitaph I would have my sorrowing friends grave for me; but rather, "This dust once struggled against Fate and, struggling, grew."

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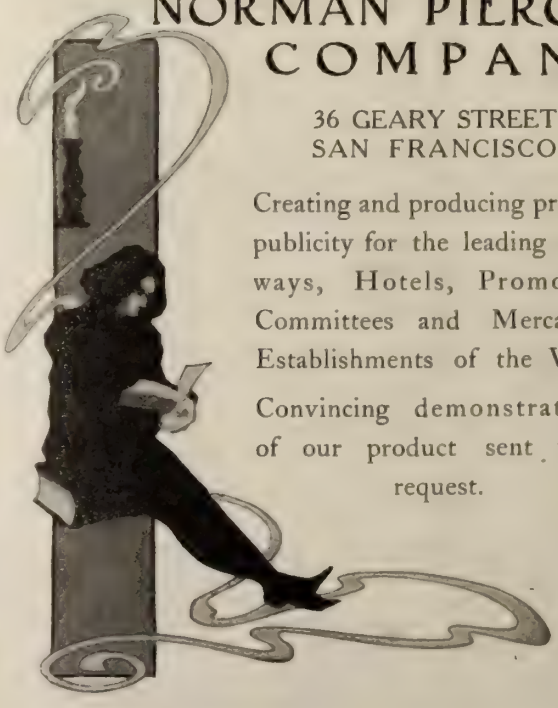

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Some Christmas Legends

By the Bookworm.

Saint Stephen was the steward of King Herod, and served him in the kitchen and at the table. One night, as he was bringing in the boar's head to set before his master, he glanced up and saw the Star shining over Bethlehem. Immediately he set down the huge dish and resigned his service, exclaiming:

"No longer will I serve thee, Herod, for a greater king is born."

"Dost thou lack meat or drink," inquired Herod, "that thou wouldst forsake my service for another's?"

"Nay," answered Stephen, "I lack neither meat nor drink, but the child that is born this night is greater than all of us, and Him only will I serve."

"That is as true," replied Herod, "as that this cock on the platter before us will crow."

Hardly had he uttered the words when the cock stretched out his neck and crowed lustily, *"Christus natus est!"*

At this proof of the steward's words, Herod was so enraged that he called his soldiers to take Stephen beyond the walls of Jerusalem and stone him to death, and this is the reason why, until this day, St. Stephen is the patron of stonecutters.

* * * * * * *

When Joseph and Mary were fleeing to Egypt to escape from the wrath of Herod they passed a field where the husbandman was just sowing his corn. Jesus, who was but an infant, spoke to the farmer saying: "God speed thee, friend. Go fetch thy oxen and thy wagon and carry home the corn which thou hast sown." And at his word the corn stood fair and ripe in the field.

Then the farmer fell on his knees exclaiming: "I know thee now. Thou are the Savior whom the wise men foretold."

"Thou hast said," answered Jesus. "I must shed my blood for thee and for all men, but not yet. I pray thee, if any one comes this way to ask for me, tell him I passed when thou didst sow this corn."

And the Holy Family proceeded on their way, but shortly afterward one of Herod's captains in pursuit came upon the farmer reaping his field. In answer to his inquiry the husbandman replied, "yes, truly He passed this way when I was sowing this corn. Now it is ripe and I am laying it away."

"Turn back, my men," commanded the captain, "for it must be months since this corn was planted."

* * * * * * *

One of the oldest legends of St. Nicholas is that of the miraculous restoration to life of two murdered boys. These lads, sent by their father from their home in Asia Minor to attend school in Athens, were consigned to the care of the good saint, but instead of proceeding directly on their way they stopped for a night at an inn. The landlord, overcome by cupidity, decided to make way with his guests and appropriate their baggage and money, so while the boys slept he killed them and secreted the bodies in a pickling tub. The wicked deed was revealed to St. Nicholas in a vision and he proceeded at once to the inn where he accused the landlord of the crime. Marveling at his knowledge, the landlord confessed and repented. Then the good saint prayed to the Lord to restore the poor boys and thus give their murderer evidence that his sin was forgiven. Scarcely was the prayer at an end when the dismembered

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bodies were reunited and the boys threw themselves at the feet of their savior to thank him for his intercession. It is this legend which explains why pictures of St. Nicholas often represent him with a tub at his side out of which the heads of two children are protruding.

* * * * * * *

One of the legends of St. Catherine of Bologna is that, having spent a night of prayer and meditation in the chapel on her knees before the shrine of the Blessed Mother where a single lamp burned, suddenly the room was filled with a blaze of glory, and before her stood the Madonna carrying the blessed Child. Bending down she placed Him for a moment in Catherine's arms, and then all was dark again, save for the solitary lamp of the sanctuary.

* * * * * * *

Saint Hermann Joseph, when a little child, loved to go to church better than anything else. He was very poor and seldom had anything that he could call his own, but one Christmas Eve some kind-hearted woman had given him a rosy apple. The little lad carried it at once to the Cathedral and going up to the image of Mary and Jesus he held out his gift, finally placing it in the Child's hand. Immediately the marble fingers closed upon the apple and the Child smiled with pleasure upon the poor boy's gift.

* * * * * * *

The legend that the animals are endowed with speech on Christmas Eve at the stroke of midnight is widespread. Perhaps not all are aware that the intelligent beasts carry on their conversation in Latin. Thus, the cock crows lustily, *"Christus natus est!"* (Christ is born),

"Quando?" (When?) asks the raven.

"Hoc nocte" (This night), answers the cow.

"Ubi?" (Where?) bellows the ox.

"Be-e-th-lehem," bleats the sheep.

"E-a-mus, e-a-mus!" (Let us go) brays the ass.

One must not attempt to verify this legend, however, since it is the greatest impiety, certain of dire punishment, to spy upon the devotions of the animals on the blessed eve.

Books For Review

Fisherman's Luck, Dr. Henry Van Dyke; Chas. Scribner's Sons.

The Road Builders, Samuel Merwin; Macmillan.

A Thief in the Night, E. W. Hornung; Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Sa 'Zada Tales, A. W. Frazer; Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Fair Maid of Graystones, Beulah Marie Dix; Macmillan.

The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight, by the Author of Elizabeth and Her German Garden; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Faulty Diction; George S. Ogilvie.

The Reinvestigation of Aunt Mary, Anne Warner; Little, Brown & Co.

Children of Fate, Dr. Adolphe Danziger; Brentano.

The Czar's Spy, Wm. Le Queux; Smart Set.

A Soldier's Trial, General Charles King; Hobart Company.

Captains All, W. W. Jacobs; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Yolanda, Charles Majors; Macmillan.

The Fortunes of the Landrays, Vaughan Kester, McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Work of Our Hands, Mrs. H. A. Mitchell Keays; McClure, Phillips & Co.

Back Home, Eugene Wood; McClure, Phillips & Co.

A Levantine Log Book, Jerome Hart; Longmans Green & Co.

The Fairy God-Mother-in-Law, Oliver Hereford; Charles Scribner's Sons.

Fair Margaret, F. Marion Crawford; Macmillan.

Hearts and Masks, George Barr McCutcheon; Bobbs Merrill Co.

The Self-Supporting Home, Kate St. Maur; Macmillan.

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Automobile Topics

Where Chauffeurs Come From

Where chauffeurs come from is an interesting question answered generally by reference to supply and demand. The demand existed and was supplied by men from all ranks and walks of life. Purchasers of cars generally look to the automobile dealers to supply them with mechanicians and from the testing departments these drivers come. The test crews in many of the important factories are therefore constantly changing the personnel with new comers to the field. It is interesting, too, to note where motor car drivers have come from. Bert Holcomb, for instance, who is the most prominent road driver in the country and holder of the Chicago-New York road record, was a professional ice cream maker before being an automobilist. He was just as clever doping vanilla and pistachio as he is behind the wheel of a big Columbia. Larry Duffie, who was with Holcomb in his two record runs, was a marine engineer before the days of automobiles and Eddie "Cannon" Bald, also one of the drivers on the famous record run between the Windy City and the Eastern metropolis in "Old Betsy," is well remembered as a favorite of cycling days when for three consecutive years he held the national championship.

A few of the owners of the Four Cylinder Stevens-Duryea

That national celebrities are as fond of motoring as the next one is now an assured fact. E. H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, is one of them. During the recent visit of Secretary of War Taft and his party to Honolulu, Mr. Harriman was taken for an outing in a White steam touring car by Alexander Young, who owns half the sugar and all the cigaros of the Hawaiian Islands.

Famous Automobile in San Francisco

One of the most famous racing cars in the United States is now in San Francisco. This car is none other than the record breaking White steamer which Easterners christened "Whistling Billy." Billy's whistle, however, has been completely eliminated, and hereafter he is to be known as the "White Flier." This is the car that reduced the world's mile track record to 48 3-5 seconds. The most remarkable feature of this performance is that the cut in the record was a sweeping one, and made almost immediately after this car made its appearance as a racer. The best time for a track mile made in 1904 was 53 seconds. All during 1905 high powered cars of foreign and domestic make fought to reduce this record, and finally four-fifths of a second was taken from it by Chevrolet, and there the record would remain to this day were it not for the little White steamer which shattered it, not by fractions of seconds, but by complete seconds, and by 3 2-5 seconds at that.

For the Chauffeur's Dictionary

"Torque," that pet word of automobile designers, is now being added to the already large vocabulary of motor-

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Stevens Duryea 1906

4 cylinder cars have arrived and can be seen at the

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ists. The coming of the six and eight cylinder engines, to say nothing of the two-cycle idea, has made it imperative. A constant application of power on the crank shaft is most essential and to get this result multi-cylinder engines are the thing. The two-cycle engine, which fires every other stroke of the piston, has long been acknowledged to be the ideal thing; in that it is possible to do away with all cams, two to one gears and valves, but manufacturers of automobiles who look to the French for their ideas have kept as far away from the two-cycle engine as possible and have only come back to it because of the demand for light, powerful engines which would give at least four explosions to one turn of the crank shaft. As this is accomplished in the two-cycle, with only two cylinders, it is not surprising that the two-cycle will be a feature in automobile business this coming season. When such a conservative firm as the Olds Motor Works adopt it, it is certain that the two-cycle idea has been brought to perfection. Imagine, if you can, a car of 20 to 24 horse-power, with three speeds and reverse, 102 inch wheel base, a roomy, detachable tonneau, for which a large touring box may be substituted, engine and transmission protected by a metal dust shield, finish equal to the best and all for $1,400; then you will realize that the two-cycle Oldsmobile has arrived in earnest.

R. C. Kirkwood of Mountain View, who recently made a trip to Los Angeles in company with Mr. Blaney, in a new automobile, returned to the city last week and purchased from the Pioneer Automobile Company a model K Winton touring car. This is the third Winton Mr. Kirkwood has owned. Chas. C. Moore last week placed his order with the Pioneer Company for a model K Winton.

E. P. Brinegar, president of the Pioneer Company, recently received a letter from Mr. E. R. Thomas, in which Mr. Thomas stated that he will probably visit California in the early part of February next. Mr. Thomas will bring with him one of the new Thomas flyers and it is his intention to make a complete tour of California. Mr. Thomas' wife and daughter will accompany him on this trip.

A Slight Mistake

An automobile exhibit invariably attracts the crowd. Last Sunday, in the salesroom of the Pioneer Company, a number of people surrounded the exhibition chassis of a Winton. A salesman picked out the most likely looking spectator and showed him the machine—valves, carburetor, transmission, rear axle, gasoline fuel system and all the minor details of the car. The prospect developed well; he was, without doubt, very much interested, and the salesman was beginning to feel that his labor was not lost. As the interested party passed out of the door, he thanked the salesman heartily for his information and then added: "It is certainly wonderful the progress which has been made in electricity." Can you picture the salesman's opinion of his powers of illustration after this?

William Randolph Hearst is at present in Southern California, where he will remain for about five months. Mr. Hearst purchased from the Success Automobile Company, of Los Angeles, a model K Winton and left Los Angeles with it on Tuesday, en route to Santa Barbara.

—*The Chauffeur.*

Corey & Phillips, 600 Mission. Mercantile Lunch is served between 11 and 2, 15c. Cedar Brook Whiskey, formerly W. H. McBrayer—10 years old.

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Olds
—4—
Cylinder

Mr. Chapin, of the Olds Motor Works writes Manager Brinegar as follows:

Replying to your telegram of the 20th, we wired you "Are due to get you sample shipment two-cycle about December 26th". These cars are being rushed through with as much expedition as possible, but we cannot tell as much about delivery on these cars as on the four-cylinder. Your four-cylinder should be ready to go from here about the 10th to 15th of December.

I wish that you could have been on here for the convention and seen the enthusiasm of the agents on the cars. The four-cylinder car runs like a dream and a mighty pleasant dream at that. It is exceedingly quiet, very powerful and a beautiful creation. I have never waxed quite so enthusiastic over any Oldsmobile as over this line, and "we are certainly going to show" every other builder of light four-cylinder cars this next spring.

The two-cycle car is out and running and one of them pulled 26 H.-P. on the testing stand yesterday. It is really a shame to sell this car for the money, and the demand for it is going to be somewhat enormous. If you ever make any money out of the Oldsmobile line, the season of 1906 should be that time, and I hope you are prepared for the most aggressive campaign you have ever opened up. You sold a bunch of goods for us last year, and shall certainly endeavor to get your sample two-cylinder car out among the very first. None of them have been delivered yet, but you will be down on the first row when it comes to shipments, and I think the latter part of December will see the goods going out. Yours very truly,

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Letters

The House of Mirth

Heretofore the novels dealing with "smart" society have been condemned as untrue to life. The claim has been made, either that the authors were relying upon their imagination for facts, or else that they did not know how to write, and fervent prayers have been offered up for the right combination. Now that it has come, in Mrs. Wharton's "The House of Mirth," the difference appears to be rather that between an oil painting by a recognized artist and a chromo on the same subject. There is a difference, to be sure, and a great one, but the general grouping, the figures and the color scheme can be gathered from the chromo as well as from the artist's canvas. Smart society, the rich who have no other occupation than that of amusing themselves, is essentially vulgar, and the difference between those who are perched on the very topmost round of the ladder and those just below them is apparent to no one but themselves. The manners may be a little more polished in one case than in the other, but the morals are no better, and if the climbers frankly make out fat checks for the benefits they obtain from their social boosters, these same people, who hang to the fringes of the inner circle, are not averse to receiving payment in more questionable ways from those who just as unmistakably employ them. Ostensibly, "The House of Mirth" is the social history of Miss Lily Bart, best described as a professional beauty, impecunious, with the perennial hope of making a rich marriage. The Barts had never been very rich, in the modern acceptance of the term, but the mother, who was one

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of the perpetually young women whose husbands age for both, was reputed a wonderful manager, who succeeded in getting everything she wanted without worrying about how her bills would be paid. When her parents died Lily went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Pennington. She had some income of her own, and though Mrs. Pennington made her no regular allowance, she did give her considerable sums in gifts, from time to time. Her life, for the most part, was spent in the pursuit of pleasure, drifting from one country house to another, yachting, golfing and dancing, and at the time she is introduced to readers she was twenty-nine years old, apparently as beautiful as ever, costumed after the manner of Solomon in all his glory, hopelessly in debt and actively engaged in the pursuit of another millionaire, secretly very much afraid that her popularity is on the wane and that her only stock in trade, her well-preserved beauty, is beginning to show signs of wear and tear. On the afternoon when, waiting for her train, she met Laurence Selden, she had reached the zenith of her career, though there was nothing to indicate to her or to any one else the beginning of a series of calamities which were to balk

Anne Warner, Author of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary"

all her plans, but the truth is that Lily Bart lived beyond her income, morally as well as financially. She could not afford to commit the imprudences she was guilty of, for she was not rich enough to compel society to accept her at her own value, and she had not a husband whose bare existence would have been her protection. Her lapses from the straight line laid down as the proper course for girls in her position were not serious, but she should have known better and she had no one but herself to blame. A worse woman would have done better, for Lily would not stoop to use the means at hand to silence her detractors or to take revenge upon those who had turned upon her. Still, she was born to society, bred to the business of catching a rich husband as another is to a handicraft, and she knew not only the rules of the game, but her fellow players. She should have "played fair." It is a humiliating picture, or at least, must be so to any one but a devotee of pleasure, to contemplate the waste of energy in striving to keep hold of the fast-slipping cord, to be invited to house parties and pay one's way by acting as secretary in the early hours before the other guests appear; to be obliged to take a hand at bridge and lose, with seeming cheerfulness, the last available dollar; to be counted on to keep husbands so amused that they will have no eyes for wifely flirtations; to descend from this to bridging the chasm between first and second-class society, and from being enthroned above the mass, to extending a helping hand to such of the climbers as have almost arrived; to live in daily dread lest one may be forgotten and to come at last to the place where one must all but thrust one's self on old-time acquaintances, for it seems that in society there are no real friendships, no binding ties. Though Lily Bart is the central figure, hers is by no means the only story, for there was young Ned Silverton, who, after graduating from Harvard, published a volume of minor poetry which had vogue enough to make him popular, and who was speedily attached, passed along as tame cat, from one hand to another, inducted into the pleasures of bridge and idleness, impoverishing his two middle-aged sisters in their efforts to keep him free of debt, and finally ending up in a transaction by which he was to reap financial benefit if the son of some of his society friends could be successfully entrapped into marrying a much divorced woman from the West who had newly appeared on the extreme horizon intent on "breaking in." There is the curious spectacle, too, of the men suddenly becoming virtuous after marriage, and the sweet girls dropping all pretence of innocence and making the ceremony the open sesame to freedom. "The House of Mirth" is decidedly the book of the year, in America. Mrs. Wharton has long since established her position as a writer, and there is no one better competent to deal with this theme. She may be said to have filled a long-felt want. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

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